CALIFORNIA
STATE LIBRARY

0 2007 1205036 4
California State Library

V.18
T 1575
36045 5-56 5M SPO

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY
SACRAMENTO

This book is due on the last date stamped below.

Books may be renewed if not requested by other borrowers.

Failure to return books promptly may result in withdrawal of borrowing privileges.

53 20M

THE WAVE

VOL. XVIII. No. 1 SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 2, 1898 PRICE 10 CENTS

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY.

This Paper not to be taken from the Library.

THE THIRD EXPEDITION TO MANILA

THE "CITY OF PARA" WITH THE MINNESOTA VOLUNTEERS ON BOARD ABOUT TO SAIL FOR THE PHILIPPINES

THE WAVE

Is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $5.00 per year. Sample copies free on application.

The trade is supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 342 Geary street; east of the Rocky Mountains by the American News Company, New York.

The Wave is kept on file and is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France; 31 Union Square, New York City; 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 206 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

For advertising rates and on all other matters pertaining to city business, address H. C. Boyd, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco; in regard to country business, address Trevor Corry care The Wave, 24 Montgomery street.

Eastern representative, D. M. Foltz, 34 Park Row, New York.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 2, 1898

CONTENTS

Editorials 2
Things and People; by Boswell Jr. 3
A Cure for Consumption; by F. R. S. 3
The Invasion of Cuba 4
The Fertile Philippines; by A. B. F. 5
Turf Speculation; by G. L. B. 5
General Alger's Career 5
Modern Naval Warfare 6
"To Rudyard Kipling;" by L. A. Robertson 6
Companies of the Fifty-first Iowa Volunteers 7
The Montana Volunteers 8–9
The Third Expedition to Manila 10–11
Figures and Factors of Camp Merritt 12
A Debutante's Diary 13
The Theatres 13
The Fifty-first Iowa Volunteers 14
London's Ways; by Babette 15
"Helbeck of Bannisdale": a Review by C. 16
Movement of the Army and Navy Around Tampa 18
New Stories Re-Told 20

A POLITICAL COWARD.

Mr. Henry T. Gage, of Los Angeles, has concluded to no longer hug in private his unseasonable anxiety to be a Governor. To characterize this gentleman's political craving as an honest political aspiration would be to dignify an appetite for office into a virtuous ambition. But he is no longer slinking along under the shadows of the political fence. He is out in the open, and this much the South should be thankful for. We will oppose the nomination of Mr. Gage, and in company with us in that opposition there will be the very best element of the Republican party that lives south of Tehachapi. Our opposition to that gentleman grows out of no personal dislike. Except by reputation, he is a stranger to the writer. Last year this journal made a careful canvass of public opinion in the South to ascertain its political views. Almost as a unit the press and people of the South declared their preference for a United States Senator, and almost to a man, declared strongly against a Governor from the South, inasmuch as securing both offices was considered impossible, and the putting forward of a candidate for Governor would destroy the chances of the South for a Senator. This matter was widely discussed in the public prints, and it was generally accepted politically that the Governor should come from the North and the Senator from the South. The Los Angeles *Times* was one of the first journals of the South to recognize the value of the Senatorship and to characterize as folly any attempt to secure the Governorship too. It put in nomination for the Senatorship its attorney, Mr. Gage. But Mr. Gage is a political coward. He hid coyly behind a thin veiling of modesty and dealt in platitudes. That Mr. Gage would prefer to be United States Senator, there can be no doubt. But were other candidates in the field making an open and aggressive warfare for the place, and Mr. Gage retired within himself. He lacks fibre, lacks that moral courage, that deep-seated, self-reliant manliness which bids men frankly announce their political ambitions, and as they and boldly make honorable efforts to succeed. He preferred to burrow.

Politics throughout the State soon adjusted itself to the desires of the South. There were no candidates for Governor from the South and no open candidates for Senator from the North. Public opinion was becoming fixed upon this subject. Northern politicians grew alarmed — this order of things did not dovetail with crooked practical politics. It seldom happens that the political manipulator is in harmony with a healthy public sentiment. Means must be devised to bring the Senatorship North; the cheapest and most effective way to accomplish this was to force the Governorship on the South. The writer knows of two prominent Southerners who were solicited to become candidates for the State office before Mr. Gage was heard of in that connection, for they were more popular than he. Both of these gentlemen refused the offer. The same offer was made to Mr. Gage and he has accepted it. Mr. Gage's position is not to be envied.

Some weeks ago we stated that rumor had it that Senator White and Mr. Gage were stockholders in the Los Angeles *Times*. This is denied by Mr. L. E. Mosher, managing editor of that journal, and upon his testimony to that effect we withdraw the statement. Mr. Mosher declares that "the only connection Senator White or Mr. Gage have with the *Times* are as attorneys."

We are willing to prophecy that Mr. Gage will not receive the Republican nomination for Governor. His candidacy will do more to disrupt the party, more to breed internal dissension, and weaken the chances of Republican success than any one thing that is apt to occur. It is something worse than a mistake—it is a crime.

COMMERCIAL EXPANSION IN THE FAR EAST.

In regard to much that has latterly been written about the Philippine Islands there has been a tendency to march exultingly ahead of the facts. With Admiral Dewey as our champion we scored in the first round in a manner that astonished the world at large, and there seems now to be a settled conviction in men's minds that the Spanish colonies will shortly become dependencies of the United States in some shape or other. Just at this moment the military and naval phases of the question may be left out of consideration as in a fair way of being disposed of, but the other aspects of our new venture merit attention in advance Whatever the ultimate political outcome of the war, it may be taken for granted that our prestige and interests in the far East will be greatly enhanced, and this will assuredly mean opportunities for adding to the national wealth. The commercial field open to this country is practically without limit on the Eastern shores of the Pacific, and up to the present time little has been done to exploit it. San Francisco may claim to be in a position geographically to benefit by any movement of the kind, but whether her commercial classes are alive to the necessities of the case and fully realize what will be required of them in order to develop this trade is exceedingly doubtful.

An immense deal will depend upon the personnel of the men who are entrusted with the representation on the spot of our trading and manufacturing concerns. One of the secrets of the success of the British and Germans in Oriental trade has been the careful selection of the men who are charged with the conduct of their business. They make it a rule to employ only men of personal probity, education and refinement, for it is well understood by them that the natives of the Orient are most readily influenced and attracted by dignified tact and scrupulous dealing on the part of those whom they regard as their natural superiors. It is only in comparatively recent times that the German trading element has been conspicuous in the Far East, but British mercantile houses have maintained large establishments at all the principal ports for a very long period. The members of the firms and their assistants are recruited from the highest class of commercial men at home, and are paid on a scale that enables them to maintain a style of living which the Oriental connects in his mind with persons of rank and breeding. Not that he is impressed by the mere vulgarity of lavish display, unaccompanied by manners and taste, but he expects the white man claiming to be his master—and on such terms only can you successfully deal with the natives of the Far East—to maintain a style that imports a higher state of civilization than he himself has attained.

For all subordinate positions the natives of the country will be found fitted, and in many respects the only way to traffic satisfactorily with the body of the people is to employ one of their own better class as a go-between. This applies to matters of civil government as well as to the affairs of business generally. Under these circumstances there is no opening for white men of the inferior grades in mercantile life. The necessity then of selecting men who are qualified to hold responsible positions by their business ability and knowledge, and by their bearing and manners as well, will be at once apparent. Not only is this necessity because of native sentiment, but if Americans are to hold their own with Europeans and overcome the disadvantage of being new-comers in the field, they must be able to meet their competitors on terms of social as well as commercial equality. Instances have been known where the opposite condition has existed and the houses represented have suffered accordingly. Not so very long ago a well-known and popular business man of this city, who proceeded to the Orient on behalf of an American undertaking, was refused admission to the local club of the port where he took up his residence; and in an another case within our knowledge another man, who acted as United States Consul in the East, was never acceptable in local society and finally lost caste altogether, and his business position consequentially, by marrying a native woman of common origin.

And while considering the social standing of the officers of our commercial army, their moral tendencies must not be lost sight of. Residence in the tropics calls for much self denial and restraint of appetites that may be indulged in temperate latitudes with impunity. The climate of itself drains the vitality so unceasingly that a man can never afford to let himself wittingly get down below par, which is the certain result of any imprudence affecting the nerves and the stomach. Living in such places sensible men always look forward to the day when they shall have secured an independence which will admit of their returning to their original homes and passing the remainder of their days free from the worries and discomforts of a tropical existence. With such an object in view they find encouragement to forego temporary gratifications that undermine their health and strength. Given a good constitution to start with, any man who chooses to lead a temperate and regular life will find himself able to stand the tropics for many years, especially if he can take a change to a cooler region for a few months once in five to ten years. For white women and children tropical residence is exceedingly trying, and the impossibility of their settling down in such places and retaining their health is the greatest drawback to domestic life. Of all the European colonists the Dutch are the only people who meet this point, which they do by intermarriage with the natives, a resource which the American of Anglo-Saxon descent is hardly likely to avail himself of. He will rather require such pecuniary compensation for his exile as will admit of his family moving backwards and forwards between his own country and his temporary home at intervals, and remaining part of the time in each location.

While experience will, of course, teach those who decide to take part in the commercial crusade that seems to be about to open up, things will be much simplified if some of the points here touched upon are kept in mind when planning new commercial projects in far Eastern countries.

A PLAN TO SETTLE THE PACIFIC RAILWAY DEBTS.

Incredible as it may seem, the Pacific Railroad debts are to be adjusted. The Morgan amendment authorizing the settlement of the matter by a commission of Cabinet officers, has passed the Senate and will be offered for the consideration of the House. The conditions are specifically stated in the amendment, which reads as follows:

That the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of the Interior and the Attorney-General and their successors in office be and they are hereby appointed a commission with full power to settle the indebtedness to the Government growing out of the issue of bonds in aid of the construction of the Central Pacific and Western Pacific bond aided railroads, upon such terms and in such manner as may be agreed upon by them or by a majority of them and the owners of said railroads.

Provided that any and all settlements thus made shall be submitted in writing to the President for his approval or disapproval, and unless approved by him shall not be binding.

That said commission shall not agree to accept a less sum in settlement of the amount due the United States than the full amount of the principal and all amounts necessary to reimburse the United States for moneys paid for interest or otherwise. And also providing that said Commission is hereby empowered to grant such time or times of payment, by installment, and at such rates of interest, to be not less than 3 per centum per annum, payable semi-annually, and with such security as to said Commission may seem expedient, provided, however, that in any settlement that may be made the final payment and full discharge of said indebtedness shall not be postponed to exceed ten years, and the whole amount, principal and interest, shall be paid in equal semi-annual installments within periods so limited, and in any settlement made it shall be provided that if default shall be made in any payment of either principal or interest or of any part thereof, then the whole sum and all installments, principal and interest, shall immediately become due and payable, notwithstanding any other stipulation of said settlement.

That there is hereby appropriated out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated the sum of $20,000 to defray the expenses of said Commission in making the said settlement.

Congressman Maguire, it is said, intends to fight the proposed settlement in the House because it permits the directors to escape personal liability, and affords the Government no better security than it now possesses. It is to the interest of the Coast that this much vexed matter be settled as soon as possible, and the more liberal the basis the better for the shipper.

The collapse of Joseph Leiter's wheat speculation in Chicago took the world in general by surprise, though it is now given out that those on the inside have been looking for this result for some weeks past. As will be remembered, the young plunger's operations began rather more than a year ago, and up to the end of May last appeared to have been attended with phenomenal success. An estimate of his position at that time showed an assumed total profit of something like $3,500,000. Whether he will now escape without a heavy loss depends entirely on the result of the steps that will be taken to realize his holdings, which amount probably to 14,000,000 bushels. His father is understood to have assumed a certain responsibility for his committments. His old opponent, Armour, has undertaken to dispose of a large portion of the stock, an arrangement which is regarded as favorable to Leiter's interests. The true history of the causes which contributed to his downfall has yet to be disclosed. In the meantime—although it certainly looked a while ago as if the deal would prove an exception to the almost invariable outcome of such ventures—those interested in cornering staples can reflect on the difference between profits on paper and net realization in hard cash. The effect on our local market has been but trifling.

Senator John P. Jones is said by intimate associates to have made from his Alaska quartz-mining investments a fortune equal to that which he made in the early seventies out of the Comstock bonanza, and which was wholly lost in land and railroad investments. "But Jones," said the gossiper, "lives exactly the same whether he has nothing and owes a million, or owes nothing and is making a million a year, and is equally happy in either case."

THINGS AND PEOPLE

The military event of the week has been the sailing of the third division of the expedition to Manila. This consisted of five steamers, the *Morgan City*, *Indiana*, *City of Para*, *Ohio* and *Valencia* having on board the volunteers from Wyoming, Idaho, Minnesota, North Dakota, and regulars of the Eighteenth United States Infantry and Third United States Heavy Artillery. These ships all passed out through the Golden Gate on the 28th instant, and on the 29th the Newport took her departure with Major-General Wesley Merritt, Commander-in-Chief of the Manila expedition and future Military Governor of the islands, on board, together with regulars of the Third Artillery and the Astor Battery. Altogether some 10,000 troops have now left this port for the Spanish-Pacific colonies, and about the same number are encamped here awaiting transports to complete the entire army designated by the Washington authorities for the work to be done in that quarter.

***

Immediately following the departure of General Merritt the command of the Third Brigade, Independent Division, Eighth Army Corps, passed into the hands of Brigadier-General Harrison Gray Otis, who established headquarters at Camp Merritt. On the whole, the health of the troops in camp continues good and the volunteers are gradually assuming a soldierly appearance. The exposed locality has interfered considerably with the maintenance of discipline, but by means of increasing strictness a better state of things has latterly been brought about. Major-General Merriam has also returned to this station from Vancouver, and will remain here for some time to come.

***

At Camp Barrett near Sather Station, Alameda county, the Eighth California Regiment has been established and, being thoroughly equipped will speedily be got into shape for foreign service when required. The men are anxiously looking forward to active employment abroad, and it is stated that the prospect of their being placed on the roster for an early departure is good. Colonel Park Henshaw has taken command of the regiment, and Lieutenant-Colonel F. Delisle Carrington is likewise on the spot.

***

The Eighth California Regiment will be a more representative organization than the First. At least, more prominent men will be in it. Dr. G. F. Shiels, who has been appointed surgeon of the regiment, is one of the ablest medical men in this part of the world, and under his care the soldiers should be safe. District Attorney Barnes is to be Captain of the Petaluma Company if the medical examiners pass him. E. M. Heller, who is well known in the world of law, is Quartermaster; a son of U. S. Attorney Foote is a Second Lieutenant, and Attorney Fitzgerald has a nephew in the same capacity.

***

In the inquiry which is being prosecuted before the United States Commissioner in the Railway Commission suit to reduce Southern Pacific rates, information of a most interesting character about the great railroad system of the Coast is being given by William G. Curtis. The effort is to state the condition under which this railroad is operated, and it is a subject about which Mr. Curtis is well able to afford intelligence. He stated that 22 per cent. of the Southern Pacific Railroad in California is built on a curve, and the cost of looking after the snow sheds in the Sierras amounts to $150,000 a year. Twenty-five per cent. is either mountain or desert, and less than 20 per cent. of the whole road is on level plains. Landscapes, washouts and the like cost $200,000 a year. Indeed, the expense of keeping the road in good repair averages $7,121 per mile. An important item in the operating expense of the Southern Pacific is that of wages. Salaries paid here average $2.57 per day, while the average wages of railroad employees east of the Mississippi is $1.77. If this road were operated in the Mississippi Valley the salary charge would have been about four millions less. Of the domestic transportation of California Mr. Curtis said that 25 per cent. goes to the water carriers and 55 per cent. to the railroads. He showed also that 80 per cent. of the arable land of California and 75 per cent. of the population were within 25 miles of navigable water. Of course, these figures include the waters of the Sacramento river, which is navigable for 250 miles, and the San Joaquin for nearly 200 miles.

***

During late years the methods of smelting and refining gold have changed materially, and nowadays a much larger proportion of the precious element is saved out of every ton of ore than in the days of '49. Since pioneer times in California the great smelting institution has been the Selby Smelting Works situated at the foot of Hyde street on the bay. There most of the ore of the Sierras was shipped for treatment, and when the stuff proved too refractory for the crude and primitive methods in vogue then, the stuff was dumped out into a lot or pitched into the bay. Much of this rock could be worked by the treatment now employed. Indeed, all methods then in use involved the loss of a large proportion of gold. Excavations are being made on the site of the Selby Smelting Works for the Equitable Gas Company's plant, and some of this old ore has been dug up. Samples of it were sent to Assayer Thomas Price for examination, and the most astounding results have been attained. The first lot of rock was a lead ore which returned $44 to the ton, and there was found in the same deposit from which this had been gleaned ore containing gold, silver and copper. The presumption is that this Klondike will belong to the Equitable Gas Company, which has bonded the property. If its gas project fails it will be able to pay expenses and dividends by of working this artificial deposit

***

In newspaperdom June is a dull month, but never have I seen so little advertising in the big dailies as at the moment. Most of the important Eastern institutions have withdrawn their patronage until the war excitement shall have subsided, satisfied that the public is too much interested in news of conflict to regard seriously their announcements. Locally, advertising has been growing gradually worse. The big dry goods houses are no longer making especial use of printer's ink and paper. The White House relies on its great window space to apprise the public of its wares, and the other establishments are acting on the assumption that if this institution can live without the newspapers they also can afford to disregard them. In other days, announcements of whiskeys, wines, cigars and tobaccos were in all the dailies. Now you will find them on the bill boards. The great flaring signs that one sees along the streets have robbed the publishers of hundreds of thousands of dollars. In olden days only the cheapest and most vulgar nostrums were so displayed. Now the announcements of flours, champagnes and high class cigars stare you out of countenance. For the situation as it exists the newspaper proprietors have no one to blame but themselves. The bill board evil can easily be cured by license. These hideous high fences, with their red, yellow and blue posters, are a nuisance and a deformity. In other cities they have been suppressed, and there is no reason why they should flourish here. It behooves the publishers to utilize their boasted association to some purpose. Concerted action in this direction, bringing pressure to bear on the Supervisors, would be the greatest benefit to the city, and as a beautifier, would be far above decorative lamps or geometrical sidewalks. If the journalists will not, for their own benefit, move in the matter, then the Merchants' Association, which has become an important accessory in the city's life, should take action.

***

The death of Robert McMurray is a loss to the mining interest of this State. He was one of its best and most upright men, plentifully dowered with common sense as well as knowledge of ores and rocks—indeed, a manly man, whose word and opinion had real weight and authority. It is said Mr. McMurry was very wealthy. He made several excellent turns, and was putting a big property near Nevada City into shape when he died.

***

An opportunity to realize the degree of Mr. Cator's control of the Populist party will be afforded the approaching convention. At the County Committee gatherings throughout the State, with few exceptions, fusion has been the popular cry, and delegates were pledged to do everything to bring about a coalition with the Democracy. It now remains to be seen whether this slippery politician will be able to persuade his party that it wants what he is able to give. Unfortunately, there is no one in the party with a tithe of Cator's ability, and the popular impression is that the long-haired anti-monopolists will be, as they have always been, his supple tools. Considering how thoroughly discredited the man has been, his hold is extraordinary, but if his will prevails and the Pops put a ticket in the field, it should be in order to enlarge the lunatic asylums and incarcerate the Convention.

***

It was ungenerous of the *Call* to have made Congressman Maguire the only Democratic possibility for Governor. The party talks of no one else. No other ambitions are presented—a condition that bespeaks a poor political year or a deep sense of Maguire's popularity. The impression still abroad is that the Congressman is a dangerous possibility, but whoever will consider the situation and the man can hardly entertain the idea. In the first place, this is a Republican year. The tendency will be to vote with the Administration. In the second, Maguire is extraordinarily vulnerable. He is an upholder of single tax theories, and he is opposed to the policy of the Pacific Coast in the matter of annexing Hawaii and the Philippines. He has virtues, but his respectability does not appeal to the farmer who learns the Congressman favors a system of taxation which will compel him to pay off his little ranch the entire expenses of governing the State. Once he is nominated, I predict against him the strongest kind of a real-estate fight. The realty interests throughout California will be organized to make public his sympathies, and nine-tenths of the farmers will be led to vote for his opponent on the specious ground that a ballot for the Congressman is a declaration for the single tax. In San Francisco Maguire's attitude on the Hawaiian question will beat him, and it can easily be shown that he is consistently opposed to all our interests, and during his Congressional service has absolutely done nothing for the Coast.

***

It must not be forgotten that Maguire is the candidate of adverse circumstance. He represents a drought admirably. The only enthusiasm his candidacy has so far aroused is in the suffering San Joaquin. There where the drought is at its worst, delegates have been pledged to him. The consequences of the unparalleled season are gradually maturing now, and it cannot be denied that there will be great distress in October next. For the man out of luck, whose crop has failed or whose interest is overdue, Maguire has a real fascination, and may be there will be enough disaffection to make a majority for him. I don't believe it, however.

***

The Gallagher combination is another unfortunate element in Maguire's candidacy. Already this clan of parasites assumes all the privileges of ownership, and their attitude indicates how slight a chance there will be for men who want favors from a Governor obtaining consideration from Maguire with Gallagher right, left and all around him. It is highly probable that these greedy and injudicious followers will engage him in some local squabble as soon as he arrives, just as happened before when Walter Gallagher announced at a meeting of Buckley's Democracy that he was authorized to add the Congressman's name to that committee.

BOSWELL JR.

Recent reports make it appear that the outlook for the sheep raising industry in Australia, owing to the prolonged famishing drought, has never been so gloomy as now. Millions of sheep have perished this season, and from Western Australia, Victoria and New South Wales the reports are disheartening. The feed has been dry and dead so long and the water has become so nearly exhausted and so poor that stock is being rapidly decimated. Thousands of men are being employed in the various districts cutting the boughs of the apple, the oak, and other trees for food for starving sheep, and in skinning the animals that perish in the mud at the failing water holes.

A CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

Doctor Murphy's Ingenious and Successful Treatment of Tuberculosis.

There is no disease affecting the human race that is so generally dreaded as consumption. More deaths are attributable to it than to all other ailments together. A treatment, therefore, that means perfect and lasting cure for tuberculosis must be regarded as the greatest and most important discovery of modern times. Some few years ago the Koch lymph was believed to have solved the great problem, but repeated experiments proved that, although useful as a remedy, it was by no means a panacea. The latest palliative is that given to the world by Dr. Murphy of Chicago, who, in a paper read before the American Medical Association recently, gave the details of its evolution. The procedure is simple and may be as readily understood by the layman as by the professional.

In principle the new method follows the familiar curative pheuomena. We all know that a cut left to itself will heal spontaneously. A scab or covering is grows on the wound which serves as a protection until a new skin is formed after which the scab drops off. If the scab be removed before the wound is healed, the work has to begin all over again. The same is true in all the sores and cavities caused by consumption. If left to themselves they will heal spontaneously. This has been shown conclusively in many instances through post mortem examinations. In more than 70 per cent of all deaths from causes other than consumption it has been found that at some time during life tuberculosis of the lungs has been present unsuspected and had cured itself. But when the disease takes a more exaggerated form it becomes almost impossible for the tubercular sore to heal since it is constantly irritated by the motion of the lung in breathing. Then is the time to bring in a remedy which will make this impossible by devising some means of temporarily depriving it of its functional activity. This is what Dr. Murphy has accomplished. He has found a means of giving the lung a chance to rest.

"That the air can be withdrawn with safety," says Dr. Murphy in the paper he read before the association, "is demonstrated pathologically in the treatment of pleurisy (inflammation of the membrane enclosing the lung) and other diseases, in which and fluid have been drawn off. * *

"It has been found by experiment, by myself and others, that the reason that a person is enabled to live and breathe with a large part of the lung tissue gone, or with a part of the air drawn out, is that the capability of the lung is fully ten times as as great as the actual working surface. That is, there is nine times as much tissue in reserve as there is in actual use, and if a portion of the lung is removed, the remainder will expand and fill the pleural cavity. The lung, with the air drawn out, is a little ball, about an inch and a half in diameter. Expanded with air, it fills half the chest, and if a portion be removed the reserve will expand to take its place."

"The very best way to withdraw the air is by compressing the lung, or placing pressure upon it. There are two ways of doing this; one is by removing the ribs and allowing the chest to collapse. The pressure of the sides will prevent air from entering and prevent the spread of the disease. A far better way, and one which I adopted, after much experiment, is the introduction into the cavity of pure nitrogen gas. Unlike air and oxygen, it has no effect on the tissues and will not be absorbed. Air might remain in the cavity for a week or even longer, and then would find its way out by being absorbed, but the lung needs a longer rest than this, and nitrogen I find to be perfectly adapted to the purpose.

"I have been working on the subject for three years, but during the past year have experimented practically with this method. I have tried it in five cases of advanced tuberculosis with unqualified success. As a result, I can say with safety that unless the lung is entirely gone a permanent cure can be effected.

"The action of the nitrogen compresses the lung and gives it an entire rest. The nodale of tuberculosis becomes cicatized, or scarified into a solid substance, and this new tissue builds up around it. In one case which I commenced to work on in December last the patient, who had not slept for months on account of his continual coughing, slept that night for the first time. The cough disappeared entirely, the night sweats disappeared and the temperature was reduced to normal, thus leaving no symptoms of the disease. In April a skingraph was taken of the case, and the tuberculosis was found to have entirely disappeared."

Dr. Murphy's treatment can only be used in cases where but one lung is affected and not in general tuberculosis. This, however, does not lessen the importance of the discovery, for as a rule consumption attacks first one lung and then spreads to the other. The treatment can also be used in conjunction with other remedies, such as creosote and aseptolin. The details of iujecting the nitrogen gas into the cavity are very simple when in the hands of an expert surgeon.

The nitrogen, placed in an ordinary gas bag, passes through a tube to a reservoir holding an antiseptic fluid. It passes then through another tube, at the end of which is a six-inch hypodermic needle. The needle is pushed through the skin and flesh until it penetrates the outer layer of the pleura on the lower side. The gas is then turned on, filling the cavity and pressing the lung into smaller and smaller space, until all the air cells are empty and the lung closed. When the needle is withdrawn the tissues immediately close, confining the nitrogen in the pleural cavity.

The operation takes about ten minutes, and a quart or so of nitrogen is used. When the gas is given a sensation of breathlessness follows, but soon passes off and, in every case, is followed by relief. At the end of a few weeks the nitrogen is withdrawn and air admitted. F. R. S.

Canovas de Castillo's widow has received a magnificent present from admirers of her husband in the Philippines. It is a large map in relief of the Philippines made of beaten gold, the towns marked by rubies, the names written in sapphires, and the dedication in diamonds. The map is set in a frame of gold and jewels with a gold bust of Canovas on top, and this is enclosed in a box of precious woods artistically carved. The gift is valued at $30,000. The Duchess of Canovas will soon be the sole Spanish possessor of the Philippines.

Third Artillery Going into Camp at Chickamauga, with Fourth Artillery on the Hill in the Distance

Awaiting Orders

Commander's Quarters

Colonel Bell's Tent—First Cavalry

Glad to See Old Comrades

Field Telegraph Service

"Forty Years a Soldier"

Scene at Battlefield Station—Infantry Awaiting Orders to Go to Chickamauga

Second Infantry Disembarking

THE INVASION OF CUBA

Scenes about the Camps in Dixie's Land, showing the Movement of Troops towards Chickmauga

Courtesy of *Leslie's Weekly*

THE FERTILE PHILIPPINES

A Promising Field for American Enterprise — Exports and Resources.

Three years ago the United States talked and thought silver. To-day, the people are discussing the policy of colonial expansion and the idea of retaining the Philippines. It is alien to the genius of a great commercial nation such as this is to abandon a conquest which promises to be a profitable acquisition. Yet the dangers and the cost of colonial enterprise are not forgotten, but are being estimated against the advantages of possession and expansion. On the other side of the continent the problem is simpler. The intention is not to seize Cuba and convert it into a State or territory. Once the Spanish power is overthrown the natives are to be given a chance at self-government under an American protectorate. But we are not conditioned in the Philippines, and if Congress and the President so will these fertile islands may be made the basis for an American assault on the markets of the Orient. Not alone the desire of adventure is it that attracts the thousands of American soldiers who are leaving these shores for Manila. Among the volunteers are men of all trades who go forth, not to fight alone, but to seek fortune in the new land. Once the pacification of the islands is accomplished and a stable rule established, these men will engage themselves in the business of development. Prospectors will search the mountains and the streams for gold. Mechanics will start factories and build machine shops. The various industries will be organized according to modern methods, and Manila will surely become a great Oriental entrepot, whether its inhabitants acknowledge the sway of President Aguinaldo or President McKinley.

Since the victory of Admiral Dewey much has been written about the Philippines. From the character of the matter published it is evident that information is scant. When one alludes to the subject there floats across the minds of men who read the magazines an indistinct impression of Tagals, Malays, Negritos, of the river Pasig, of the Lunetta, of the beautiful Mestizo maidens, of earthquakes, piratical praus and boa constrictors—that is about the sum of the available knowledge of the Philippines. The important questions are, however: What is there in these islands for us? What do they yield that we can trade with? Will the cost of acquiring them be liquidated by the profits of possessing them? There is no doubt that the balance will be in Uncle Sam's favor after he has once gained control of the situation. In the first place, he has acquired an immense territory, Luzon itself is as large as Illinois and has a population of three millions; Mindanao has two millions of people and is 33,000 square miles in extent. There are 2,000 islands, many of them unexplored. To commence with, hemp is the great article of export—40 per cent of all that is grown being sent to the United States—the importations to America averaging two and a half millions a year. One firm in Boston paid an average of 3 cents a pound in Manila for 79,000 tons of hemp in the ten years previous to last January. During the same period the total quantity of hemp exported from the Philippines amounted to exactly 914,100 tons. It may be remembered that the Tubbs Cordage Company of San Francisco offered the government a rate for the cargo space in the transports returning to California, intending to utilize them in shipping hemp for their rope walk at the Potrero. The offer was refused, however. With Americans in charge, it is inevitable that this industry will be enormously extended, and the establishment of rope walks, utilizing the cheap labor of the Negritos, is a likely development.

Sugar, indigo and tobacco are important staples of the Philippines. Though the United States grows both sugar and tobacco, this tropical region has unparalleled advantages over it. Sugar cane grows like a weed in the well watered valleys of the five chief islands. The decomposed lava from the extinct volcanoes that run north and south, side by side with the active earthquake making volcanoes, has exactly the qualities for growing sugar cane. The cane comes to maturity from seed in one year. The plantations on Samar hold the world's record for high production of rich cane to the acre. Often Spanish planters on Samar and Luzon make a clear profit of $300 per acre in one year. The Negrito laborers get from 5 to 10 cents per day for cultivation. Nature does the rest. The total export of raw sugar for the group is valued at four and a half millions. of which we have taken a little less than one half. This has been accomplished by the most primitive methods of crushing—with ox carts for transportation and oxen for ploughing.

Indigo is produced in large quantities and grows most luxuriantly. Indeed, the plants will yield double the charge of their cost and cultivation. This product is the source of revenue of many of the prominent families of Manila. The Alvarados, for instance, have twenty five thousand acres in Samar, which yield an income that enables them to maintain a semi-royal state. The Chinese millionaires made their money out of rice, which grows most abundantly through the Philippines. Yet the system of harvesting is barbarous. At best 30 per cent. of the crop is absolutely thrown away. Tobacco grows on all the islands and cigar making is the greatest industry. The Government factories at Binando yield huge sums. No one else is allowed to engage in the business, though while Werely was Captain General two of his brothers obtained a concession and retired to Madrid at the end of his term possessed of great fortunes. The Manila cigars have deteriorated in value of late years because of the carelessness of manufacture, but with American methods this would be changed. The leaf is good. In Samar some of the finest wrapper leaf tobacco in the world is grown. At Binando nearly 35,000 men, women and boys are employed in the cigar and tobacco shops. Under one roof and on one floor are 2,000 workers. Their pay averages about 15 cents a day. They leave the shops at sundown in droves. A good share of them go for a swim in Manila Bay before going home to eat. All the people in the Philippines love the water. It is not an uncommon spectacle at early evening to see hundreds, yes, thousands, of the tobacco factory employees, men and women, old and young, married and single, laughing, shouting, plunging and rolling about in the surf with no more clothing on than when they were born.

The cocoanut industry could not fail to yield immense profits, if conducted with energy and foresight. There is always a demand for the nuts, and the by-products of the tree are of great value. The juices make oil and wine, the fibres of the leave is woven into cloth, and the husks of the nuts are shipped by the boatload to England for doormats and other household articles. Profits of $250 an acre from a grove of cocoanuts are common, though under Spanish misrule and procrastination there is no attempt to plant trees or take advantage of the demand. A story is told of a young Englishman who spent about $5,000 in starting a cocoanut grove seventeen miles from Cavité, on Luzon. The Spanish were so afraid he would induce other enterprising Britishers to come and do like him, that they ruined him in a few years by all manner of imposts and exactions. For instance, he had to pay about $100 to the Government at Manila before he picked his first crop, and he had to pay an export duty of 10 per cent extra because he was not a native.

Out of lumber great fortunes will be made in the Philippines. There are immense forests in the interior of Mindanao of the most costly woods—ebony, mahogany, logwood and ironwoods. Indeed, the ebouy and mahogany trees are the finest found anywhere. As for fruits, oranges, lemons, guavas, bananas, pineapples and mangoes grow wild, and there is also the durien, which the naturalist, Alfred Wallace, said was the best of all fruits. The flavor is said to be an exquisite suggestion of crushed strawberries and peaches.

Coffee is not grown in any quantity, but the soil of Luzon is admirably adapted for its cultivation. Some seventy years ago several Spaniards set out a plantation in the north end of Luzon. A pest of an animal resembling a civet found the berries to their liking and preyed on them. The seeds were scattered over the island and wild coffee bushes sprang up everywhere. Indeed, the natives gather from them thousands of pounds of berries every year. Vanilla, pepper and cassia grow wild also; in fact, there is no tropical product that does not flourish in this fertile region.

The United States Government has recently issued a consular report made up of information gathered by Embassador Hay in London. In regard to the existence of gold deposits in the islands, the statement of an expert, Frank Karuth, is quoted. He says that large gold deposits have been opened up near the sea, and that they extend over a wide area. In no other part of the world, the Alaska and Treadwell mines excepted, is pay ore found within a few hundred yards of the anchorage of sea-going vessels So far, the fringe only of the auriferous formation has been touched. There is no stream that finds its way into the Pacific whose sand does not at least pan the color of gold, while heavy nuggets are sometimes brought down from the sierras, which are promising fields for hydraulic miniug. Alluvial gold is found on the island of Mindanao, and there are extensive copper deposits on Luzon. While no true coal has been found, there is lignite of a good quality, useful for steam vessels. This is in great quantity. Roughly washed alluvial gold has been found to contain rubies and hyacinths. There is no want of labor at cheap rates, and, on the whole, the general conditions for mining are exceptionally favorable.

A. B. F.

TURF SPECULATION

The Pursuit of Punting on the Racecourse by System and Otherwise.

Of all forms of gambling, betting on horse races is without a doubt the most alluring. With the Anglo-Saxon it amounts to a passion that defies every attempt at prohibitive legislation, and any person who favors interference with wagering on racecourses is generally regarded as a crank or faddist who seeks to restrict the liberty of the people. It is a recognized axiom that horse-racing cannot exist without betting, and, as the people will have the former wherever circumstances permit, promoters of race meetings find themselves called upon to provide facilities for those who bet, these later, in this country, at all events, representing the majority of those who go to the course. It would be lovely indeed if we could have the sport of horse-racing firmly established and completely free from the incidental gambling that pervades its atmosphere, as things are; but, pending the arrival of such a millenium, our law-makers will no doubt continue to find that whatever evil exists is best regulated by those who are responsible for the proper conduct of racing affairs.

What is known here as the poolroom is in no sense an annex of the racecourse, but simply represents a cut-and-dried form of speculating at any distance, even thousands of miles, away from the scene of action, with the assistance of information furnished by the telegraph as to names and other particulars relating to the horses taking part in the contests. In most communities the spirit of the law is opposed to this form of betting, and, as there is no controlling authority as between layers and backers, many evils exist which do not present themselves in the case of betting operations conducted within the precincts of a racecourse managed by responsible officials.

On our local tracks the betting-ring (a large roofed-in hall which opens on the side next the course and is floored with asphalt) is arranged in an exceedingly convenient manner. Each bookmaker or layer of odds, from twenty to thirty in number according to the extent of the business doing, is furnished with a box raised a couple of feet or so from the floor. In the front of this he takes up his position with one assistant, and immediately inside the box are his clerks and cashier, who attend to making out tickets and other clerical work. In the front of the box a slate is displayed with the names of the horses and the price at which each is quoted in the betting, these particulars varying, of course, as each race is run off. The bookmaker figures his quotations according to his own judgment or fancy, and the backer, before placing a bet, usually consults several of the slates to see where he can lay out his money to the best advantage. Having satisfied himself in this respect he hands over his stake and receives in exchange a ticket recording the transaction. If he has been lucky enough to spot a winner, immediately after the race he proceeds to the back of the box and with a smile befitting the occasion presents his voucher to the cashier and receives the amount of the wager won and his original stake. In case he should have lost he not infrequently consoles himself by anathematizing the horse or his jockey or the starter—generally he finds one or the other to be responsible for his want of success—and in no part of the world is this practice more consistently followed than in this glorious State, where pretty nearly everyone in shoe leather seems to be an instinctive gambler, and a mighty hard loser to boot.

For the privilege ef accommodating the public each bookmaker is required by the racing association to pay a license of $20 for each race, and as there are from five to seven events in the day, and other incidental expenses besides, not to mention clerks' wages and his own personal requirements, the total outlay under these heads represents an important percentage on his turn-over. The entire tax, of course, comes out of the backers' pockets in the long run, the racing association in return guaranteeing the bona fides and solvency of the bookmakers. Welshing is, therefore, happily unknown on our tracks.

On his part the layer of odds regulates his proceedings very much in the same way as a dealer on any exchange where stocks are the medium of business. His prices are determined by the favor of the public and the extent to which individual horses are supported. With him there is no such thing as what is known as "playing a system." With the backers, however, following a system is a favorite device, and, although none that will hold water has yet been discovered, a large proportion of chronic bettors delude themselves with the belief that therein lies salvation. The owner who backs his own stable, or the trainer familiar with the eccentricities of horseflesh and the affairs of the race-track, give no heed to such delusions, and are therefore satisfied to regulate their investments wholly by the racing merit of the steed they may entrust with their capital. So likewise the man who backs an animal because, all things considered, he estimates his chance to be superior to anything in the race, and at the same time—a most important consideration—fairly quoted by the bookmakers.

There are, of course, periods extending over a portion of a season, or possibly the entire term, which show that a certain system or systems of backing horses would have been profitable, but, as has been said already, in the long run none has ever been devised that will staud the test. The most common plan in vogue is to back the mounts of a selected jockey. The best jockeys, however, do not win more often than about once in four times, and this will not suffice to bring one out even, much less with profit. Backing the favorite in every race is even less likely to prove remunerative and so also with second favorites. There is no small difficulty in each case in determining at all times which is the first or second favorite, as prices vary from time to time during the currency of the betting on a race. It is one thing taking the returns as published in the newspapers after the day's racing is over and working out a system on paper, and another conducting one's operations systematically in the ring.

Some bettors adopt a plan of backing the selections of newspapers and other tipsters on a definite principle. Others will support favorites to get the place and still another scheme is to keep tab of the winning first favorites of one day and the next day play the favorites in the corresponding races. In fact there are endless variations open to the system-monger.

Perhaps the best system evolved in this country is that known as the Redd system. It is practically three systems in one, somewhat involved, however, and difficult to follow. The idea is to make a certain daily profit—say $20—the system being based upon the fact that when the first favorites are not winning, the second favorites are running first or second. Nothing less than even money must be accepted. Let us suppose that the first favorite loses in the first race and wins in the second. Then (if the odds are favorable, better than 4—5) the favorite for the third race is played to win the $20. If, however, the second favorite runs first or second in the first or the second race, the second favorite in the race following that event is to be played for the $20. This gives two chances to the daily bet. Under no circumstances is the daily $20 to be played for except for the first favorite to win or the second favorite to get the place. Where the odds are not suitable the race is passed, and its result will decide whether the next race is to be played. When the $20 is won play is ceased for the day, but when such a bet is lost no immediate notice is taken of the loss and the punter waits for another chance to bet. If it does not occur that day, the bet is carried over to the next day and is added to the $20 for that day, making the play for $40. The money which goes into the bookmaker's hands on the lost bets is recovered on the second favorite to win; that is to say, when the bet is lost note is kept of the running of the favorites until it is seen that the first favorite wins one race and loses the next race; then for the third race the second favorite is played straight for the amount lost. If this bet is won, all right; if it is lost, the second favorite for the next race is played to win and if that loses no more bets are made to win back losses until once more a first favorite wins a race, loses the next, and so points to the second favorite to win. No worse odds than 2—1 are accepted against the second favorite straight. All that is required to follow this system is close attention, with patience to wait for the coming around of the winning second favorite, and the chances are about 72 per cent. in favor of the punter. As compared with most systems it has one very great advantage in requiring but small capital. Anyone can easily figure out the matter for himself, and he will probably find that with a reserve of $100 he will be able to operate comfortably.

In conclusion let me repeat once again, for it cannot be urged too often, that neither this nor any system will pay in the long run. That fact, however, will never prevent the gambler's search for the philosopher's stone, and, if play he must, his undoing may as well be made as prolonged and subtle as possible. In that view the foregoing is presented.

C. L. B.

According to *Le Journal des Débats* of Paris a bombardment is not such a terrible thing after all. The editor of the *Débats* has collected some official statistics to prove this. In 1870-71, the bombardment of Belfort lasted seventy-three days, during which 99,453 projectiles fell within the city, and there were only sixty victims killed or fatally wounded. At Strasburg, during the siege of thirty-eight days, the Germans fired upon the city, mostly at close range, 193,722 shells, which accounted for three hundred victims. Finally, at Paris, the bombardment did not last longer than twenty-three days, and only 10,000 siege shells were thrown, killing or wounding one hundred and seven persons. And the French editor adds: "The few dozens of cannon shots fired on the Cuban coast or at Puerto Rico, have assuredly made more noise than harm."

GENERAL ALGER'S CAREER

The Experience and Distinguished Record of the Secretary of War.

It has been the fashion of late to sneer at General Russell A. Alger, Secretary of War, and to place on his shoulders the entire blame for the hitches and delays that have arisen in outfitting and transporting the military expeditions to Cuba and the Philippines. The outcry has not been reasonable, but that is not an uncommon fault of popular clamor. The policy of the country in the past is really responsible for most of the difficulties that have arisen, and neither the administration nor any single member of it is chargeable with a state of affairs that has been due wholly and solely to our unpreparedness for war. Probably when the story of the sudden plunge into hostilities with Spain comes to be studied in calmer moments, the wonder will be how on earth the country ever escaped a monumental disaster at the beginning. Had we come in contact with a first class European power, instead of with a decaying, inert and bankrupt people, the United States would certainly have encountered a shock that would never have been forgotten, and Uncle Sam would perhaps have learnt once for all that the mere possession of men and money is not sufficient warrant for extensive military undertakings requiring to be conducted with prompt effect. Both items are indispensable quantities in times of international friction, but are merely the sinews of the material wherewith to engage in war. That material has to be shaped up, collected together and thoroughly fitted for campaigning, all the details of which work are beyond the personal control of the minister presiding over the destinies of the army establishment. If the fighting body has to be called into being, and likewise much of the paraphernalia it needs, before the Secretary of War can meet the requirements of the country in placing corps in the field for resistance or attack, is he personally to blame because these are not ready at a moment's notice? Let us reflect rather as to what have been the consequences of the deliberate policy of the country.

When General Alger was appointed to his present position the public seemed well satisfied, and there was a general impression that a man had been selected who, judged by his military record and experience as well as by his executive ability, was well qualified to fill the office of Secretary of War. Certainly his career hitherto entitles him to confidence, and it is one of which any American citizen might well be proud.

Russell A. Alger was born in Ohio in the year 1836, his father having been an early settler on the timber lands of that State. Thirteen years later he became an orphan, together with a younger brother and sister. Finding places for them he worked some part of the year on a farm and the other as a school teacher, aiding his brother and sister out of his earnings, until he became twenty-one years of age, when he took up law. A couple of years later he was admitted to the bar and began practice in Cleveland. In 1860 he relinquished his profession and embarked in the lumber business at Grand Rapids. The following year he married and he has thus told of the pecuniary misfortune which immediately followed that event:

"I had fallen in love with one of the young girls of Grand Rapids. The lady was willing, and the wedding took place. We went East on our wedding trip, I taking for expenses $150, which I got by a draft on the Chicago firm with which we were dealing. When I returned I found that our Chicago firm had failed and that my draft had gone to protest. I saw at once that our firm was ruined by the failure, and I was in desperate straits. I had ordered furniture in Cleveland for the two rooms in which we were to begin our married life, and knew that the bill would be along in a few days. All I had left was a gold watch which I had taken in trade. I went to the banker who held my draft, told him how I was situated, and asked him to hold the gold watch in security until the time came when I could pay it. He refused to receive it, but I left it on the counter and went away. The next morning that banker failed. A list of his assets was published, and among them one item of draft of Alger & Goddard, secured by a gold watch and chain. This announced the failure to the people of Grand Rapids. I cannot tell you how badly I felt that day."

To many men this would have been a crushing blow, but young Alger had grit and the turning-point in his career was soon after reached with the breaking out of the Civil War. In August, 1861, he enlisted in the Second Michigan Cavalry and received a Captain's commission before going to the front. In the same regiment Philip H. Sheridan also commanded a troop, subsequently becoming Colonel of the corps. At the battle of Booneville, Mo., July 2, 1862, Alger was wounded and taken prisoner, but made his escape on the same day.

Thereupon he was promoted to the rank of Major. In October of that year he was made Lieutenant-Colonel of the Sixth Michigan Cavalry, and early in 1863 was transferred to the Fifth Michigan Cavalry as Colonel. He was wounded at Boonsborough, Md., July 8, 1863, having passed unhurt through the battle of Gettysburg; resigned in September, 1864, and was honorably discharged. He was brevetted Brigadier-General for gallant and meritorious service at the battle of Treville Station, Va., June 11, 1864, and June 11, 1865, Major-General "for gallant and meritorious service during the war."

On leaving the army Alger embarked in the brick-making business at Detroit without success, but made some money by investments in lake shipping. He subsequently entered a co-partnership for dealing with pine lands and eventually acquired a leading commercial position.

At the time of his appointment to place in the Cabinet, General Alger was the President of the Manistique Lumbering Company, President of the Detroit, Bay City and Alpena Railroad Company, and a Director of the Detroit National Bank, the Peninsular Car Company, and several other corporations.

General Alger's career in the field of politics began in 1884, when he was the Republican candidate for Governor of Michigan. He was elected by a majority greater than that given to James G. Blaine as Republican candidate for the Presidency. He did not seek a renomination. His name was mentioned after that for the Vice-Presidency, and in 1888, and again in 1892, he was a prominent candidate for the Presidential nomination.

Secretary Alger has little in his personal appearance except his white, bushy hair, to indicate his age. He is a man of industrious and temperate habits, thoroughly happy in his domestic surroundings, Mrs. Alger, three daughters and two sons comprising his family circle.

TO RUDYARD KIPLING

(DOUBLE BALLADE)

When Triton's thrilling trumpet toue
  Sang first across the restless blue,
From East to West, from zone to zone,
  Such witchery o'er the waves he threw,
  That Orpheus from his lute ne'er drew
Such music for the rocks and trees,
  As that which o'er the billows flew,
O Singer of the Seven Seas!

That soundiug shell was shoreward thrown
  To thee by Amphitrite, who
Now hears across her surges blown,
  The thrilling notes she loved and knew
  Long, long ago. But there were few
Who ever sang such songs as these,
  Which on thy lips ring clear and true,
O Singer of the Seven Seas!

These broad blue tides we call our own,
  Methinks should have another hue,
For in their deadly deeps is sown
  The blood and bones of many a crew;
  Though for our Admiralty we strew
To shark and shore the fullest fees,
  Still "Give us more!" the surges sue,
O Singer of the Seven Seas!

Not for the "Meteor Flag" alone,
  Dost thou all other song eschew;
We hear the Liner's engines groan,
  We feel the Freighter's "bucking screw,"
  The Derelict drifts past our view,
Scoffed by the surge, mocked by the breeze,
  Storm-driven, battered and perdu,
O Singer of the Seven Seas!

Yet alone the ocean's moan
  Thy many measures doth imbue;
To sing the soldier thou art prone;
  Thy ringing rhymes are a tatoo,
  When Tommy Atkins walks askew,
Or stands at anything but ease,
  He gets from them the proper cue,
O Singer of the Seven Seas!

Familiar forms again are shown,
  Nor would we from this verse taboo
The "Rag and Hank of Hair and Bone."
  We knew her well, the shallow shrew,
  But wonder how we came to woo,
And swear our love on bended knees;
  But long ago we said Adieu,
O Singer of the Seven Seas!

ENVOY.

This somewhat sorry ambigu
  Smacks of the Ballade's strict decrees;
Our Muse dislikes the stern gooroo,
  O Singer of the Seven Seas!

LOUIS A. ROBERTSON.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

This week we illustrate two popular and well-equipped regiments, one from Iowa and the other from Montana. The field and staff and company commanders of the Iowa regiment are as follows:

Colonel, John C. Loper; Lieutenant-Colonel, M. Miller; majors, William J. Duggan, John T. Hume, S. P. Moore; regimental adjutant, J. T. Davidson; battalion adjutants, George A. Reed, F. M. Conklin, Herbert C. Lane; quartermaster, John Cady; chaplain, Herman P. Williams; chief surgeon, Major W. A. H. Matthews; assistant surgeons, First Lieutenants Donald McRae and David Fairchild.

Company A, Des Moines, Captain Gibson; Company B, Villisca, Captain Burton; Company C, Glenwood, Captain Stepee; Company D, Knoxville, Captain Butterfield; Company E, Shenandoah, Captain Mount; Company F, Oskaloosa, Captain Keating; Company G, Creston, Captain Ickis; Company H, Des Moines, Captain Worthington; Company I, Bedford, Captain Widener; Company K, Corning, Captain Peairs; Company L, Council Bluffs, Captain Pryor; Company M, Red Oak, Captain Clark.

The Fifty-first Iowa was formerly the Third Infantry, Iowa National Guard. During the Civil War that State furnished forty-eight regiments, and when the call for volunteers came for the present conflict the Iowa regiments were nnmbered where the first volunteers stopped. The Forty-ninth Iowa is now at Chickamauga, the Fiftieth at Mobile and the Fifty-second is still at Des Moines.

Colonel Loper, commanding the Fifty-first, has been connected with the Iowa National Guard for the past ten years and is regarded as one of the best soldiers in the volunteer service. His regiment is as well drilled as any now stationed at Camp Merritt.

Of all the surface of the earth it seems that the Philippines promise the most in the way of something new. It is said that, owing to the periodical quarrels between the Spaniards and the natives, the Archipelago has been but little explored. Not long ago an eagle, three times the size of any yet discovered, was found there; and now a German savant has come across a gigantic flower of which the smallest buds are as big as the head of a child. It has five petals, a stalk two inches thick, and is over three feet high. The flower "plucked" by the discover weighed 25 lb.

The Trans-Mississippi Exposition is said by those who visit it to have a singular beanty taken as a whole. The comparative uniformity of the size of the buildings gives a fineness of proportion which was lacking in the buildings of the World's Fair, and, backed as they are by the indescribable blue of that most glorious sky, the sky of the American plains, the effect is exquisite.

MODERN NAVAL WARFARE

The Deadly Engines of Destruction in Service and Experiment.

The main interest in the bombardment of the fortifications at the entrance of Santiago harbor when first begun was the effect of individual shots. The shore batteries being for the most part a little way behind the crest of the ridge, the targets presented to our gunners were by no means easy. To add to the difficulty the elevation of the ships' guns was necessarily insufficient, and consequently the shells landed as a rule on the cliffs betow the Spanish batteries. Of course, there were all kinds of different effects induced by the particular character of the ground at the point of impact, and the impressions produced were exceedingly striking to the eye. At the same time the echoing detonations produced by the discharge of the cannon, and resolved into one continuous roar, struck the ear with powerful effect.

At first the range adopted was 4,000 yards, but as the ships drifted inshore with the current this was reduced rapidly to 1,800. The most effective shots were at from 2,200 to 2,800 yards. At this distance there was opportunity for one to step to the extremity of the ship after a shot was fired and to catch a glimpse of the cliffs from under the canopy of smoke from the gun's discharge. The course of the whifling shell was not apparent to the untrained eye, but its landing made a blotch in the landscape that was easily seen.

If the bombardment had been followed up with occupation by troops, it would have ended much of the fighting in this vicinity, for the occupation of Cnba can only be accomplished by following up and maintaining every advance. One shot clears a path through a Spanish army, though it kills no man; but like a path through water, it will be filled again unless maintained.

Amongst uaval men, especially those of the progressive school, the performances of the dynamite cruiser *Vesuvius* are being watched with the keenest interest. This uniqne craft was built by Cramp & Sons for the government from designs made in 1886 after Captain Zalinski had demonstrated what could be done with his dynamite gun. The dimensions of the *Vesuvius* are: Length, 246 feet; displacement, 811 tons, and armament three fifteen-inch pneumatic guns. The guns were designed to throw a shell containing 500 pounds of dynamite or gelatine, with an effective range of two miles.

In construction the dynamite gun vessel is somewhat peculiar. She is long, narrow, and sharp, and when under way squats so low in the water that waves often lap over the quarters. The three guns are built into the vessel at an angle of eighteen degrees from the horizontal. They cannot be elevated or depressed except by the rising or pitching of the bow of the ship. The range is accordingly altered by changing the amount of compressed air admitted behind the projectile. The *Vesuvius* carries in addition three three-pounders. As for speed, in her trial trip 21.65 knots were recorded. Her coal capacity is 135 tons only, and therefore if needed for anything other than harbor service, coal supply vessels would have to be within reach.

Trials made previous to the outbreak of the war proved that the aerial torpedoes of the *Vesuvius* can be thrown with absolutely certain effect two miles; that their aim at that range is as sure as that of a rifled cannon of the most modern construction, and that their explosion, either in striking the object itself or falling into the water near it, is almost inevitable. It uow remains to be shown what actual result has followed the employment of this vessel in Cuban waters.

To add to the interest at present felt with regard to the use of dynamite in naval war operations, a brother of Hiram Maxim, the celebrated artillery inventor, has recently arrived in this country with the view of bringing to the notice of the United States Government a torpedo gun, larger than Captain Zalinski's invention, and having a calibre of 24 inches. He represents that his gun will project a ton of dynamite a distance of five miles, cordite—smokeless powder—being used to propel the torpedo from the gun.

Another instrument of death and destruction which claims special notice at this time is Holland's submarine torpedo boat. This vessel has now passed under the control of the Government for purposes of experiment. The boat is 75 tons' displacement, and is 53 feet long by 10 feet 3 inches in diameter. In appearance she is like a locomotive boiler of unusual length, pointed at each end. As she floats a strip of lead colored superstructure, three or four feet wide, lying along her back, just above the water line, is all that is visible except the conning tower, which is a steel cylinder about the size of a barrel, with a steel lid on it. When the boat dives this cover is clamped down with a twist of a screw fitting into the beveled edges like the port hole window of a steamer.

The only means of ingress into the craft is by dropping feet first down the little steel conning tower. Mr. Holland himself usually occupies the conning tower, steering the boat and directing the operators below, these consisting of six experts.

It is one of the peculiarities of the Holland boat that she is about the safest thing afloat, when under headway. Though nearly round she keeps in proper position. She has heavy ballast to keep her on even keel, and by the admission or expulsion of water she will rise or sink at the command of the genius in the conning tower. The boat is propelled by a fifty horse power gasoline engine and a fifty horse power motor engine, her speed being twelve knots normal. In a recent run, witnessed by many persons of note, she was taken from the foot of Upper Bay Ridge to Staten Island, diving and reappearing at intervals, always obedient to Mr. Holland's command. He steered from the conning tower. A dozen times the boat went down from ten to fifteen feet below the surface. Several times she ran long distances on an even keel, almost exactly eleven feet under water, her depth not varying six inches in half a mile.

Mr. Holland himself has stated that, whenever permitted, he is prepared to take his little terror into Cuban waters and blow up Spanish ships and forts till further orders.

There are only about nine millions of Jews in the world, of whom more than one half are in Russia, and another sixth in Eastern Europe. There are only about a hundred thousand in the British Isles, of whom three-fifths are of Russian birth.

Co. B, Villisca- Capt. A. J. Burton.

Co. C, Glenwood—Capt. W. F. Steepy.

Co. D, Knoxville—Capt. L. K. Butterfield.

Co. E, Shenandoah—Capt. C. V. Mount.

Co. F, Oskaloosa—Capt. W. H. Keating.

Co. G, Creston - Capt. W. H. Ickis.

Co. H, Des Moines—Capt. E. C. Worthington.

COMPANIES OF THE FIFTY-FIRST IOWA VOLUNTEERS

Lieutenant-Colonel Wallace

Colonel H. C. Keisler

Montana Mess

Regimental Band

Company L—Captain A. L. Duncan

Company M—Captain John Hallaken

Birdseye View of the Montana Camp

Co. A, Great Falls—Capt. J. E. Moran.

Co. B, Butte—Capt. Charles Gardner.

Co. C, Bozeman and Helena—Capt. J. P. Krown.

Co. D, Virginia City—Capt. George W. Rief.

Co. E, Dillon—Capt. Andrew Jensen.

Co. F, Butte—Capt. W. L. Hill.

Co. G, Butte—Capt. E. W. Wynne.

Co. H—Capt. F. E. Green.

Co. I, Lewistown—Capt. G. H. Preston.

Co. K—Capt. T. S. Dillon.

THE MONTANA COMPANIES

Brig.-Gen. McArthur, Commanding Third Expedition

Ohio Regulars and Wyoming Volunteers

Flagship "Indiana" with Regulars

General McArthur and Iowa Officers

North Dakota Transport "Valencia"

North Dakotans Marching to Transports

THE THIRD EXPEDITION TO MANILA, CONSISTING OF VOLUNTEERS FROM MINNE

Bow View of "City of Para"

"City of Para"

Minnesotans on Board the "City of Para"

Minnesotans in the Rigging (Photo by Sergt. Neill)

North Dakotans at the Dock

Idaho, Oregon and Nebraska Recruits on the "Morgan City"

KOTA, IDAHO, WYOMING, OREGON AND NEBRASKA, AND UNITED STATES REGULARS

Birdseye View of the Iowa Camp

Departure of the "Newport" with Major-General Merritt on board

Colonel Kessler and Staff

The Famous Iowa Band—Geo. W. Landers, Chief Musician; F. E. Jones, Drum Major

Colonel Loper, Field and Staff

FIGURES AND FACTORS OF CAMP MERRITT

A DEBUTANTE'S DIARY

Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

A sad accident to my right wrist, dearest Diary, prevented my making my customary confidence last week. You know papa bought me a new horse that is quite spirited, and in trying to be a trifle too clever at the last paper chase I simply sprained my wrist. Pride always goes before a fall, and in my case I must confess, has many tumbles. We are now quite settled at the Hotel Rafael and have fine times. We are not outrageously gay, nor are we distressingly quiet, but enjoying that happy medium that makes life worth living. I regret to say that there are very few men at the hotel except those who are more or less mortgaged and have outlived their usefulness as far as I am concerned. We have wheeling parties that are rather good fun, practice tennis and ride. The paper chases are, however, the events and are eagerly anticipated. Mamma considers them dangerous, but that is to be expected. I never knew of anything I particularly enjoyed that was not either *dangerous* or *bad form* in the eyes of my dearest mother. Happily papa is made of sterner stuff and says those who are born to be hanged will never perish in a more attractive fashion.

Although my wrist is better, Diary dear, my confidences are more or less stupid owing to a variety of reasons. Firstly, a hammock is more apt to inspire laziness than anything else, and between the heat and the mosquitoes, my brain is somewhat moistened. I love heat in the winter and long for the bright summer days and the sunshine, but in summer can think of nothing more delightful than a clear frosty morning and a game of golf.

Active preparations are in order for the Tennis Tournament on the Fourth, and we are inviting all our best friends to participate. We expect to simply captivate every man in sight by the ravishing toilettes we shall wear on the glorious Fourth. Lizzie Whittier has quite the most gorgeous costume and Gertie Carroll talks of a dream of a frock. Julia Buckbee says her's will carry off all the honors and I say that it is not fair for the married woman to compete. The Morgan girls and Della Davidson have also some very chic frocks that they expect to wear. I wonder what Edith McBean will put on? Something in blue, I suppose, she has an especial penchant for "the smartest color that ever was worn."

On Saturday next there is to be an immensely smart lawn party to be given at Mrs. Sidney Smith's home, in aid of the Children's Hospital. Mrs. Fred Green and May Hoffmann have it in charge, and have asked us all to assist. I should have preferred to go the paper chase, but can't refuse anything where "sweet charity" is the password. Those who attend will be able to see the start from the Hotel Rafael, and the finish is to take place in the midst of the gathering. We expect to have fun, and all our party has been invited to take an active part. The girls will wear organdie gowns and flower hats, so I am sure from a picturesque as well as a smart standpoint we shall be well worth seeing. Aunt Sybil is coming over for the affair, and will remain over the Fourth. I had great fun with my friend Mr. Nat Wilson last week, when he and Ogden Hoffmann came over to spend the week's end with the Whitters. Mr. Wilson is always full of anecdote, but I never saw him in better form than last Sunday. Early in the season I thought he had set his affections on an Oakland belle, and a number of us girls laid wagers on it. I am very glad, as I think Nat too good fun to be assigned to any one girl. The Thomas family and Alice Hoffmann are now camping in the Yosemite, and say it is lovely in spite of the lack of water. They say the rumors of the drought are exaggerated and that while the falls are not so heavy as in former years, some of them are really more beautiful. The air is lovely and they have not been uncomfortably warm. Ethel Keeney is in Monterey, which is at present a wee bit quiet. Next week, however, things promise to brighten up a bit. Mr. Wiltsee is going to spend the Fourth on his yacht at Santa Cruz. Arthur and a number of the men have been bidden to accompany him. George Hall is going and also Ogden Hoffmann.

On Monday I went to bid a fond farewell to the soldiers. It was so sad to see them go off, and I felt badly about it all day. It seems particularly hard when one witnesses some of the partings. I should not go down if Arthur were going, as I simply should hate to make a scene, and there seems no help for it in a case like that. I had a letter last week from Rose Hooper, who is safe in Europe, and enjoying all the new sights and scenes. Kate Dillon has been seriously ill in Florence, but is now improving. Fortunately Dr. Rosenstirn happened to be traveling in Europe, and was called in to attend her—which was a great comfort. The Deans are all over here and seem much better. Helen is growing so rapidly that she almost seems a young lady. Mr. and Mrs. Dean are actively interested in the Patriotic Home Helpers, and are doing so much for the poor relatives of the volunteers. I am also deep in it and enjoy it very much. Some of the stories are very sad, and I only wish I could relieve their necessities more than I do. Is it not great fun that our soldiers will have a "Hospital Ship?" We are in high feather because of it, as now we are sure their sufferings will be in a great measure alleviated. And now, Diary dear, I must take my afternoon siesta; so adieu. Your own devoted MISS CRICKET.

I forgot to tell you about our "Dewey Camp," which is going to be very jolly. Instead of the big dinner and dance with which we usually celebrate the Fourth of July at San Rafael, there is to be an encampment down in the Coleman tract, to which every one will go after the tennis match. In place of the elaborate hotel dinner there will be a bullhead's barbecue, the bull's head being prepared by an enlightened Mexican who knows just how the delicacy must be prepared. That night there will be fireworks and an illumination, and every one will have lots of fun. A real treat is looked for, and to my mind it is a big improvement upon the regular arrangements practiced at summer resorts.

* *

There have been several marriages of interest this week. That of Miss Birdie Nathan and Arthur Lachmann was solemnized at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Nathan, 1617 Van Ness Avenue, at noon on Tuesday. Mr. Lachmann is the eldest son of A. Lachmann of the firm of Lachmann & Jacobi, and is a very brilliant and promising young man. He is deeply interested in chemistry, and after taking a degree at Berkeley went to Harvard for a special course, finishing up at Heidelberg. Returning to this country, he was appointed Professor of Chemistry at the University of Oregon, which post he now holds.

Miss Agnes Duhring and C. T. Ryland were married in Sonoma at the Duhring home by the Rev. Father Ramm. Miss Duhring is the sister of F. T. Duhring of this city, and Mr. Ryland is a member of the prominent Ryland family of San Jose. There was a reception after the wedding and the presents were very gorgeous.

A third wedding was solemnized at Walnut-mere, Santa Rosa, when Miss Mae Vrooman, daughter of the of late Senator Henry Vrooman, became the bride of Cleveland Forbes, a mining engineer of this city. The ceremony was celebrated on the lawn of the Vrooman's beautiful country home, the happy pair standing in a bower of roses. The wedding breakfast was partaken of under the broad shade of some great spreading oak treees, and proved both informal and very pleasant. Miss Rachel Vrooman, sister of the bride, was maid of honor, and Miss Agnes Borland and Miss Edith Lilienerantz were bridesmaids. Rev. Dr. McLean officiated and Stephen T. Gage gave the bride away. An assemblage of Oakland people witnessed the wedding.

* *

This promises to be a banner season at Castle Crag. Several hundred people are already registered here and many more are coming. There is lots of fun planned for the Fourth. Among the prominent guests at present are:

Mr. and Mrs. James M. Goewey, Douglas H. Campbell, Mrs. E. B. Coleman, Miss Blanding, Miss Jane Greenwood, Mrs. M. Greenwood, Mrs. R. B. Wallace, R. E. Allardice, Palo Alto, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Sesnon, Sacramento, Miss Throckmorton, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brown, Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Miss Genevieve Harvey, Mrs. R. W. Gorrill, Miss Gorrill, Mrs. E. F. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Sig. Greenebaum, Mrs. H. Bendel, the Misses Bendel, Mr. and Mrs. Howard C. Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. S. Haslet, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Haight, H. C. Nash, Palo Alto, Ed. P. Colgan, Sacramento, R. H. Beamer, Woodland, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Herrin, Mrs. P. Van Clief, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Mahl, the Misses Mahl, Alexander Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Miller, Mrs. Thomas Crellin, the Misses Crellin, Mrs. Leland Stanford, Miss Jennie Lathrop, Dr. H. W. Harkness, Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Goodall, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Curtis, Mr. and Mrs. Hervey Lindley, Mrs. M. Irvine, C. Byrne, J. W. Byrne, Mrs. B. F. Norris.

Bolinas is decidedly popular this season, and parties are being made up every day at Mill Valley and San Rafael for the trip over the ridge to the ocean. Among the guests who have registered at Flagstaff Inn during the week are Mr. and Mrs. Wintringham and Mrs. Lewis of San Rafael, Messrs. Duncan and Meyers of San Francisco, Colonel and Mrs. Fairbanks and Miss Wickersham of Petaluma, and Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Evans, who brought a party to the inn consisting of Miss Rogers, Miss Juliet Williams, Mr. T. C. Berry and Mr. Albert Dibble.

The Deacon's Possum Story.

"En hit come ter pass, my breddrin," said the old colored deacon, "dat a fine fat 'possum wuz diskivered in de tip top er a big pine tree, en dem whut diskivered him said, one ter de yuther: 'Lo, now; let us git us each en ax en cut de tree down, en bag de 'possum, en take hime home, en say grace over him, en eat, en grow fat!! En behol', dey went en done even as dey said en got each man a ax, en one chop on one side en one on de yuther. But whilst dey wuz a-choppin' at de tree under de br'ilin' sun, come one dat dey knowed mighty well; en behol', he take his hat off en lay his coat on de groun' en roll up his sleeves en spit on his two han's en climb ter de top er de tree en grab de 'possum en slide down en run off wid it ter his own house, whar his fambly wuz a-waitin' fer ter cook it. En when de two mens whut wuz choppin' on de tree see whut happen dey said, one ter de yuther: 'Whar does we come in?' En whilst dey wuz so sayin', lo en behol', de tree come down en falled on 'em, en de lan' whar dey lived knowed 'em no mo' ferever!"—*Atlanta Consttution.*

Poodle Dog Restaurant, southeast corner of Grant avenue and Bush street. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone 429. Blanco & Bruno, proprietors.

An excellent remedy for insomnia will be found in the famous old Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey, taken at bedtime. Your druggist has it.

Dr. G. A. Danziger, Dentist, 22 Geary street

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

THE THEATRES

Passing Comment on Contemporary Performances.

The Alcazar has been doing good business this week with "Frederick the Great." The little comedy in four acts is full of amusing situations and entertaining dialogue. Lewis Morrison in the Prussiau King's role is excellent, and Florence Roberts as La Barbernia is thoroughly at home. Wallace Shaw takes the character of Voltaire and Frank Denithorne that of Baron von Trenk, both being quite in place. Wright Huntington has but a minor part. George Foster Platt, the author of the little drama, appears as a Prussian officer, and takes the little part well. Juliet Crosby, Mrs. Bates and Gertrude Foster, the other members of the stock company, are all seen on the boards and not greatly occupied, Lewis Morrison being the head and front of the piece. The staging and dresses are admirable and the entire treatment of the little play is worthy of the warm reception it receives at the hands of the audience.

* *

Things have been running at the Orpheum with even increased spirit. Anna Caldwell is but a poor songstress, however, and the German comedians, Carlin and Clark, who continue on the boards, are exceedingly tiresome. The four Cohans have fairly taken the town by storm, and the most utterly blase mortal would be fetched by the nimble Josephine. The colored comedians, Jones, Grant and Jones, are first class in their line, and Falke and Semon do some clever all round work as musical and comic artists. The aerial feats of the Watson Sisters and Juan de Zamora, on a very elaborate contrivance in the roof-tree, are well worth seeing. The bill at the house nowadays should satisfy the veriest glutton for variety amusement.

* *

So great has been the success of "Fort Frayne" that Manager Frawley has decided to give it a second week. The play has been most favorably criticized and the company has done excellently in the various roles. On the 11th a production of "Lost—24 Hours," Robert Hilliard's farcial play, will be put on, to be followed by a new play "A Gallant Surrender."

* *

Next week at the Tivoli Opera House "The Mikado" will be revived. The talented prima donna, Elvia Crox Seabrooke, will make her re-appearance as the artless Yum-Yum; Helen Merrill and Edna Elsemere will be her two sisters, Pitti-Sing and Peep-bo. To further strengthen the cast Louise Royce will be the Katisha; Edwin Stevens will play his favorite role of Ko-Ko, and Phil Branson the Mikado. W. H. West will make his first appearance this season as Poo-Bah. The next revival will be Von Suppe's martial opera, "Fatinitza." Great preparations are being made for the spectacular operatic fantasie, "The Circus Queen," which will follow.

* *

The star attraction at the Orpheum for next week is Mrs. Alice J. Shaw, the well-known *shiffleuse*, and her two pretty daughters. Mrs. Shaw undoubtedly stands at the head of this class of attractions. Another feature of the new bill is Douglass & Ford, novelty dancers, from whom a pleasing turn may be expected. The hold-overs are: The Three Watson Sisters and Zamora, Falke & Semon, Charles Wayne, Anna Caldwell, Jones, Grant & Jones and the Four Cohans, who enter the last week of their engagement at the Orpheum.

* *

There is to be another Modjeska season at tne Baldwin shortly. The great Polish actress is studying a new play, which she hopes to produce during her coming engagement.

The Timid Lover.

"Ef you want my hand—ef you'd win my heart"—
Molly, she says to me,
"You must jine the army an' do your part
On the land an' the Sampson sea!"
But I ain't no good at marchin',
An' as fer the Sampson sea—
I'd shorely shine in the Jonah line,
An' the whale would swaller me!

Hard times for lovers—
Hard times fer me!
Can't make no stand
On the fightin' land,
An' I'm feared o' the Sampson sea!

But still she says, "Ef you'd win my heart
An' my lily-white hand," says she,
"You must jine the army an' do your part,
Fer a sojer's bride I'll be!"
But I ain t no good at marchin',
An' as fer the Sampson sea—
I'd end my day in the Jonah way,
An' the whale would swaller me!

Hard times fer lovers—
Hard times fer me!
Can't make no stand
On the fightin' land,
An' I'm feared o' the Sampson sea!
—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

Swedish Philosophy.

Sometems a faller haf se blues
An' cuss lak deckens for a vile,
But naxt day yo com again
An' hae vare a cracseryack smile.
—*Denver Times.*

The Mauvais Music Co. has just issued three splendid war songs, entitled "Marching to Cuba," words by Josie M. Galloway, music by J. H. Dohrmann; "Remember the Maine," by E. Grace Griffin; and "Our Boys," by Hattie Moulton.

For more than a quarter of a century the famous old Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey has been the favorite with connoisseurs.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

Sir William Crookes, F. R. S., showed that various gems and minerals glow with a beautiful tinted phosphorescence in the cathode rays of his vacuum tubes, and M. Lecouteur, with Mr. A. C. Cossor, has applied this fact to the examination of precious stones and minerals of uncertain constitution. A large number of gems of various kinds, shown under the rays, were quite altered in color by the phosphorescence. Four large Burmese rubies, for example, weighing twenty-two and a half carats, glowed a fiery red. Singalese rubies were easily told from Siamese by the phosphorescence. Diamonds became a light blue or green; moonstone gleamed like moonlight just after the rays were withdrawn from it; American dolomite was red; tungstate of calcium a turquoise blue; sea shells a rich golden yellow and light blue, and so on. Questionable stones can thus be tested without injury to the gem. Moreover, the method is applicable to toxicology in the case of alkaloids, and will be useful in medical jurisprudence.

A mathematician has compiled the following list of speeds a second: The snail, one-half inch; a man walking, 4 feet; a fast runner, 23 feet; a fly, 24 feet; fast skater, 38 feet; a carrier pigeon, 87 feet; locomotive—sixty miles an hour—88 feet; swallows, 220 feet; the worst cyclone known, 380 feet; the Krakatoa wave—at the volcanic catastrophe of Aug. 27, 1893, in the Sunda Islands—940 feet; the surface of the globe on sea level at the equator, 1,500 feet; the moon, 3,250 feet; the sun 5½ miles; the earth, 18 miles; Holley's comet in the perihelion, 235 miles; electric current on telegraph wires, 7,000 miles; induction current, 11,040 miles; electric current in copper wire armatures, 21,000 miles; light, 180,000 miles; discharge of a Leyden jar through copper wire one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter, 277,100 miles, which is said to have been the highest velocity measured.

Tarantulas do not dance to the sound of the violin, but let the people they bite do the dancing; scorpions, however, enjoy fiddling, according to the *Quarterly Review* and lizards go crazy for music of any kind. As for serpents, the boa constrictor and python are senseless to melody, but the cobra is fascinated by the flute and still more by the fiddle. Polar bears enjoy the violin; so do ostriches; wolves will stop in the chase to listen to a cornet; elephants are fond of the flute, especially the upper notes; tigers, while appreciating flute and violin, cannot stand the harmonium, while the musical seal shows no emotion on hearing any instrument, not even the bass drum.

A gentleman's drink, is the famous old Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey.

Clearance Sale

Prices Greatly Reduced During the Summer Months on

ARTISTICALLY CARVED

Imported Furniture

French Cabinets

Odd Parlor Ornaments

Marble Statuary

and Art Ware

THE P. ROSSI CO.

117 Sutter Street

SAN FRANCISCO

Our own factories in Venice and Paris.

BEST FOR THE SKIN!

California Cream of Lemon is the best toilet preparation in the world, because it is absolutely free from chemicals, fatty matter or potash. It is made entirely from the soluble substance of the whole lemon. There are other toilet preparations into which the lemon enters, but they are "improved" by the introduction of foreign substances which detract from the natural qualities of the fruit, and are more or less injurious to the skin. Nature does these things better than man. **California Cream of Lemon** is a natural skin-healer, builder and beautifier. It is both a preventive and a cure for all skin diseases and blemishes.

It retails at 15 cents. Ask your druggist for it. If he will not supply you, send 20 cents and we will send a three-ounce collapsible tube of Cream of Lemon prepaid to any address in the United States.

BALLOU & COSGROVE,
Sole Agents for the United States, San Diego, Cal

Most druggists sell it—all druggists should.

Moët & Chandon

White Seal (Grande Cuvee) Champagne now on the market does great honor to this famous house.—*Hotel Gazette.*

Colonel Loper

Non-Commissioned Staff

Hospital Corps

Company A, Des Moines—Captain William Gibson

Company I, Bedford—Captain Widner

Company K, Corning—Captain E. C. Pearis

Company L, Council Bluffs—Captain W. D. Pryor

Company M, Red Oak—Captain J. W. Clark

The Royal is the highest grade baking powder known. Actual tests show it goes one-third further than any other brand.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

LONDON'S WAYS

Wet Spring in the Metropolis — Gorgeous Costumes at State Functions.

ondon, June 15th.—The weather, as a sub of discussion, usually argues a lack of ginality, or that one has been talked out; when weather is so obvious a matter as it been this season in London, it is impossito let it pass unnoticed. Smarter London enjoyed itself under difficulties, for the d has been cold and wintry and the heavy been telling as if another deluge were in temptation by the "Powers that be." To o nnder such circumstances is disagreeable it is then, and only then, that one appres to the fullest extent the London han. Of course one is apt to be smeared with l when alighting from the vehicle, but n great care even that may be avoided. I r there is some talk of introducing nch victorias in London as a substitute for hansom, but it never can be done successy in this climate. It is all very well to e open carriages in Paris, where the sun ly forgets to shine for more than an hour vo at a time, but in foggy London they ld be intolerable. Several continental inations have been introduced recently, how, among them music in the parks each rnoon. Military bands have been assigned ne various recreation grounds, and one has pportunity of enjoying open air concerts y. There is some talk, too, of introducing outdoor marble-topped cafe, but like the oria, it is bound to be an absolute failure. British are not fond of the restaurant exce in which the Parisian luxuriates, preng in fair weather a trip on the river and ic under the trees at some of the resorts. spite o' the rain, which has caused Bond t and Picadilly to look desolate, the shops never seemed more attractive than at ent, and the fashions this year are simply hing. Some of the gowns are well worth scription, and one evening dress I saw at ent party was a delight to the eye. It entirely of white, relieved but not med in rose pink. The skirt of white silk had a ruffle of chiffon at the foot ged in accordion pleats of quadrupled ness. Over the whole skirt was a lace dress, outlined in a floral design in pearls, r and diamonds. The lace was shaped in a fashion that the bottom flowed easily the flouncing beneath, and gave stunning from the hip to the foot. The bodice was ged in somewhat similar fashion—the slightly pouched and the corsage cut re across from shoulder to shoulder; the es were mere straps edged with baby vel. On one side a knot of rose pink crepe de chine had ends that fell softly to the waist, which was also encircled by a roll of rose pink crepe tied on one side with a smart little fringed chou.

A cloak that seems to be quite the rage, was of white chiffon. It was made in the shape of a long round cape reaching to the knees, and accordion-pleated. Around the edge was a deep flounce of the waved crinkled accordion pleated chiffon, and over it, falling in points at the back and front, was a thin pleated silk overlaid with a pattern of fine black lace appliqued on point d'esprit. Around the neck was a huge collar of black lace and chiffon with long ends of black and white striped ribbon. Another "Ascot" cloak was of bright green satin, the only trimming being a deep flounce of the same material edged with a gathered frill of white and green mousseline de soie. The hood of white satin was lined in black lace, and the lining of this cloak was white satin with tiny stars of black velvet scattered over it. The long lined wrap seems to have taken the place of the light neat dust coats of former years, and the costumes are much more "Frenchy" in material and general makeup for outdoor occasions than ever before. Of the gowns being prepared for Ascot, most of them are very un-English, being light, lacey, and more like those worn at smart evening parties than for even the daintiest afternoon wear. Americans who wish to buy furs should do so in London in the summer, as they are less expensive then than at any other time. Of course, there is the ever-present question of "duty," but to the woman able to indulge in a taste for furs, that is apt to be a minor consideration.

By the way, it is now no longer fashionable to have your lingerie trimmed in cascades of lace, and even in the Royal trousseaus embroidery is considered the orthodox trimming. The finest embroideries are done in Ireland, and many of the people send their orders to the factories when requiring anything of the kind.

There is always one court dress that carries off the palm for beauty, and this year that of Lady Warwick is generally conceded to have been the most stunning of the season. It is said to have cost $10,000 and was trimmed with jewels. The dressing as a whole, especially at the State balls, was rather somber owing to the court being in half mourning. These balls are the deadliest of dull affairs, and no one but the dowagers seem really to enjoy them. In fact, comparatively few young people ever attend them. Of those who attracted considerable attention were the Ladies Primrose, Lord Rosebery's daughters, Miss Joan Wilson, the Duke of Manchester's fiancee, and Miss Hay, the daughter of our Ambassador. Miss Hay is quite a distinguished looking young woman, and has the French look so frequently acquired by American women early in life. There were few golden heads among the dowagers. That fashion has been superseded by the grey or powdered locks, and if the hair be not grey nowadays it is sprinkled with a silver grey powder. This lends an air of distinction to even the most insignificant and sets off the eyes and complexion. Court dress is no longer a necessity at these functions, permission having been given to wear ordinary evening costumes. A number of the more conservative cling to the early Victorian court bodice, and expose their wrinkled shoulders for the benefit of the onlookers. The Duchess of Cleveland is one of those who always wears court dress.

On the fourth of June the Eton boys held their annual celebration and the day was simply glorious. There are a few royalties among the Etonians at present—Prince Arthur of Connaught and the Duchess of Albany's son. The procession of boats was really a beautiful sight, and the boys did admirably. Young Waldorf Astor is the captain of the boat crew and is the first American who has been thus honored. He is not the least bit of an Astor, but a good-looking youth, the image of his dead mother. The programme of speeches was more varied than usual and the manner in which the recitations of Kipling's "Recessional" and Newbolt's "Admirals All" was given was really heart stirring.

There is a new story on Paderewski that seems worthy of repetition. His love for his own particular piano and his absorbtion in his music is well known and recently he gave proof of it in a rather realistic fashion. A young millionaire, Mr. Harmsworth, the owner of the *Daily Mail* and several other papers, gave a swell "at home" in his mansion in Berkeley Square. It was quite the event of the season, and cast even the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire's recent function in the shade. The floral decorations alone cost fifty thousand dollars, and all the caterers had been sent over from Paris to make the supper. There were numbers of artistes engaged, among them Paderewski, Plancon, Wolf, and Eames, all of whom were paid fabulous sums for their services and received cheques in advance. Paderewski received $2,500, the other similar sums. Early in the evening the crush was tremendous and the music was advertised to begin at 11:30. Owing to the crowd, however, it was decided to have it commence at 10:30. Paderewski was approached and asked would he begin. He graciously agreed, and going to the piano started to play. Everyone rushed to the drawing-room, and the master held them spellbound for fifteen or twenty minutes. He played everything, and seemed lost in his music. At 11:15 he was playing more enthusiastically than ever and the other musicians were frantic, while Mr. Harmsworth wrung his hands in despair. But no one dared stop Paderewski. He played until half past twelve without cessation, and then with a grand flourish of his hands got up and walked out of the room smiling iu a most benignant fashion. He was quite unconscious that he had kept everyone waiting. Now Mr. Harmsworth is grumbling at his luck in having a man come to his house and practice for two hours to the tune of $2,500.

The talk of the hour is Mrs. Craigie's (John Oliver Hobbes) play *The Ambassador*. The costuming, too, is excellent and lends a further attraction. Miss Fan Davis wore a ball gown that could be readily copied. It was of rose pink satin veiled with gauze of the same shade. The bodice full and in loose haby style, the fullness of the gauze hooped with folds of satin, and the sleeves, little short puffs held by clustering bows of satin ribbon and a broad pink sash round the waist, the skirt arranged with the fullness similar to the bodice. Another effective ball costume was worn by Carlotta Nillson. It was of light cherry-colored satin—the skirt flowed after the latest style with garlands of purple lilac coming down from the left shoulder and graduating to the waist, where their stems were concealed beneath a knot of amethyst velvet. The color scheme was most effective. Another play that is charmingly costumed is *The Greek Slave* at Daly's Theatre. Miss Marie Tempest wore a number of startlingly handsome toilettes. Her first was of pink gauze; the skirt was cut full with narrow "hair lines" of gold which also edged the hem. This gold falls from a girdle of golden tissue clasped by a square buckle of rubies and diamonds, from which depend two long ends of black chenille roped with diamonds and ending in bunches of roses. The bodice is of silk woven elastic material studded with flat pieces of gold encrusted with diamonds and rubies, and the shoulders are spanned with wide bands of chenille roped, as on the skirt, with diamonds. Another gown was of diaphanous black gauze with voluminous skirt, hips girdled with a massive diamond belt, while diamonds and silver form a sort of zouave bodice over the skin tight jersey. Across the shoulders are chains of diamonds and bracelets encircle the arms. With a third costume she wears reptiles of diamonds—one snake has a sapphire head which rests on her shoulder, the other begins at the elbow and coils down to the hand. Her head-dress, too, is a blaze of gems, is formed of diamond lilies that encircle her head in the form of a wreath and are clasped with a classic buckle in the back of the head. Of course, the jewels are not "genuine," but are exceedingly costly.

BABETTE.

Pears'

What is wanted of soap for the skin is to wash it clean and not hurt it. Pure soap does that. This is why we want pure soap; and when we say pure, we mean without alkali.

Pears' is pure; no free alkali. There are a thousand virtues of soap; this one is enough. You can trust a soap that has no biting alkali in it.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

For fine custom-made Footwear, go to Dietle's, 235 Bush street.

The War Discussed.

DOOLEY, THE CHICAGO PATRIOT, WANTS AN ARMY OF MULES.

"I see," said Mr. Dooley, "th' first gr-reat land battle iv th' war has been fought."

"Where was that?" demanded Mr. Hennessy in great excitement. "Lord save us, but where was that?"

"Th' Alger gyards," said Mr. Dooley, "bruk fr'm th' coral where they had thim tied up atin' thistles an' med a desp'rate charge on th' camp at Tampa. They dayscinded like a whur-rl-wind, dhrivin' th' astonished throops befure thim an' thin charged back again, completin' their earend iv desthruction. At th' las' account th' brave sojers was climbin' threes an' tillygraft poles an' a rigiment iv mules was kickin' th' pink silk linin' out iv th' officers' quarthers. Th' gallant mules was led be a most courageous jackass, an' 'tis undhersthud that me frind Mack will appint him a brigadier-gin'ral jus' as soon as he can find out who his father is. 'Tis too bad he'll have no childher to perpituate th' fame iv him. He wint through th' camp at th' head iv his throop iv mules without castin' a shoe. He's th' biggest jackass in Tampa to-day, not ixciptin' th' cinsor, an' I dcubt if they'se a bigger wan in Wash'n'ton, though I cud name a few that cud thry a race with him. Annyhow, they'll know to reward him. They know a jackass whin they see wan, an' they see a good manny in that peaceful city.

"Th' charge iv Tampa 'll go into histhry as th' first land action iv th' war. An' be th' way, Hinnissy, if this here sociable is f'r to go on at th' prisint rate, I'm sthrong to ar-rm th' wild ar-my mules an' th' unhridled jackasses iv th' pe-rary an' give thim a chanst to set Cuba free. Up to this time th' on'y hero kilt on th' Spanish side was a jackass that poked an ear above th'-batthries at Matoonzas f'r to hear what was goin' on. 'Behold,' says Sampson, 'th' insolince iv th' foe,' he says. 'For-rm in line iv battle an' hur-rl death an' desthruction at yon Castilyan ginral.' 'Wait,' says an officer. 'It may be wan iv our own men. It looks like th' sicretyiv'—— 'Hush,' says th' commander. 'It can't be an American jackass, or he'd speak," he says. 'Fire on him.' Shot afther shot fell round th' inthrepid ass, but he remained firm till th' dinnymite boat Vesovyus fired three hundherd an' forty thousand pounds iv gum cotton at him, an' the poor crather was smothered to death. Now, says I, give these Tampa mules a chanst, an' we'll have no need iv wastin' ammun-nition. Properly led, they'd go fr'm wan end iv Cuba to th' other, kickin' th' excelsior out iv ivery stuffed Spanish gin'ral fr'm Bahoohoo, Hoondoo to Sandago de Cuba. They'd be no loss iv life. Th' sojers who haven't gone away cud come home an' get cured iv th' measles an' th' whoopin' cough an' th' cholera infantum befure th' public schools opens in th' Fall, an' iveything wud be peaceful an' quiet an' prosp'rous.

"What's needed to carry on this war as it goes to-day is an ar-rmy iv jacks an' mules. Whin ye say to a man, 'Git ap, whoa, gee, back up, get along!' he don't know what ye'er dhrivin' at or to. But a mule hears th' orders with a melancholy smile, dhrops his ears, an' follows his war-rm, moist breath. Th' ordhers fr'm Washington is perfectly conprehinsible to a jackass, but they don't mane annything to a poor, foolish man. No human bein', Hinnissy, can untherstand what the divvle use it was to sink a ship that cost two hundhred thousan' dollars an' was worth at laste eighty dollars in Sandago harbor if we have to keep fourteen ships outside to prayvint five Spanish ships fr'm sailin'. Th' poor, tired human mind don't tumble, Hinnissy, to th' rayson f'r landin' four hundhred marines at Guanotommy to clear th' forests whin Havana is livin' free on hot tamales an' ice cream. Th' mind iv a Demostheens or a Tim Hogan would be crippled thryin' to figure out why throops ar-re sint out fr'm Tampa an' thin ordhered back through a speakin' chube while wan iv th' new brigadier-gin'rals has his hands manicured an' says good-bye to his nurse. But it ought to be as plain to th' mule that hears it as it is to th' jackasses that gets it up. What we need, Hinnissy, is a perfect undherstandin' between th' ar-rmy an' th' administhration. We need what Hogan calls th' esphrite th' corpse, an' we'll on'y have it whin th' mules begins to move."

"I shud think," said Mr. Hennessy, "now that th' jackasses has begun to be onaisy——"

"We ought to be afraid th' cabinet an' th' board iv' sthrateejy 'll be stampeded?" Mr. Dooley interrupted. "Niver fear. They're too near th' fooder. Ye cudden't throw a fright into thim if ye was to build a fire undher th' barn."—*Chicago Journal.*

Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist. 806 Market Street

ROSS'S ROYAL BELFAST CINGER ALE IRELAND

ROSS'S GINGER ALE

WAS SELECTED BY THE

U. S. GOVERNMENT

FOR THE MANILA

TROOP SHIPS

In recognition of its valuable remedial effects in correctiug

FEVERS and STOMACH TROUBLES

PACIFIC COAST AGENTS

SHERWOOD & SHERWOOD

SAN FRANCISCO

PORTLAND LOS ANGELES

"If."

(With apologies where due.)

If I were but McKinley,
And you were Queen of Spain,
I would not shoot or shell you,
But all my love I'd tell you,
And conscience would hint inly
"There's a Mrs. M." in vain—
If I were but McKinley,
And you were Queen of Spain.

If you were Porto Rico,
And I the Spanish fleet,
With eager speed and frantic
I'd fly 'cross the Atlantic
Ere you could count a week, oh!
I'd be with you. my sweet—
If you were Porto Rico,
And I the Spanish fleet.

If I were the Pelayo,
And you the Oregon,
I would so rush out to meet you,
I would so warmly greet you,
That all the world would say "Oh!
Now that engagement's on!"—
If I were the Pelayo,
And you the Oregon.

If you were Mr. Swinburne,
And I the Philippines,
With synonymes for curses
You'd greet these fervent verses,
And, wild with rage within, burn
To know what all this means—
If you were Mr. Swinburne,
And I the Philippines. —*Town Topics.*

"Rupert of Hentzau."

The continuation of "The Prisoner of Zenda" so long expected, can now be had at Cooper's Book Store, 746 Market street.

In all cases of physical or mental exhaustion the use of a little Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey will be found invaluable as a stimulant.

For health and strength: Damiana Bitters.

GERMEA

The Ideal Breakfast Dish

GREENBAUM'S

White and Dark Violet

The Most Fashionable Perfume
Possesses the Odor of Fresh Violets

128 POST ST. UNDER BOHEMIAN CLUB

HELBECK OF BANNISDALE

Conflicting Impressions of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's New Novel.

The Editor closed the book he had been immersed in for hours past, with a snap. His wife looked up.

"You've really read it to the end," she interrogated; "read *Helbeck of Bannisdale* to a standstill. What have you to offer in extenuation for two wasted nights?"

"The nights were not wasted," the Editor replied. I'm surprised at your insensibility to a remarkable literary performance. To my thinking *Helbeck of Bannisdale*, though gloomy, is a notable book."

"Theologically it is immense," she mocked. "Unendurably protracted—two figures against a mile of landscape, priests and prayers. It's as dull as an oratorio, as serious as the burial service, and as awe inspiring as the office of a Trappists' monastery."

"Precisely," he added. "But it is *also* an extraordinarily able setting of a difficult problem. There is so much that is admirable and beautiful in the book that I forgive its undue comprehensiveness. I'll admit that the general effect is somber, but the situation requires it. The head of a great Catholic house, a man of intense religious fervor, whose faith is the thought and habit of his life, involuntarily falls in love with the daughter of a sceptic—with a girl brought up in an atmosphere of doubt, who instinctively despises all the beliefs and ideas that to him are sacred. It is a contest between the spirit and the flesh, and a wonderful exposition of two contrasting types of mind, two conflicting modes of thought. Thrown together by the exigencies of the plot the charm of her personality and the manhood and loyalty of his overcome their religious antagonisms and they become engaged. The inevitable difficulties intervene and they are separated."

"A Catholic tract," said his wife, "with Protestant interludes. You get out of it two personalities and a narrow *metier*. The problem may have psychological interest, but it has no broad importance. Think how Balzac would have handled such a theme. Would he have produced only this Helbeck of Bannisdale, whose family had been English Catholics for twenty generations, and have given us nothing of his associates save only those essential to the plot. No? Helbeck would have been the representative of his set; round him a splendid assemblage of the other Catholic families of England would have been grouped, and their history and vicissitudes would have been strikingly indicated. A chapter devoted to explaining the feeling in England to-day towards the Romish Church would have linked the immediate drama to the great problem. A splendid prelate of Cardinal Manning's type would add brilliance and color to the ensemble. Thus handled, the work would be worth while."

"That is a false basis of criticism," corrected the Editor. "It is not what an author has omitted, but with what has actually been done that one must concern oneself. Here is *Helbeck of Bannisdale*. Consider what Mrs. Humphrey Ward presents, not what Balzac might have written."

"But the book is not interesting," protested his wife. "And it might have been made superbly so."

"It is not frivolous," corrected the Editor. "The *following of Christ* is not, either, and yet the name of a Kempis is known where even the fame of Dante has never penetrated. Here is a splendid figure, absolutely individualized, a Catholic of Catholics—a gentleman who is as devout as a monk, actually giving his goods to the poor and yet, strangely intolerant and bigoted. He is the product of the highest Catholic culture imposed on an intensely spiritual nature—a Puritan Catholic who in the world lives as though he were in a monastery. If you had ever been a Catholic you would realize how true this man is to life. You would understand what a hold the doctrines and observances of the church gain on the best minds. There is nothing incompatible with intelligence about the faith Helbeck has in the efficacy of prayer or his belief in the inspiring power of God. He believes—believes in Christ and the living present. The rest follows."

"But, consider the impossibility of such a man falling in love with a sceptic as Laura Fountain was," she commented rather more graciously. "In her way she was as antagonistic, as bigoted as he. I'll admit the girl is very cleverly done—her jealousy of his religion, her impatience of the interference of monks and nuns in their lives, and the love passages between them are the best things in the book, to my mind."

"The whole love episode is most natural," the editor announced. "Helbeck's religion did not obscure his manliness. He was a noble looking man, proud, yet gentle, strong, yet self-controlled, absolutely unselfish, chivalrous, living an ascetic life in that old ruin, which he had despoiled to build orphanages for Catholic children. About the beauty of Laura, there was nothing gross or material. She was a spirituelle creature, fragile, graceful, yet with an intense individuality which resisted his domination. Helbeck had lived alone all his life and she—this slender, golden-haired girl—comes into his house and under his roof so he sees and meets her every day, learns her loyalty and devotion through her attentions to her step-mother, his sister. Her femininity, her courage, her purity and her weakness broke down the antagonism her scepticism inspires. The male succumbed to the female—to her grace, independence and freshness, and she to the man whose nobility and strength had evoked all the tenderness of her nature."

"You must not forget the element of jealousy introduced by Hubert Mason," his wife interpolated. "Though Helbeck of Bannisdale lived among the angels, he was, after all, only a man, and the spectacle of another attentive to the woman he wanted, rendered her the more desirable in his eyes."

"Where the book is strongest," continued the Editor, manifesting no impatience at his wife's irrelevance," is in the developments which the engagement produces. In marrying, Helbeck departs from a resolution of celibacy. He had promised himself to God and he gives himself to a woman and an unbeliever. Naturally this defection of so great a Catholic excites resentment in the Church, but the man's high character prevents interference. Sensible of the disapproval of his associates his loyalty is shown in an exquisite devotion to the woman he loves. He determines not to rashly attempt her conversion, believing time and love must effect what mere proselytizing would never achieve. Between them, however, this religion of his raises a cold barrier against which her will and influence avail nothing. He loves and is intensely and loyally hers, but his faith exacts from him endless observances and obligations in which she can have neither part nor sympathy. She resents his generosities to the priests, the severity of his rule of life, grows impatient of his bigotry and betrays her feelings. That is the beginning of the end."

"But I've read the book," interrupted his wife. "I realize the situation without your somewhat prolonged explanation. To go further, that scene in which Helbeck so simply relates to Laura the story of his life—a narrative that seems to quiver with the intense faith and sincerity and nobility of the man, and her response, that and the final scene after the separation, in which she surrenders to him, almost redeem the treatise—at least that is my idea. You seem to have found all admirable."

"You err," responded the Editor. "I agree with you that the subject is handled too comprehensively and that the effect is sombre, but my stipulation is that within its limitations it is superb work; that the man and the woman are absolutely characterized, that there is no better study of a Catholic of high type. As to the length, you did not find *En Route* of Huysman's too long, and I think it is more lengthy than this."

"But *En Route* was not a love story—not a novel at all, but rather the study of a soul on its way to God from the Devil," declared his wife. "Besides, it gave one an intimate impression of Catholic ceremonial and an insight into life in a Trappist monastery which I have never had from another source. My contention is that a long story should have a broad setting; that the drama should fit into a phase of life. *Helbeck of Bannisdale* is a short love story with complications, magnified into a novel. I care not how fine the workmanship, the situation does not justify the treatment."

"You forget the problem, my dear," said the Editor.

"It's a specific problem quite without general application," retorted his wife. "There is nothing in it for others than the *dramatis personæ*. You, a Catholic, I a Methodist, find nothing for us in it, for all the conditions are fixed and individual. The book has great merit, I admit, but I'd hate to be compelled to read it through again."

"I'll allow you the last word, my dear," yawned the Editor, as he rose to go to bed.

C.

[*Helbeck of Bannisdale*, by Mrs. Humphrey Ward. Macmillan & Co., publishers. Wm. Doxey.]

Her Papa.

My Papa's all dressed up to-day;
He never looked so fine;
I thought when I first looked at him
My Papa wasn't mine.

He's got a beautiful new suit—
The old one was so old—
It's blue, with buttons oh, so bright
I guess they must be gold.

And Papa's sort o' glad and sort
O' sad—I wonder why?
And ev'ry time she looks at him
It makes my Mamma cry.

Who's Uncle Sam? My Papa says
That he belongs to him;
But Papa's joking, 'cause he knows
My Uncle's name is Jim.

My Papa just belongs to me
And Mamma. And I guess
The folks are blind who cannot see
His buttons marked U. S.

U. S. spells Us. He's ours—and yet
My Mamma can't help cry,
And Papa tries to smile at me
And can't—I wonder why?

—*Mary Norton Bradford in Boston Globe.*

A word to the connoisseurs of the fragrant weed. Through the courtesy of Mr. George Marks, agent for Messrs. F. W. Felgner & Son Co., Baltimore, Md., we are able to announce that for a limited time each new and renewing subscriber to The Wave will receive free, post paid, from the well known firm of Goldberg, Bowen & Co. of this city, one two-ounce tin of Herbe de la Reine smoking tobacco. This tobacco is what is known in the tobacco world as bright cut Cavendish. It is made of carefully selected Virginia leaf—is entirely free from stalks or stems. Its bouquet and fragrant smoking qualities leave nothing to be desired.

The prompt and proper use of a pure stimulant has saved many a human life. The famous old Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey is the purest and best.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes, Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

THE NEW BOOKS
AS ISSUED
AT
ROBERTSON'S
126 Post St.

At Byron Hot Springs

are many new additions to the hotel: a new dining-room—the finest in the State outside of San Francisco; new sleeping-rooms; the whole house brilliantly lighted with Acetylene gas—the brightest light known; a fine new swimming tank of ever-changing mineral water. The curative qualities of the hot mud and hot salt water baths are unequalled. Rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, gout, malaria, etc., etc., yield at once. Rates low. Only three hours' ride from San Francisco.

Address ALBERT BETTONS, Manager,
Byron Hot Springs, Contra Costa County, California.

Louis Roederer Champagne

HIGHEST GRADE IN THE WORLD
E. LA MONTAGNE & SONS
Sole Agents
45 Beaver St., New York

LOUIS ROEDERER · UNITED STATES · Champagne

Three kinds, all of equ excellence:
BRUT
GOLD SEAL
A Perfectly Dry Wine
GRAND VIN SEC
BROWN SEAL
The Perfection of a D Wine
CARTE BLANCHE
WHITE SEAL,
A Rich Wine
MACONDRAY & CO.
Sole Agents Pacific Coast
116 California Street

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS
NOTICE NAME THUS Stewart Hartshorn ON LABEL AND GET THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

Reduced Rates
— ON —
San Francisco and North Pacific R'y
For Fourth of July Holidays
To all Points and Resorts in . . . .
Sonoma, Mendocino and Lake Counties
For detailed information apply at Ticket Office, 650 Market Street (Chronicle Building), or at General Office, Mutual Life Building, Sansome and California Streets.
A. W. Foster, Pres. and Gen. Man.
R. X. Ryan, General Pass. Agent.

Columbia Theatre
Frederick Belasco Gottlob & Co. Lessees & Managers
Tremendous Success! Continued for Another Week!
Special Holiday Matinee Monday!
THE GREAT
FRAWLEY COMPANY
Presenting Brigadier-General King's Great Military Drama
FORT FRAYNE
The most perfect play of its kind yet written
July 11th—"Lost 24 Hours"

Orpheum
Week commencing Monday, July 4th
Mrs. Shaw and Daughters, World-Famous Whistlers and Society Entertainers
Douglas & Ford, Songs and Dances
Falke & Semon, Musical Arsists
Watson Sisters & Zamora, Wonderful Aerialists
Charles Wayne, Comedian
Anna Caldwell, Comedienne
Jones, Grant & Jones, Colored Comedy Trio
Last week of the Four Cohans and the Two Judges
Special Matinee July 4th
Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c.

Tivoli Opera House
Mrs Ernestine Kreling : Proprietor and Manager
Last Nights of the Tuneful Opera
BOCCACCIO
Next Week—Gilbert & Sullivan's Favorite Opera
THE MIKADO
Reappearance of the Favorites, Elvia Crox-Seabrooke and William H. West
Beautiful Scenery, Correct Costumes, etc.
Next—Fatinitza
Popular Prices : : 25 and 50 cts.
Box office always open—No telephone.

Alcazar Theatre
Fred Belasco, Lessee : Mark Thall, Manager
Telephone Main 254
Beginning with Matinee July Fourth
Second Week of Lewis Morrison in George Foster Platt's Historical Comedy in Four Acts
Frederick the Great
Week of July 11th—Great Spectacular Production of FAUST
No Deviation in Price—15c., 25c., 35c. and 50c.

La Grande Laundry
TELEPHONE BUSH 21
23 POWELL STREET

ELECTRIC..
Supplies
Construction
Repairs
CALIFORNIA ELECTRICAL WORKS
409 MARKET STREET

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF VIDAL CERVANTEZ (alias) CEASED:

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Vidal Cervantez (alias), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at Room 35, Chronicle Building, corner of Geary and Kearny streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE,
Administrator of the Estate of Vidal Cervantez (alias) Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, June 11, 1898.

J. D. Sullivan,
Attorney for Administrator.

OFFICE OF HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, corner Market, McAllister and Jones streets—San Francisco, June 7, 1898—At a regular meeting of the Board of Directors of this society, held this day, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and three-fifths (3 3-5) per cent per annum on all deposits for the six months ending June 30, 1898, free from all taxes, and payable on and after July 1, 1898.

ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.

THE CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION of California, No. 1 Sansome street, has declared, for the year ending June 30, 1898, a dividend of 6 per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, 7 per cent on one year term deposits, 10 per cent to Class "B" stock, and 12 per cent to Class "A" stock.

Dr. Ed. E. Hill, President.
Capt. Oliver Eldridge, Vice-President.
Wm. Corbin, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—SECURITY SAVINGS BANK, 222 Montgomery street, Nevada building.—Dividends for the half year ending June 30, 1898, on term deposits at the rate of four (4) per cent. per annum and on ordinary deposits at the rate of three and one-third (3⅓) per cent. per annum, free of taxes, will be payable on and after July 1, 1898.

S. L. ABBOTT, JR., Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK of San Francisco, 33 Post street—For the half year ending June 30, 1898, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and three-quarters (3¾) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Friday, July 1, 1898.

GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101 Montgomery street, corner Sutter.—The Board of Directors have declared a dividend for the half year ending June 30, 1898, at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on term deposits, and three and one-third (3⅓) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, payable on and after Friday, July 1, 1898. Dividends not called for are added to and bear interest at the same rate as the dividend as the principal from and after July 1, 1898. CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

SUMMER QUARTERS

ARTLETT SPRINGS.

nd your summer outing there and drink from amous HEALTH-RESTORING SPRING.
rge Swimming Tank. Mineral, Tub, Vapor and n Baths. Competent Masseurs.

Resident Physician : Advice Free

ny improvements. New Cottages. Bowling s rebuilt. Bathhouse enlarged.

nly Resort Keeping Paid Orchestra

icing, Tennis, Bowling, Billiards, Croquet, ball, Shuffleboard, Livery, and Burros for the ren.
es—Hotel and Hotel Cottages, $10 to $15 per . Housekeeping Cottages, $3 to $7 per week.
l or address BARTLETT SPRINGS COMPANY nrth street, San Francisco, or Bartlett Springs, County, Cal. Pamphlets mailed free.

Saratoga Springs
Lake Co. Cal.

ative powers of springs and mineral baths un- d; sixteen varieties of waters; a most pictur- and charming climate: easy of access; tele- connections and daily mail; rates to suit all. J. MARTENS, Proprietor, or in San Fran- 416 Pine street, F. A. BUSSE.

TEL DE REDWOOD

of the most romantic and healthy resorts in ountaius. Fine Water, with Iron and Sulphur gs. Rates, $8.00 per week up. Return tickets San Francisco, $2.50, good for three months. particulars, address M. S. COX, Laurel Sta- Santa Cruz County, California.

ward Springs

Lake County (Putah P. O.)

aud cold mineral springs; hot steam and e baths of great healing power — will cure latism, nervous diseases, kidney troubles, etc. $10 and $12 per week. Special rates to fam- stoffice and Telephoue. Round trip tick- t S. P. Office. Address MRS. R. J. BEEBY.

ILER SPRINGS LAKE COUNTY

ce of mineral springs, hot and cold plunge rge swimming tank of mineral water, good hing and huntiug. Round trip tickets at ces, $10. JOHN SPAULDING, Proprietor. LLACE SPAULDING, Manager.

C. C. O'Donnell's Mineral Springs

nty completely-furnished five-room cottages iu Ellen, Sonoma Co.; good boating, fishing and g; finest summer resort and mineral water diseases in America; camping ground and al water free. Apply to DR. C. C. O'DON- , 1206 Market street, San Francisco.

Highland Springs

LAKE COUNTY, CAL.

San Francisco Office, 316 Montgomery Street

Bay State Villa

SANTA CRUZ

First-Class Family Hotel. Fine view of Monterey Bay. Pleasant grounds. Two minutes from the beach. Table supplied with the very best the market affords. Send for circular. Address PETER CRINNION, Box 363, Santa Cruz, California.

Laurel Dell Lake

Increased facilities for comfort and pleasure; new dining-room; 130-foot lake frontage; new stable and livery; boating and bathing free. Terms—Cottages, $8 to $12; hotel, $10 to $12; new building at the lake, $12 to $14 per week. Route, S. F. and N. P. Railway; round trip, $9.50. Address H. WAMBOLD, Proprietor, Bertha P. O., Lake County, California. Telephone connections to all points.

Sea Beach Hotel

SANTA CRUZ, CALIFORNIA

NEW MANAGEMENT

A delightful seaside resort, only three hours' from San Fraucisco.

Surf and tank bathing, splendid salmon fishing, beautiful drives to the Big Trees, etc.

This hotel has been thoroughly renovated. It overlooks the ocean beach, and is but ten minutes from the centre of the city.

Our special feature is a GOOD TABLE.

Rates: $2.50 per day; $12.50 per week, upwards.

J. B. PEAKES, Proprietor.

Anderson Springs

Only natural mineral steam baths in Lake County, Hot sulphur and iron baths. Board, $8 to $14 per week. Baths free. Address J. ANDERSON, Anderson Springs, Middleton, Lake County, California.

Fare, San Francisco to Springs and return, reduced to $8. Call at the office of *The Traveler*, 20 Montgomery street, S. F., for full particulars.

HOTEL BENVENUE

Situated on the shore of Clear Lake. Fine, large grounds; special facilities for families and children; home cooking; boating; bathing and fishing; rates reasonable. Address FRANK and A. M. SCALES.

The Flagstaff Inn

BOATING, FISHING, BATHING

First-class family hotel. Bolinas, Marin County, Cal, Rates, $2 per day. Special rates by week or month. Telephone. Stage daily from San Rafael connects with North Pacific Coast Railway, 9:30, from San Francisco. Gasoline schooner twice a week from San Francisco. Agent for schooner, PAUL KEYSER, 206 Clay street.

CARLSBAD!

The Mineral Springs are well known for marvelous cures, especially in cases of Stomach, Liver, Kidney and Bladder Affectious. Good trout fishing and hunting. For particulars, write W. R. McGOVERN, Carlsbad, Lake County.

HARBIN HOT SULPHUR SPRINGS

Most wonderful waters; all kinds of skin diseases cured in marvelously short time; kidney, liver, catarrh, rheumatism and stomach troubles immediately relieved. Rates $10 to $18 per week. Long-distance telephone. Address J. A. HAYS, Proprietor, Lake County.

Lytton Springs

HOTEL AND COTTAGES

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

Thoroughly renovated and will be kept as a first-class resort. Accommodations for 150 guests. Located seventy miles north of San Francisco, in Sonoma County, on S. F. and N. P. R. R., one-half mile from depot. Cement walk to hotel. Bus meets all trains. Fine scenery, ample grounds, nice walks and drives, with shady nooks and dales. We have our own milk, butter, fruit and vegetables. Lytton (Cal.) Seltzer and Soda near the Hotel, Free to Guests. Open Summer and Winter. Rates, $2 per day and $8 to $12.50 per week. W. M. WARD, Manager.

PARAISO HOT SPRINGS

Monterey County, Cal.

THE CARLSBAD OF AMERICA

For health, rest, pleasure, climate, accommodations, scenery, flower beds, cleanliness, table, hot soda tub and plunge baths, hot sulphur tub and swimming tanks, massage treatment, special bathhouses for ladies aud lady attendant, hunting and fishing, children's playground, croquet, lawn tenni and dance hall. For families Paraiso stands unsu passed in the State. Plenty of enjoyment for youn and old. Take train at Third and Townsend streets San Francisco, 9 a.m., and at Oakland from F and Broadway at 9:10 a.m. daily for Soledad. turn-trip ticket $8, to be procured at the Sout Pacific office, 613 Market street, under Grand H Seven miles by stage. Telephone and postoffice.

For illustrated pamphlets and special induc ments for 1898, address B. ROBERTSON, Lessee an Manager.

THE GEYSERS SONOMA COU

Six honrs from San Francisco. One of Na wonders. Grandest scenery. The Hotel an en ing, embowered home. Croquet ground, court, etc. Natural steam and miueral baths house remodeled—elegant porcelain tubs. swimmiug lake. New and inviting trails f esting points. Table unsurpassed. Terms $ per week; $2 and $2.50 per day. Long dista phone, daily mail, and telegraph.

R. M. HORTON, M.

Hotel Belvedere

Opened for the Season May 1s

Belvedere, Cal. MRS. A. T.

Kenilworth

A new and strictly first-class electric lights, running water liards, croquet, tennis and shu night hops. One hour from Sa tiful Mill Valley. Bus to and f

W. E. V

Hotel Mou

A Beautiful Summer Res open for guests. For terms MISS HUTCHISON, Ross V

PALACE

NAPA, CA

trictly a Commercial an rat s for families. G.

IN LEAVING THE THE CITY PLACE YOUR VALUABLES IN THE

Safe Deposit Vaults

OF THE

st National Bank

N. W. Cor. Bush and Sansome Sts.

Office Hours: 8 a.m. to 6 p.m.

EVERY POSSIBLE SAFEGUARD TO PROPERTY

REASONABLE RATES

PROMPT ATTENTION

KODAK AGENCY

Call and examine my '98 Models of Kodaks, Primos and other Cameras

al Attention Given to Developing and Printing

H. B. Hosmer

538 Market St.

HOBART BUILDING

SAN FRANCISCO

…ms were Killed

Cuban Scouts Putting Out from Wharf to the Gussie

On the Cruiser "St. Paul"

Army Supply Wagon

Bathing the Horses

OF THE ARMY AND NAVY AROUND TAMPA

THE WAVE

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY

VOL. XVIII. No. 3 SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 16, 1898 PRICE 10 CENTS

This Paper not to be taken from the Library.

THE GREAT SEA FIGHT AT SANTIAGO

"The *Iowa* kept a steady fire from her heavy guns, heading all the time to keep the *Intanta Maria Teresa* on her starboard bow and hoping to ram one of the leading ships."
(From Fighting Bob Evans' description of the engagement.)

THE WAVE

Is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $5.00 per year. Sample copies free on application.

The trade is supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 342 Geary street; east of the Rocky Mountains by the American News Company, New York.

The Wave is kept on file and is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France; 31 Union Square, New York City; 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 206 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

For advertising rates and on all other matters pertaining to city business, address H. C. Boyd, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco; in regard to country business, address Trevor Corry care The Wave, 24 Montgomery street.

Eastern representative, D. M. Foltz, 34 Park Row, New York.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 16, 1898

CONTENTS

Editorials 2
Things and People; by Boswell Jr. 3
Eighth Regiment of California Volunteers 4
Impressions of a Visitant to Tallac; by Spenser Masters 5
Commodore Watson 5
A Dramatic Interlude; by T. P. O'Connor 6
"O Sons of Empire in the West": a Poem by Lucius H. Foote 6
The Riches of Cuba 6
California and Idaho Volunteers 7
Scenes at Tallac on Lake Tahoe 8
Uncle Sam's Tars 9
The Second Manila Expedition at Honolulu 10
Scenes and Places Around Honolulu 11
Recruits for the Pennsylvania Regiment 12
Port Said at the Entrance to the Suez Canal 12
The New Thackeray: a Review by C. 13
Smalley on Journalism 13
The Idaho Volunteers 14
A Debutante's Diary 15
Society at Ascot; by Katriona 16
The Congressman's Vote: a Story 16
The Theatres 18
New Stories Re-Told 20

MR. GAGE AND THE SENATOR-FROM-THE-SOUTH CONTROVERSY.

There seems to prevail in the South a harmony among Republican voters that must be sickening to Mr. Gage and his private push. The body of the party is strongly, insistently and uncompromisingly opposed to that gentleman's candidacy for the Governorship. The sentiment of hostility toward Mr. Gage's political pretensions grows out of no special antipathy for that gentleman. With the people of the South the issue is not one of individuals; it is broader and higher than that. It is with them a matter of principle affecting in its broadest sense the welfare and the material interests of the entire community. Politicians may with impunity so manipulate primaries and conventions as to defeat individuals; but principles are not so easily set aside. The iron sinks into the soul of the people and forgiveness does not follow with forgetfulness. Defeat the people at the primaries and threaten their cherished hopes, and on election day their verdict will record a Waterloo.

Firmly rooted in the public mind down south is the desire for a United States Senator to succeed Mr. White, and among Republicans, just as firmly and immovably fixed is the conviction that, if the Republican politicians succeed in forcing the Governorship upon the South, then the Republican Senatorship will be lost to the South and will go to a Democrat. The South has been taught these things by its press, led by the Los Angeles *Times;* and by its public men, led, among others, by the positive Mr. Gage.

But a few months ago this gentleman hoped to be the choice of the South for the United States Senate. He had the endorsement of the most influential journal of the South and his opportunities were as good, if not better, than those of any other Southern aspirant. Failing to win the immediate support of a people clamorous to lift him into this high office, he sulked and went into hiding. A coterie of northern politicians, anxious to bring the Senatorship north, found this honorable gentleman in this ugly mood. They offered to adopt him as theirs, to make his fight, and swing to his support forces which he knew to be potent even if disreputable. He surrendered to their blandishments, and to secure the office has shut his eyes to consequences.

Mr. Gage shall not say to The Wave that he was not an aspirant for Senatorial honors, for he knows better. If he denies it, the proof shall be forthcoming; *first*, that he believed it would be a political blunder to take the Governor from the South; *second*, that if so taken, it would imperil the chances of the South's securing the Senator; *third*, that up to January, 1898, he *was* an aspirant for the Senatorship, and *fourth*, that his candidacy for Governorship was brought about by northern politicians through the assistance and instrumentality of some Southern political rascals for the purpose of despoiling the South of its just political rights and in utter disregard of public opinion.

The Los Angeles *Times* says Mr. Gage is an honorable man, and has a right to be a candidate for Governor. That is one view of it; but, from the standpoint of a man who is jealous of his honor and solicitious for the welfare and wishes of his people, he has no such right. He owes a high and sacred duty to his people. There are unwritten laws, which, among honest men, are more binding than those printed in our statute books. The strict and exact observance of these ordinances of honor rest most heavily upon a public man. Among men of conscience they are as sacred as the holy writ, and to transgress them is a crime black and damnable. Of course, in one sense, Mr. Gage "has a right" to run for the office of Governor, and of course it is a matter that "rests wholly in his own hands." Mr. Gage has a right, we presume, to take his own life if he chooses to do so, and he may likewise throttle, kill and destroy his name, reputation and standing in his own community; but he must not object to the burial service that must inevitably follow.

Since Mr. Gage's avowed candidacy every Republican paper in Los Angeles county, with the exception of the Los Angeles *Times*, has opposed his nomination to the place. The Los Angeles *Express* has been taking a poll of the Southern Republican press, and objections to a Governor from the South is in each case strongly urged.

OUR NEW ISLAND TERRITORY.

With annexation of the Hawaiian Islands an accomplished fact, save for the formality of taking possession in official form, the responsibility becomes ours to render the new acquisition as valuable to the nation as possible. After all that has been written and said during the years that the annexation questiou was before the public, it is quite certain the consideration which finally decided the nation was never so much as hinted at. But for the trouble with Spain the settlement of the question would have dragged along for some time to come. Our potentialities and needs as a Pacific power once thrown into strong light by the course of naval operations in the Philippines, there was a sudden awakening to the necessity of securing Honolulu as a mid-oceau station, and no time was lost in accepting the tender of the islands formally made some time back by the Dole goverment.

The question of chief interest just now is the precise form of government to be adopted in administering Hawaiian affairs. Plans making for eventual Statehood are hardly likely to be favored; in all probability the Commissioners entrusted with the duty of looking over the ground and recommending a workable scheme, more or less autonomic in character, will devise some plan of colonial rule by means of a legislative system based upon elective lines, with a Governor as chief officer. The fact that the strategic importance of the islands has been made so strikingly apparent by recent events of itself suggests the desirability of constituting a government in which the military requirements of the nation shall receive paramount recognition. It seems probable, therefore, that the gubernatorial functions may include matters usually kept entirely within Federal administration.

Leaving these matters to shape themselves as investigation on the spot may suggest, let us take count of the commercial benefits to the main continent and the islands themselves by the incorporation of the territory into the Union. A glance at the map affords an idea of the many lines of travel intersected by the islands. From America to Central Asia, from San Francisco to Australasia, from the isthmus of Panama, from Callao and Valparaiso and the Straits of Magellan to Port Arthur, Japan and Russia, and from the western shores of the Pacific to China and the Philippine Islands the route lies by way of Hawaii. With the completion of the Siberian railway, the construction of the Nicaragua Canal and the rapid extension of American commercial interests in the Orient that must of necessity follow on the heels of the present war, especially if the control of the Philippines remains in our hands, the present volume of trade passing over these routes will be vastly increased. This will insure a considerable lift for Honolulu as a port of call and transshipping point, and its new position as an integral part of the United States will afford its merchants opportunities of supplying the wants of shipping and travelers on terms not practicable when goods imported from the United States were subject to duty. This means at the same time an enlarged market in the islands for the productions of manufacturers on the mainland.

The removal of the general restriction on Hawaiian import and export trade caused by the suspension of customs duties at either end will neccessarily give rise to a freedom of commercial intercourse that will lead to many important developments. The vast sugar interests will be emancipated from the treaty difficulty that so long fostered an uncertain feeling as to what might happen in the adjustment of tariffs. Fresh impetus should also be given to the profitable business of growing coffee in Hawaii, this cultivation not being carried on in any other part of Uncle Saui's dominions. Under the new conditions it will be found that other leading articles of produce can be grown in the soil and climate of the islands with a prospect of satisfactory return, and the increased security which will be felt in acquiring landed property and in sinking capital in any ventures of that nature will encourage experiments that otherwise might not have been undertaken. The result of this must be to render the United States even more self-contained than at present.

An important point requiring settlement is whether the law of the United States providing that all coastwise freight must be carried in American bottoms now extends to the Sandwich Islands. Should such be the case, our shipping interest will be benefitted, though obviously the reduced competition that would follow may be expected to restrict trade to some extent.

Not improbably there will be a land boom in the islands following annexation and a steady flow of emigration from this continent. For men with capital, who are prepared to render assistance in extending commerce or to take up land with a view to planting, there should be an opening, but in the way of clerical or manual labor, the field must be very limited. Outdoor work will no doubt continue to be performed by natives, Chinese and Japanese, the rate of wages and climate being invariably unsuited to whites. General farming, as practiced in this country, is no part of the system in the tropics, and those who are disposed to engage in the work of cultivating the land will find they have everything to learn. Any boom which outstrips the legitimate increment in land values derivable from the circumstance of annexation will not be more than short lived and is not desirable in the true interest of the islands.

It is not, of course, to be supposed that the United States has annexed the islands with the idea of financial gain to the Union. Outlying colonial possessions are usually a drain on the parent country, although, of course, individuals trading in or with the colony or owning property there are benefitted by the connection. It is in the main the colony itself that obtains the advantage. Only a strong and wealthy power can afford to hold such territory, for there are heavy responsibilities to be undertaken. In the case of Hawaii the United States has entered into possessiou, primarily, because of the strategic value of the islands to this country; end secondarily, because eighty per cent of their trade is done with the mainland; while finally it could not be permitted that they should fall into the hands of any other power.

A LEAGUE FOR THE CULTIVATION OF LOCAL PATRIOTISM.

There is no cheaper power in the world than that available in Sacramento, yet the capital is a fruit exchange and a trading center for the interior rather than a manufacturing town. We are accustomed in California to attribute our backwardness in manufacturing to the lack of fuel. Yet the utitilization of the electricity generated at the Folsom dam robs of us of that excuse. This power has been available in Sacramento for three years now, and beyond reducing the cost of light and street transportation there is nothing to show for it. These remarks, together with others germane thereto, the writer addressed to a wealthy merchant who controls two large manufacturing establishments in California. He replied that the fault was hardly an absence of enterprise among us, but rather due to a lack of local patriotism. "Buyers don't want home goods" is how he put it.

It is an adage of business life to deal with those who deal with you. Certain articles can be made here as advantageously as in Chicago or New England, but production is only one point of the problem. The question of distribution must next be settled, and the retail merchant, we are told, is prejudiced agaiust articles of local manufacture. He proposes to go East and make his purchases there, imagining by buying in a wider market he can obtain goods different from his rivals. Yet he participates in the benefits of every article created at home. The wages of workmen buy his wares, and his market iucreases with the broadening of employment.

Just now we are deluged with organizations mostly charitable. There is no discounting the great benefit they confer on the community. They help the needy and comfort the sick. May we suggest to the ladies whose executive talent has not yet found expression in clubs or societies, to get up a league for the cultivation of local patriotism, the object of membership being to patronize Californian as against foreign manufacturers. The simplest form of organization would achieve the purpose, and the design properly represented, a membership of fifty to a hundred thousand would be gained within a twelfthmonth. Such a combination would be rich in results to every interest in the State. From each member it would be necessary to exact only a pledge to give the preference in all purchases to articles made in California. The functions of the Executive Committee would be to keep the membership informed of our manufacturing interests as they now exist aud of new firms that enter the field. The interest of all the great employers of labor should readily be enlisted by such an organization, and once set going under proper auspices a spirit would be created among us susceptible of infinite extension, which might indeed solve many of the hardest problems with which we in San Francisco are now confronted.

Our own impression is that the feeling exists and could be aroused easily enough. Bring directly home to the man who is about to buy shirts or shoes that it behooves him to have domestic made goods and he will have nothing else. We exhibit a fine enthusiasm over our California soldiers; we are proud of a California athletic team that goes East and wins victories; we are proud of our fruits and flowers merely because they are grown and raised in our own State. The idea of patronizing local manufactures as against the world is only an extension of the same patriotism. Some time ago a Half Million Club was organized here—its object being to swell the population. It seems to have fallen by the wayside with so many other good schemes. Create a league for the cultivation of local patriotism in California and the population problem will have met its solution. Manufacturing plants will spring up here, and we venture to predict that a number of charitable associations will speedily be able to retire from business.

THINGS AND PEOPLE

The fall of Santiago seems to have brought the end of the war well within range, While it is yet early to calculate the terms of peace, the presumption is that negotiations will soon be begun and hostile operations will cease. The surrender is indeed a cause for thanksgiving throughout America. Santiago has already cost us many lives, and its siege and capture would have lost us thousands more. Yellow fever had begun to decimate our ranks, and the tropical storms were playing havoc with our forces. As it is, it will be possible to transport our army back to the mainland, leaving Santiago in charge of the Cubuns and the immune regiments, reserving the conquest of Havana until the rainy season has ended. In the meantime Porto Rico can be seized and held pending the settlement of hostilities. Criticism of Shafter's campaign seems idle after the result that has been attained, but we will hear comment in plenty from the correspondents once they are free to speak. The operations round Sevilla and the form of the first attack on Santiago seems to have violated most strategical traditions, though as there were no evil consequences they may seem to have been justified. As to the terms of surrender, it is a good deal cheaper to send Toral's forces to Spain than to keep and feed them in the United States. Thirty thousand prisoners would prove a charge and a tax, and as there is no danger of a Spanish invasion, we can view the return of the unarmed army to the mother country with equanimity. The transporting of twenty to thirty thousand men undoubtedly presents complications, but much less difficult of solution than that of feeding and guarding them for months.

***

It is proper when some men obtain an appointment to congratulate the individual upon his selection. In other instances the condition is reversed and the service is to be congratulated upon the servitor. An instance of the latter is the appointment of Dr. Shiels as Brigade Surgeon of the fourth expedition to Manila. He is one of the ablest physicians in the profession in San Francisco, and is so eminently fitted for the place that one is inclined to felicitate the troops on their good fortune. In the hurry and confusion of organization certain incompetent men have been appointed to the service and their assistance will be as deadly to their patients as the most galling Spanish fire. Dr. Shiels, however, is the right man for the post. He entered the volunteer service as surgeon of the Eighth California Regiment and was subsequently chosen as Brigade Surgeon on General H. G. Otis' staff.

***

The fourth section of the military expedition to the Philippines has now embarked and is expected to leave this port soon after this is written. On Board the *Peru* are six troops of the Fourth United States Cavalry, in command of Captain Kellogg, and Light Batteries D and G of the Sixth United States Artillery under Major Grugan, while the *City of Puebla* takes the Fourteenth United States Infantry commanded by Major Robe, together with recruits for corps already gone to the scene of action. Major-General Otis and staff also leave on the *Peru*. Immediately on the departure of these two transports definite arrangements will be made for getting away the fifth section of the expedition. Up to the present time close on to 13,000 officers and men have left this port, and as the next section will consist of nearly 3,000 in all, the intended total of 20,000 is gradually being reachod. It is understood that after the fifth section leaves further sailing will await the return of the transports that took away the first division.

***

On the 13th instant the First Regiment of New York Volunteers, in command of Colonel Thomas H. Barber, arrived here from the East and proceeded to Camp Merritt. The troops were hospitality entertained by the Red Cross Society on their arrival and yesterday the entire corps, officers and men, were given a breakfast at the Mechanics' Pavilion by the natives of New York resident in San Francisco. The appearance of the regiment, as complete in its equipment as any that has gone into camp here up to the present time, has created a most favorable impression. No announcement has yet been made as to whether this corps will go to the Philippines, and there has been some talk of its probable destination being Honolulu for garrison duty.

***

The proposal to erect a monument in San Francisco to Rear-Admiral Dewey is one well worthy of consideration, and the suggestion that Telegraph Hill should be selected as the site is an excellent idea. It is entirely right and proper that the metropolis of the Pacific Coast should commemorate the great naval exploit of this distinguished American sailor, for to him its inhabitants undoubtedly owe their immunity from anxiety with regard to any hostile visit to this port of Spanish men-of-war. The existing condition of Telegraph Hill and its approaches would at first sight seem to forbid any idea of making it the site of a national monument, for which it has been pre-eminently designed by nature. But possibly one great advantage of choosing the place for the purpose would be that the gradual demolition of so noble a landmark, which has been proceeding for some time past, would be interrupted and finally stopped by the proper authority. At present one of the most striking and effective monuments in the world is the Nelson column in Trafalgar Square, London, where natural advantages in the way of a site do not exist. With so splendid and in every way appropriate a location as we have here, it should be possible to erect a work of art in commemoration of Dewey's victory that would not only be a credit to the city, but be of national standing and at the same time claim the admiration of the whole world. By all means, therefore let us thus honor the American hero of the battle of Manila.

***

The new mining regulations, which reached Dawson in the middle of April, are considered on the whole fairly acceptable. Every person, male or female, is obliged to take out a miner's license, in order to have a proper standing, and it is stated that claims recorded after October 15 next will be limited to 250 feet. The Ottawa Government has nominated a Council to administer the affairs of the Yukon district, consisting of Mr. William Ogilvie as Commissioner and four other members. Mr. Ogilvie, who is at present in Eastern Canada, will shortly leave for the Klondike and on his arrival will relieve Major Walsh, who is at present acting as Commissioner. Everything points to preference being given in the future, for some time to come at all events, to the river route by those proceeding to the Yukon country. Of course many parties were hung up last summer, or rather early fall, but mainly because they started too late in a season when the water happened to be unusually low in the stream. Now there are more facilities by way of St. Michael and a larger fleet of river boats between there and the upper reaches of the river, so that there should be no difficulty about transhipment at the northern port. With ample steamer service and plenty of water in the river it should be a comparatively easy matter to get in and out this summer, and, that being so, it is to be hoped the trials and risks attaching to the overland route will not be so lightly undertaken.

***

There is still considerable divergence in the estimates of the result of the clean-up on the Klondike, and several miners, who landed here from the schooner *Hattie L. Phillips* at the end of last week, express the opinion that the guesses which are being made are exaggerations. In all probability the total will not exceed $20,000,000, chiefly contributed by the claims on Bonanza and El Dorado creeks. The Californians, by all accounts, are getting their share, for Edgar Mizner is said to have put together something like $750,000, Stanley and Worden $500,000, Berry Brothers $500,000 and Charles Anderson $500,000. The prospects at Dominion Creek are reported to be most promising, and during the coming summer some big strikes are looked for in that locality. The thaw at Dawson had made things very uncomfortable, many of the buildings standing in water and work being practically suspended, through the creeks being flooded. The Yukon river is higher than has been known for many years. Some of the party of twenty miners who arrived on the *Hattie L. Phillips* left Dawson on May 27, coming down the river in small boats to Circle City. There they took a river boat to St. Michael, remained a couple of days at that place, and left in the *Hattie L. Phillips* on June 19, reaching here on July 10. About half intend to return, while most of the others say they have had enough of the life in that part of the world. They report much sickness at Dawson, owing to the thaw, and prices still very high. Some of the party, who came only from Manook, say there had been little suffering there during the winter, but the returns from that district are not so good as on the Klondike.

***

Like most men who are capable of winning and retaining warm close friendships, Eugene Garber troubled himself little about the world at large. It thought of him as the man-about-town, the sound lawyer, the "good fellow," and never penetrated very far into the shell which he exposed to the outer world, or found the finer qualities which so endeared him to his family and to his intimate friends. With most men it is the other way round—we hear their acquaintances and sycophants saying the pleasant things about them, while the inner circle tightens its lips or assents faintly with strained smiles. Surely it is no small thing that the men who knew him best, liked him best, and ever spoke of him as one whose loyalty and fine sense of honor were settled past all question—this, too, in a world where we doubt everything—even (by the "all-mind-no-matter" people) our very existence. To some it may seem an even greater tribute (for women are generally confronted by the seamy side of man) that all his womenkind, unto the third and fourth cousin, gave him an interest and a sincere affection which the intuitive sex never bestows upon the undeserving, unless it be to a son or lover.

***

The impression is current that the summer is going to be a hard one in California. We are beginning now to realize the effects of the drought and to feel the pinch consequent upon the suspension of mining and the diminished crops. The dry yet inclement season has played havoc with our fruits, and there are few staples which the winds or the frost have not injured. The yield of wheat is rather better than the prophesied quarter crop—it will be at least a third—perhaps over, but in other directions the results are below rather than beyoud pessimistic forecasts. This condition is manifested by the prices exacted for fresh fruit in the local market, which are higher than they have been in a decade. The summer sun is rapidly clearing the Sierras of the scant snow deposits of the winter and summits, snow-clad in the memory of man, are now revealed against the sky, dark and barren masses of granite denuded of their ancient and hoary garmenting.

***

A *causè celebre* in Oakland invariably attracts into the courtroom where it is being rehearsed a strange set of people. In the city over the water there are cranks in abundauce, masculine as well as feminine, though the latter are infinitely the majority, and there are clubs for every "ism" under the sun, including the "Society for Preventing One Another." The extraordinary Hurt case in which a father attempts to wrest his children from a mother who had kidnapped and provided them with an irrelevant step-father, gathered a large audience of the crank element. Innumerable long and short haired women were there expressing the deepest interest in the proceedings, and Judge Greene was rather in the plight of Solomon in a similar controversy. Evidence was garnered from ever quarter, and in some manner or other an antique prude was put on the stand to express her impressions of Mr. Schaffer—the said irrelevant stepfather. She prefaced her remarks with declarations of her dislike of mankind in general, but as to Schaffer she made an exception. Cats liked him! "It is an infallible sign," she said, "that if cats like a man there is good in him." The burden of sympathy ran alien to the father and in favor of the mother, though it seems that Hurt, who is prominent in Wyoming politics, was largely instrumental in imposing feminine sufferage on that State.

***

Journalism hardly flourishes in these days, and I am kept busy wondering how long the eveuing papers intend running twelve page issues. The expense entailed by such publications is enormous and the returns are meagre. Though the standing of the afternoon journals has been materially bettered of late aud their circulation has increased, yet they are not obtaining a fair share of the current advertising patronage. It is the habit of the big stores that still advertise to use the morning dailies, and it is hard to persuade them of the advantage of the evening paper. In the course of time this condition will adjust itself, but, ere the day arrives, I should not be surprised to learn that certaiu of the claimants have fallen by the wayside. Not, indeed, that the loss of a daily or so would be other than a gain. San Francisco supports more newspapers than any city in the United States, and the number injures rather than aids her growth.

***

On the part of Martin Kelly or from the Republican Committee there will be no attempt to antagonize the New Charter. As I have stated, the members of the charter convention are organized into a committee to pledge candidates for the Legislature to its support, and there is little danger of opposition in the country. The right of San Francisco to govern itself is recognized, and doubtless the instrument will be unanimously adopted. It may be taken for granted, therefore, that the charter as an issue is lifted from local politics, though I venture to predict amendments to come in plenty together with agitation over measures submitted to the community's vote. There is shown a disposition among the Republican bosses to take heed of the fate of Rainey. A strong ticket will be put in the field next November, which means that the Kelly-Crimmins combination will content themselves with such crumbs of patronage as may fall their way, hoping to reap the benefits of abstinence two years hence. The County Committee will be found amenable to the wishes of the State Central Committee, I venture to predict, and for once there will be a united Republican party.

***

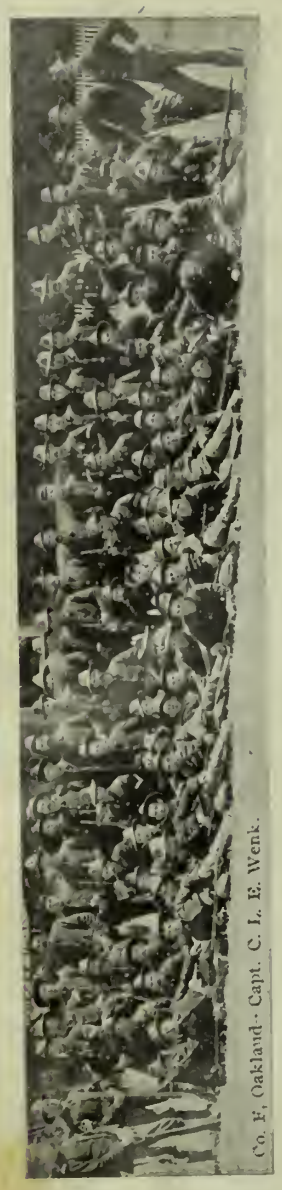
Now that Congressman Maguire has been made the standard bearer of the Populists there is nothing left for the Democracy but to endorse him. Of the the Pop convention at Sacramento there are certain features that demand comment. But half the counties of the State were represented by delegates, and Mr. Maguire was only nominated by a majority of nineteen. The minority seceeded. It follows, then, that but a quarter of the Populists have accepted the Congressman. Maguire was misguided. It seems that prior to his nomination he telegraphed, in response to an inquiry, that he would be willing to "stand on" the Oregon platform, which prescribed silver at 16 to 1, fiat money, and antagonizes the issue of bonds. This declaration of principles was defeated by 11,000 votes in the Webfoot State, and I'm inclined to think a similar fate awaits it in California. How the Democracy feels over the latest turn of affairs is hard to diagnose, but the leaders are sick and freely predict Republican success. Maguire's supremacy seems to compel the Democratic party to the adoption of the misbegotten economic tenets of Populism, which means that the party platform will be made up of worn-cut fallacies that the country has outgrown. This seems the auspicious moment for the organization of a new Democracy, for the old party is dead. Another feature of the convention was the denial of Cator. His scepter has fallen at last; his control has vanished. Every proposition with which he had connected himself was beaten; all he advocated was defeated. The downfall of this presumptious charlatan is an evidence of dawning intelligence in Populism. It almost persuades me to hope that the party will yet abandon itself.

***

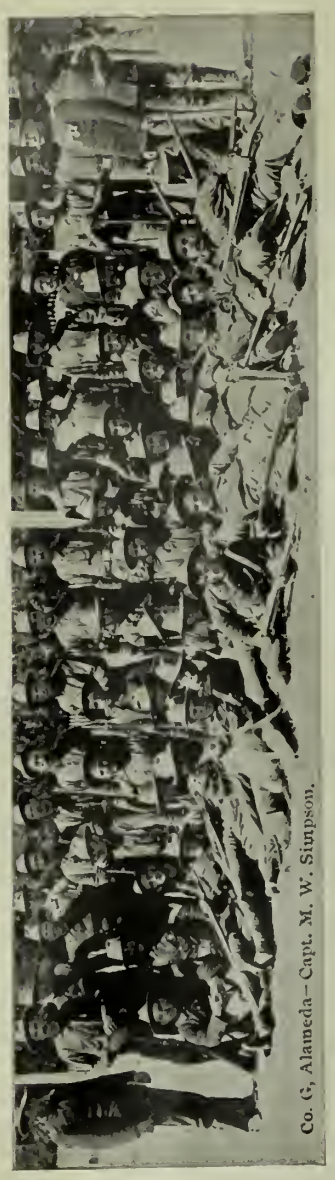
It seems probable an attempt will be made to legislate at Sacramento against the department store system. The success of the new regime at the Emporium will inevitably create antagonism among retailers, and the consequence will be the adoption of laws which will render transactions on on the scale of this institution difficult if not impossible. The majority of dealers are yet unwilling to admit that the operation of the big store is injuring them, but denials are unavailing. Our population is not increasing and there is only a given amount of trade. Unless a new store creates new custom, it takes what it gains from its rivals, and that is what the Emporium is doing. Inevitably such an institution concentrates the trade in the fewest possible hands, which involves in the end the elimination of rivalry. As this effect presses itself on the community, the disadvantage of the department system will be realized by real estate owners as well as by tradespeople, and the opposition which the dealers will sooner or later organize will have the support of the capitalistic class. I doubt if there will be any legislation passed at the next session, but bills curbing the growth of the mammoth will surely be presented and an impetus given to an agitation that will be a feature of the future business life here.

BOSWELL JR.

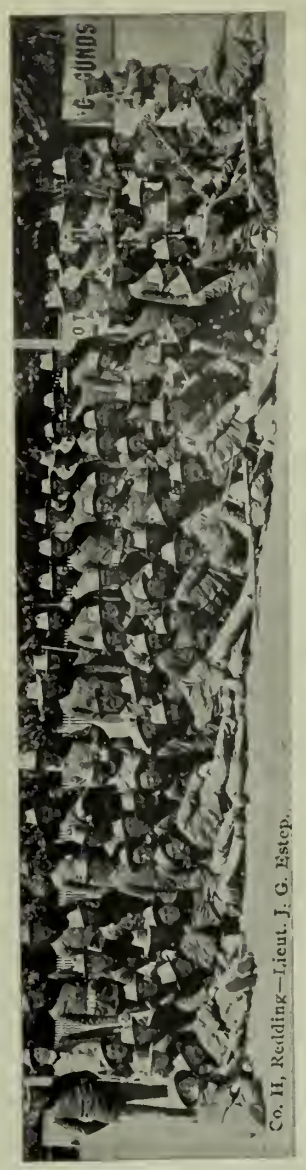
An amusing first night story is told relating to "The Ambassador," by "John Oliver Hobbes." When the curtain went down after the last act there was the usual cry of "Author, author," and more than the usual first night applause. In response to the repeated calls, a very fashionably dressed lady of charming personal appearance stepped before the footlights, and returned the compliment by pleased and cordial bows. The demand for "Author, author," however, was not satisfied, and again it rang through the house, and again the same lady appeared. Growing weary of the seemingly unnecessary delay on the part of the author to show himself, the gods grew impatient and thundered out: "We want John, where is John?" Pretty "John" was once more bowing with graceful confusion, and the audience, delighted with its own mistake, gave the talented dramatist an enthusiastic welcome.



Co. F, Oakland—Capt. C. L. E. Wenk.



Co. G, Alameda—Capt. M. W. Simpson.



Co. H, Redding—Lieut. J. G. Estep.

Co. I, Marysville—Capt. G. H. Voss.

Co. M, San Jose—Capt. Baldwin.

Co. A, Chico—Capt. J. J. Cahill.

Co. B, San Jose—Capt. H. L. Partridge.

Co. C, Petaluma—Capt. W. S. Barnes.

Co. D, San Rafael—Capt. W. Elliot.

Co. E, Santa Rosa—Capt. C. E. Haven.

EIGHTH REGIMENT OF CALIFORNIA VOLUNTEERS

LAKE TAHOE

mpressions of a Visitant at Tallac — The Fishing Passion.

Though it be over the hills and far away to Lake Tahoe, he journey is neither tedious nor laborious. You leave an Francisco on the Overlaud at 6 p. m., and by noon of he following day you will be partaking of lunch at the allac. The long haul over the Sierras is accomplished nder cover of darkness. One dines between Oakland and acramento, and at Truckee you are awakened for breakact. Fourteen miles of a stage ride along the river, hrough delightful sceuery, brings you to Tahoe City (two otels and three houses), on the edge of the great lake, and he steamer *Tahoe* conveys you to destination, be it McKiney's, the Rubicon, Emerald Bay. Tallac or Gleubrook.

One's first impression of Lake Tahoe is a sudden realiztion of its extent. It spreads before you a wide expanse of unny water one hundred miles in circumference, environed y a wavy line of mountains that culminate at the southern nd in Tallac and Pilot Knob that rear black masses of grante high against the horizon. These giants are the features f the scenery of Tahoe, which otherwise consists of rocky eadlands and timbered bays, set off, indeed, by the crysalline atmosphere of the high Sierras and the wondrous apphire of the water.

It is in this hue that Tahoe is individual. The blue of the taliau lakes is world famous, but I am assured this is a eeper and lovelier tint. It varies to a green shade at the vater's edge and is of the most extraordinary transpareucy. nto its depths one can see fathoms down and watch the rout swimming among the giant boulders far below. This impidity gives you the impression of shallowness, but ahoe is the deepest of mountain lakes—in some places the lummet has found no bottom at two thousand feet, and the verage depth is over a thousand.

Swiftly the *Tahoe* skims along the edges of the lake, ast Idlewild, the country home of Mrs. Crocker, to McKinney's, a summer resort at which we stop to deposit a oad of passengers. Then on past the Rubicon, a superb eadland of rocks crested with picturesque pines. From ere the coast line curves gradually into Emerald Bay, a ovely inlet fringed to the water's edge with lofty trees. he mountains tower above, and the sunlight ornaments he placid green surface of the bay with fantastic reflecions of the pines. Thence to the Tallac, the property of Lucky" Baldwin, who has several thousand acres of forest nd lake, embracing the most picturesque and beautiful secion of the region.

From most summer resorts Tallac differs in that the visants are there confronted with an abundance of occupaions. You can fish to your heart's content, or hunt if your nclination so runs. Obviously one may swim or boat, nor re the waters too cold—while the scenery imposes an infinity f obligations. To return without climbing Mt. Tallac is a acrilege. On the way there are waterfalls and pools, and rom the summit one sees sixteen lakes and a gigantic exanse of rugged country, including the desolate and sinister lories of Desolation Valley in Nevada. For the newcomer o Tallac there is an embarrassment in the form of greeting hat meets him. He will be asked at once, "Is this really our first visit?" in a tone of kindly patronage. He admits, eluctantly, the fact. Thereupon the air of the habitué ssumes an aggressive superiority. "Why, I've been comng here for the past five or ten years." The truth is, every ne you meet is an old inhabitant; and your enthusiasm ver the scenery, the splendid trees that are a feature of the lace, and the delightful air, is met with a certain kindly olerance. "Yes, I felt that way, too, years ago, when I ommenced coming here—of course, it's great and fine, but hat do you think of the fishing?"

It is the fishing that engrosses the habitués. With some f them it has grown from an enjoyment into a passion hey are out on the lake from early morn till dewey eve. Meals are an interruption and sleep welcome only because the rout don't bite at night. If you are a newcomer you troll —a matter of a copper line, a spoon and a hook baited with minnow. The boatman pulls slowly along and you keep he line taut by the motion of your arms. Fish are lentiful, and a catch of thirty to fifty in a morning is nothng to boast of. The practical anglers use rods and realize he joys of landing their fish according to the precepts of zaak Walton. For the most part the trout captured are of he "cut-throat" variety, and average from a fraction of a ound up to eight or ten pounds in weight. It is a great ccasion when a twelve pounder is captured, and there are raditions in abundance of eighteen and twenty pound fish. he Captain of the *Tahoe*, who is a kindly and simple geneman, told me of huge fish that hide in the depths of ahoe and occasionally poke a snout above water to the error and confusion of the spectators.

It is proper for the visitant at Tallac to spend a day at allen Leaf Lake, one of the show places of Tahoe. The rive reveals something of the beauties of the environment. he road takes you among the pines and through a delightul wood of aspens down to the edge of the Lake, so alled by the Indians because of its shape. Mt. Tallac rises igh above; the air is delightful and the water pellucid and anquil. There are trout in abundance in greater variety han in Tahoe. In the creek at its head exists extraordiary provocation for the fly fisher—in a succession of deep ools fringed with leafy banks. After industriously trolling hrough the morning hours you lunch under the pines. he boatman, become by long practice, an expert, evokes a rying pan from out of the bottom of the boat. A fire is oon set a going and you partake of your catch under condiions that satisfy the soul and an appetite chastened by an arly breakfast and an engrossing pursuit. Through the oliage the lake dimples in sunshine and shadow, and the murmur of the water pouriug from the lake above makes usic to the ear.

SPENSER MASTERS.

M. Bogoljewow, the newly appointed Russian Minister of ublic Instruction, has begun the duties of his office by ssuing a drastic order. He has spent much time in visiting irls' schools and gymnasia, and has made the discovery hat the corset as an article of dress is not conducive to the ealth and physical development of the wearers. Accordngly he has issued an order to the pupils of higher schools nd gymnasia, as well as to the students of conservatories, rohibiting the wearing of corsets. The order is accomanied with reasons as to why it has been issued.

TO THE NORTH POLE

Interest in the work of arctic discovery has recently been renewed by the departure from New York of Lieutenant Peary's sailing ship *Windward*, bound for the farthest north. It will be remembered that this vessel was donated by Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, editor of the London *Daily Mail*, to Lieutenant Peary. She is considered especially suited to the the purposes of this expedition, which is the second definite attempt of its leader to reach the North Pole, and she has been loaded with everything in the way of supplies likely to be needed during a period of four years at least spent in the arctic regions.

Captaiu John Bartlett, who has made similar trips since 1861, having been the navigator of the Hays expedition and the three last expeditions of Peary, commands the *Windward*, with a crew of twelve men, all thoroughly seasoned and accustomed to the climate of Greenland. Nearly every man hails from Nova Scotia or Newfoundlan l, and knows how to handle a ship in the ice, harpoon a walrus, or catch a polar bear. Lieutenant Peary himself is to embark at Sydney, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, whence the vessel will proceed to Whale Sound to take ou board a selected party of Eskimos with their tents, canoes and dogs, and then push her way through Robeson Channel, along the northwest coast of Greenland to Sherard Osbon Fjord or further. Having landed people and stores, the ship will turn back, leaving the expedition to make its way over the ice fields with the assistance of sledges. The usual plan of making caches of supplies will be adopted, and it is proposed to maintain communication between the base of supplies and the ship, so as to keep up the stock of provisions, dogs and Eskimos as long as the party remains in northern latitudes.

It may be that the first or second years the conditions will not be favorable for arctic travel, and that no advance beyond the highest known point to the north—Nansen's 86

COMMODORE WATSON

deg. 14 m.—which is 260 miles from the Pole, will be possible; but Lieutenant Peary believes by extending his trip and watching his opportunity he may be able to make a quick dash for the Pole, at one season or another, and finally accomplish his object. The employment of the Eskimos as the rank and file of the expedition is believed by their leader to be of the utmost advantage, and certainly the experience he has already obtained in the northern region should make him a good judge of what is needed.

Besides Captain Bartlett and the crew of the *Windward* the only companions Lieutenant Peary will have are his colored servant and one of the Eskimos he brought to the United States after his last trip, and whom he is now taking back, in accordance with the promise given to the tribe to which the young man belongs. Weshakupsi, as he is called, is the only one of the party of six Eskimos whom Lieutenant Peary brought to this country who will ever see his happy home again. Four of them are dead, victims of the climatc of civilization, and one other, a boy of nine, has been taken into the household of Superintendent Wallace of the Museum of Natural History, after surviving a severe attack of pneumonia. The Lieutenant carries with him the flag of the Arctic Club, a green silk banner, with the United States flag in a corner, and a white polar bear in the center. This flag, together with the Stars and Stripes, he will hoist at the farthest point north which he may reach, and will carry a duplicate. with the latitude and longitude marked, back to the club. as a memento of the voyage.

On this occasion Mrs. Peary will stay at home with the explorer's only child, a little girl of three years' old. When, therefore, Peary returns he will be able to follow the example of Nansen, and in publishing the account of his voyage inscribe it to "her who had the courage to remain behind."

The following is a record of the latitudes reached by the leading arctic explorers: 1827—Parry, 82 deg. 45 min.; 1876—Markham, 83 deg. 20 min.; 1884—Greely and Lockwood, 83 deg. 24 min.; 1896—Nansen, 86 deg. 14 min.

It will be remembered that it was the *Windward*, then engaged on the Jackson-Harmsworth expedition, that brought Nansen back from Franz Josef land.

The first Lord of the Admiralty took a trip on one of the new English battleships, the *Terrible*, and his retinue included a *chef*. At the last moment the artistic sense of this personage prompted him to refuse to embark at all, unless a special cabin were allotted him. The difficulty ended by an unfortunate assistant engineer having to turn out of his more or less comfortable quarters to accommodate this knight of the skewer and stew-pan.

COMMODORE WATSON

Sketch of the Commander of the Squadron Which Will Visit the Spaniards.

The remarkable success that has attended the naval operations of the war affords striking testimony to the brilliant qualifications of the commanding officers, and illustrates the good judgment displayed by those responsible for their selection. Perhaps something is due to the extraordinary luck which seems to have followed the navy throughout the campaign, but, undoubtedly, there is abundant evidence of most superb management.

The last important appointment made was that of Commodore John Crittenden Watson to command the Eastern Squadron, formed to conduct operations against the coast of Spain and Admiral Camara's fleet. The duty imposed on Commodore Watson is fully as arduous as any entrusted to the naval commanders whose names have lately been so conspicuously before the public. The work to be performed is of such a nature that no temporizing attitude will be permissible, for the moral effect would be destroyed if want of decision or promptitude were displayed. Action must be short, sharp and decisive, and, inasmuch as the commander will be called upon to face conditions for the most part unforeseen, and will be, at the same time, far removed from any base of supply, only a man thoroughly experienced in all the arts of naval strategy, as well as prudent and resourceful by nature and training, would be a suitable leader of so delicate an undertaking. Commodore Watson is a thorough "salt," and is familiarly known throughout the navy as "Able Seaman Johnny." No greater compliment can be paid to an officer by his men than to speak of him as an "able seaman." The bluejacket firmly believes that to be the highest attribute of manhood, and in the little, spry, snowy-haired man, with the bristling, white moustache and small, thin hands and feet, that sets off the quarterdeck when "Able Seaman Johnny" is aboard, Jack recognizes his ideal.

The subject of this sketch was born in Kentucky fifty-six years ago, and at the age of fourteen entered the Naval Academy. Upon his graduation he was promoted to the rank of Master on board the frigate *Sabine*. At the outbreak of the Civil War, like many another Southerner, including Farragut, he espoused the Union cause, and in 1862 was appointed to the steam sloop *Hartford*, flagship of the West Gulf Squadron. In July of the same year he obtained his Lieutenant's commission, and remaining on the *Hartford*, helped to make history during the Rebellion.

Watson took part in the bombardment and passage of Forts Jackson and St. Philip and Chalmette batteries, passage of Vicksburg batteries, passage of Grand Gulf, battle of Mobile bay — in fact, wherever Farragut was, there was Watson also. He was once wounded by a fragment of shell from a Rebel battery at Warrington, and it may be the pain from that wound that has given his face a sort of drawn and saddened appearance. His promotions have been rapid for the navy. He was commissioned a Lieutenant-Commander in July, 1866, while attached to the *Colorado*, flagship of the European Squadron; a Commander in 1874 while doing ordnance duty at the New York Navy Yard; and was promoted to Captain in March, 1887. After doing special duty in various navy yards, he took command of the cruiser *San Francisco*, in July, 1892, at Honolulu, and was at Rio de Janeiro during the Brazilian rebellion. He was detached from the *San Francisco* in 1895 and ordered to duty as Governor of the Naval Home at Philadelphia, whence he was transferred to the command of the blockading squadron at Havana. He reached the grade of Commodore last November.

By the crews who have served under him as Captain, "Able Seaman Johnny" was found to be possessed of traits not commonly found in the personnel of Uncle Sam's ships. Like Stonewall Jackson, he could both lead fighting men and give due attention to his duties as a Christian. The absence of a chaplain was no excuse for the neglect of divine service on any vessel that he commanded, for as each Sunday came round, no matter what the weather, he would give the order to "rig church," and in his own homely, earnest fashion, would act as *locum tenens* for the chaplain. The hymns he had perforce to treat as solos and sing himself, unaided, except where opportunity was given for chorus effect, when the harsh, deep voices of the sailor congregation would heartily help to swell the volume of praise.

Strict and conscientious in everything, Watson would never overlook drunkenuess on the part of his sailors. There is just one instance on record, however, where he relaxed his rule. This was in the summer of 1893, at Boston, when the *San Francisco* took the Massachusetts Naval Militia on its first practice cruise. Among the regular crew was an old sailmaker's mate, who was never known to remain sober when there was liquor to be had. When the naval militiamen came on board, a witty boatswain's mate, while no officer was near, sang out in an authoritative tone:

"All you men having whisky on board lay below, and turn it in to the sailmaker's mate for safe keeping."

Many of the amateur sailors took the bait, and in a few minutes the old canvas-tailor, sitting down below decks, was surprised to have a vast collection of flasks passed to him. These he received as gifts, with many thanks. The day after he was found sound asleep in his sail-room, literally covered with empty bottles of every size and shape, and was finally taken before the Captain, to whom were told the circumstances. "Parker," said Watson, sternly, "I have no words with which to discuss your case. Go forward."

Sir Michael Hicks Beach, Chancellor of the Exchecquer in the Salisbury ministry, is given in private to the use of the robust and highly spiced language of the last century. When not speaking his comment on parliamentary proceedings is fierce and yet amusing, but when he rises to reply he is blandness itself, though his eyes blink with rage and excitement.

Victoria is about to follow New Zealand in the matter of female suffrage. Its Premier, Sir George Turner, has promised to introduce a bill granting the heart's desire of militant woman. Feminine franchise has done little harm in New Zealand; and its ill-effects in Victoria will probably be no more serious.

EIGHTH REGIMENT OF CALIFORNIA VOLUNTEERS

A DRAMATIC INTERLUDE

T. P. O'Connor's Impressions of the Great Hooley.

It was at a dinner to which I was not invited; but which by accident I attended. I shall always be grateful for the accident, for I saw one of the greatest financiers of the age iu a situation which was calculated to bring out some of the qualities which made him; and I saw oue of the strangest, grimmest, most characteristic of London scenes.

There were others present—I need not give their names—and I must merely indicate them. There had been an issue that very morning of a gigantic scheme; one almost on a level with some of Mr. Hooley's own most ambitious and successful operations. The scheme, however, had been brought out by a man who had none of Hooley's genius, iuagination, abundance of resource—for now that the man is down, let nobody deny to him either these great intellectual qualities in the world of finance, nor his other and higher characteristics of boundless generosity, good nature and *bonhomie*. And the dinner had been arranged for the purpose of asking the assistance of a greater man to get the smaller out of the mess into which he had lauded himself. Millions of money were literally at stake, for the public had been asked for millions, and the question was whether they were going to give them or not. The promoter, who was in the mess, could uot do it; but at that tiue Mr. Hooley had only to ask for everybody to rush with their millions; and the poiut of the consultation was, whether the autocrat of the world of speculation and joiut-stock finance would lend his assistance, and on what terms he was willing to do so—a very important item in the discussion.

It was a plain dinner; Mr. Hooley was always careful in what he ate and drank. In an epoch when everybody who goes out to dine is killing himself with the sparkling, seductive, but destructive wine of Eastern Francc, I saw that the great promoter confined himself strictly to a mild claret, and to very little of that. Don't picture the fallen millionaire as one of those bloated, pendulous-lipped, oozing kind of creatures, who sometimes create your disgust at the odd turns and twists of fortune; no picture of the man could be more incorrect or unjust. Mr. Hooley went to bed at ten o'clock every night of his life; on Saturday he was off to the country; and, with his dogs or his gun, or with his steward, wandered over the fields in his native county which he passionately loves; or in one of the estates he had in six other counties; and even duchesses were unable to get him out to dinner parties or "At Homes." Aud he looked, not a bloated city man, but a triu, alert, thoroughly healthy, and thoroughly self contained man of the fields and open air. He is a tall, thin man, with not a trace of an expanding waist; he looks, indeed, more like a young farmer who is a passionate hunter and a tireless sportsman than one whose delight is in finance. The skin is swarthy, the beard is black, the eyes are deep brown. If I met Mr. Hooley in the fields without knowing who he was, I should take him to be a gipsy, who had been caught by civilization, and who still retained all the rich coloring, the quickness, and the love of the sky which belong to the Romany race. The eyes, quick and restless, a little kindly, and yet a little suspicious; open, and yet suggesting extraordinary keenness, are *the* remarkable feature of his face; they suggest much that is in the man.

All through the courses, the conversation went on, not continuously, but at intervals, and in snippets. The nervous man, who had come for assistance, sat silent and depressed, apparently helpless; and as I saw the glittering eye of Mr. Hooley fixed on him, half-amused half-searching, and as I heard Mr. Hooley casually ask a question and watched the answer with that strange glitter in his eyes and that half-smile about his lips, I could not help thiuking of the fly that had got into the spider's nest. As a matter of fact, the comparison was quite inappropriate, for the gentleman to whom my sympathy went forth was quite well able to take care of himself; has gone through much stormier times than Mr. Hooley; and has, it is generally supposed, amassed a considerable sum of money. But as compared with Mr. Hooley, he seemed that eveniug as a very small creature in the hands of a very big and a very powerful one—powerful, but amused, and rather merciful even in his strength. To me, to whom all the city movements are unintelligible, there was something almost appalling in hearing the stray words—the half-finished sentences, the merest rags of conversation, as "I'll take two hundred thousand at one and a half." "Will you take one huudred and fifty thousand at three later on?" and the like. I could see the spheres of the great world of finance shaking, as it were, under the omnipotent breath of this one man—drinking his quiet claret, with his glittering eye, his quiet voice and broad accent, and his ever-amused smile.

But that was not the chief sensation of the evening. There was another guest at this dinner—a brilliant creature—who had seen all sides of humau life; has been journalist, politician, financier; a grim fighter; an incouparable *raconteur*, and of stories drawn from every phase of huuian life, from every region of the world. I don't know what devil put it into our heads, but the conversation turned on uien that had been broken, and the name turned up of one who was known at one epoch to everybody in London, especially to everybody who went up to the city. The much-traveled *raconteur* was in his best vein, had told story after story—thrilling, tragical, comic; and, when his name was mentioned, naturally he seized upon it, and told the story of life and death—for it was a story of life and death—with all the abuudant resources of his picturesque language, his gesture, his mimetic power. The story lent itself to such treatment. For its hero had the reputation of immense wealth, lived in a grand street, entertained royally, was a magnate among promoters, kept horses—in fact, ran the whole gamut of the rich, luxurious age and couutry in which we live. And then he took to crime—secret, undiscovered, never revealed, even to this hour. The day of reckoning came. He went to his place in the country; and then came, from the lips of the *raconteur*, his description of the last hour of the doomed man. He met death, said the teller of the story, with the same audacious front he had always turned to the world. "He first," said the *raconteur*, "fired a shot at a tree to see if the revolver were in good order, and then he fired a shot into his own brain. He was a game man."

Suddenly there came over the dinner-table a ghastly silence, a thrill as if the ghost of the dead were passing; it lasted but for a few mouients, but it seemed to me a very, very long time. Mr. Hooley was the first to speak, and spoke like the brave, healthy creature I take him to be. He took a fork, traced a little bit of a farm in his native country. "If I'm ever broken," he said, "I won't blow out my brains; I'll go down to that little farm with my wife and children and I'll turn farmer." It was bravely spoken, and now that the dread hour has come, I trust that it will be as bravely acted. I know nothing about Mr. Hooley's financial methods, but I cannot bring myself to join the ignoble crowd that hunted him, toadied him, ruined him in his hour of triumph, and that now trample on his prostrate body.

Hooley had a whole floor iu the Midland Hotel in London. If your business required an interview with him, you were at once directed by the porter to "Room 24." Blithely you ascended and found the room quite full, indeed the whole vast floor seemed to consist of rooms each fuller than the other; each group entirely disconnected with the other. You asked for Hooley. "Don't know," "Wish you could tell me," "Haven't the least idea"—that is the kind of answer you usually received. But if you were an acquaintance whom Mr. Hooley wished to see, you were escorted as it were furtively, and through several communicating rooms, sometimes through a bedroom or two, and you found yourself iu the presence of the great man. It is said by those who have studied him, that he had a certain kind of curious delight, if not vanity, in beginning business at seveu o'clock in the morning in his bedroom, with half a dozen clerks and as many brokers to take his instructions, and keeping at this throughout all the long hours of the day. One peculiarity of his, which brings out the kind of life he led, was somewhat amusing. He asked you to lunch, telling you that you and he would be alone. Duly you turned up; you waited for ten minutes; you waited half an hour; by that time a score of people who had received the same invitation had turned up in your room, in the next room, in half a dozen rooms, but there was no Mr. Hooley to meet any of them. The host of them all was wildly busy, and then, perhaps, retired into one of the labyrinth of rooms, and ate his frugal meal all alone, doing justice to all his guests by being host to none.—*T. P. O'Connor in M. A. P.*

O SONS OF EMPIRE IN THE WEST!

The Earth is rent from zone to zone,
  The waves of conflict clash anew;
We hear afar the ebb-tide moan,
  In Northland tried, in Southland true,
  The tramp of armies in review.
Your camp-fires flash from crest to crest,
  Your Ironclads storm along the blue,
O Sons of Empire iu the West!

Or foul, or fair, we sought our own
  Where death puts on its ghastly hue,
And found them lying stark and prone;
  Not slain in dauntless fight we knew,
  When decks were wet with battle dew.
There lay them down to dreamless rest,
  Till Gabriel sounds the last tattoo,
O Sons of Empire in the West!

The Lord of Hosts upon His Throne,
  Will sift the nations through and through,
To Him the hearts of men are known,
  He hears the suppliants when they sue,
  And will reply to each his due.
Let men give heed to His behest,
  Else they may reap the wrath and rue,
O Sons of Empire in the West!

ENVOY.

Then peal on peal, not faint nor few,
  As forth you fare upon your quest;
The God of Battles safeguard you,
  O Sons of Empire in the West!

LUCIUS HARWOOD FOOTE.

Since the power of the American press has become an accomplished fact, and the newspapers have made it their business to learn all the details of important people's lives; it is almost an impossibility for a man occupying a prominent position to keep his personality a secret from the public. Very few, however, know the appearance of Mr. Henry B. Hyde, President of the Equitable Life Assuance Society, and yet he draws the biggest salary in New York, $100,000 a year. Mr. Hyde is the founder of the great insurance company of that name, and is considered a veritable Napoleon iu his business. His father was the leading insurauce man in New England, so the son was brought up in the atmosphere of risks, premiums and averages. His career, however, as an insurance man really began with his connection with the Mutual Life of New York, where he remained a number of years as cashier. It was while in this position that the idea of the Equitable Society occurred to him and he started out to make it a possibility. He confided his plans to the president of the Mutual Life asking him to assist in the formation of a new company on the idea he suggested. But he refused, saying that no man could be interested, simultaneously, in two life insurance companies. Hyde accordingly resigned and was soon laying the foundations for the Equitable. Being a man of indomitable energy and push, it was not long before his company began to take a prominent place among the life assurance societies of the United States. To-day it leads them all. Mr. Hyde is a firm believer in "life assurance," and carries on his own life a $200,000 policy. The first strong card the Equitable played was when it paid $40,000 policy in a case disputed by all the other companies. This was in the contest of the heirs of Colouel Walton Dwight, who held policies to the value of $256,000 in associations. All refused to pay, alleging the most ridiculous excuses, but Mr. Hyde had a man investigate the facts and finding the claim legitimate, immediately paid it. This proved a tremendous advertisement, and was heralded through the length and breadth of the land. Mr. Hyde has a house up town and says he may walk from there along the busiest parts of the city without being recognized by a single person. He is conservative in his policy but has been an important adviser in many public improvements.

THE RICHES OF CUBA

Undeveloped Resources Which Only Need American Skill and Enterprise.

When the reconstruction and development of Cuba shall have fairly begun, after the war is over, it is more than probable that we shall see a considerable exodus from the United States to the "Queen of the Antilles," the natural resources of which present so many attractions to men of enterprise and capital. "On to Cuba," now a battle-cry, may yet become a stirring call in time of peace. Under a regime free from the evils that have held the islands back and its people in fiscal bondage to Spain, the wealth of the country can be exploited by American energy and skill, so not only improving the condition of the native inhabitants, but also affordtng openings of which young America will not be slow to take aduantage.

As an agricultural colony Cuba has held a foremost position for its sugar and tobacco. In recent years the production of the former staple has greatly declined, owing to the growth and manufacture of beet sugar in other parts of the world. Nevertheless, there is uudoubted opportunity for the revival of the industry. From 70 to 80 per cent. of the sugar grown in the island of Cuba is exported to the United States, the total output in 1893–94, as estimated by the well known authority Licht, being 850,000 metric tons. According to this statement Cuba produces one-third of the entire quantity of cane sugar grown throughout the world, and is by far the largest contributor to the total result of 2,580,000 metric tons. The sugar crop of the lesser Antilles amounts to about 25,000 tons and of Puerto Rico to 60,000 a year.

The tobacco produced in the country west of Havana is the very finest in the world for the manufacture of cigars, and immense fortunes have been made out of its cultivation. Of recent years the quality of the leaf has declined to some extent, owing, it is said, to the partial exhaustion of the soil and the use of stimulating fertilizers that are prejudicial to the flavor. In the year 1892 the total export of tobacco amounted to 250,000 bales, the United States, Great Britain, Germany, Holland, France and Spain being the chief customers.

There are other products of the land, such as coffee, cotton, fruit, vegetables, wax and honey, all of which yields important profits, while cattle-raising is also a considerable industry.

But in the vast amount of attention given to the production of sugar aud tobacco, the mineral resources have almost escaped notice. In the central and western sections of the island are exteusive and valuable formations of compact limestone, sandstone and gypsum that, with a small amount of labor and capital, would yield excellent returns. Near these great formations are natural harbors where the material could be shipped to all parts of the world. Throughout the entire island petroleum flows from rents in the serpentine strata, and quantities sufficient to make fabulous riches for an enterprising worker annually go to waste. Traces of auriferous sand are found in the beds of the Holguin and Bacambray rivers, and it is not known how much of the precious metal the vicinity may contain. Certain it is that the savages found in Cuba by Diego Columbus possessed great quantities of gold, and the belief held by many authorities is that they obtained it at their home.

Near Santiago, the name of which has become so familiar during recent hostile operations, and whose soil has been consecrated by American blood, are copper mines believed to be inexhaustible. Only to a small extent have they been developed, and the quality of the metal is so pure as to demand but little refining. Coal of a highly bituminous character, and which produces a strong heat and leaves but little solid residue, either in the form of ashes or cinders, is most abundant. In the vicinity of Havana are quarries of thick slate, which cannot be surpassed. Hitherto these quarries have received little attention. In various parts of the island there are found beautiful marble and jasper susceptible of high polish.

But of all the possibilities attaching to the development of Cuba her immense forests are by far the greatest in importance. It is estimated that there are over 150,000 acres of thick, almost impenetrable woodland, which contain mahogany, ebony, cedar, sabicei and granadilla trees, as well as dyewoods. The palm is the finest type of Cuban forest growth and is very valuable. The common species, the Palma real, is found in profusion on all sections of the island. Pineapple and orange groves abound, the soil of Cuba being most advantageous for their cultivation. The principal alimentary plants are the plautain (a favorite food of the natives), the cassava, sweet potato, Indian corn and cocoa. Some of the finest cocoa in the world is exported from Cuban ports.

The foregoing brief summary of the productions of the persecuted Spanish possession will suffice to give some idea of its potential value in the hands of a commercial nation providing guarantees for its proper administration.

Without doubt there are not a few people iu the United States who are well-informed regarding the wonderful resources of the West Indian colonies of Spain, but the average citizen is probably gifted with little more knowledge of the islands than of Alaska. To the young man who has acquired a knowledge of business, mining, lumbering or agricultural work there is likely to be a wide field open, with chances of securing an independence on less arduous terms than if he remained at home, especially if he is fortunate enough to have some little capital wherewith to establish himself comfortably at the outset. The rewards of toil and enterprise in the West are every year becoming harder to secure, as the country fills up; and, once the misrule and general drawbacks of Spanish supremacy cease to exist, it will not be surprising if the trend of American migration which will surely follow the war, should set largely in this direction.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, who is in Paris under care of Dr. Charest, has improved but little in health. He intends turning to Newport this season. Meanwhile his brother W. K. Vanderbilt, has disappointed all the attachés of the Central Railroad, who never believed him fitted for business, by developing a great talent for affairs in a remarkably short space of time. He spends Sundays at his country place at Islip, Long Island, where he generally has a house party, but Monday mornings find him at his office in the Grand Central Depot, where he remains pretty constantly through all the days of the week.

Colonel Park Henshaw, Eighth California

Lieutenant-Colonel Carrington, Eighth California

Colonel J. W. Jones, First Idaho

Swearing in Eighth California Regiment

Major D. W. Figgens, First Idaho

Turning in Arms and Accoutrements

Majors Whittier and Forbes, Eighth California

Birdseye View of Camp Barrett, Oakland

Colonel Jones and Staff

Idaho Hospital Corps

CALIFORNIA AND IDAHO VOLUNTEERS

Fly Fishing

The Wharf at Tallac

Off for the Day

The New Hotel

The Fish Hatchery

The Boats

On Fallen Leaf Lake

The Old Hotel at Mount Tallac

SCENES AT TALLAC ON LAKE TAHOE

UNCLE SAM'S TARS

Growing Popularity of the Naval Service—How Jack Puts in His Time.

Increasingly popular as the navy has become of recent years there can be no doubt that heuceforth it will have great attractions for the youths of the nation. The glorious feats that have been performed at sea, and full, reliable particulars of which are still to a great extent awaited by the nation, will throw a glamour over naval life that will possess intense fascination for loyal, high spirited lads desirous of serving their country and at the same time having a chance of excitement. Going to sea in the present day is a very different affair to what it was in the time of the old wooden walls, and the strange collection of miscellaneous craft that did duty for warships during the Rebellion would indeed astonish the Yankee sailor and marine of to-day.

The details of a sailor's work and the manner of his living are likewise greatly changed. More skill and education are needed nowadays and a higher class of man is looked for when recruiting is being done. Discipline is particularly strict and the code of naval regulations is rigidly adhered to by the officers of the modern navy. The execution done by the "man behind the gun" in the present war is a proof of the excellence of the system that prevails in the service, and the thorough and intelligent manner in which skill and experience have been gained by constant practice and attention to duty in times of peace.

Nowadays the naval apprentices are rapidly becoming the backbone of the service. They are enlisted at the receiving ships between the ages of 14 and 17, and are given not only a special nautical education until they reach the age of 23, but also pass through the curriculum of a good common school. When discharged they have the option of entering the navy as seamen. Formerly few of them embraced the opportunity, but in these days almost all who are graduated re-enlist, because of the attractions of the service. They are rapidly promoted to the position of warrant officers, and out of a total of some 150 warrant officers in the navy the majority have been naval apprentices. Nearly all of these are American born and the time is coming when the navy will be officered throughout by Americans trained in national schools.

Six years ago a report was submitted to Congress by the Navy Department showing that out of 7,946 enlisted men rather less than half were of American birth. Since then the recruiting officers have been directed to use every possible effort to give preference to native born applicants. It is now stated on reliable authority that at the present time two-thirds of the men in the service are American citizens, nearly half of them having been born in the country. It has been contended by the Navy Department for years that it is out of the question to increase the number of men in a hurry without taking in much unsuitable material, and that the only way to keep the navy sound, so far as seamen are concerned, is to retain good men in times of peace. It is a mistake to suppose that there has been any relaxation of the enlistment regulations since war was declared, although it is no easy matter to provide crews for the purpose of rendering the newly purchased ships effective. The navy contains a great number of men who have enlisted over and over again, because they like their work, their officers and their ships.

Landsmen generally appreciate the fact that the officers and sailors that wear the uniform of Uncle Sam are a class apart, due to the originality of the life they lead on board the ships of the United States navy. In times of peace existence for them is apt to be monotonous, and indeed irksome, where several hundreds of men are cramped up in the close quarters of a modern battleship or cruiser. Out of hammocks at 5:30 in the morning, the hours that intervene until bedtime at 9:30 p. m. are not all spent in work and drilling, and consequently Jack is thrown on his own resources to a considerable extent. Tempted to widen the area of his amusements he does not always stick to the legitimate for his diversion. Chess, checkers, backgammon and dominoes are all permissible games, but on the majority of vessels cards are forbidden. Ways and means are found, however, of cheating the regulations, and almost every kind of gambling with cards is indulged in more or less below. The empty coal bunker is often made to serve the purpose of a cardroom, and therein will gather sailors, marines and firemen to have a shy at poker, banker, faro or whatever may be going. Complete roulette and keno outfits have even been known to occupy a place in the bunkers.

Theatricals and musical entertainments are much in vogue on board ship, and it is surprising how much talent in these lines is to be found amongst Uncle Sam's sailors. Here and there will be a man who has been a real live actor in his time, driven by stress of circumstances and the ups and downs of a precarious profession to become food for powder on board a man-of-war. Amongst the difficulties attaching to dramatic performances at sea are the stage and its equipment. The intersections made by the steel bulkheads of the modern warship renders it practically impossible to find a large enough space for the construction of a satisfactory stage. The gun or berth deck is generally selected, and one end is divided off for the stage. Dressing rooms are provided on each side by stretching canvas walls. The curtain is a part of the main-deck awning fixed by the ship's carpenter so that it can be raised or lowered like a sail. It is an easy task for the electrician to contrive footlights from his store of portable electric lamps. In seating the audience the officers are placed in the front rows, and the enlisted part of the crew left to find resting places on the mess benches arranged in the rear. What the improvised theatre lacks in regulation fittings is made up by the picturesque draping of many colored flags.

Jack's tastes lean rather to the comic in selecting his subject, and the broader its tone the better he likes it. In the minstrel performance the jokes are saturated with a marine flavor and it not infrequently falls to the executive officer to exercise a censorship over the efforts of the ship's company, who are at times disposed to guy their superiors. The end man is liable to get replies to his queries of "Mr. Johnsing" that reflect on the known personal weakness of the navigator for the famous brands of Kentucky distilleries, or he may seek to ascertain the difference between the paymaster and a poor dummy-maker, to be told that the former is generally wrong in his figures. This sort of thing is not conducive to the discipline required on a man-of-war. To a sailor dancing comes natural, and after the smoking-lamp is lighted in the evening on board the flagship, the string band will furnish popular airs and the port gangway is available for members of the crew who wish to disport themselves in the light fantastic.

The commissariat on board Uncle Sam's ships is vastly different from what it was in old days. Mouldy biscuit, rancid soup and salt horse, with a smell that you could cut with a knife, were then supposed to be fit sustenance for the men forward. Nowadays the menu consists of good wholesome food, and the officer of the watch is responsible for its being palatable and properly cooked. To this end he is called upon to sample the dinner by partaking of some of it himself at seven bells—11:30 a. m.—and to convey to the ship's cook his opinion of the manner in which the men's meal has been prepared. Visitors who happen to be on board any vessel at the hour mentioned are often entertained by seeing this duty performed.

Respect for the quarter deck is one of the earliest lessons instilled into the mind of the recruit when he goes to sea. It is here that the Captain holds sway, and the officer of the deck, who is in charge of the whole ship during his watch, issues his orders. Court is held near the mainmast, which is the forward boundary of the quarter deck, and here the long list of punishments for infractions of naval laws are meted out to the offenders. In former years commanders of naval vessels had greater latitude in the matter of punishments than to-day. When flogging and keelhauling were in vogue a Captain could sentence one of his crew to almost anything, but now the rules and regulations issued from Washington cover the majority of cases. It is only for minor offences that the commander of a man-of-war can distribute justice. He generally holds court on the quarter deck several times a week. There, assisted by the executive officer, he gives one man three months' restriction to the ship for smoking out of hours, another a week's extra bright-work cleaning for being late with his hammock, and still another a month's restriction for being over leave. When a case is grave enough to warrant a more severe punishment the offender is placed under arrest and held for summary or general court martial. The Captain of a warship also has the power to order a man confined in the "brig," a small cell 'tween decks, for periods of from one to five days on full diet of bread and water. Some Captains are known for the picturesqueness of their punishments and others are famed for their Solomon-like judgments.

A Captain of the old Kearsarge, during one of her early cruises, laid great stress on ridicule as a penalty. He spent a part of his time inventing new and novel punishments for his crew, some of which proved useful, while others only brought ridicule to his own door. One of his most successful was the calling out of the punishment and the crime at every bell by the culprit. A sailor named Jack Brown, who had been brought to book for fighting, would be compelled to take his stand on the break of the forecastle and shout lustily:

"Seven bells, and here stands Jack Brown, first loafer on the forward pivot, been a smashing of Bill Jones in the nose. Seven bells!"

Few better stories illustrative of sailor manners and ways of thought are in existence than one which relates to "Fighting Bob" Evans and his men. It has the merit of bringing out the character of officer and sailor at one and the same time: Once on the Mediteranean station, when Evans was temporarily in command of his ship, some French gendarmes brought aboard a large number of American bluejackets who had deserted. It was the custom on such occasions for each bluejacket as soon as he was released on the deck of the vessel, to turn and hammer the countenance of the gendarme until he was pulled away. This sort of thing had a tendency to make the gendarmes afraid to bring in deserters and Evans determined to stop it. In the presence of the gendarmes and their captives he announced his decision. The first bluejacket was released, and promptly knocked his gendarme flat. Evans picked up the gendarme's sword and struck down the sailor. Exactly the same performauce was gone through as each of the next six bluejackets were unshackled. The eighth permitted his gendarme to go in peace. The seven men who had been cut down all escaped with their lives. Evans said that they owed their preservation to a merciful Lord, who turned the edge of the French policeman's tin sword. The seven iniured men were invited to make charges against Evans, but they said they didn't want to. As they put it themselves:

"They guessed they had run up against something they didn't know anything about."

The Canadian Government is about to submit the prohibition question to a plebiscite. The bill for the purpose has has been passed and the Canadian Parliament is now going to grant a quarter of a million dollars for the expense. The vote is not to be taken for some little time; but both parties in the contest are already deluging the nnhappy Dominion with oratory and literature.

MAJOR-GENERAL SHAFTER
To whom General Toral Surrendered Santiago

Taber, photo

Soldiers at Luncheon in the Palace Grounds

Returning to Luncheon After a Swim

The "China" Docking at Honolulu

Citizens Going to Meet the "Monterey"

Society Ladies Waiting on Soldiers

THE SECOND MANILA EXPEDITION AT HONOLULU

Court Hou e

Diamond Grove

Central Union Church

Honolulu Harbor

Residence of Sanford B. Dole

A Tropical Avenue

Arlington Hotel

Hawaiian Hotel

OUR NEW TERRITORY: SCENES AND PLACES AROUND HONOLULU

Co. I, Mount Pleasant and Greensburg, Sergt. L. P. Newill

Co. M, Uniontown and Connellsville, S. S. Clark

Co. N, Waynesburg and Washington, Geo. B. Drake

Co. O, Monongahela and New Brighton, C. H. Landefeld

Lieutenant-Colonel Barnett, Tenth Pennsylvania

Lieutenant Charles C. Crow

RECRUITS FOR THE PENNSYLVANIA REGIMENT

Companies from the Keystone State to Swell Colonel Hawkins' Command

PORT SAID AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE SUEZ CANAL

Admiral Camara and his Spanish Fleet sailed through the Canal and back again at a cost to Spain of $250,000

THE NEW THACKERAY

The Novelist's Literary Style a Natural Gift.

As the successive volumes of the Biographical Edition of Thackeray (Harper & Brothers) appear, one realizes that Mrs. Ritchie is really contributing a species of biography of her father rather than a general introduction to each volume. They are entertaining, but rather discursive these prefaces, and while throwing considerable light upon the life of the great novelist they do not especially illuminate the circumstances under which *Pendennis* and the *Yellow Plush Papers* were composed. Something is told about Thackeray's school days at Charterhouse and at Cambridge. His letters home tell of adventures and incidents at college. In these missives to his stepfather and to his dear mother one finds much of that easy and fluent grace which characterized his literary style. Unlike Stevenson Thackeray did not have to learn to write. Style came naturally to him. Here, for instance, is a narrative of his first appearance at the Union:

"I have made a fool of myself. I have rendered myself a public character. I have exposed myself. I spouted at the Union. I don't know what evil star reigns to.day or what malignant demon could prompt me to such an act of folly; but, however, up I got and blustered and blundered, and retreated and stuttered upon the character of Napoleon. Carne had just been speaking before me, and went on in fluent and easy manner, but it was all flam. As for me, I got up and struck into the midst of the first footstep, and then in endeavoring to extricate myself from my dilemma I went deeper and deeper still, until at last with one desperate sentence, to-wit, 'that Napoleon as a captain, a lawgiver and king merited and received the esteem and gratitude of France,' I rushed out of the quagmire into which I had so foolishly plunged myself, and sat down, like Lucifer, never to rise again with open mouth in that august assemblage. So much for the Union."

At Cambridge Thackeray's friends were, for the most part, men who afterwards won distinction. Edward Fitzgerald and he were intimates and the two Tennysons were of their circle. Who the actual prototypes of Laura and of Warrington were, one does not gather. *Pendennis* was written for the most part at Brighton, and Mrs. Ritchie tells of a little girl, "a charming little girl with dark eyes and curly brown hair, who came running into the room saying her name was Laura." Thackeray at once made her godmother to his heroine. Shandon undoubtedly was suggested by Dr. Maginn. She remembers quite well the morning when her father had come to the death of Helen Pendennis. "My father was in his study in Young street sitting at the table at which he wrote. It stood in the middle of the room, and he used to sit facing the door. I was going into the room, but he motioned me away. An hour afterwards he came into our schoolroom, half-laughing and half-ashamed and said to us: 'I do not know what James can have thought of me when he came in with the tax gatherer just after you left and found me blubbering over Helen Pendennis' death.'"

In the *Yellowplush Papers* the personal material is more abundant. One gathers that Thackeray's law studies were hardly pursued with that consistency which characterizes the early operations of successful special pleaders. He read broadly of literature rather than closely at law, and we find him at breakfasts and dinners and helping his friend Buller contest a Parliamentary seat. Then he went to Paris and debates adopting art as a profession —because, as he says, "I think I can draw better than do anything else." However, he got into journalism and contributed sketches to the weeklies and especially to *Punch*. He complains, however, that newspaper writing spoils one for every other kind of writing. "I am unwilling," he says, "now more than ever to write letters to my friends and always find myself attempting to make a pert, cynical remark at the end of a sentence."

Thackeray was married in Paris in 1836 to Isabella Creagh Shawe, daughter of Colonel Matthew Shawe. He lost his heart to her when he heard her sing. However, the families had old-time Indian connections and the approaches were evidently not matrimonally difficult. About this time he had been appointed Paris correspondent of the *Constitutional*, an ultra-Liberal paper, in which his step-father, Major Carmichael-Smyth, had become interested, and it was on the strength of this post and its $2000 a year salary that he married. They lived in the Rue St. Augustin, and the "new street of the Little Fields" was close by with that restaurant so famed for its *Bouille-a-baisse*. It was a very happy marriage. "In 1838," says Mrs. Ritchie, "he wrote to my mother:

"Here have we been two years married and not a single unhappy day. Oh, I do bless God for all this happiness which He has given me. It is so great that I almost tremble for the future, except that I humbly hope (for what man is certain about his own weakness and wickedness) our love is strong enough to withstand any pressure from without, and as it is a gift greater than any fortune, is likewise one superior to poverty and sickness or any other worldly evil with which fortune may visit us. Let us pray, as I trust there is no harm, that none of these may come upon us; as the best and wisest Man in the world prayed that he might not be led into temptation. I think happiness is as good as prayers, and I feel in my heart a kind of overflowing thanksgiving which is quite too great to describe in writing. This kind of happiness is like a fine picture. You only see a little bit of it when you are close to the canvas; but go a little distance and you see how beautiful it is. I don't know that I shall have done much by coming away, except being so awfully glad to come back again." C.

In all cases of physical or mental exhaustion the use of a little Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey will be found invaluable as a stimulant.

THE NEW BOOKS
AS ISSUED
AT
ROBERTSON'S
126 POST ST.

SMALLEY ON JOURNALISM

Severe Strictures on Newspapers, with Some Advice to Reporters.

Among newspaper men something of a stir has been caused by George W. Smalley's "Notes on Journalism" in July *Harper's*. Few men in the literary profession have had as much experience as Smalley. In the broadest sense of the word he is a journalist. After representing the New York *Tribune* in London for many years, he was appointed American correspondent for the London *Times*, and while he may err on occasions on the side of conservatism, his mode of statement is invariably clear and intelligent—often elegant. It may be said at once that his attitude toward yellow journalism is strongly antagonistic, and he does not regard reporters with either the admiration or respect the members of that craft demand from their critics.

To commence with, Mr. Smalley does not advise young men to enter lightly on a journalistic career. He quotes Bismarck's answer to the ill fated Prince Alexander, who came to consult him—whether or not to accept the throne of Bulgaria. He replied, after a while, "Well, to have been a ruler of Bulgaria will always be an interesting souvenir." Beside this, he puts the remark of Thiers, who thought journalism a very good profession if one got out of it soon enough. However, the young man having chosen—the question is with his equipment. The idea that the newspaper man need know nothing, Mr. Smalley rejects—"there is no knowledge, no acquisition, no training that is not useful both to the beginner and to the practitioner of long service. As for abilities, he must have natural gifts to acquire distinction just as a man must who succeeds at law. But whoever would aspire to high place in journalism, Mr. Smalley advises not to commence as a reporter. The old maxim, "begin at the beginning," does not hold good in newspaperdom. The advantage of reporting is that it brings a man in contact with various forms of social and political existence, but whoever would become an editor must commence by editing. He must be able to write, must know how to express himself with lucidity, simplicity, directness. Ask the ordinary press man about the nature of reporting as an experience. He will tell you it gives one an unrivaled knowedge of human nature. Mr. Smalley admits this is true, but points out that the forms of life with which the reporter becomes acquainted are not those he needs to know. The attitude at which the sensational reporter approaches the ordinary citizen is not liable to win him that citizen's favor. To the young journalist who would go high in the profession Mr. Smalley says:

As a journalist or for the purpose of newsgathering, never go to see anybody.

2. Never ask a question.

Sometimes but rarely may these maxims be departed from. But they must be followed if the best sources of information would be made available; if the confidence of public men would be won. As to the functions of the great editor, Mr. Smalley thinks he must have *flair*, a keen sense for news and for other things. He must know what the public want to read about. His intuitions must be active and rapid, but his judgment requires great balance. In connection with the faculty of intuition Mr. Smalley tells a story about Delane, the editor of the London *Times*, that is well worth reproduction:

Lord Mayo, Viceroy of India, had been assassinated in 1872. The situation was critical, and there was extreme interest to know who was to be Lord Mayo's successor. Mr. Gladstone was then Prime Minister, and it was never easy to conjecture what Mr. Gladstone might do, especially where a personal question had to be taken into account—judgment of men not being Mr. Gladstone's strong point. Mr. Delane was a great diner-out. That was one way in which he came into contact with life, and in London there are few better ways for the purposes of general politics, and especially of high politics. He met at dinner Sir William Gull, then the leading physician of London. There was a discussion at table upon the effect of climate on constitutions. "By the way," said Sir William, "Lord Northbrook was asking me to-day whether I thought the climate of India would suit him. The subject dropped—no more was said. Mr. Delane drove straight to the *Times* office, and the *Times* next morning announced that Lord Northbrook had been appointed Viceroy of India. His sole authority was this casual remark at dinner. Lord Northbrook, who was then Under Secretary of War, had not been mentioned as a candidate for the post. To name him was something more than a splendid guess—it was an act of courage which success justified. How great a part courage plays in the conduct of a great journal is best known to those who conduct it. An editor might take Danton's maxim for his own—*de l'audace, et encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace.*

As to the power of the press, Mr. Smalley believes it has been dissipated by misuse. He quotes in support the action of a certain newspaper which sedulously attacked Cleveland's Secretary of the Treasury, John G. Carlisle, accusing him of innumerable sins and misdemeanors without imposing the slightest prejudice on the public mind. The action of the Senate in rejecting the Arbitration Treaty negotiated by Secretary Olney and Sir Julian Pauncefcte is also cited. Though the press of the country and public opinion both supported the measure, yet they failed to control or guide the Senate. Public men, he says, will admit that they have ceased, for the most part, to pay much attention to the press. Professor Butler of Columbia College declared recently that "the newspaper is fast losing its moral influence." Yet, Mr. Smalley believes, the journal which is honest, able, consistent, really in earnest, loyal to its own principles—such a journal still has authority, still wields an influence. C.

For more than a quarter of a century the famous old Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey has been the favorite with connoisseurs.

NEW BOOKS

Literary Farce-Comedy — A Charming Book of Child Stories.

Among the newest books is *The Child Who Will Never Grow Old*, by R. Douglas King (John Lane, publisher). It is made up of a series of child sketches, done with a real feeling, but harrowing in effect. The children of Mr. King are unfortunate darlings whose condition or fate the gods fail to smile on. Tonybaba, of the initial tale, is the dearest, manliest babe fiction has given us in an age. The talk with his father about the dog Bibi and the beauteous cat, his friend Johnny Jamieson and Lily, the girl with whom he and Johnny have fallen in love, is delightful. The child is so naive and charming, so tenderly, fascinatingly brave, that one is almost ready to weep over the catastrophe. "A Little Black Sheep" is a cruel picture of a neglected child, whose guardians are unjust and cold to him and tender to their own offspring. The merit of this volume is undeniable, and though the reading of it hurts, the skill and feeling of the rendering are undeniable.

The Londoners (H. S. Stone & Co.) is literary farce comedy. In it there is nothing to remind one of the R. S. Hitchens of *Flames* or *An Imaginative Man*. The elaborate fooling reminds one rather of the *Green Carnation*, though it is even more extravagant than that clever satire. The idea and execution are both delightfully absurd; the dialogue is quite on a par with the characters and conception—indeed, though it is fooling of the most exaggerated type, it is vastly entertaining. To imagine and write such a combination of Christmas pantomine and social satire, surely Mr. Hitchens must possess extraordinary versatility. The Bun Emperor is a joyous absurdity, and the lovely lady in love with the burly bucolic is another.

Don't Worry Nuggets (Ford, Howard & Hulbert), is a contribution to the great movement that seems to have had its beginning in certain books about "Happiness" by Horace Fletcher. To be happy, one must insist the condition actually exists. Worry is merely permitting the mind to dwell on the shady side of life or affairs. In this little volume Miss Pennington has gathered thoughts from the writings of Epictetus, Emerson, Browning and George Eliot, which are comforting contributions to the new theory of life. Emerson says: "For everything you have missed, you have gained something else." George Eliot declares: "I hold all indulgence of sadness that has the slightest tincture of discontent to be a grave delinquency." Browning says: "My business is not to re-make myself, but make the absolute best of what God made." A vast degree of good is being done by the movement, and one can imagine no better aid to it than the dissemination of *Don't Worry Nuggets*.

That John Kendrick Bangs posseses a form of humor is undeniable. It is a cross between the humor of Jerome K. Jerome and that of Mark Twain—rather more refined than the former, but lacking the latter's spontaneity. He goes at his fun as industriously as Bill Nye did, and being more intelligent than that worthy gentleman, obtains an effect that is worthy of being published in the humorous departments of *Harper's*. *Ghosts I Have Met* (Harper & Brothers) is intentionally funny—elaborately so, and whosoever cares for his humor that way cannot do better than invest in this volume.

The Story of a Play (Harper & Brothers) is W. D. Howell's last novel. The plot turns on a literary episode; the hero is a newspaperman with dramatic ideas married to a young woman who comes from a different and better station in life. An actor manager affords a contrast which brings out the difference between literary and stage ideals. The play is developed as the story proceeds, and the relations between the author and his wife change with its progress.

Memories of a Rear Admiral (Harper & Brothers), by S. R. Franklin, relates incidents of over fifty years' service in the American navy. As a Midshipman Admiral Franklin served with the men who had sailed with Hull and Decatur in 1812, and as a Captain he was with Farragut at Mobile Bay. Since then he has cruised in European and Asiatic waters, and the book is full of reminiscence and comment on society and affairs. It is well worth reading.

THE JULY MAGAZINES.

In *McClure's* the place of honor is given to a very catholic article about "President McKinley in War Times." The special significance of the article is pictorial. General Miles rehashes the Queen's Jubilee, and is very general in his comment on British soldiers, though his admiration for the spectacle they afforded is unbounded. "Rupert of Hentzau" ends sadly enough. The story is mechanical in tone and lacks the verve and lilt of the *Prisoner of Zenda*. Stephen Bonsall's account of the *Gussie* expedition is late; the episode was better done by Poultney Bigelow in *Harper's*. He makes laborious fun of that stupid enterprise, however. Henry Norman is rather more complimentary than important about America. He finds the feeling of the nation is against the old policy of isolation, and declares we are on the verge of inaugurating a colonial policy. The trend of events point to a combination of England and America in the Far East, and the object of the alliance will be to prevent the dismemberment of China and the preservation of her markets to the world's competition. Cleveland Moffett's description of the *Turbinia*, the fastest vessel afloat, is very readable and instructive in the right way—an excellent piece of journalism. As to the stories, Octave Thanet's is a good idea, but seems to be carelessly rendered. W. A. Fraser's "God and the Pagan" is a bad attempt on a Gilbert Parker motif.

The *Cosmopolitan* requires an editor. This magazine is dropping behind in the race. *McClure's* is far ahead in timeliness and interest and *Munsey's* is better illustrated and more consistently commonplace. The type and style of this magazine are excellent; the printing is good, but the stuff is cheap and there is no sense of timeliness or fertility in the selection of articles. One might forgive this if the fiction were good, but it is not. There has not been a first-class story in the *Cosmopolitan* this year. Take the fiction in the July number. "An Envoy Extraordinary" is a fanciful episode, while Julian Hawthorne's "Old and New Music" just misses. "Gloria Mundi" is a valuable feature, it is true, but nowadays a table of contents requires more than one good feature. Proprietor Walker had better plunge if he intends to keep up the prestige of his magazine.

The editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal* knows his business. His publication combines literature and patriotism, clothes, the kitchen and morality, in a melange admirably adapted to the commonplace taste. Out of it you may have entertainment and guidance; it tells you what to eat and wear, how to think and to behave, how to make dresses and curtesies. The July number has a set of pleasant tales about the President, who emerges a little tin god. There are other stories of slight account, and Lillian Bell's trip to Russia. Miss Bell writes here as though she were a spoilt child. She details with careful elaborateness the manner in which she made a photo of the Emperor of Russia, and yet the picture is not reproduced for us. Wherefore this omission, Editor Bok?

The *Book Buyer* is a bit less entertaining this month—I refer to the gossip department. Perhaps this is because all the young men of whom one might talk are off at the war. However, there is a readable article on George Bernard Shaw and an interesting review of the Lord Byron, together with notes on the recent books.

The *Outlook* is always well worth reading—be it the montly or the weekly. Its notes of the week are the best general comment on current affairs we have and affords business and professional men, who decline to take their politics or information from the dailies, a chance of keeping correctly posted. "Grant at Vicksburg," by General Fred Grant, and "Lowell and His Friends" are the features of the magazine number.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes, Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

Snow Balling.

About one young woman in ten nowadays would dare to run out bare headed and bare handed and frolic and snow ball in midwinter. They have to be muffled up like hot-house flowers before they dare venture out in severe weather, and even then would shudder at the thought of rollicking in the snow as their grandmothers did.

The trouble lies in the fact that too few women enjoy perfect health and strength of the special womanly organism. A woman who is not well and strong locally cannot enjoy good general health. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures all weakness and disease of the delicate and important organs concerned in wifehood and motherhood. It is the most perfect and scientific remedy ever devised for the peculiar ailments of women. It restores womanly power, strength and virility. It tones and builds up the nerves which have been shattered by suffering and disease. It corrects all irregularities and derangements and stops exhausting drains. It restores weak, nervous invalids to perfect health. It is intended for this one class of disorders and is good for no other. It is the discovery of Dr. R. V. Pierce, for thirty years chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y. No other known medicine can take its place.

"I have been troubled with female weakness that my physician called catarrh of the womb," writes Miss Tean Conner, of Catfish, Clarion Co., Pa. "I doctored for it and did not get better. At last I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I got better right along and when I had taken four bottles was cured. I recommended the 'Favorite Prescription' to a friend of mine. She has been using it and thinks it is wonderful."

Constipation is a little illness that if neglected builds a big one. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative and two a mild cathartic. They never gripe.

Parties who have cash to pay can get some wonderful bargains in pianos for the coming two weeks at Mauvais' music store, 769 Market street.

Co. C, Grangeville—J. W. Murphy.

Co. D, Moscow—E. Smith.

Idaho Buglers.

Co. F, Wardner—M. T. [illegible]

Co. G, Pocatello—W. B. Whittington.

Co. H, Boise—F. A. Penn

Idaho Band.

A DEBUTANTE'S DIARY

Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

Life, dearest Diary, rambles on in a careless insouciant fashion these warm July days, and as I lie in my hammock and lazily watch the errant clouds meandering over the heavens I am forced to wonder whether this search for pleasure is worth while, after all. Take the manner in which I spend my days for instance. In the morning I usually manage to arise to a late breakfast, or, if the spirit move me, get up sufficiently early for a wheel ride before the first repast of the day. Afterwards chat for a little while on the verandah with some of the girls, or else discuss Red Cross matters with the older ladies. By that time a lemonade seems the one thing needful and so we adjourn to the clubhouse; then I take up a book and betake myself to my hammock. After lunch a drive, perchance, if the weather be sufficiently cool, or if energetic enough, I play a game of tennis with some of the enthusiasts; afternoon tea or another lemonade follows. Some days we girls adjourn to the Hager's cottage and have a light collation and a gossip. A few mornings a week we take a French lesson, or, rather, as we prefer to call it, have a French conversation with a teacher. I occasionally twang a few notes on my guitar or practice my singing, but Mamma says my attemps at anything of the kind are rare as angels' visits. Towards four o'clock I either go on a wheeling or riding expedition, or if Mamma desires my company, drive her in our little phaeton. Then home to dress for dinner when life assumes a gayer aspect, for the men arrive.

But really, Diary, my dear, even in the gayest of summer resorts time is apt to hang heavily on oue's hands, especially during the day when we women are left to the tender mercies of our sex. Some of us spend much time and thought over our toilettes and I assure you that a few of the girls put in eight hours out of the twenty-four before their mirrors. As is usual, there is quite a little vanity and vexation of spirit among the different cliques, and a great deal of what seems to me unnecessary jealousy and heartburnings. But we make up for it in the evening, for we ride in the moonlight or arrange a driving or wheeling party to go to some of the neighboring resorts. Once or twice a week we make an evening call on the Berrys, the Kittles or the Dibblees, or some of the other residents of Ross Valley. Now and again some of the brighter spirits invite a dozen of us to Fairfax Villa and occasionally we dance in the ballroom of the hotel. Pleasure and pleasure only is our portion, and yet we are not content. Not one of the girls seem as happy as I am, and yet I must admit that even I, begin to feel the canker of discontent. Another girl who has a really sunny disposition is Alice Hager; I love to hear her talk, her voice is so musical. It seems to me that the Whittiers do more entertaining than any other people over here, and they always seem to make life one stream of gaiety. Larry Van Winkle is now here and exceedingly devoted to one of the debutantes. He is staying with his mother and sister at their cottage. Of the other men who help to brighten up things for us are Dr. Herbert Carolon, Everett N. Bee and my dear Clement Tobin. Clement and I go riding very frequently and he has given me some very useful points on the subject of how to manage a horse. Mr. Bee is one of the best equestrians here, and is excellent at cross country riding. I have arrived at the conclusion, however, that it is not always the best riders who carry off the prizes in the paper chases, but rather the reckless ones.

We were a little bit surprised at Eva Moody's engagement, for although I have frequently seen her with Mr. Breedon, I did not dream her betrothal would be the first announced in her family. Eva is an exceptionally sweet girl and so pretty. In a way I admire her more than her twin, as she is so vivacious, although May has a reposeful strength that is very attractive.

I believe they are making great preparations for the Fete in San Mateo, which is to take place on August 13th at Monta Robles, the home of the late Colonel Fred Crocker. Mrs. Easton will have charge of the affair, which is for the benefit of St. Matthews' Rectory there. All the San Mateo and Burlingame people are interested, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. Schwerin, Mrs. Green, Mrs. Beylard, Mrs. Ansel Easton, Mrs. Kruttschnitt and Mrs. Mills. The Presidio band is to furnish the music, and then are to have a Japanese tea-house and refreshments. They are also to have tables presided over by the various residents and all of us girls have been invited to take part. Aunt Carolyn has a table, at which Leila, Cousin Hilda, Cousin Jacqueline and I will assist. The Carolans, Mary Crocker, Miss Scott and the Misses Schussler will also help. There will be special trains and the guests will be conveyed to the grounds on the coaches of Joseph Grant, George Newhall and Walter Hobart. The house, which formerly belonged to the Willie Howards, is well worth a visit and is delightfully situated about half an hour's drive from the depot. And now, Diary dear, I must say adieu.

Your very stupid MISS CRICKET.

* *

It was announced some weeks ago that the management of the Hotel Rafael proposed having a Golf Links and had arranged for a competent coach, Mr. T. W. Tetley, of Coronado Beach, to lay out the grounds according to the dictates of the ancient and honorable laws of the game. On Tuesday last the new links, which are situated in Happy Valley, were opened with the ceremonies and great was the enthusiasm manifested. The location is admirable, the links abonnding in natural hazards and bunkers, and there is little doubt it will be a favorite gathering place of the guests of the San Rafael and of the residents. Quite a number of the young people assembled for the first game. Among them were: Mrs. Carroll, Mrs. P. Jarboe, Mrs. Arnold, the Misses Helen Dean, Barton, O'Connor and Morgan. There are some good players among the ladies, while for those who are not familiar, Mr. Tetley should prove a first-class instructor. The comfort of the players has been well looked after, for a tent has been pitched in the shade of one of the large trees which surround the links and all the creature comforts will be available there.

* *

At Burlingame last Sunday there must have been forty or fifty people at lunch on the clubhouse porch. Among the guests was Major-General Otis, who accompanied Major Rathbone. Though nothing very much is happening in the vicinity, the Country Club never in its palmiest days enjoyed a tithe of its present popularity. Every villa in the region has its occupants — round San Mateo there are no vacant homes. The Will Crockers have returned from their European tour; the Carolans are here again, and really the environment is regularly populated. This condition will be permanent, as the upbuilding of Burlingame will continue to proceed, even if the region is less of a gathering place for horsey youths. The membership of the Club is growing back to its erstwhile dimensions and peace and prosperity prevail. The only reason there is less polo this summer is because of the hardness of the ground. The field in which the game was played, after the protracted drought is in no condtiion for the game, and perforce, the enthusiasts have abandoned its delights for the time being.

* *

Santa Cruz is quite active this season. However, there is never any lack of amusements at this seaside city. One can enjoy bathing, fishing on the bay, picnicing at the Big Trees or investigating the beauties of Boulder Creek. This summer quite a number of people are stopping at the Bay State Villa.

* *

On Saturday night last a hop was given at Kenilworth Inn. This hotel is now filled and the guests are enjoying the season. Among the gnests there now are Mr. and Mrs. Veazie, Miss Margaret O'Callighan, Miss Reine Staten and Miss Corinne Lincoln. Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Auzerais, who have been guests at the hotel, have gone to Capitola for a brief stay.

* *

At Hotel Mount View Ross Valley, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. D. Graham are spending the summer.

* *

A very interesting wedding was that of Miss Lillian Rothschild, daughter of Mrs. Belle Rothschild and grandniece of Colonel Andrews, to Edward B. Laventhal of Los Angeles. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. M. S. Levy. Miss Hannah Laventhal acted as maid of honor and Mr. Isadore Laventhal was best man. Miss Rothschild is an exceeedingly popular and clever girl. She wore a beautiful gown of white silk mull trimmed with point and duchesse lace. After their honeymoon Mr. and Mrs. Laventhal will reside in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Byron Manzy and family have returned from a most delightful outing. They drove their own team and stopped at the various resorts, as well as visiting friends and relatives on the way—San Mateo, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Pacific Congress Springs and San Jose were the principal places visited.

Opportunity.

Hedged in, bound hand and foot by fate,
The days glide by and years are born.
Our seeming chance looms up, too late:
Illusive hope from time is shorn.

A change, one hour, events obscure,
A death, a birth, the winds that blow,
A moment's waiting to endure,
While buds of fortune swiftly grow.

A brighter sun, a careless glance;
Full-fair and red our roses bloom,
While half-afraid we seize our chance
And rise forever out of gloom.

—*Mrs. Douglas Adam.*

The Name.

Thou givest me no new name, and yet to me
Upon thy lips my old, old name is new:
Many have called me thus; yet none who drew
The color to my cheek, save only thee
Calling my name. Speak it but tenderly,
And lo? unsummoned tears o'ercloud the blue
Thou praisest in my eyes. Can it be true
In simple names there lurks deep sorcery?
Or steals my name its glory from thy lips?
Or hast thou in the old a new one sealed,
As in a shrine for my best gaze alone?—
So to the Chosen in th' Apocalypse
Was given a Name hid in a pure white stone,
To him alone by grace to be revealed!

—*Kathleen Haydn Green in N. Y. Tribune.*

History is being made these days with sufficient rapidity to satisfy the most exacting. The presumption is that future generations will look back upon this era and wonder what it was all like. However, the camera is doing its unerring work as a recorder. Some of the best pictures of the passing show are being obtained by Taber, who is making a specialty of war views for the present and future generations. The fine picture on the front page of the issue of July 2d. was made by Taber, though the customary credit was by accident omitted from the title.

A gentleman's drink, is the famous old Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey.

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

MOORE'S POISON OAK REMEDY
Cures Poison Oak and all Skin Diseases. Sold by all Druggists.

How She Took It

"I acknowledge that I belong to an inferior sex."

There are times in every man's life when, worn out with the strife, he momentarily gives up the battle and utterly capitulates. This is in in great part due to the secret, sneaking feeling that by suddenly throwing himself on the mercy of his opposite, by giving up everything, he may take her off her guard, and gain more in the end than by continuing to wage an unequal warfare.

It was this feeling that prompted Witherby to speak as he did.

"Yes," he continued, "while it is not easy for me to say so, I must acknowledge that it is true. When I opened my mail this morning and saw the number and numerical strength of the bills you had contracted last month, not knowing about them before, I was taken off my feet, and no doubt said many things to you that were cruel and unjust. Then it was that you reminded me of the promises and hopes I had given you before our marriage, and of the wholly inadequate manner with which they have been fulfilled. If, as you say, my income is not sufficient to allow you the common necessaries of life, then I am alone to blame, and it is not what you were led to expect. It is not always possible for a man to appreciate the broader views of life that a woman takes, or to understand all of the higher motives that actuate her in her sphere. Leading the narrow and circumscribed existence that I do, working all day in a poorly ventilated office, coming in contact with no broadening influences, mingling only with men of my own stamp, and arriving home at night too tired to receive from your presence that higher culture which you possess, it is no wonder that I often fail to understand or appreciate your aims and desires. I have no time to go to authors' readings, lectures, play golf, attend five-o'clock teas, or read aloud, and I know but too well that these things make up the difference which puts your sex on the higher plane. In my small way, I have endeavored to manage my income so that it might meet our wants without my getting into debt, and my timid nature has no doubt been unable to cope with the situation. Had I your mental grasp, I should have arisen to every emergeucy. My dear, it is all my fault. We men are not equal to you women, and we may as well say so. You have more opportuhity, and naturally know more about these things. I know now and feel most deeply that I am your inferior, and can only ask you to forgive me if I have offended you. There, are you satisfied?"

Mrs. Witherby eyed her penitent and color-struck husband for a moment with a look of mild displeasure.

"I suppose," she said, sternly, "that I shall have to be satisfied; but consider how much better it would have been, my dear, if you had only explained this before."

Tom Masson in Life.

A simple and effective remedy for diptheria has been used for many years past with great success by the negroes in the swamps of Louisiana. It is nothing but the juice of an unripe pineapple, which the patient should be forced to swallow. This fluid is of so pungent and corrosive a nature that it cuts out the diptheria mucus, and causes it to disappear. Not only piccaninnies, but also large numbers of white children have been cured by the use of this simple yet effective remedy. The corrosive nature of the juice is shown by the fact that if a person in good health happens to take the juice of a pineapple before the latter is ripe the mucous membrane of the throat is apt to become sore.

Moët & Chandon

White Seal (Grande Cuvee) is unsurpassed in quality, dryness and flavor.—*New York Times.*

Clearance Sale

Prices Greatly Reduced During the Summer Months on

ARTISTICALLY CARVED

Imported Furniture
French Cabinets
Odd Parlor Ornaments
Marble Statuary
and Art Ware

THE P. ROSSI CO.
117 Sutter Street
SAN FRANCISCO
Our own factories in Venice and Paris.

Naglee Brandy....

Vintage 1872
26 Years Old

PURITY GUARANTEED

In the original 25-gallon package, $87.50
Per case . . $18.00

Naglee Brandy Agency
Room 56
Crocker Building
San Francisco

FROM NATURE'S LABORATORY

California Cream of Lemon is a toilet preparation made entirely from the soluble substance of the whole lemon. The lemon is a natural skin food, cleanser and beautifier. Used in the bath, **Cream of Lemon** cleanses the skin quickly and thoroughly, and gives it a delightful clearness, velvety softness and suppleness. A natural skin-builder, it restores faded complexions, cures pimples and all other skin blemishes, prevents and cures tan and sunburn as well as chapped lips and hands. Used after shaving it immediately allays all irritation of the skin, prevents roughness and disease, and obviates the possibility of catching cold.

It retails at 15 cents. Ask your druggist for it. If he will not supply you, send 20 cents and we will send a three-ounce collapsible tube of Cream of Lemon prepaid to any address in the United States.

BALLOU & COSGROVE,
Sole Agents for the United States, San Diego, Cal
Most druggists sell it—all druggists should.

Heraldic Office

Crests, Coats-of-Arms, Book Plates designed and illuminated according to proper rules of Heraldry. Pedigrees and Family Records.

W. DEAKIN, Importer of Ancient and Modern Books.
226 Post Street, San Francisco,

At Byron Hot Springs

are many new additions to the hotel: a new dining-room — the finest in the State outside of San Francisco; new sleeping-rooms; the whole house brilliantly lighted with Acetylene gas — the brightest light known; a fine new swimming tank of ever-changing mineral water. The curative qualities of the hot mud and hot salt water baths are unequalled. Rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, gout, malaria, etc., etc., yield at once. Rates low. Only three hours' ride from San Francisco.

Address ALBERT BETTONS, Manager,
Byron Hot Springs, Contra Costa County, California.

Louis Roederer Champagne

HIGHEST GRADE IN THE WORLD
E. LA MONTAGNE & SONS
Sole Agents
45 Beaver St., New York

Three kinds, all of equal excellence:

BRUT
GOLD SEAL
A Perfectly Dry Wine

GRAND VIN SEC
BROWN SEAL
The Perfection of a Dry Wine

CARTE BLANCHE
WHITE SEAL
A Rich Wine

MACONDRAY & CO.
Sole Agents Pacific Coast
116 California Street

The Royal is the highest grade baking powder known. Actual tests show it goes one-third further than any other brand.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

SOCIETY AT ASCOT

An Aristocratic Gathering at the Races—Etiquette of the Royal Enclosure.

London, July 1.—To the American, and more especially to people brought up in California, the importance attached to the horse races in Europe is bound to cause surprise. Trained from earliest infancy to regard the man who "plays the races" as rapidly descending the road to ruin, we are accustomed to look upon this amusement as a particularly reprehensible form of gambling. On crossing the Atlantic, however, such puritanical prejudices receive a rude shock, for we not only find the powers that be attending the races, but not infrequently see them indulging in a little betting on their own account. Race meetings are the assembling grounds of the fashionables, for there the women have the most favorable opportunity of displaying the latest triumphs of millinery and of vieing one with the other in the magnificence of their toilettes.

Unlike the Paris season, which may be said to terminate with the Grand Prix, in London Ascot week heralds the gayer part of the season. Then the newest engagements are announced, the smart weddings celebrated and the really swell outdoor entertainments given. In early Victorian days, before the modern woman came into being, Ascot was the only race meeting graced by the presence of the gentler sex. Then this meet was the function of the year, and Queen Victoria and Prince Albert used to attend the races in state, the Royal procession of carriages on the occasion resembling a pageant. Nowadays we have changed all that, and the Prince and Princess of Wales generally drive over in semi-state, with the Princesses, and any other royal visitor, from wherever they may happen to be staying for the week. For the past few years these processions have lacked their customary eclat owing to the Court being in mourning. Last year they were more than ordinarily brilliant, as the postillions came out in all the gorgeousness of their scarlet liveries, and as each carriage had two postillions the effect was exceedingly striking. The procession is always headed by the Master of the Buckhounds, wearing the green uniform of his calling and makes directly for the royal inclosure, where the princely party takes up its quarters in the pavilion. This royal inclosure was at one time a most exclusive place, and only those persons who were received at Court were given tickets for it. The Master of the Buckhounds has the disposal of the tickets, and has thousands of applications. But the spirit of democracy has even penetrated its barriers, and this year the sacred ground was bohemian rather than aristocratic, for actors, singers, and a curious crowd of racing people jostled elbows with the royalties. The clothes, however, were conspicuously handsome. The Princess of Wales wore a pale mauve frock with a tablief trimming of cream white lace, and a small bonnet with a touch of yellow. Princess Christian was in pale gray, with a green and blue toque and a large blue parasol. Lady Dudley looked exquisite in a pale sulphurine voile, with bands of white satin at the neck and waist, and insertions of cream lace heading ruffles on both skirt and bodice. Her hat was of white tulle and chenille with a bird of paradise in black floating from one side. Her parasol matched her gown, being in sulphurine chiffon with insertion of white lace. Lady Craven was in pure white. She is very pretty, but so delicate looking and frail. One of the most gorgeous gowns was worn by Mrs. George Ballantine, in pervanche (periwinkle) blue gauze over white silk, with a touch of pink on bodice and sleeve. All the gowns with a slight alteration in the bodices were far more suitable for ball dresses than for the purpose for which they were worn. It was painful to see white satin and gauze as well as lovely laces being trailed over the ground. All the swell skirts have small trains, and the sleeves, as a general rule, stop at the elbow, which means long gloves.

The expense connected with the Ascot costumes is something phenomenal, as a smart woman must not only be provided with four gowns for the four days, but with dresses suitable for any kind of weather—thin diaphanous muslins or silks, or, if the weather be cloudy, smart cloth frocks. Then there are the hats and wraps, as well as the ever essential mackintosh. Many women turn the racing to account to pay their bills out of their winnings, and it is remarkable to see really quiet, demure looking matrons watching the race with the interest of a bookmaker or sporting man. A great deal was lost on the "Cup," as the race was won unexpectedly by a French horse Elf II, instead of by the favorite, "The Rush," who everyone thought would come in first.

There were numbers of house parties all around Ascot. The Duke of Portland had a party at Harewood Lodge, including his brother, Lord Henry Bentinck, and his wife (the beautiful daughter and heiress of Lord and Lady Bective). Lord Stanley and Lady Alice Stanley were at Cowarth. Lady Alice Stanley is the daughter of the late Duke of Manchester, whose widow is the present Duchess of Devonshire. And about her more anon. In the Stanley party were the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, Lady Isabel Stanley and Lord and Lady Wolverton. Another party consisted of Lady Georgiana Curzon, Mrs. Hwfa Williams—who gave the novel dinner dance—and Lady Norreys. Mr. and Mrs. William Grenfell entertained the Marquis of Londonderry and his family, of whom Lady Helen Stewart has been one of the London belles for the past several seasons. House parties are on the whole very charming affairs. The guests assemble in the evening; next morning they either play games or go on bicycling parties. At some houses there is a French breakfast at 12:30, after which all drive to the race course. Again others prefer to wait until between the first two races for luncheon, as there is little else to do at that time. After the races, the various parties return to the houses where they may be staying and go out riding in the park at Windsor, or else rest until it is time to prepare for one of the dinner parties which are part of the programme of an Ascot week.

It is certain that no engagement has given the gossips more food than that of the young Duke of Manchester and Miss Joan Wilson. The marriage has now been postponed until the autumn, and meantime the Duke is taking advantage of his position as prospective husband of an heiress and is going the pace at a rapid gait. He has been repairing and refurnishing his Irish manor—a tumble-down place called "Tandragee Castle"—and otherwise going in for extravagances. In the meantime his grandmother, the Duchess of Devonshire, is trying her best to break off the affair. She claims she is opposed to the Duke's marriage on account of his extreme youth, but the real truth of the matter is that Miss Wilson is not nearly so rich as was at first supposed, and without a rich wife Kimbotton Castle will have to remain closed. Between the young Duke and his grandmother, however, there is no love lost. He says she retained money not legally hers, whereas she deplores his extravagance and methods of life. The amusing part of it all is that the Duchess of Devonshire is a confirmed gambler and is ready to play anywhere and everywhere—be it poker, roulette or the races. When a young girl she, the daughter of an impecunious German Count, was wooed by the Dukes of Manchester and Devonshire (the latter then being Lord Hartington). She loved Hartington, but married Manchester after having had a quarrel with the former. After her marriage the Duke brought her to England, where everyone went wild over her beauty. She made her husband very miserable and ruined him by her extravagances and allowed Lord Hartington to follow her everywhere. When the Duke of Manchester died he decided in his will that should she re-marry the sum all fortune he left her, as well as her jewelry, should be forfeited. All this happened save, the present Duke affirms, that his grandmother kept certain sums. Now the Duchess has been whitewashed and has at length been even received by the Queen, who for a long time forbade her the Court. She retains remains of her former beauty and is marvellously made up, but she is an intriguant of the worst type, as possibly the Duke of Manchester and Miss Wilson may learn to their loss.

There have been three quite brilliant marriages celebrated recently, among them that of Lady Mary Byng and Comte de Mauny Talvande. Lady Mary has been for years a maid of honor to the queen, and her father, the Earl of Stafford, is one of her Majesty's equerries. The ceremony took place in the pretty new Catholic Church which has succeeded the old Spanish Place of former days. This is the first time one of the Queen's maids of honor has married a Frenchman, and also the first occasion when such an event has been celebrated in a Roman Catholic church. The wedding breakfast was also an immensely smart affair, and the Comte and Comtesse de Mauny Talvande went to the seat of the Dowager Countess of Stafford for their honeymoon.

The rumored betrothal of Princess Victoria of Wales and Lord Revelstoke is very generally discredited. In the first place, Lord Revelstock is only a peer of one generation, and is not sufficiently important in any way to make connection with him desirable. The English people were not particularly pleased with the alliance of Princess Louise and the Duke of Fife, on account of his connections, but they would never would tolerate a genuine parvenu. There is one Baring in New York, I believe, but he is not nearly so attractive as his titled brother. KATRIONA.

Pears'

People have no idea how crude and cruel soap can be.

It takes off dirt. So far, so good; but what else does it do?

It cuts the skin and frets the under-skin; makes redness and roughness and leads to worse. Not soap, but the alkali in it.

Pears' Soap has no free alkali in it. It neither reddens nor roughens the skin. It responds to water instantly; washes and rinses off in a twinkling; is as gentle as strong; and the after-effect is every way good.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

THE CONGRESSMAN'S VOTE

A Poker Game and its Consequences

In Washington just before the Credit Mobilier, gambling was general. Many important corporate measures were up before Congress and a powerful lobby was operating for results. Everyone had money, and poker games were going day and night. There were several prominent places where statesmen congregated to "buck the tiger," but the favorite rendezvous of men who wanted to ply big stakes was a modest looking house on Pennsylvania avenue, which looked for all the world a private residence. The proprietor, a well known gambler, conducted the place as a club, and no one could gain admission without a personal introduction from someone he knew and trusted. As is usual, the expenses of conducting the establishment were paid out of the "kitty," and inside everything was free to the guests. In this institution you could find all forms of play from a $5 or $10 limit game to a table stakes game in which you could get wagers to any amount.

Most statesmen play poker. A man who loves politics generally loves to gamble, and of this tendency the lobby made full use in its manipulation that session. There was never a whisper of foul play in the Pennsylvania avenue house, but by so-called legitimate means many a vote was won and thousands lost in the good cause of a particular bill. Just at that time there was a measure before the House in which some prominent corporations were deeply interested. The chairman of the committee to which the bill had been referred was a Western man of considerable ability and distinction, who for local reasons connected with his district, could have decided either way without compromising himself. He knew quite well, however, the forces aligned behind the scheme and, being conscientious, held it up. All efforts to reach him proved unavailing, and the manipulators were at their wits' end as to how he might be entrapped. This man, whom we will call Congressman Smith, had a subdued taste for poker, and one night, quite by chance, he was introduced at the Pennsylvania avenue club. He played a little, and his indulgence gave the lobby its cue. His undoing must be accomplished there.

The story resolves itself into the temptation of Smith. It was regularly planned and its execution entrusted to the head manipulator's most skillful aides. These were men of standing and influence, and they made adroit demonstrations of friendship for the Congressman. They it was who made up the game for him each night, and his moderate successes were due to their intentious. Though the victim played a fairly good game he was no match for the combination. Encouraged by his winnings the Congressman was soon led to playing. One night he won so heavily that at the conclusion of the game he had Jones' I. O. U. for over $7,000. Jones was the lobby's best man, and what he had to do was to meet Smith privately next day and hand him the money, and at the same time urge the passage of the bill they wanted. Of course, the money could not be considered in any sense a bribe, but Smith, in taking it, could not possibly refuse conversation. He could not be expected to know, and as a fact, he did not know, how easy it was for Jones to lose gracefully, since the money was furnished to him for the purpose. That plan failed. Though it was handled with masterly skill, Smith saw what was wanted and gently put the proposition aside. It became necessary then for the lobby to take the aggressive, and the undoing of the Congressman progressed a step further. There was no necessity for asking him to give Jones his revenge at the game, for the fever of play was on him, and he was at the club every night, looking for the opportunity that somebody was always ready to give him. It seemed almost pitiful to see a man of his talents and character fluttering like a moth around a flame that was almost certain to destroy him, but it was nobody's business to tell him what he ought to have known for himself.

For a time Smith's luck kept with him. He won continually in small sums, of all of which the lobby kept account. The snare had been set, however, and the last act of the tragedy came soon enough. Suddenly the Congressman's luck began to change and his anxiety to play was whetted rather than dulled by the fact. One night, soon afterwards, a game was organized. There were four players, and their table was in the big parlor. One of the quartet was a fellow Congressman who was not known to be interested in the scheme, and another was a Westerner, who had only been introduced at the club two or three nights before and had only played there once. The fourth man, of course, was Jones. The play went on for half an hour before anything serious happened. Occasionally there would be some pretty big bets, but they all won and lost so nearly even that no one was much ahead. Then to an outsider it became evident that each of the other three was playing for Smith's money, although Smith himself did not suspect anything of the sort. The play was straight enough, but three first-class players can bring any ordinary player to grief easily enough in a four-handed game without any crooked manipulation of the cards, if they work in concert, and Smith was soon losing heavily. The victim was coaxed along to a ten-dollar ante, with occasional bets of as much as five hundred. Then the manipulators knew they could reach his uttermost limit easily enough, for he couldn't have raised much over $12,000 in cash to save his life, without getting outside help somewhere.

Smith had four or five thousand with him in money, but when that was gone the rule of the place made it fatally easy for him to go on. He lost his head as the play proceeded and gave check after check in payment for more chips. The proprietor understood the performance well enough, and he took the checks with perfect readiness, knowing he would be protected. The Congressman bought again and again, keeping no memorandum, until he was in it for over ten thousand.

Then came the deciding hand. Straight flushes were not played in those days, so fours of any denomination made even a stronger hand than they do now, and Smith caught four eights. There isn't a poker player on earth who wouldn't look on that as a chance to recoup, and very few who wouldn't risk their pile on the chance. Smith did it anyhow and came to grief. He risked more than his pile, for, as it happened, the other Congressman held a good hand, too, and bet freely for a little while. Jones had four queens and scooped the pot. The Westerner wasn't in it. All the chips were in the center when Smith raised it a thousand, putting up a marker in the shape of an I. O. U., hastily scribbled. The other Congressman dropped out, and Jones came back with another thousand. Smith was fairly white, but he reached over and changed the figures on his I. O. U. from $1,000 to $4,000, saying quietly: "Two better."

"Two more than you," said Jones, just as quietly, laying four $1,000 bills on the table. And then there was dead silence in the room.

Smith paused. He seemed eager enough to go on with the play, but though he did not know, and could not stop just then to reckon how deeply he was dipped, he knew he was over his head. Moreover, four eights, strong as it was, was not an invincible hand, and his better sense urged him to call.

Finally he did, and when the showdown came, I thought for a moment he would faint. He rallied, however, and like the gallant fellow he was made some light remark with a half laugh as he rose from the table.

"I've got enough for to-night," he said, and the game was over.

The circumstances of the settlement were never divulged, but the bill was reported favorably by the committee within a week. After that Congressman Smith used to hang around the clubhouse more persistently than ever. As for Jones—Jones disappeared. His end had been achieved.—*New York Sun.*

Poodle Dog Restaurant, southeast corner of Grant avenue and Bush street. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone 429. Blanco & Bruno, proprietors.

The prompt and proper use of a pure stimulant has saved many a human life. The famous old Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey is the purest and best.

For health and strength: Damiana Bitters.

For fine custom-made Footwear, go to Dietle's, 235 Bush street.

Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist, 806 Market Street

DEWAS
Soch
Whiskies

owe their peculiar mellownes and delicacy of flavor to great age in wood. Connoisseurs unhesitatingly admit that DEWAR'S is the finest product of Scotch Stills.

PACIFIC COAST AGENTS
SHERWOOD & SHERWOOD
SAN FRANCISCO
PORTLAND LOS ANGELES

GERMEA

The Ideal Breakfast Dish

BARTLETT SPRINGS.

Spend your summer outing there and drink from the famous HEALTH-RESTORING SPRING.

Large Swimming Tank Mineral, Tub, Vapor and Roman Baths. Competent Masseurs.

Resident Physician : Advice Free

Many improvements. New Cottages. Bowling Alleys rebuilt. Bathhouse enlarged.

Only Resort Keeping Paid Orchestra

Danciug, Tennis, Bowling, Billiards, Croquet, Handball, Shuffleboard, Livery, and Burros for the Children.

Rates—Hotel and Hotel Cottages, $10 to $15 per week. Housekeeping Cottages, $3 to $7 per week.

Call or address BARTLETT SPRINGS COMPANY 22 Fourth street, San Francisco, or Bartlett Springs, Lake Couuty, Cal. Pamphlets mailed free.

Saratoga Springs
Lake Co Cal

Curative powers of springs and mineral baths unrivaled; sixteen varieties of waters; a most picturesque and charming climate: easy of access; telephone connections and daily mail; rates to suit all. Write J. MARTENS, Proprietor, or in San Francisco, 416 Pine street, F. A. BUSSE.

HOTEL DE REDWOOD

One of the most romantic and healthy resorts in the mountains. Fine Water, with Iron and Sulphur Springs. Rates, $8.00 per week up. Return tickets from San Francisco, $2.50, good for three months. For particulars, address M. S. COX, Laurel Station, Santa Cruz County, California.

Howard Springs
Lake County (Putah P. O.)

Hot aud cold mineral springs; hot steam and plunge baths of great healing power—will cure rheumatism, nervous diseases, kidney troubles, etc. Terms, $10 and $12 per week. Special rates to families Postoffice and Telephone. Round trip tickets, $10, at S. P. Office. Address MRS. R. J. BEEBY.

SEIGLER SPRINGS LAKE COUNTY

Abundance of mineral springs, hot and cold plunge baths, large swimming tank of mineral water, good trout fishing and huntiug. Round trip tickets at S. P. offices, $10. JOHN SPAULDING, Proprietor. J. WALLACE SPAULDING, Manager.

Dr. C. C. O'Donnell's Mineral Springs

Twenty completely-furnished five-room cottages in Glen Ellen, Sonoma Co.; good boating, fishing and hunting; finest summer resort aud mineral water for all diseases in America; camping ground and mineral water free. Apply to DR. C. C. O'DONNELL, 1206 Market street, San Francisco.

Highland Springs
LAKE COUNTY, CAL.

San Francisco Office, 316 Montgomery Street

Bay State Villa
SANTA CRUZ

First-Class Family Hotel. Fine view of Monterey Bay. Pleasant grounds. Two minutes from the beach. Table supplied with the very best the market affords. Send for circular. Address PETER CRINNION, Box 363, Santa Cruz, California.

Laurel Dell Lake

Increased facilities for comfort and pleasure; new dining-room; 130-foot lake frontage; new stable and livery; boating and bathing free. Terms—Cottages, $8 to $12; hotel, $10 to $12; new building at the lake, $12 to $14 per week. Route, S. F. and N. P. Railway; round trip, $9.50. Address H. WAMBOLD, Proprietor, Bertha P. O., Lake County, California. Telephoue conuections to all points.

Sea Beach Hotel
SANTA CRUZ, CALIFORNIA

NEW MANAGEMENT

A delightful seaside resort, only three hours' from San Francisco.

Surf and tank bathing, splendid salmon fishing, beautiful drives to the Big Trees, etc.

This hotel has been thoroughly renovated. It overlooks the ocean beach, and is but ten minutes from the ceutre of the city.

Our special feature is a GOOD TABLE.

Rates: $2.50 per day; $12.50 per week, upwards.

J. B. PEAKES, Proprietor.

Anderson Springs

Only natural mineral steam baths in Lake County, Hot sulphur and iron baths. Board, $8 to $14 per week. Baths free. Address J. ANDERSON, Anderson Springs, Middleton, Lake County, California.

Fare, San Francisco to Springs and return, reduced to $8. Call at the office of *The Traveler*, 20 Montgomery street, S. F., for full particulars.

HOTEL BENVENUE

Situated on the shore of Clear Lake. Fine, large grounds; special facilities for families and children; home cooking; boating; bathing and fishing; rates reasouable. Address FRANK and A. M. SCALES.

The Flagstaff Inn
BOATING, FISHING, BATHING

First-class family hotel. Bolinas, Marin County, Cal, Rates, $2 per day. Special rates by week or month. Telephone. Stage daily from San Rafael connects with North Pacific Coast Railway, 9:30, from San Francisco. Gasoline schooner twice a week from San Francisco. Agent for schoouer, PAUL KEYSER, 206 Clay street.

CARLSBAD!

The Mineral Springs are well known for marvelous cures, especially in cases of Stomach, Liver, Kidney and Bladder Affections. Good trout fishing and hunting. For particulars, write W. R. McGOVERN, Carlsbad, Lake County.

HARBIN HOT SULPHUR SPRINGS

Most wonderful waters; all kinds of skin diseases cured in marvelously short time; kidney, liver, catarrh, rheumatism and stomach troubles immediately relieved. Rates $10 to $18 per week. Long-distance telephone. Address J. A. HAYS, Proprietor, Lake County.

Lytton Springs
HOTEL AND COTTAGES

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

Thoroughly renovated and will be kept as a first-class resort. Accommodations for 150 guests. Located seventy miles north of San Francisco, in Sonoma County, on S. F. and N. P. R. R., one-half mile from depot. Cement walk to hotel. Bus meets all trains. Fine scenery, ample grounds, nice walks and drives, with shady nooks aud dales. We have our own milk, butter, fruit and vegetables. Lytton (Cal.) Seltzer aud Soda near the Hotel, Free to Guests. Open Summer and Winter. Rates, $2 per day and $8 to $12 50 per week. W. M. WARD, Manager.

PARAISO HOT SPRINGS

Monterey County, Cal.

THE CARLSBAD OF AMERICA

For health, rest, pleasure, climate, accommodations, scenery, flower beds, cleanliness, table, hot soda tub and plunge baths, hot sulphur tub and swimming tanks, massage treatment, special bathhouses for ladies and lady atteudant, hunting and fishing, children's playground, croquet, lawn tennis, and dance hall. For families Paraiso stands unsurpassed in the State. Plenty of enjoyment for young and old. Take train at Third and Townsend streets, San Francisco, 9 a.m., and at Oakland from First and Broadway at 9:10 a.m. daily for Soledad. Return-trip ticket $8, to be procured at the Southern Pacific office, 613 Market street, under Grand Hotel. Seven miles by stage. Telephone and postoffice.

For illustrated pamphlets aud special iuducements for 1898, address B. ROBERTSON, Lessee and Manager.

THE GEYSERS SONOMA COUNTY

Six hours from San Francisco. One of Nature's wonders. Grandest scenery. The Hotel an enchanting, embowered home. Croquet ground, tennis court, etc. Natural steam and mineral baths. Bathhouse remodeled—elegant porcelain tubs. Tepid swimming lake. New and inviting trails to interesting points. Table unsurpassed. Terms $10 to $15 per week; $2 and $2.50 per day. Long distance telephone, daily mail, and telegraph.

R. M. HORTON, Manager.

Hotel Belvedere

Opened for the Season May 1st

Belvedere, Cal. MRS. A. T. MOORE.

Kenilworth Inn.

A new and strictly first-class hotel. Steam heat, electric lights, running water in every room, billiards, croquet, tennis and shuffleboard. Saturday-night hops. One hour from San Francisco, in beautiful Mill Valley. Bus to and from trains.

W. E. VEAZIE, Proprietor.

Hotel Mount View

A Beautiful Summer Resort in Ross Valley, now open for guests. For terms and particulars, address MISS HUTCHISON, Ross Valley.

PALACE HOTEL
NAPA, CALIFORNIA

Strictly a Commercial aud Tourist Hotel. Special rates for families. G. W. BARKER, Manager.

EL PASO DE ROBLES SPRINGS HOTEL

Under New and Experienced Management

GREATEST HEALTH RESORT ON THE COAST!

Hot Mud and Sulphur Baths
New Hotel and Cottages

OTTO E. NEVER, Proprietor

PASO ROBLES, CAL.

DRINK PASO ROBLES SODA WATER

Hotel Rowardennan

Three hours from San Francisco. Round trip, $3. Advantages in boating, bathing, bowling, dancing, tennis, shuffleboard, etc., unsurpassed by any resort in the State.

Spacious fireplaces, in parlor, club and billiard rooms, serve, with electric lighting and hard finish throughout, to make accommodations perfect. The only first-class dance hall in the mountains. Dining room seats 260, and is provided with electric fans. Grounds natural and unlimited. One hour to Santa Cruz.

Personal supervision of the owner, THOMAS L. BELL, Ben Lomond.

Rates, weekly, $11 to $13.

HAYWARD'S PARK!

If you are seeking for a delightful and healthful resort for the summer months for your family, not so remote from town but that you can be with them without neglecting your business; if you are in search of a good table and comfortable sleeping apartments, only 1½ hours' travel from San Francisco, with half-hourly communication day and evening; if it is your wish to confine your summer's outing by a moderate outlay, your attention is directed to HAYWARDS PARK, at the Terminus of the Oakland, San Leandro and Haywards Electric Railway; or, if you are fond of tenting, here you will find a large number of commodious platforms arranged convenient to the hotel dining-room, on one of which you may erect your tent. A choice musical program is rendered every Sunday afternoon on the verandah of the Clubhouse. The cars of the company run into the Park. The monthly commutation rate is only $5; room and board, $8 per week; board for campers, $5 per week. Campers and roomers have the same service from attendants.

Address MRS. DORA SHANE,
Haywards Club House.

Deer Park Inn

Lake Tahoe, Cal.—A superb resort in the Sierras, 6507 feet elevation. Modern comforts, with wildness and grandeur on every side. Mineral springs, excellent table, and cordial hospitality. Trout fishing not excelled anywhere. Round trip, $13.50. City office, room 1, Flood Building.

THE SERVICE OF A HOTEL
THE COMFORTS OF A HOME

SUBSTANTIAL TABLE
QUIET HOME
SUNNY ROOMS
SUPERBLY FURNISHED

THE WESTMINSTER

614 SUTTER STREET

For those who appreciate Comfort and Attention

A QUIET HOME
CENTRALLY LOCATED

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL

SAN FRANCISCO

WM. B. HOOPER, MANAGER

Golden Eagle Hotel
Seventh and K Sts., Sacramento

First-class in every respect. All modern conveniences. Bus at every train. GRAY & TITUS, Props.

ONE DOLLAR

For Four Months
Subscription
to....

THE WAVE
THE WAVE

Will contain pictures of our troops and sailors in MANILA and CUBA

The Wave is the only Illustrated Weekly outside of New York!

Address SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT
"THE WAVE"
24 Montgomery Street, San Francisco

WHEN LEAVING THE THE CITY PLACE YOUR VALUABLES IN THE

Safe Deposit Vaults

OF THE
First National Bank
N. W. Cor. Bush and Sansome Sts.

EVERY POSSIBLE SAFEGUARD TO PROPERTY
REASONABLE RATES
PROMPT ATTENTION

Office Hours: 8 a.m. to 6 p.m.

KODAK AGENCY

Call and examine my '98 Models of Kodaks, Primos and other Cameras

Special Attention Given to Developing and Printing

H. B. Hosmer

538 Market St.
HOBART BUILDING
SAN FRANCISCO

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS
NOTICE NAME THUS Stewart Hartshorn ON LABEL AND GET THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

"Remember the Name!"

Certain individuals who do not patronize American industries
Run off with an idea that in order to get good wines they must use
European products, when there is no necessity for
So doing, and in these stirring and patriotic times of
To-day everybody should feel a keen interest in
American products which are of deserving merit,
Both for the reason that they are used
Largely among American citizens, and made by
Americans for American people in America
CRESTA BLANCA California Wines
BLANCA fair and impartial trial at your club or home
With anything of like cost from France.
Inasmuch as these wines have been acknowledged second to
None in comparison with goods from the
European countries, wherever exhibited, you
Surely are in favor of American goods.

WETMORE - BOWEN CO.
140 Montgomery Street San Francisco, Cal.

ELECTRIC..

Supplies
Construction
Repairs

CALIFORNIA
ELECTRICAL WORKS
409 MARKET STREET

Columbia Theatre
FRIEDLANDER, GOTTLOB & Co., Lessees and Mgrs.
Next Mouday, July 18th
THE FRAWLEY CO.
Presenting the Great Empire Theatre Success—
LIBERTY HALL
An original modern play in four acts, telling one of the prettiest love stories ever told on the stage
In preparatiou—"A Gallant Surrender"

Orpheum
Week commencing . . . . . Monday, July 18th
A Great Collection of New Stars!
Valmore, the Instrnmental Man
Jos. Hart & Carrie De Mar in "The Quiet Mr. Gay"
Wiltou & Stack, Premier Horizontal Bar Artists from Empire Theatre, London
Lorenz & Allen, Eccentric Comedians and Daucers
Coote & Kingsley, Farce-Comedy Artists
Mrs. Shaw and Daughters, Whistliug Prima Donnas
Fleurette, Terpsichorean Wonder
Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c.

Tivoli Opera House
MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING, Proprietor and Manager
Last Nights of Von Suppe's Favorite Opera
FATINITZA
Next Week—One Week Ouly—Planqnette's Popular Work
THE BELLS OF CORNEVILLE
A Reqnested Revival! A Perfect Prodnction!
In preparation—"Amorita," "The Goldeu Hen," "Beggar Student."
Popular Prices : : 25 and 50 cts.
Box office always open—No telephone.

Alcazar Theatre
FRED BELASCO, Lessee : MARK THALL, Manager
Telephoue Maiu 254
This Saturday aud Sunday and All Next Week
LEWIS MORRISON'S
Magnificent Spectacular Prodnction
FAUST
Seats now on sale—15c., 25c., 35c., 50c.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE — GOULD & CURRY SILVER MINING CO.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 7th day of July, 1898, an assessment (No. 84) of ten (10) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 69, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 8th day of August, 1898 will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 29th day of August, 1898, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. A. K. DURBROW, Secretary.

Office, room 69, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

THE THEATRES

Passing Comment on Contemporary Performances.

The presentation of "Faust" at the Alcazar has proved an immense success, the house being crowded beyond its seating capacity. Nothwithstanding the limited area of the stage, which is much against an effective setting of the piece, especially in the Brocken scene, the whole thing is remarkably well done, some very clever effects being produced by the manner in which the electric light is manipulated. Lewis Morrison as Mephistopheles is an admirable exhibition of acting made perfect by capable study and his peculiar fitness for the part. Florence Roberts as Marguerite is well suited to the role and shines especially in the jewel scene. At times she overacts a trifle perhaps, and is somewhat lacking in the repose needed to sustain the character with that graceful softness that belongs to it. Denithorne gives a creditable rendering of Faust and Mrs. Bates is at home in the character of Martha, while George Foster Plate is an intelligent Valentine. Taken throughout the entire production could hardly be improved upon. Such work augurs well for the new career on which this pretty little house has now fairly started.

* *

The Tivoli is doing admirably with its season of revivals of popular operas. This week "Fatanitza" has been given with great success, and next week Planquette's "The Bells of Corneville" has the boards. Elvia Crox will be the Serpolette; Helen Merrill, Germaine; Edna Elsemere, Marguerite Barre; John J. Rafael the Marquis of Corneville; W. H. West the Bailie, and Edwin Stevens, Gaspard, the miser. In the early future the Grand Opera season will begin. We are to have "La Boheme," "Manon Lescaut," "Falstaff" and many other important operas.

* *

As usual the show at the Orpheum this week is first rate. Among the best of the new attractions are Joseph Hart and Carrie De Mar in their farce "The Quiet Mr. Gay." It is a gay and airy work they offer and Miss De Mar's singing and dancing are capital. The second farce, "Supper for Two," enacted by Bert Coote and Julia Kingsley, is also bright and breezy. Fleurette is as dainty and clever as before and Mrs. Shaw and her daughters are as brilliant as ever.

* *

At the Columbia Theatre next week the Frawley Company will appear in "Liberty Hall." The story has to do with the winning of a penniless but haughty daughter of an English baronet by one of her own rank disguised as a commercial traveler. The principal roles will be entrusted to Edward M. Bell and Madeline Bouton, and, in the role of an old book-seller, Theodore Roberts will have an opportunity to do some fine character work.

* *

Four new acts are announced at the Orpheum this week. Wilton and Stack, who are credited with being about the cleverest horizontal bar performers in the world, have been brought all the way from the Empire Theatre, London. Mr. Stack is a native son, and during the few years that he has been away has attained fame as an athlete, aud with his partner, Mr. Wilton, does remarkable work. Gilbert and Goldie, another pair of California boys, have been gathering laurels in the Eastern vaudeville houses for the past year, and they return with new songs and witticisms. Irene Franklin is back with fresh songs and dances. Lorenz and Allen have never been seen here, but it is said they are very clever, their dancing being something quite out of the ordinary. The holdovers include Joseph Hart and Carrie De Mar, who have scored such a success, Bert Coote and Julie Kingsley in a very funny little farce, Mrs. Shaw and Daughters, the whistling prima donnas, and Fleurette, the clever little dancing maiden.

* *

"Faust" goes on a second week at the Alcazar.

A Plantation Farewell.

De plow stop iu de furrow,
En de mule is grazin' nigh;
Good bye ter Mister Cotton,
En Mister Co'n, good bye!

De bailiff jine de army,
De chillun gwine ter school;
Good bye ter Mister Mortgage,
Good bye ter Mister Mule!

I gwine 'long wid de army,
Ter take de Spgniel lan',
Wid "Horray!" fum de cap'n
En "Dixie" fum de ban'!

—Frank L. Stanjon in Chicago Times-Herald.

A word to the connoisseurs of the fragrant weed. Through the courtesy of Mr. George Marks, agent for Messrs. F. W. Felgner & Son Co., Baltimore, Md., we are able to announce that for a limited time each new and renewing subscriber to The Wave will receive free, post paid, from the well known firm of Goldberg, Bowen & Co. of this city, one two-ounce tin of Herbe de la Reine smoking tobacco. This tobacco is what is known in the tobacco world as bright cut Cavendish. It is made of carefully selected Virginia leaf—is entirely free from stalks or stems. Its bouquet and fragrant smoking qualities leave nothing to be desired.

An excellent remedy for insomnia will be found in the famous old Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey, taken at bedtime. Your druggist has it.

Dr. G. A. Danziger, Dentist, 22 Geary street

CITY OF PARIS...
DRY GOODS COMPANY

GENUINE REDUCTIONS
...IN...
MILLINERY

Never Before Offered in San Francisco for High Class Creations of the Best European Artists

UNTRIMMED HATS (First Floor)

FORMER PRICE		SALE PRICE
$. 75	ROUGH STRAW PHANTOM HATS, new shapes and shades	$ .25
1.50	MIXED AND ROUGH STRAW SAILORS, also new shapes in FRENCH CHIP and SATIN BRAIDED STRAW	.50
1.75	JAUNTY FRENCH SIDE FLARING CHIPS—Rough Satin Straw and English Turbans	.75
2.50	STYLISH FINE FRENCH CHIPS, with Mixed Fancy Braid Brims; also STYLISH SATIN STRAW BRAID POKE BONNETS	1.00
5.00	THIS SEASON'S PERFECT STYLE KNOX BLOCK HATS	2.50

TRIMMED HATS (Second Floor)

All new designs and exquisite effects, genteel and beautiful as the most refined could desire, comprising creations of CAROLINE REBOUX, ESTHER MEYER and RIBOT of PARIS and OUR OWN.

Former Prices .	$10	$12	$15	$25	$30	$35	$45	$50	$55, $60, $65
Sale Prices . .	$5	$6	$7.50	$12	$15	$17	$20	$25	$30

This method carries conviction that these goods are being disposed of

AT HALF PRICE!

Quality and Price put together are sure to convince all

MOURNING HATS AND BONNETS AT PRICES CUT IN TWAIN

City of Paris Dry Goods Co.
Southeast Corner of Geary and Stockton Streets
UNION SQUARE
ORDERS BY MAIL OR EXPRESS RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION

JOE POHEIM, THE TAILOR
Makes the best fitting clothes at 25 per cent less than any other house on the Paoific Coast. See Prices:

PANTS TO ORDER	SUITS TO ORDER
$3.50	$10.00
4.50	13.50
5.00	15.50
6.00	17.50
7.00	20.00
8.00	25.00
9.00	30.00

The firm of JOE POHEIM is the largest in the United States. Rules for self-measurement and samples of cloth sent free.
201 and 203 Montgomery St., cor. Bush.
844 & 846 Market St. 1110 & 1112 Market St.
SAN FRANCISCO.
485 Fourteenth St., Oakland. 603 & 605 K St., Sacramento.
143 South Spring St., Los Angeles.

THE LATEST STYLES IN
CHOICE WOOLENS
H. S. BRIDGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors
622 Market St. (up stairs) opp. Palace Hote
Bicycle and Golf Suits

GREENBAUM'S
White and Dark Violet
The Most Fashionable Perfume
Possesses the Odor of Fresh Violets
128 POST ST. UNDER BOHEMIAN CLUB

La Grande Laundry
TELEPHONE BUSH 21
23 POWELL STREET

CUTS FOR THE CAMPAIGN AT SPECIAL PRICES
YOSEMITE ENGRAVING COMPANY
24 MONTGOMERY ST.
TELEPHONE MAIN 5896
SAN FRANCISCO CAL

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF CHARLES BOURNIQUE, DECEASED.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Charles Bourique, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at Room 35, Chronicle Building, corner of Geary and Kearny streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE,
Administrator of the Estate of Charles Bourique Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, July 12, 1898.

J. D. SULLIVAN,
Attorney for Administrator.

THE CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION of California, No. 22 Sansome street, has declared, for the year ending June 30, 1898, a dividend of 6 per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, 7 per cent on one year term deposits, 10 per cent to Class "F" stock, and 12 per cent to Class "A" stock.

Dr. Ed. E. Hill, President.
Capt. Oliver Eldridge, Vice-Pres.
Wm. Corbin, Secretary.

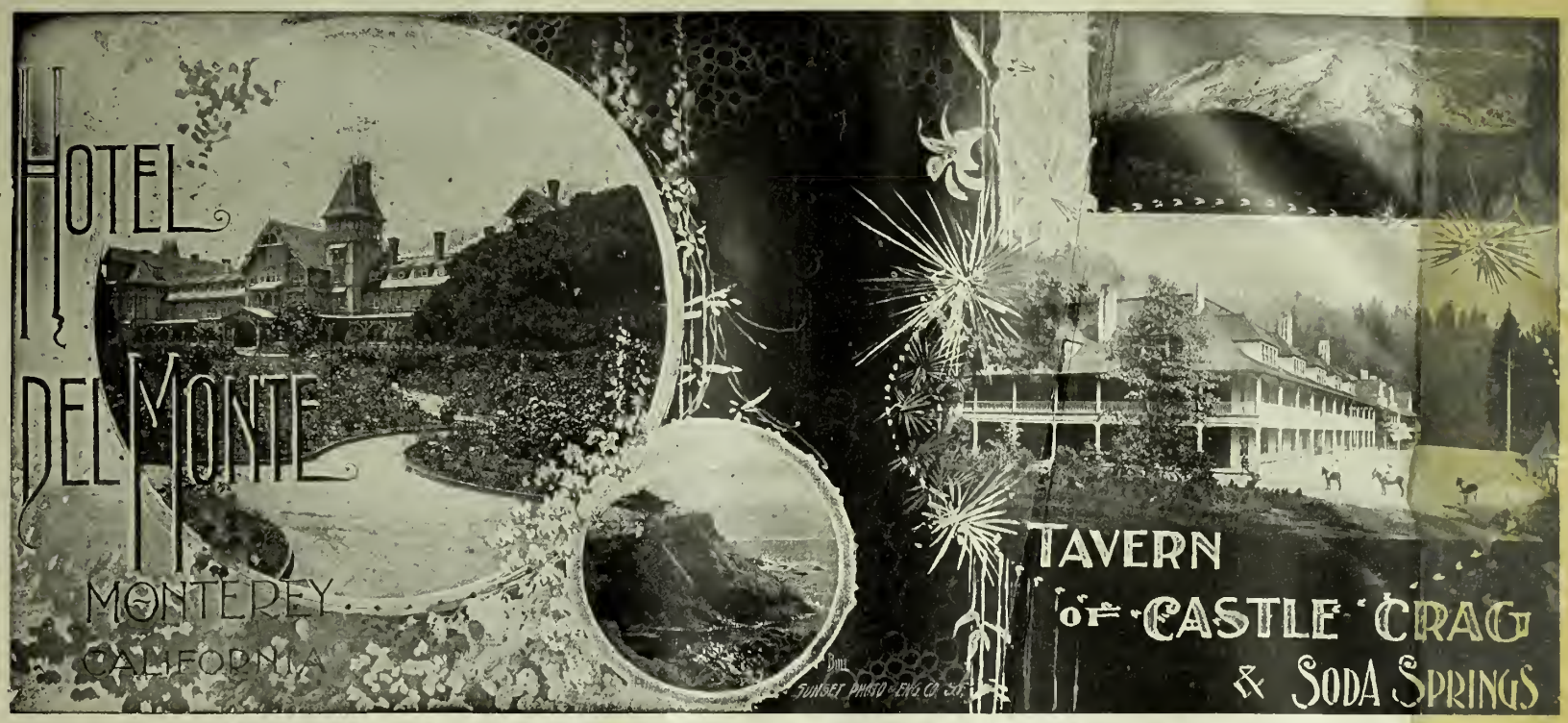
Two Famous Summer Resorts Representing the Mountains, Interior and Seashore OF CENTRAL CALIFORNIA

BOTH UNDER ONE MANAGEMENT, NOTED FOR ITS EFFICIENCY

HOTEL DEL MONTE

MONTEREY, CAL.

MAGNIFICENT SURROUNDINGS
WARM SALT WATER BATHING
EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN PLANS
FINE SERVICE
MODERATE CHARGES



TAVERN OF CASTLE CRAG AND SODA SPRINGS

Located in the Heart of the Famous Shasta Region, 320 miles from San Francisco — Elevation 2100 feet

REASONABLE RATES ∴ SUPERIOR ACCOMMODATIONS

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION, ADDRESS

GEORGE SCHONEWALD, MANAGER

HOTEL DEL MONTE, Monterey, Cal. TAVERN OF CASTLE CRAG, Castle Crag, Shasta Co Cal.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway wharf San Francisco.

For Alaskan ports, 10 a.m. June 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30; July 5; transfer at Seattle.

For Alaskan ports (from Folsom street wharf) 10 a. m. June 5, 26, July 17, Aug. 4, 25; transfer at Portland.

or B. C. and Puget Sound ports, 10 a.m. June 5, 10, 20, 25, 30; July 5, and every fifth day thereafter.

or Eureka, Humboldt Bay, 10 a.m. May June 1, 7, 19, 25, July 1, and every sixth day thereafter.

or Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a. m. e 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, July 4 and every fourth thereafter.

or San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, ta Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los eles), at 11 a.m. June 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, July 2 every fourth day thereafter.

or Mexican ports, 10 a. m. July 17.

or further information, obtain folder.

he company reserves the right to change, without vious notice, steamers, sailing dates, and hours of ng.

Ticket Office: 4 New Montgomery St (Palace Hotel)
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen. Agts.
10 Market Street, - San Francisco, Cal.

OCEANIC Steamship Company

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S. Mariposa, for Australia, Wednesday, Aug. 10 p.m. Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Cape- i, South Africa.

Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.
Freight Office 327 Market St.
. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO General Agents

anta Fe Route

SANTA FE PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY
61 Chronicle Building

EMOVAL NOTICE ! !

After July 1, 1808, the Freight and Passenger Offices of this company will be located at

628 MARKET ST.

JOHN L. TRUSLOW.
General Agent Passenger Department.
C. BUSH, General Agent Freight Department.

A. K. DAGGETT

ving or Deeds
all Legal Papers
ecialty

NOTARY PUBLIC
14 Montgomery St., S. F
Telephone 305

The War Cleverly Illustrated!

ONE DOLLAR

WILL BRING

"THE WAVE"

TO ANY ADDRESS IN THE UNITED STATES
FOR A TERM OF

FOUR MONTHS

Subscribe Now!

Address SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT
"THE WAVE"
24 Montgomery Street, San Francisco

BAJA CALIFORNIA

DAMIANA BITTERS

"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. (Send for Circular.)

NABER, ALFS & BRUNE, Agents
323-325 Market St., S. F.

BONESTELL & CO.

Dealers in PAPER
Fine Coated Papers a Specialty
401-403 SANSOME ST.,
San Francisco, Cal.

FRANKLIN K. LANE G. WHITFIELD LANE

LANE & LANE

Attorneys and Counselors
Removed to
1409-1412-1413 Claus Spreckels Building

Brushes

For barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bathhouses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candymakers, canners, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paperhangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

BUCHANAN BROS.
TEL. 5610 609 SACRAMENTO ST
BRUSH MANUFACTURERS

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California St., S. F.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....$2,135,820 60
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash..... 1,000,000 00
Deposits June 30, 1898.....26,486,987 06

OFFICERS

President, B. A. BECKER
First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER
Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN
Cashier, A. H. R SCHMIDT
Assistant Cashier, WM. HERRMANN
Secretary, GEORGE TOURNY
Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann, Ign. Stein hart, N. Van Bergen, E. Rhote, H. B. Russ, D. N. Walter and N. Ohlandt.
Attorney - W. S. Goodfellow

San Francisco Savings Union

532 CALIFORNIA ST.

Deposits July 1, 1898.....$23,356,130
Paid Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Reserve Fund..... 182,009
Contingent Fund..... 435,515

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

DIRECTORS

George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, George Tasheira, E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Oaklaud Real Estate, and Farms and Farming Lands in the country. Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.
No charge is made for pass book or entrance fee.
Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evening for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

...ings Bank of San Francisco

POST STREET

...Mechanics' Institute Buildin...

...ital, $1,000,000
Capital, $300,000

...President
...Vice-President
J... A. HOOPER, Vice-President
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier
... HOBSON, Assistant Cashier

...S—James D. Phelan, S. G. Murphy, John ..., James Moffitt, C. G. Hooker, Frank J. ..., L. P. Drexler, Robt. McElroy, Jos. D. Graut.

...terest paid on deposits.
Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks.
When opening accounts, send signature.

CONNECTICUT

FIRE INS. CO.

OF HARTFORD

Assets, $3,300,000. BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.
COLIN M. BOYD,
Agent for San Francisco
501 Montgomery Street

Thuringia Insurance Co.

OF ERFURT, GERMANY

Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248

PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT
204-208 Sansome Street, San Francisco
VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL Building and Loan Ass'n of California

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and Gen. Manager.
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

Main Office, 510 Montgomery St.
SAN FRANCISCO
Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper Information
Advance Reports on all Contract Work
Telephone Main 1042

United States Laundry

Office 1004 Market St.

TELEPHONE SOUTH 420

NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

A lieutenant of these "reservists," bursting with importance, calls out to a passing soldier: "Hi, there! Barber! Barber! Send me the barber!" "Yes, sir—yes, lieutenant," says the soldier, saluting, and starting off at a run. Presently another soldier arrives, and salutes the lieutenant. "Barber—eh?" says the lieutenant. "Y-yes, sir." "Then take my razor and things here and shave me quickly." "But, lieutenant——" "No 'buts' about it! I tell you to shave me!" "I'm afraid, lieutenant——" "What business have you to be afraid? I tell you to shave me right off!" The soldier seizes the razor, and at the first movement cuts the lieutenant badly on the cheek. "Blockhead! Scoundrel!" shouts the officer. "Don't you know how to shave any better than that?" "No, sir; I——" "You what? "Aren't you the company barber?" "No, sir, I'm not a barber at all—only my name's Barber, sir—I play the fife in the band, sir!"

A famous Irish actor of the last century, named John Moody, early in life, before he went on the stage, had been to Jamaica, and worked his passage home as a sailor before the mast. One night, some time after he had been engaged at Drury Lane, when he was acting Stephano in "The Tempest," a sailor in the front row of the pit got up, and standing upon the seat, halloed out: "What cheer, Jack Moody; what cheer, messmate?" This unexpected address rather astonished the audience. Moody, however, stepped forward, and, recognizing the man, called out: "Tom Hullet, keep your jawking tacks aboard; don't disturb the crew and passengers. When the show is over make sail for the stage door, and we'll finish the evening over a jug of punch; but till then, Tom, keep your locker shut." Moody, it is related, was as good as his word.

At the International Exhibition in London, Whistler, who organized the show, is the great attraction. A Scotchman dropped into the show one day and stopped before the remarkable portrait which the artist has made of himself. Whistler was standing by, and the Scot addressed him: "It's like my ain brother," he said, "an' I'd like to purchase, if the price isna too much." He was told the price—$2500. After a long interval the astonished Caledonian turned to the painter and said: "A weel, I suppose ye have a perteekler desire to keep this picture, wherefore ye name this redeekulous feegur of $2500. But ye kin easily do anither, and I wouldn't mind giving ye $50 cash. Come now, is it a go?"

There was an amusing incident in the House of Commons recently. The debate in Committee on the Irish Local Government Bill had been proceeding quietly and smoothly until, without warning, the somnolent members were suddenly confronted with Mr. T. M. Healy's "missing word" puzzle. In his own emphatic manner he wanted to demonstrate that he did not care a fig or a button for some of the arguments advanced against him. But, after saying, "I don't care a—a—a——" he judiciously selected the word "dump," and thus got out of a palpable difficulty, amid peals of laughter.

Two small boys, walking down Broadway, passed a cigar store. The bigger boy remarked: "I say, Bill, I've got a cent, and if you've got one, too, we'll have a good cigar between us." Bill produced his copper, and Tommy, diving into the store, promptly reappeared with a cigar in his mouth. The boys walked side by side for a few minutes, when the smaller mildly said: "I say, Tom when am I to have a puff? The smoke's half mine." "Oh, you shut up," was the business-like reply. "I'm the President of this company, and you are only a stockholder. You can spit."

In the House of Commons there is a member who is especially obnoxious to the Chancellor of the Exchecquer, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. A little fussy, a little sanctimonious, a little of a bore, the member went in to indignantly remonstrate with Sir Michael over some real or fancied wrong. He came out looking pale and aghast, and, having no time to collect his thoughts, blurted out: "Well, I have been insulted before, but this is the first time in my life that anybody has called me a d——d canting solicitor!"

One of the most remarkable features of life in New South Wales is the transformation of criminals into hard-working citizens. Of the thirty thousand settlers there in 1821, twenty thousand were, or had been, convicts It is said that on board an ocean steamer a boastful Australian asserted loudly and over and over again that "the men who settled in Australia were a remarkably sensible lot." "Yes," said a fellow-passenger quietly; "I have always understood that they were sent out by the very best judges!"

A Scottish minister, who was indefatigable in looking up his flock, one day waited upon a parishioner and said to him: "Richard, I hae na seen ye at the kirk for some time, and wad like to know the reason." "Weel, sir," answered Richard, "I hae three decided objections to goin'. Firstly, I dinna believe in being whaur yin daes a' the talkin'; secondly, I dinna believe in sae muckle singin; an', thirdly, an' in conclusion, 'twas there I got my wife." The minister was dumb.

A French painter one day visited the Salon in Paris in company with a friend who was a member of the Committee of Selection, and who had been instrumental in securing the acceptance of the painter's work by the Committee. When the artist came near his picture he exclaimed excitedly: "Good gracious, you're exhibiting my picture the wrong side up!" "Hush," was the reply of his friend—"the Committee refused it the other way!"

PALACE AND GRAND HOTELS

Now Under One Management

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1400 rooms—900 with bath

Rooms, $1.00 and upward Room and Meals, $3.00 and upward

A beautifully illustrated book, containing floor plans and rate card can be had for the asking. JOHN C. KIRKPATRICK, Manager.

573-579 Market Street, San Francisco | R. H. PEASE, Vice-President and Manager | 73 and 75 First Street, Portland, Ore.

REPSOLD SELECT VINTAGE REGISTERED BRAND

OF ALL OLD WINES
REPSOLD'S OUTSHINES
WHEN AN EPICURE DINES

THIS BRAND OF WINE IS SOLD AT ALL FIRST CLASS HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS

Office, 416 Pine Street

Professional and Amateur Photographers of the Pacific Coast will please remember that we carry the LARGEST AND FINEST STOCK OF

Cameras and Photo Goods

IN THIS MARKET

CALIFORNIA CAMERA COMPANY

Headquarters for VELOX PAPER
Send stamp for New Price List.
CALIFORNIA CAMERA CO.
22 GEARY ST., SAN FRANCISCO
When you write, please mention "The Wave"

THE UNAPPROACHABLE COLDNESS
...OF...
THE Alaska REFRIGERATORS
HAS WON FOR THEM
MANY WARM FRIENDS!

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.
Pacific Coast Agents
309 to 317 Market Street, San Francisco

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

Irving Institute

Select Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies
2126 California St., San Francisco
Accredited to the Universities. Seminary and Full Conservatory of Music. Primary Department for Children. A carriage will call. For further information, address the Principal,
REV. EDWARD B. CHURCH, A.M.

Trinity School

A Boarding and Day School for Boys and Young Men
Christmas Session Opens First Monday in August
An Accredited School with the University of California and the Leland Stanford Jr. University. A Corps of Eleven Teachers. REV. DR. SPALDING, Rector, 3300 Washington street, San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson's Academy

1427 Franklin St., near Post
...opens August 1, 1898. English, French, German and Spanish Boarding and Day School. Begins with kindergarten and prepares for universities, business and society. Drawing and painting. Cultured home training. Excellent table. $30.00 per month. Music in all its branches, if desired, extra.

KLONDYKE BOATS and SLEDS

Or any other style of Boat, Yacht, Steam or Gasoline Launch on hand and built to order....

SAN FRANCISCO LAUNCH CO.
Office & works, Foot of Stockton St. Phone Red 157

MRS. M. E. PERLEY MRS. S. V. CULL

DECORATIVE KERAMIC ART STUDIO

215 Post Street
All Branches of China Painting Taught
Morning Class: Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, from 9 a. m. to 12 m. Afternoon Class: Daily from 1:30 to 4:30. Lessons $1 each. Private Lesson $1.50 each. TRY OUR ROMAN GOLD.
Telephone Graut 43

Beware of Imitations
This is a fac simile of the package
Genuine Diamond "L" Tea
Pure and Uncolored
E. L. G. STEELE & CO.
208 California St., S. F.
For sale by all grocers

ONE POUND FINEST JAPAN YOUNG HYSON
PACKED FOR CALIFORNIA LIMITED SAN FRANCISCO BY WILSON ALLEN YOKOHAMA

Centennial Stable

Boarding and Livery
Carriages, Broughams, Victorias, etc. First-Class in every respect
1521-1523-1525 California Street
Bet. Polk and Larkin
Telephone East 378 M. CONLON, Proprietor

COTTON SAIL DUCK

22-inch, in all numbers. Medium, Soft and Hard
ALSO
Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks
From 30 to 120 inches wide
Monumental and Imperial Ounce Duck
Manufactured by Murphy, Grant & Co.
Mount Vernon Company Pacific Coast Sole Agents
Baltimore

This Paper not
to be taken from
the Library.

THE WAV

VOL. XVIII. No. 4 SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 23, 1898 PRIC

Col. Fisher, N. G. Hawaii — Chief Justice Judd (in white) — Brig.-Gen. McArthur — Minister Sewell — Lieut.-Col. Soper, N. G. H. — Minister of Interior Cooper

THE THIRD MANILA EXPEDITION

A GROUP OF NOTABLES ON THE VERANDA OF THE KING'S PALACE AT HONOLULU

PHOTO BY DAVEY, HONOLULU

IE WAVE

.turday at The Wave Building, 24 Mont- ncisco.

Office as second-class matter.

year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three gn subscription (countries in postal Sample copies free on application.

d by the San Francisco News Company, of the Rocky Mountains by the American York.

n file and is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Ave- s, France; 31 Union Square, New York nia Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 206 cago.

es and on all other matters pertaining to s H. C. Boyd, 24 Montgomery street, San to country business, address Trevor Corry ontgomery street.

tive, D. M. Foltz, 34 Park Row, New York.

VE PUBLISHING COMPANY

PROPRIETORS

RANCISCO, JULY 23, 1898

CONTENTS

	2
Boswell Jr.	3
	4
by Robert Porter	5
ment	6
by Spenser Masters	6
teristics and Trade	6
	7
vaiian Islands	8
n to Manila	9
s Society	10–11
	12
	13
	13
lunteers	14
y Katriona	15
le	15
	16
on: a Review by C.	18
	20

GUBERNATORIAL CAMPAIGN.

.he present outlook it does not appear possible that nry T. Gage will receive the nomination for Gover- the hands of the Republican State Convention. In human probability the southern portion of the State will send to Sacramento a delegation pledged to a Governor from the North and a Senator from the South. Even though he succeed, by manipulation, in obtaining the Los Angeles delegation, there will go up such a protest from the people of the South that no convention on earth dare nominate him. The gentlemen who have imagined the Gage conspiracy possible must either be hopelessly ignorant or stupidly indifferent to public sentiment. In seeking to secure the nomination and election of that gentleman they are not only opposed by the people of the South, but by every other Gubernatorial candidate as well. The South has no candidate for Governor, the North has many, and from among the latter will doubtless be selected our next Governor.

Over in Alameda County the contest between ex-Mayors Davis and Pardee and Secretary of State L. H. Brown will in all probability result in dividing the Alameda County delegation. Each of these gentlemen is possessed of certain elements of strength, and each has a following confident of victory. All three of the Alameda candidates have friends south of Tehachapi and elsewhere throughout the State, but a cold analysis of the situation scarcely encourages hope among their practical friends that either will be able to secure a solid trading delegation from Alameda County. Without such a delegation the fight would be hopeless, and even the possession of it would not necessarily mean victory.

Mr. M. M. Estee, so Rumor has it, is likely to be a candidate for the nomination The first effect of this announcement is to produce an incredulous smile, but for once in Mr. Estee's career, he is being seriously discussed by a large element of the community that usually votes as a unit. Without prejudice, it is our firm conviction that Mr. Estee, if nominated, would be badly beaten. Conceding that one of the shelved political bosses counted him out at the last election, he ran behind his ticket many thousand votes in the interior of the State, and if elected, it was by a ridiculously small majority.

Judge Fitzgerald may be said to be practically out of the fight. It is possible he or his friends will endeavor to put him forward as a "dark horse" for the United States Senate upon the theory that he would make a Senator from the North who would satisfy the people of the South. The plan will fail. Judge Fitzgerald's political opportunity has gone by. He cannot afford to get the reputation of being a perennial candidate for every office in sight. He is too big a man to indulge in or permit his friends to indulge in small politics for large offices. The political aspirant who always has a lightning rod up, and is continually getting in the way of other people, is apt to slide downward—not to climb.

George Knight is another attorney who is talked of for the Governorship. He would not be averse to being United States Senator either. If Mr. Knight should secure the nomiuation he would make a good run, but the chosing of him would come from the machine, not the people, and grow out of a trade of which the public are not advised. Senator Thos. Flint, Jr., of San Juan, is by birth a Californian, a farmer by occupation, a graduate of Dartmouth College, and Grand Master of the Order of Masons. In time of service he is the oldest member of the State Legislature, having been repeatedly elected from a Democratic district. In his own district Mr. Flint will have a solid delegation. If we were called upon to name the candidate who would produce the least internal party friction and who would grow stronger each day before the people, we would name Mr. Flint.

This list includes every candidate who, at present writing, is prominent in the race for gubernatorial honors, and fairly presents their standing. If two of the Alameda county candidates would withdraw and leave the field to the third another story might be written, but such a happening is out of the question. It is claimed, and possibly with truth behind it, that Mr. Pardee will carry the greater portion of his county. The practical politician understauds that the outcome in Alameda depends very much upon the manner delegates are chosen. Assembly district primaries in Los Angeles county are intended to assist Mr. Gage. In Alameda they will benefit Mr. Davis. An old-fashioned county convention in Los Angeles county would of a certainty bury Mr. Gage beyond all hope of resurrection.

It is time for the press and people of the north to consider their second choice for Governor, and settle upon it before the machine has an opportunity to name the man.

THE PROBLEM IN THE PHILIPPINES.

When the war is ended, the United States will be in possession of all the colonies of Spain. In the Orient we shall have the Ladrones, the Carolines and the Philippines, and in our own waters Cuba and Porto Rico. The undertaking of Congress renders it necessary that the destinies of the Pearl of the Antilles be surrendered to a Cuban Government, but we are free to retain, if we can, possession of the other islands as legitimate spoils of war. Negotiations between nations at which the rewards of victory are apportioned are not conducted without intermediaries, and it is certain a conference of the Powers will be summoned by Spain to pass upon the terms of peace. At the close of the China-Japanese embroglio Russia interposed between victor and vanquished, and quietly appropriated not only the winnings of the conqueror but limited the amount of his indemnity. The thwarted Japanese raged and fumed, but they were powerless agaiust the aggression of Russia, backed by the navy of France, and succumbed perforce, investing their millions in battleships and cruisers for future emergencies.

When the Ministers who rule Spanish destinies believe it is safe to commence negotiations for peace, the opportunity will be afforded Germany, France, Russia and Japan to intervene for their own aggrandizement. Elated by the success of his policy at Kiao-Chow the Kaiser will attempt to trade to Spain his influence in the council for an island or a coaling station in the Philippines. The millions of Spanish bonds held by French capitalists determine in advance the sympathies of France. Her representative will see to it that the security of Spain is not diminished by the loss of all her colonies, but the ruling factor in Gallic policy will be the authority of her Russian ally, whose far-seeing diplomacy will be so directed as to preserve the *status quo* in the Orient. If the retention of Manila by our Government would seem to strengthen the hand of England in China, inevitably the Czar's Minister may be depended on to favor the hope of Spain to retain her misgoverned colony. This attitude would have the Kaiser's aid, of course after due bargaining and trafficking. The presence of the German fleet in Manila harbor is undoubtedly animated by some such expectation, and William III may be counted on as a factor antagonistic to our interests in the forthcoming deal with the enemy. However, we are not to be terrorized or cheated as Japan was, and the Kaiser will learn to his sorrow the cost of raising the temper of this nation, as he seems bent on doing by his interference.

That England is anxious for the United States to retain the city which Dewey's fleet won is readily understood. Her policy is the "open door" in China, aud our trade interests in the Mongolian Empire accord with her own. The colonies of France and Germany and Russia are sacred to the manufacturers of those countries. Insurmountable tariff restrictions preclude the competition of foreigners. The trade of America with China is growing in importance. Every year, as that nation developes in civilization, we may hope to find better markets for our finer products. But we need not expect to sell our goods in Manchuria, which is virtually Russian, or in Kwangtung, which is German, or in the territory of the south, which France has possessed herself of.

For many years our American manufacturers have been satisfied to supply the necessities of their countrymen. Through the development of plants and the improvement of methods and machinery, however, there has come an enormous increase in production, and the consequence is we have become a competitor nation, and our exports are only second to those of England. It is essential, if we are to dispose of this surplus, that the markets of the world remain open to us, and we can no longer remain indifferent to the territorial contentions which engage the attention of our European rivals. The Philippines must prove to the nation that fiually obtains them a possession of great intrinsic importance, for the natural resources of the islands are not only of great value, but Manila may be made the commercial key of the Orient. If it so happens that Germany returns from the scramble with the prize, it is certain Manila will within a decade be more populous than Singapore, and its control will mean millions to to the fatherland. If we remain its master, we may expect to build up a wealthy community and to enhance enormously the consumption of American goods throughout China, India and the East. Will the arguments of the statesmen who oppose expansion weigh against the necessities of our manufacturers for new markets? It is true we are safer by adhering to the Washington policy of isolation, but we are also poorer. The situation of affairs that existed before the war has ended, and for all time the United States must be counted a factor in the world's problems. A great army and a greater navy are among the burdens of the future—why not accept our situation, and with its responsibilities take full advantage of an opportunity that will give us prestige in the Orient and greatly increase our national wealth.

THE NEW BANKRUPTCY LAW.

After the lapse of several years spent in efforts to frame a national bankruptcy law, Congress has finally passed "An Act to Establish a Uniform System of Bankruptcy Throughout the United States," which went into effect on July 1st. No petition, however, for voluntary bankruptcy is to be filed within one month, nor any for involuntary bankruptcy within four months of that date. Proceedings commenced under State insolvency laws before the same date are not to be affected thereby. The new Federal law thus supersedes the State law, and there is a general feeling throughout the country that this will be followed by beneficial results.

Ou three previous occasions statutes relating to insolvency procedure have been passed by Congress, the last of these in the year 1867, this being subsequently repealed in 1879. The objection to that measure was the great expense attached to the liquidation of bankrupt estates dealt with thereunder, and the new law is so drafted as to remedy this particular defect. Under the law of this State the percentage accruing to the trustee of the bankruptcy was fixed at 7 per cent. on the first $1,000 realized, 5 per cent. on the next $9,0000 and 4 per cent. on anything realized over $10,000. Under the new Federal law this officer will be entitled to 3 per cent. on the first $5,000 or less paid in dividends, 2 per cent. on the second $5,000, and 1 per cent. on any amount beyond $10,000. It should be specially noted that whereas the basis on which the trustee's remuneration was calculated under the State law was the amount realized by sales and collection of assets, under the Federal law just passed he will be paid in proportion to the dividends received by the creditors; and then on a much lower scale of percentages. The full significance of this revision can readily be appreciated when it is mentioned that the average dividend paid to creditors in something less than four thousand bankruptcy cases recorded in the office of the County Clerk of San Francisco, since the passing of the State Insolvency Act in 1880, does not exceed 20 cents on the dollar.

Under the law of the State it was an act of bankruptcy for a debtor to suffer his property to remain uuder attachment for a period of three days. This has been the most common offence leading to insolvency proceedings. Under the national law the debtor will not be liable in this respect. And whereas the joint petition of five creditors is required by State law, the Federal statute is satisfied with that of three only representing claims of $500 in the aggregate, or, if there are only twelve creditors altogether, the petition of one having a claim of not less than $500 will suffice. According to the new law any person, not a wage-earner or farmer, owing debts to the amount of $1000 or more, may be adjudged an involuntary bankrupt, while any person who owes debts will be entitled to the benefits of the act as a voluntary bankrupt. The stipulations with regard to corporations are somewhat different. Composition, if acceptable to a majority of creditors in number and amount and approved by the court, will secure a dismissal of the case; and the bankrupt's discharge from his debts. The exemptions allowed to bankrupts will be those prescribed by the laws of the State in which they reside.

The one feature in the new act that seems open to objection is the extended time allowed for exceptions on the part of preferential creditors. The law of this State limits this period to one month, but under the Federal statute the term allowed is four months. This would appear to open the door to many difficulties in disposing of the assets and the prompt and convenient winding up of estates.

One of the main advantages attaching to the existence of the national law is that a debtor is discharged from his debts without regard to the place in which they were contracted. Under State law the discharge applied only to such debts as had been incurred in the State where the proceedings were taken. The debtor, therefore, continued to be debarred from engaging in business owing to his remaining undischarged as regards creditors outside the particular State to which his discharge pertained. On the whole, the new law promises to be of beneficial effect, and is undoubtedly favorable to the interests of creditors, and likely in its working to help the cause of the honest debtor.

THINGS AND PEOPLE

Congressman Maguire's nomination as the Gubernatorial ndidate of the Democracy and the Populists is now as- ed. The local Democratic organization has been pledged his cause and further opposition within the party is out the question. Let it be said at once that Maguire is not opponent to be underestimated. His strength is among e working classes, among the economical theorists and th the discontented farmers. He represents more "isms" an any other man in the party, and is a fitting exponent all forms of failure. In all regions where drought pre- ils, and where crops are ruined, Maguire will have a jority. He is the hero of the lame and impotent, of the nkrupt and unsuccessful. There has existed in San Fran- co for many years a Maguire "push," whose business and easure it has been to extol to the skies the merits of their ndard bearer. They have endowed him with all the attri- tes of honesty and virtue, and when you ask them what e man has done for California they point with pride to the t that he has been elected to Congress three times in suc- ssion. That he has accomplished anything there for this y or his party they cannot truthfully assert. True, he did ive manfully to place his connections, the Gallaghers and acys, in office, and he made himself ridiculous by oppos- g John Daggett's administration of the mint. His distinc- n has been won, however, in other fields than the House, no Californian representative has been so inattentive to s duties, so careless of his constitueuts. We in San Fran- co have to thank Maguire for no appropriation nor govern- ental favors, for no successful intercessions with the ministration or the ruling party to benefit our manufac- rers or merchants. The cause of Hawaiian annexation ich meant millions in trade to the Coast, he opposed. t then we must remember his *metier* is not practical legis- ion; he shines at Reform conventions or at Single Tax therings. When absent from his seat in Congress he has en preaching his gospel of discontent in Eastern nters. For all this a grateful party has made him its can- late for Governor, and the people of California are invited ratify the selection.

***

As convention time approaches the incubation of candi- tes grows more manifest. Among the signs of the times e the Senatorial aspirations of George Knight and the *ll's* opposition to the gubernatorial ambition of Dr. Pardee. r the two vacancies on the Supreme Bench there is a fine pspect of a severe fight. Judge Clark of Los Angeles is a ong candidate and Justices McFarland and Van Fleet are owedly seeking re-election. There is no great develop- nt of higher judicial aspiration in the Democracy. It understood that Judge Van Dyck of Los Angeles, who ceived the Populist aud Silver Republican nominations, ll be endorsed by the Democrats, and there is some talk Attorney Farnsworth of Visalia for the other place. dge Van Dyck has the reputation of being a man of nder sense and better intelligence than his party affilia- ns might indicate, and Mr. Farnsworth has a large prac- e though the southern counties of the San Joaquin Val- y. In San Francisco there are four vacancies on the Su- rior Bench, and Judges Sewell, Wallace and Borden will candidates before the Democratic convention. The pol- y of both parties is, save where reason exists for an opposite urse, to renominate Judges in office, and in the instances med preeedent will be adhered to. For the fourth place e aspirants are Frank Murasky, Assistant U. S. District torney Bert Slessinger and Robert Ferrall, if his ambition suceeed Congressman Maguire should be unsuccessful. dge Troutt, on the Republican side, will surely be renom- ated. The Non-Partisan convention will undoubtedly be important faetor in the municipal struggle this year and endorsements will have a potent bearing on results. ere is no sign yet of a strong Republiean to meet Mr. elan in the mayoralty fight. The office, with the new arter becoming operative in 1900, will eontrol more pat- nage than does the Governor, and will be much better rth having.

***

The news to hand this week from the Klondike has been ry interesting, the advices of the eorrespondents at Daw- n extending to June 24th. Amongst the letters published the local papers none have been better worth reading an those contained in the *Chronicle*. They have furnished ore useful information than any series I have yet come ross from the northern gold fields. As regards the prob- le output for the season, faets and figures are detailed owing that a total of twenty million dollars, as already dicated in these eolumns, is a reasonable estimate. One eat difficulty in making a ealeulation under this head ises from the unwillingness of miners to disclose the re- lts of their work, in view of the 10 per cent. royalty pay- le to the Canadian Government. It appears that nearly 00,000 had already been collected. A scarcity of water d retarded the work of washing, which would probably on until the fall, leaving a further million dollars or ore to be collected for royalty. The growth of the city of awson has beeu marvelous during the past twelve months, d it is stated that the population now uumbers 30,000. rom October 1, 1897, to June 1, 1898, there had been 25 eaths at the hospital, 275 patients having been treated, iefly for scurvy and pneumonia. The sanitary conditions e wofully bad, there being no drainage system whatever. y the steamer *Roanoke*, whieh arrived at Seattle on the th instant, $1,500,000 in bullion and $1,000,000 in drafts said to have come forward. Across the border on Ameri- n territory, the outlook is said to be decidedly promising. t Circle City there had been a considerable increase of the ining element, giving hopes that the scarcity of labor evailing there during the past season would be relieved, d then the many unworked claims in that locality would ortly be yielding the riches believed to exist there. At ampart City, the center of the Manook district, and where tween two hundred and three hundred people had win- red, things were alsa looking hopeful. An immense field cists for exploration, and, as rich discoveries have undoubt- lly been made already, it is said that practical men who ill engage actively in prospecting need have no fear of eing well rewarded.

***

The London *Spectator* has been publishing "hiberni- sms" for some time past, and has put into circulation some excellent instances of this species of "bull." In this connection Mayor Phelan has a new story, the truth of which he vouches for. On one of his buildings at San Jose is a flagstaff, the truck of which was out of gear. It became necessary for someone to ascend and set the rope running aright. Volunteers were few, but the agent finally found a little Irish bricklayer, who, it seems, was accustomed to that sort of task, and offered him $2.50 for the job. "I'll see if I'll do it for that," was the answer. He left the office, and a few minutes afterwards the agent heard a shout from the street. Going outside he beheld the Irishman perched half way up the pole, coolly surveying the top. He slid down, and a little later was in the office. "I'll do that for $2.50." "But you were just up there," said the agent. "Thrue; I was thryin' to see if I'd do it for the price."

***

George W. Smalley's advice to the journalist who would be successful is never to ask a question and never go anywhere after news. If the young man who interviewed Admiral Miller in regard to the disposition of the officers and troops of the fourth expedition to Manila had been less pressing, this story would never have been told. A question had arisen as to the steamer which should bear Major-General Otis and his staff to Hawaii for the ceremony of raising the American flag at Honolulu. Admiral Miller is going on the *Philadelphia*, and the reporter wanted to know why Major-General Otis should not be accommodated with quarters on board that warship. The Admiral parried the question for a time, and finally returned an answer that should have proved satisfactory. "The reason, young man, is that the United States Government has not yet built a warship large enough to accommodate an Admiral and a Major-General at the same time."

***

Say what you may, ye cynics, the days of romance are not yet past. As charming an instance of devotion as the story books contain was the desperate attempt of Mrs. Reeve, the young wife of the Colonel of the Thirteenth

"I Think I Have Seen You Before"
By Goupil.

Miunesota Volunteers, to aecompany her gallant husband to Manila. She journeyed with him to San Francisco and during the detention of the regiment here, he was not more attentive to his duties than she to his service. Her petition to be allowed to travel on the *City of Para* with the troop was denied by the War Department, which objects seriously to feminine passengers on its transports, and the refusal was eouched in terms that admitted of no appeal. There's always a way where there's a will, and while Mrs. Reeve aceepted the deeision, she by no means submitted to its eoereion. Two days before the date set for the sailing of the transports this devoted little woman bade a tearful farewell to her husband, telling him she intended to go to the country until he had gone, beeause her nerves were not equal to the strain of seeing him sail away from her side. He acquiesced, as a man must under such circumstances, regretfully bade her adieu and in due course took his eommand on board. On the morning of the first day out a slender young soldier knoeked softly at the door of the Colonel's cabin, entered and stood with downcast eyes before him. It was Mrs. Reeve. Disguised in the garb of a volunteer, she had easily escaped detection, indeed having kept well out of the way. The miseries and discomforts she must have endured during these days of delay and in that first stormy night out, made the price of her devotion, but she was amply repaid for it all as she stood frightened, happy and defiant in her husband's presence. Really there was nothing for it but to clasp the lady in his arms, which the astonished Colonel proceeded to do. At Honolulu, however, her journey ended, and no subterfuge availed to take her an inch further on the way to Manila.

***

To the defense of the Coggswell statuary the *Call* has come, and pronounces the action of the young men who displaced the dentist's monument on Market street a piece of vandalism. It proceeds to deplore, seriously, the ingratitude of the city of San Francisco to the philantrophist, and suggests that a statue to Dewey, if erected on the site of the demolished fountain, might meet with the same fate. Dr. Coggswell is a dentist with eccentric ideas, who, arriving here in early days, bought property, held it and graduated a millionaire. Having theories and no ambition to found a family, the dentist undertook to forward the cause of temperance by erecting on conspicuous corners drinking fountains surmounted by his effigy, life-size in metal. That there is auything graceful or ornamental in the figure of a be-whiskered and frock-coated old gentleman, who looks like the chairman of Populist convention, the *Call* cannot urge. Nor is it proper or reasonable that a man whose title to prominence is the accident of acquired property, should be allowed commemorate his uninteresting existence on street corners, merely because he furnishes a convenient tap for thirsty tramps. Since then, Dr. Coggswell has performed a meritorious deed in endowing a technical institution at the Mission, but whatever glory and lustre his generosity should yield, he has appropriated through statuary of which he is the object, and oil paintings of which he is the subject, that burden the approaches to the institution. On the same basis, I presume, the *Call* would denounce as enemies of society men who would demolish the clothing sign on the hills below Golden Gate Park.

***

How ephemeral and impermenant is reform in San Francisco. Not long ago the community rejoiced over a Board of Health that promised a crusade against adulterated foods. For a time the papers rang each morning with spectacular encounters between refractory milkmen and the deputies and inspectors of health. A new personality named Dockery was evolved from the emergency, and great was the glory and fame thereof. Raids upon jam factories, upon pickle makers and Chinese butcher shops reverberated in the press, and the excitement was enhanced by a demonstration against the shanties of Chinatown, which created a sensation, the memory of which still lingers. Now, it is all over with. The exponents of adulteration invoked the courts to check the raids of the health officers, and, as generally proves the case, the law was found to favor the sinners, and virtue retired lame from the contest. Alas, it is proposed that, pending future developments, the Pure Food department shall be abandoned, it being little use maintaining a staff and a bureau when its measures to protect the community are made abortive. The statute under which the Board is permitted to proceed against adulteration is evidently defective, and it behooves its members to have enacted such legislation as will meet the neccssity. It is credinible that a handful of dealers in glueose and other detrimentals can intervene to protect their nostrums against the best interests of the entire population.

***

On Saturday last the torpedo boat destroyer *Farragut* was safely launched from the yard of the Union Iron Works, being christened by a Califoruia lady, Miss Elizabeth Ashe, niece of the great Admiral, so distinguished in American naval history, after whom the craft is named. The ceremony took place at ni for two reasons, first, because a high tide was necessary, l, secondly, because the Government desired to keep the proceedings as much under cover as possible. The words used by Miss Ashe, as she dashed the bottle of wine at the bows of the vessel, were the well remembered ones of Admiral Farragut: "D—n the torpedoes; go ahead." The *Farragut* is the first vessel of her class built and launched by the United States Government. She is 205 feet long with a beam of only 20 feet, is fitted with a twin screw and triple expansion engines of 5,000 horse power, together with three boilers. Her maximum speed is to be 30 knots, equal to 35 land miles. Her cost according to contract will be $227,500, and she should be placed in commission by August 1st. Two torpedo tubes will be mounted on deck aft, and on the forward tower will be a six-pounder rapid firing gun, with two similar weapons, one amidships and one aft, to complete the armament. So far the power of torpedo boats has not been proved in actual warfare, but under certain conditions it is fully believed by qualified experts that they will be found of the greatest service.

***

A terrible tragedy was enacted at the hands of a fiendish Chinaman aeross the bay in the early morning of Tuesday last, resulting in the immediate death of seven persons and injuries to five others. The villain, having quarreled with a countryman, murdered him with a hatehet and a revolver, and, being employed at the powder works of the Western Fuse Company, at Melrose, back of Oakland, ensconced himself in the magazine as his sanctuary. Retaining his pistol, he vowed destruction to anyone who might attempt to arrest him. Unfortunately, the Sheriff's offieers were reckless enough of their lives to suppose that he did not mean to actually execute his threats, and entered the magazine, when the wretch instautly fired, causing a teriffic explosion which completely wrecked the buildings forming the works. Four deputy sheriffs, a constable, one woman, an unknown man and the Chinaman were blown to perdition, three other officers, a woman and a civilian being injured. Several homes near by were wholly or partly destroyed, as well as car tracks and other property in the immediate vieinity. The occurence caused a tremendous sensation and has provoked much comment on the fatal want of discretion on the part of the officers in dealing with the fiend. He had spent the previous afternoon and night in the magazine, and, when going in, had collected a supply of powder cans and erected therewith a barricade for the purpose of defending himself and causing an explosion at any moment. The people living in the neighborhood and knowing of this had been in a state of fear as to what might happen, and but that many of them preferred to stay away from home during the night, the casualties would probably have been more numerous, Altogether, of some fifty buildings within a few blocks of the scene none remains uninjured. Thus the only consolation is that, terrible as the affair was, it might have been worse. Once again it has been shown that no greater devil exists than an evil-minded Chinaman.

BOSWELL JR.

Naval Constructor Hobson gave an order to a press clipping bureau last November for clippings of all newspaper mention of him, and from that time until he sailed with Sampson's fleet only forty such clippings were collected. Now they are collected at the rate of about four hundred a day.

It is estimated that the Columbia River salmon pack of this season up to June 1st is 51,350 cases. A late and unexpected freshet enabled fishermen to use gill nets days as well as nights. It looks as though the run of fish would be much larger than last year.

Patriotism Down in Bangor, Maine

President McKinley and General Miles at Camp Alger

ROOSEVELT'S ROUGH RIDERS

1. Trooper Wm. Tiffany. 2. Bugler Cassi. 3. Provo-Sergeant Cash. 4. Second Lieutenant Devereaux. 5. Trooper Geo. L. Smith. 6. Sergeant R. Ronalds. 7. Trooper Herrig. 8. Sergeant S. G. Devore. 9. Corporal Joe Stevens. 10. Trooper Coville. 11. Corporal Norman. 12. Corporal Bull. 13. Trooper B. F. Daniels. 14. Trooper W. J. McKay. 15. Surgeon Thorp. 16. Trooper Lie.

Commodore Schley Off for Santiago

Off for Cuba

THE_CUBAN_CAMPAIGN

LIFE ON A TROOP SHIP

From San Francisco to Honolulu on the "Para" with the 13th Minnesota.

The purser was at the foot of the gangplank talking with the first officer.

"I wonder," he said, in a thin, tentative way, "I wonder when we cast off?"

"In God Almighty's good time, my friend," answered the mate; "we are a government ship now."

As they talked, the last of the Thirteenth Minnesota's munitions were going by them aboard the *City of Para* as she lay at the Pacific Mail Dock. Good-byes were being said for the fortieth time, and for the fortieth time the ship was being cleared of the eternal femiuine who was bidding brass and tinsel a lingering adieu. Little squads of soldiers were marching into the ship, following the stores they had but an hour before been standing guard over. The last squad was just going up the gangplank when the purser, looking down the dock, remarked:

"I guess it goes this time. Here comes the old man with a big official envelope." And sure enough it did go.

The old man, as the ship's company in private designated their captain, came aboard with the big official envelope still in his hand. Once again the ship was cleared — this time in earnest. Tears and caresses were exchanged; the last visitor went ashore; the quartermasters came aboard, and in a few moments we were standing out from the cheering crowd on the dock to our place in the stream, there to await orders from the *Indiana*, that would head us out of the Gate and on to Manila. Once in the bay, tugboats and tugboats and tugboats came flitting out from the shore gaily decked, loaded with crowds of hysterical, cheering women and hardly less hysterical men. * * *

At last the anchor came up, and as it rose the blast of a thousand whistles broke the pleasant afternoon. Whistles of every pitch and timbre shrilled out together, till the din seemed the raucous, strident voice of the War God urging the people to mad enthusiasm for war and warriors. And the warriors were moved. It does not come to a man often to be even the four-thousandth part of something that ten thousand of his sane American fellows will go absolutely mad over. And through even the mile of distance, the sweep and splendor of enthusiasm came to the ships from the docks in a palpable way, like a breeze stirring the feelings to wonder and thrill, and then, as one by one the landmarks on the sky-line dropped from view, and one by one the farther docks came in sight, each with a greater army to waiting to pay homage to the outward bound, the breeze became a nerve storm that caught the heart and rocked the emotions and carried the boys to those heights of feeling that make for silent lips, tense, strained, clutching hands and glistening eyes.

At first there were expressions of wonder and delight at the "send off" they were getting, but when the Pacific street wharf, its length and breadth alive with well-wishers, came in view silence fell, and it was only their eyes that betrayed the depths to which these soldiers were moved. On and on, past wharf and hillside that sent out Godspeed, they went, silent but intense, and so, almost to the Gate, the tension was unbroken, till there, on the Presidio Heights, in all its wonder of azure and gold, Old Glory broke out flaunting full on the wind, pointing us straight to the west, proud, imperious and not to be denied. Oh the depth of the thousand-throated cheer that greeted her! And as we went out into the setting sun, there was not one on board who did not know that on him was set the honor of that flag, and not one but believed the Thirteenth Minnesota could, single-handed and alone, plant that flag where their country willed, and there defend its glory against all the Spaniards in Spain.

We had hardly lost Tamalpais behind Lime Point when the first soldier disappeared. Here was an enemy that had been over-looked. Old Neptune is a good-natured old potentate, but like the United States Customs he demands his tribute. And surely he reduced these Minnesota boys to humbleness. One by one faces grew anxious and paled; one by one they succumbed and retreated, some to the rail, but most to the hot, stuffy bunk quarters between decks. There was great relief to learn that once past the Farallones the sea would be smoother. Many gritted their teeth aud determined to stick it out—no mere seasickness would overcome them. But luck was against them, and that night we were in a nasty blow. It struck us on the beam and, together with a following sea, set us as lively a toss as oue often gets. This was too much, and the Thirteenth Minnesota, game to the last, struck their colors and surreudered.

It was about ten o'clock of the first night out. All afternoon and evening the chief engineer had been swearing softly to himself because the landsmen on the *Indiana* were dancing him forward and back, here, there, at this speed and that. "Well," he was remarking, "the Government pays for the coal, I guess I can stand it." But he was visibly nettled. Of a sudden some lights on the flagship were shown and translated into orders. The ship might make her own speed and course to Honolulu. "Thank God," said the chief. Just then the last Minnesota boy on deck, half-running, half-reeling, made past for the hatch leading below.

"Where are you going?" asked the chief with a chuckle.

"To find the fellow that persuaded me to enlist and beat him to death," came the answer in a fierce, seasick whisper, and the chief stopped long enough to laugh before he gave orders to steam up.

Forty-eight hours out, the soldier boys began to come to life. In the meantime all was chaos. The ship's cooks managed to get soup and coffee, but there were so few to take it that the labor was wasted. The commissary officers were in such condition that, had they been forced to issue rations, Hotchkiss ammunition might well have gone for tinned meat and Putz pomade for hard tack. As it was, the privates began to get on deck before the officers were straightened out for duty, and, ravenous as men always are after seasickness, some were objecting to short rations. To one such objector I heard a fellow private reply:

"Ah go on, you stiff. Ain't it better than the Spanish are getting? Whatcher want?"

The recovery from demoralization, consequent upon Neptune's successful attack, was sharp and decisive. Now discipline and order rule; meals are cooked and served on deck, but there is nothing sumptuous about these repasts. It is army grub — beans and bacon, bread and beef as the backbone, and vastly more backbone than anything else Guard is mounted and drill done daily—of course the drill is limited to company maneuvers without arms, as any more extended order would necessitate encroachment on the the Pacific Plains. Between drill, meals and bathing the monotony of the day is somewhat broken, and of the three, the bath seems the most popular amusement. The men are lined up in the squads and the big four-inch fire hose is turned on them. The sputtering and splashing, the blowing and jibbering go on till the whole ten hundred and thirty have had their dousing of brine and pass on to clothes and the amusements of the upper deck—a game of cards, a book, a siesta, or, what is most popular, to get a sailor-man off duty spinning yarns.

The men, many of whom never saw the ocean before, are running over the ship hungry for knowledge, and are as ignorant of it as children. They hold up the officers and engineers for information at every turn, and one of the medical staff innocently asked to be directed to the posterior hatch, much to the wonder of the sailor questioned and the amusement of those who heard.

They are a tremendously fine set of men, these fellows on board the *Para*, as truly and simple adventurers as any that have sailed these adventurous Pacific seas. The matter of patriotism has not touched them more deeply than it has a hundred thousand others who are living comfortably at home. It is stir of blood, the strong man's love of danger, danger unreckoned and unthought, the chance of facing the unusual, the chance for a life where men can stop doing and take up seeing and being; the opportunity for a drawing in that infrequent lottery where Life offers at tremendous cost a chance for the capital prize—Glory. Such is the urge that has taken these Minnesotans from their homes—that has brought the doctor and lawyer and business man and college lad, sailor lad and society darling to the stuffy 'tween deck bunks of a government transport and leaves them satisfied with meals of beans and coffee. There are privates here who can talk the tactics of every campaign the Spanish have fought. They can tell you how Charles V. and Alva made the only soldiers Spain ever had, and can quote Napoleon, Wellington and a hundred other authorities to prove the uselessness of the Spaniard as a fighter. Once in the long ago, when Princeton had the habit of beating Pennsylvania at football at a hundred or more to nothing, I went on the train with the Princeton eleven to Philadelphia. They were certain to win; there was no question as to how great a trouncing they could administer, yet withal there was no conceit and a quiet determination to play a little better game than any Princeton eleven had ever yet played. Such is the spirit of these boys. The Spaniard is already whipped, at any rate he is a foe hardly to be reckoned with, and still one feels that beyond this over-powering self-confidence there is the spirit and the ability to prove its truth—a grim determination to show the world that if in the past Uncle Sam in fighting trim was a tough nut to crack, the present finds him just a trifle tougher.

The pilot has come aboard. We have passed Diamond Head in the moonlight. Dawn finds us threading our way through the channel that leads to the placid little 2x4 harbor. But we have no thought for the complexity of the entrance. The offshore breeze comes with a breath of perfume that none of us has caught before. Paradise is appealing first to our nostrils, and the sensation is pure delight; but a turn of the ship's head brings us face to face with Honolulu—peerless city with its splendor of foliage behind it, the morning mists rising from a hundred odorour valleys and green hillsides transfigured by by the just risen sun, a vast emerald in opal and silver.

As we reach the dock Honolulu is there to greet us, and greet us with such a greeting as only a fond mistress bestows on a gallant lover returned after long absence. The boom, boom of guns from the monitor lying in the harbor blended with the Hawaiiau hymn, the Star Spangled Banner and Yankee Doodle, as we tie at the wharf. Down below there is a mass of cheering islanders overanxious to show their welcome, and important looking gentlemen in brass and blue are hurrying on and off the ship, bearers of innumerable invitations, and precursors of what, it is whispered in the ranks, is to be "The time of your life." And if it lies in Honolulu's power, indications point that the prophets of the volunteers are not false seers.

Outside the reef that bars the tossing ocean from Honolulu harbor the hull of four great transports lie against the sky line. They are waiting for us to come outside that we may set our prows Manila-wards together. We — on the *City of Para*—reached Honolulu forty hours ahead of the next arriving transport, and the four days we have lain here have been days of ovatiou and pure joy of the soldier boys. The papers overflowed with accounts of the hospitality that the Islanders have showered on the first and second expeditions, but no matter how warm a greeting those before us may have had, it could not have equalled in enthusiastic generosity the reception accorded this third body of men.

From the instant the first Minnesotan shoe touched Hawaiian soil until this moment when the engineer's bell is ringing to stand by in the engine-room, every wish and want of the soldiers has been the people's pleasure to realize. The efficiency and breeding of the regiment has drawn forth almost an affection from the citizens. On every side one hears the hope that when the flag is raised the Thirteenth Minnesota may be stationed here. And the greeting that this legion will get on its return from the East will be only a little less than will await it in Minneapolis and St. Paul.

To see these boys come on board with their brown clothes (for they are boys in brown now, not in blue), literally hidden from view by the chains of flowers that the Island girls weave and hang about their necks and wreathe on their battered felt hats, is a sight to be remembered. These flower chains are as much a feature of Honolulu as the banana plantations, the algeroba trees or the Punch Bowl. Native flowers are used, the odorous yellow blossom of the illiama and some wonderful lace-like blossoms of flaming red, but the most common and most popular are the red and white carnations, for the clear color and spicy odor of these flowers of our own seem to appeal more to the Hawaiian heart than their own wonderfully colored and voloptuous odored tropical bloom. To see four thousand Yankee soldiers covered with these flower chains feasting in the shade of the Palace palms, waited on by a thousand of the Island's fairest women, was a sight that I doubt if the world has yet matched for novelty. Tropical fruits were piled before the boys in prodigal abundance. There were the familiar banana, pine and orange and the unfamiliar agua corta and papana, with half a hundred other delicious and novel eatables, almost hidden under great branches and masses of flowers. And the soldiers were hungry. Imagine the transition to such luxury from the troop ship diet of beef and beans.

Novel as was the repast, and remarkable as it was that 4,000 men of a strange land should be feasted and lionized by a people of another race and clime, a people barred from them by the span of half the earth in distance and an impassable gulf in temperament and feeling, to the watcher the purely physical contrast was what startled and set the soul to wonder. The keen, cold, blue eyes, the sharp-cut Saxon or Norse features of these peaceful invaders, their rather ungraceful, but masterly carriage and motion, and the dingy brown uniforms — flower-decked, to be sure, but still brown and still dingy — were set in a background of luxuriant tropical foliage, in the shade of what was almost a forest of palms and within a stone's throw of a palace, where but yesterday a race of kings had lived. And the daughters of these kings, regal in every way, long, lithe-limbed women with the grace of Hebes, gowned simply in white flimsy stuff that stands in picturesque daintiness against the green of the foliage and the dead brown of the service uniforms. But it is the difference in face, in the soul, that shows through the face, that is so startling, against the blue, cold, northland eye — these great lustrous eyes that look straight at one—are the simple, trusting eyes of childhood, with nothing added of the world save only the passion for loving and lust of life and physical joy that seems to mark everything in this clime.

ROBERT PORTER.

Honolulu, July 8, 1898.

New ideas are well rewarded the modern world over, but nowhere better than in the United States. The newest fortune is Dr. Deimel's, the originator of linen mesh underwear, who it seems is interested in the Pacific Coast and used to live at Santa Barbara. He is a German by birth and extraction, was educated as a physician and came to practice in Denver. The refusal of his life by an assurance company turned his thoughts to his own physical condition. He was a sufferer from colds from which he never seemed to be free. Debating the matter with himself, Dr. Deimel remembered that as a boy he had always worn linen underwear and changes of temperature had made no difference to his health. So he experimented by having specially made drawers and vests of linen which he first used himself with beneficial results and then distributed among his patients. Soon after this he came with his wife to reside in Santa Barbara, continuing his experiments with such success and such remarkable results that he determined to spread everywhere the gospel of linen versus woolen underwear. The idea possessed him. At that time he thought and talked of nothing else. Foreseeing that ordinary close woven linen would hardly answer the purpose, Dr. Deimel conceived the idea of a linen mesh so woven as to afford warmth, and yet through its pores, offering free ingress and egress to the air. So to Germany he went and had made a machine to weave such a material. After much experimenting, the result was accomplished and fully pateuted. Then followed the struggle to create a market involving the education of a population virtually comuitted to woolen underwear. In the medical profession Dr. Deimel found a strong ally, and his progress, though slow, has been sure. As but little flax is cultivated in the States, the material is still made in Germany, the garments being finished in New York; but recently the inventor spent $5000 distributing flax seed in Oregon and Washington, whose climate is suitable for its production. Around Albany flax is being grown in quantities, and in a year or two the Deimel machines will have added another resource to the wealth of the Pacific Coast. The manufacture of these goods at home will lessen materially their cost, as the material is subjected to a heavy duty. However, the process of weaving proves, under present conditions, most expensive, and the imitators have yet devised nothing that will produce a cheaper mesh. It is only a matter of time, however, when a simpler process will have been invented.

There was little of the society air about Secretary Joseph Chamberlain at the time when he paid his memorable visit to Washington. He came, it may be remembered, to discuss the Fisheries question and he departed the husband of Miss Endicott, daughter of the Secretary of War. The impression he made was that of a man quite indifferent to appearances, but certainly a brilliant conversationalist. One night at a fashionable dinner party his cravat assumed a most unpromising position underneath his ear and his shirt stud became unfastened, but he sat calmly indifferent to both embarrassments. The manner of his meeting with the young woman who became his wife was this: He called rather early one afternoon upon a fashionable woman who happened that day to be having a girls' luncheon. The affair was under way and she laughingly said, after greeting him, that if he did not mind being the only man present she would invite him to take the vacant place of one of her young friends who had not appeared. He was not afraid to face a lot of 'American beauties,' so he accepted gayly, and the vacant place happened to be next that of Miss Endicott, daughter of Secretary of War William C. Endicott, of Massachusetts, a dove-like, slender girl, one of the greatest belles of the day.

During the year ending June 30, 1897, there were exported from China 26,705,733 pounds of firecrackers, valued by the Chinese imperial customs at 1,993,082 haikwan taels, equaling, at the average rate of exchange during that time, $1,584,151 in gold. The entire export was from the province of Kwangtung. Of the the total shipments over 24,000,000 pounds were sent from the port of Kowloon, over 1,000,000 pounds were sent from Canton, and the remainder from Lappa and Swatow. The greater part of the shipments was sent to New York by sailing vessels, a small quantity went to England, and other countries took only very inappreciable amounts.

Up to the end of 1897 Russia had expended within a fraction of $200,000,000 on her great Siberian railway. Between now and 1900 an outlay of another hundred million is expected, when the road will be in running order, with through trains from St Petersburg to the Pacific, opening one of the most important commercial channels in the world and a new and spacious page in Russian political commercial history.

CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT

Its Apparent Failure in the Chief Countries of Continental Europe.

In a remarkable speech recently delivered at Rostock the Regent of the Grand Duchy of Meeklenburg-Schwerin sevcrely denounced constitutional governmeut, stigmatizing it as the "curse of modern times" and a "downright calamity" for countries endowed therewith. In this category is included every state in Europe, save his own and Russia, though the constitution of Turkey exists on paper only. The little territory of Mecklenburg-Schwerin is one of the most prosperous in the German federatiou. Its public debt is small, being less than $50 per head, the population being about 600,000; the average taxation is light, and, in fact, chiefly represents imperial imposts; the expenses of the local court, whieh is sustained with considerable magnificence, and a great part of the grand-ducal administration being met by the revenues of estates whieh have belonged to the dynasty for centuries.

So far as continental Europe is concerned, it is certain that the experienced statesman who has broached this apparently extraordinary sentiment has good reason for his views. For the last half-century various forms of seif-goverument have been in existence in Europe, and if stock be taken to-day of the situation in which the chief powers find themselves, it would appear that constitutionalism is by no means the blessing in practice that it is believed to be in theory.

In France the newly elected Chamber of Deputies is practically ineffective for legislative purposes, the Brisson Cabinet is regarded with suspicion by the property-owning classes and the army, and visions of the red spectre of revolntion are frequently before the minds of the best elements of the nation. These latter would be only too glad to support a *coup d'etat* which would secure the instant dissolution of the Chamber, the dismissal of the Cabinet, the suspension of the constitution and the establishment of one-man-rule in the form of a dictatorship, if there was in France a single prominent man capable of sustaining the role.

In Germany, on the other hand, the representatives of the people have signally failed to withstand the absolutist rule of Kaiser. The Reichstag began by refusing to pass the Emperor's bill providing for the complete reorganization of the army, bnt ultimately yielded to his will. In the same way with the costly proposition for the reconstruction of the navy and many of the measures which owed their origin to his initiative. Parliamentary eontrol is thus without any real existence in Germany, and the idea is treated by the reigning monarch with the most utter eontempt. And yet, with self-government thus rendered merely nominal, no nation on the coutinent has in recent years shown greater progress than Germany in respect of her military, naval and colonial standing, as well as in everything that pertains to commercial and industrial development.

In Austria the constitution has already been suspended in consequenee of the unseemly party squabbles in the Reichsrath and its failure to fulfil its legislative function. The Emperor Francis Joseph has found it necessary, with the support of his premier, Count Thun, to assnme a species of benevolent despotism, and to revert to the autocratic methods which existed within his realm just fifty years ago. The civic rights of his subjects have thus been iguored, though seemingly with their approval, and by this means it has been possible to suppress the sanguinary riots and to curb the revolutionary spirit recently prevailing.

With a somewhat similar position of affairs existing in Italy, where the new premier, General Pellout, is without a ministerial majority in Parliament, the King is disposed to sanctiou measnres looking to the establishment of military control, with a view to protecting the moneyed classes from the assaults of the socialists and anarchists, lately threatening to get the npper hand. Snch action necessarily involves the suspension of constitutional government. As for Spain, whose condition is a matter of greater interest just now to this country than is that of any other power in Europe, the disasters that have befallen her are ascribed, by observers both at home and abroad, to the incompetency of the Cortes as well as of the various ministries that have held sway since Queen Christina became Regent. By her own act, under the advice of her chief advisers, the supreme military and civil power has been entrusted to General Martinez Campos, who is responsible to the throne alone, the constitution being meanwhile suspended. The little kingdom of Greece, of late well nigh ruined by the former adherence of her Danish-born monarch to the terms of the constitution, is rapidly attaining internal peace and prosperity nnder an autocratic form of government adopted by King George at the earnest solicitation of his people. By the institution of reforms in the the administration, the creation of a civil service independent of ministerial changes, and the exclnsion of the military element from the legislature, the country has been restored to a greater degree of quietude at home and credit abroad than it has enjoyed for something like half a century.

From the foregoing it will be gathered that the position of coustitutioualism in continental Europe has of late become seriously weakened in every important direction. Side by side, and in striking contrast with this conditiou of affairs, we find the two great English-speaking nations, Great Britain and the United States, advancing with prodigious strides in wealth and national grandeur, while existing under constitutions, unwritten and written respectively, that are examples to the rest of the world. Can anything be more interesting than to study the causes which produce such different results?

Munkacsy, whose real name is Lieb, has been declared insane officially by a Paris court and his wife appointed guardian of his property. The pictures in his Paris studio were sold recently, the highest price obtained being $3,000 for an "Ecce Homo."

Mr. W. W. Jacobs, author of *Many Cargoes* and *The Skipper's Wooing*, though he devotes his writiug to those who go down to the sea in ships, himself only goes down to the General Post Office, in London, where he holds a good position.

It is semi-officially announced that Mr. Richard Le Gallienne's sojourn in America will be indefinitely prolonged and that he will write a manual of Rhetoric for the Cosmopolitan University, whatever that may be. In the meantime Mr. and Mrs. Le Gallienne have been interviewed as to their opinion of each other by a reporter of the New York *World*, with the inevitable result that sentimental admissions were elicited. "We met," Mr. Le Gallienne said, "at the Playgoer's Club in London. I had been reqnested to speak on a questiou that was agitating the population then. It was whether the licenses of certain concert halls shonld be renewed. I said I would speak if I were not restricted, and I spoke against 'Public Interference with Private Morals.' Julies Norregard was in the audience; she liked what I said, and we fell in love."

AID FOR THE WOUNDED

Organization of the Medical Corps and Its Role on the Battlefield.

Through the fragmentary dispatches which the correspondents have sent from the lines at Santiago something has been gathered of the operations of the medical corps. Under the conditions prevailing there its work was attended by the greatest difficulty. The attacks at Sevilla and at El Canney were made before the army organization had been perfected, hence the terrible mortality. Part of the machinery of the corps was in actiou, but its resources were strained by the terrible weather, the rough ground and the haste of the assanlt.

In modern warfare the proportion of disabling wounds to deaths is greater than in ancient days when battles were fought at close range. A well organized system of gathering the injured from the field of battle, conveying them to sheltered places and applying immediate remedies to their wounds is essential. The earlier an ill is treated, according to modern systems of surgery, the sooner does the healing process set in. To every army corps there is attached a medical department consisting of physicians, stewards, hospital attendants and privates. These are under the control of the chief surgeon, whose hospital department constitutes an independent command. There are corps and division hospitals, besides field hospitals, litters and ambulances, the custodians of which are drilled and disciplined jnst as are the other branches of the army.

The medical department moves forward with the corps, its impedimenta being conveyed by its own train of ambulances and escort wagous. Let us assume an advance on the enemy and follow the procedure. At corps headquarters, the main hospital with 200 field cots is set np. Behind the posts of each of the several divisions hospitals are located with an attendant force of physicians, stewards and a company of 104 litter bearers and ambulance train men. These latter are privates and are divided into squads of four to each litter. All carry ponches containing bandages, scissors, scalpers, needles, tourniquets, and also emergency medicines, such as aromatic spirits of ammonia, hypodermic tablets to be injected in solution to soothe pain, and medicines to control hemorrhage. A canteen filled with water is an essential of the equipment. Each company has been sedulously drilled in a manual including first aid for emergency cases, care for the wounded and treatment of the ill. It is the duty of those men to carry the disabled on litters to the ambulance stations, whence they are convcyed as soon as possible to the division hospitals. All men connected with the corps wear on their left arm a brasssard—a white band bearing a red cross—which, under the Geneva Convention, is supposed to protect them from the individual fire of the enemy. It does not seem to have done so in the attack at Santiago.

When line of battle is formed the litter-bearers are behind at a little distance, accompanied by medical officers, stewards and privates. When the men fall, it is their duty to rush forward, pick up the wounded, carry them in litters about three hundred yards to the rear, where the injuries are first treated. This is called in battle the first dressing point. Each man of the medical corps has in antiseptic packages, wrapped in oiled silk, two bandages. One bandage is for application at the place of entrance and the other at the place of exit of the bullet. Upon every man is enjoined the necessity of keeping these bandages absolutely pure. If the operator's hands are soiled, as they must be, he seizes the clean, pure bandage only at each end and so applies it. Every operator is also furnished with triangular handkerchiefs and safety pins to secure these bandages, and with tourniquets to check arterial bleeding. From this first dressing station the wounded soldier is carried to the ambulance. If nnable to walk (and a large percentage of the wounded is able to walk) he is carried in the ambulance to the field hospital, usually a mile, or even more, distant, from the battle line. There he receives the more elaborate treatment of the field snrgeons. Suppose the battle line is forced back in action? Then, under the terms of the Geneva convention, the advancing enemy seizes the wonnded and the hospital corps. The captured hospital corps is sent back. The wounded are treated in the hospitals of the enemy, and on recovery are placed on parole.

The divisiou hospital is fully fitted up with cots, and at the hand of the field surgeon are all requisite medical appliances. The hospital supplies inclnde whisky and brandy (for medicinal nse) tapioca, beef extracts, fresh beef and eggs when possible, besides the ordinary army rations given to the well. The luxuries arc bought out of a hospital fund, accumnlated by the sale of regular rations not used. This fnnd is usually sufficient to supply the sick with all needed delicacies.

An elaborate system of identification has been devised for the members of the army, modeled after the German method. Every soldier wears round his neck a metal tag, with his name, home address, number, company and regiment. The dead are reported to the Quartermaster for burial, and a report in triplicate, describing cause of death, is made out and sent to the Adjutant-General, the Surgeon-General and the surgeon in charge. The records of the department will make careful note of every case of illness in the division, all of which go on to Washington at the close of the campaign. This will be a check on future applicatious for pensions, and will ensnre their payment in the future only to men who have earned the country's consideration.

This system is so devised as to be capable of use in all save extraordidary circumstances. Through it the surgical authorities hope to save a larger proportion of the wounded under their charge, and to avoid the dreadful havoc of gangrene and blood poisoning which so swelled the death rate rate in onr civil war.

SPENSER MASTERS.

PORTO RICO

Characteristics of the Island and San Juan, the Capital.

With the fall of Santiago and the surrender to the United States of the extreme eastern corner of the island of Cnba, the next operation to engage the attention of the American army and navy in the West Indies will be the capture of the island of Porto Rico. Fourth in size among the Antilles it lies to the eastward of Cnba, Santa Domingo and Jamaica and of those important commercial outlets the Gulf of Mexico and the Bay of Hondorus, and is but a few days' sail from the coasts of the United States and Venezuela. As a coaling depot and a strategic base it forms an invaluable key to the western hemisphere, and with its excellent harbors and safe roadsteads affords shipping facilities unsurpassed by any of the West Indian group of islands. Its entire coast line is embroidered with bays, harbors and mouths of creeks, making good anchorage for vessels of the largest tonnage. The island is therefore a desirable acquisition for Uncle Sam.

In extent Porto Rico is about 5,300 square miles, its length from east to west being 108 miles, and breadth from north to south 46 miles and contains a population of 800,000. The island is of an uncommon shape, resembling a parallelogram, with the principal port, San Juan, on the northern shore and Ponce, second in importance, on the southern coast. The interior formation consists mainly of highlands culminating in ranges running for the most part east and west, with intervening spurs at intervals connecting the main chains of monntains. The country is abundantly watered, no less than seventeen rivers, together with numberless minor streams, coming down from the mountains to the sea on all sides of the coast. The Rio Bayamo and Rio Piedras flow into the harbor of San Juan, the capital, and together with other rivers afford facilities for the transport of the produce of the fertile hills and valleys at little cost to ports on the coast.

The capital, San Juan, which will be the objective point of the approaching attack by the American forces, is a perfect specimen of a walled town, with portcullis, moat, gates and battlements. Built over 250 years ago, it is still in good condition and repair. The walls are picturesqne, and represent a stupendous work and cost in themselves. Inside the walls, the city is laid off in regular sqnares, six parallel streets running in the direction of the leugth of the island and seven at rsght angles. The houses are closely and compactly built of brick, usually of two stories, stuccoed on the outside and painted in a variety of colors. The population within the walls is estimated at 20,000, and most of it lives on the gronnd floors, which are kept in the most unsanitary condition. There is no running water aud no sewerage in the town. Epidemics are frequent and the place is alive with vermin, mosquitocs and dogs.

The streets are wider than in the older part of Havana and will admit two carriages abreast. The sidewalks are narrow, and in places will accommodate only one person. From its topographical situation the town should be healthy, but it is not. The soil under the city is clay mixed with lime, so hard as to be almost like rock. It is consequently impervious to water and furnishes good natural drainage. The trade wind blows strong and fresh aud through the harbor runs a stream of sea water at a speed of not less than three miles an hour. With these conditions no contagious diseases should exist.

The island is traversed by excellent roads and bridges, bnilt originally in a thoroughly workmanlike manner and evidently by competent engineers. The authorities have made it a point to maintain them in first class condition. Much of the labor is done by convicts, and the mnnicipality in each district is charged with the duty of keeping the highways in order. The finest road of all is the famous military highway running right across the island, from San Juan to Ponce.

A valuable contribution to our general knowledge regarding Porto Rico is a statistical report on the trade of the island just published by the Secretary of Agriculture, from data recently collected relating to the years 1895 and 1896. From this it appears that in the latter year the exports amounted to $18,341,430, the largest on record, while the imports were $18,282,700, this total having been slightly exceeded in 1894. Imports have usually been greater than exports. The foreigu trade has been chiefly conducted with Spain, the exports thither in 1896 having been $12,644,955 and the imports $5,376,457. The average import and export trade done annually with the Uuited States is given as $6,845,252, and with Cuba $4,696,220.

The exports consist almost entirely of agricultural products, coffee and sugar being the leading staples, and representing 85 per cent. of the entire foreign shipments. In 1895 the total quantity of coffee exported was 40,159,985 lbs., valued at $9,159,985, while sugar showed a total of 132,147,277 lbs., having a total value of $4,905,741. Molasses also amonnted to $539,571. Of leaf tobacco 4,665,051 lbs., worth $673,787, were shipped in 1895. Coffee has shown an increasing export during the decade ending with 1895, while sugar products and tobacco exhibited marked declines. Amongst other articles of export are maize, hides, fruits, nuts and distilled spirits. Of imports, manufactured articles do not greatly exceed the agricultural. Agricultural imports in 1895 were valued at $7,171,352, made up chiefly of rice, wheat, flour and hog products. Non-agricultural imports were valued at $9,664,101, the chief goods being cotton fabrics, whose imports reached $2,070,667 in 1895; fish, woods, leather and tobacco also were extensively imported. Most of the rice imported is supplied by the British West Indies, Germany and Spain.

Porto Rico is only about one-eighth of the area of Cuba, but has a popnlation half as large as that island, with a trade one-fourth of that done by the latter. To the mother country this possession has of late been of more real value than Cuba, and had it not been for the drawbacks of the revolution, succeeded by the difficulty with this country, there can be little doubt that the volume of trade would have shown still greater progress than has yet been made. In the hands of the United States this fertile and admirably situated little island shonld enjoy lasting and exceptional prosperity.

W. A. Clark, the Montana millionaire, is encouraging American art in Paris by way of a prize of $500 to the American Art Association.

"And they stood listlessly about upon the deck"

Whiling the dreary hours away

Marching Back to the Transports at Honolulu

"Next!"

Minnesota Boys Going to the Palace Grounds

Ready to Re-Embark

A Game of Cards

A Glimpse

Farewell to Honolulu

EN ROUTE TO MANILA

The Thirteenth Minnesota Regiment on the Trip from San Francisco to Honolulu.

NATIVE LIFE IN THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

View of the Departure of the "City of Puebla" and "Peru" from Telegraph Hill

A Characteristic Scene on the "Peru"

Awaiting the Signal of Departure

Transport "Peru" with Major-General Otis and Staff

The Montana Transport "Pennsylvania"

The "City of Puebla" with the Fourteenth U. S. Infantry on board

DEPARTURE OF MAJOR-GENERAL OTIS AND THE FOURTH EXPEDITION TO MANILA

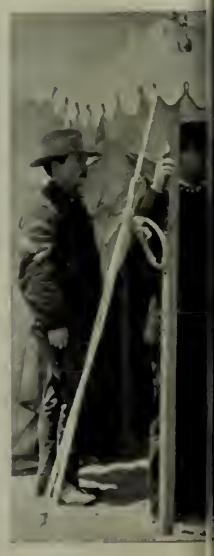
City Headquarters in the *Call* Building

Mrs Theo. E. Smith

Medical Department, Seventh California

Feeding the Sol

Awaiting the Arrival of a Regiment of Hungry Men at the Ferry



THE WORK

To the ladies of the Red Cross is largely due the hearty welcome accorded to Eastern and Western regiments

State Headquarters in the *Examiner* Building

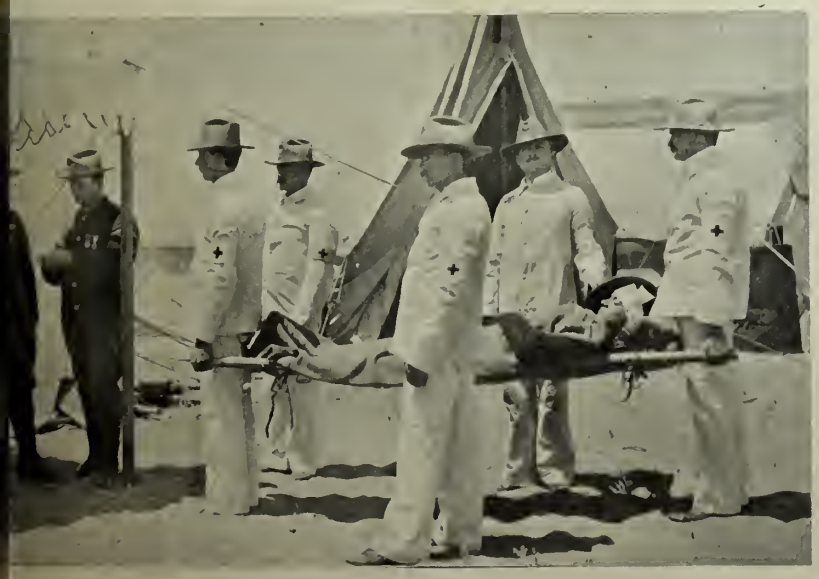
Patients in Field Hospital

Method of Carrying the Wounded

Hospital Corps of the Seventh California

neral View of Field Hospital at Camp Merritt

Field Hos ital Kitchen



Bringing a Patient to the Hospital

General View of the Headquarters on Post Street

OSS SOCIETY

isco. They decked the "boys" in flowers and fed them, as they arrived, tired and worn, by long journeys.

Colonel Berry and Staff, Seventh California

Seventh California Bugle Corps

Companies I, and M, Seventh California

Colorado Recruits

WESTERN VOLUNTEERS

AT CAMP MERRITT

With one thousand men of the First Montana Regiment, commanded by Colonel Kessler, and two hundred other volunteers, who are to join the First California Regiment at Manila, the steamer *Pennsylvania* sailed from this port on July 19th for the Philippines. She is to be followed to-day by the *Rio Janeiro* carrying Brigadier-General H. G. Otis and staff, together with the South Dakota Volunteers and recruits for the Utah Light Artillery, altogether 906 officers and men. Next week the *Scandia* and *St. Paul* are booked to leave with the Seventh California Regiment, one battalion of South Dakota volunteers and recruits for the First Colorado and Thirteenth Minnesota and part of the signal corps. Transportation arrangements are also in progress for the troops which are to garrison Honolulu, for which purpose the First New York Regiment has already been selected. It is quite expected that some California volunteers will be detailed for the same duty.

A large portion of Camp Merritt has now been finally condemned on the ground of being in an unsanitary condition, and, as we write, troops are moving to the Presidio. Whether the entire abandonment of the former site will follow is not yet decided, but if arrangements can be made to accommodate the force, now encamped here, on the Government reservation, in all probability this will be the result. When the troops appointed to leave for Manila next week have gone on board ship there will still remain 5,000 soldiers representing the remnant of the expeditionary forces still to go forward. The sailing ship *Tacoma* is now being got ready to receive horses and mules for army service in the Philippines. About 230 head altogether are to be shipped and it is reckoned that the voyage will occupy about fifty days.

NAVAL BOMBARDMENT

Little Effect Produced Upon Land Fortifications by Ships' Guns.

Since the bombardment of Alexandria during the revolt of Arabi Pasha there had been no naval attack on land batteries, save that of Port Arthur in the war between China and Japan, until the Atlantic fleet of the United States engaged the Spanish forts of the West Indies. We have now had the bombardment of Matanzas, San Juan (Porto Rico) and Santiago de Cuba. The results should make it possible to form valuable conclusions as to the worth of such operations as a part of the art of war. Were we to give any credence to what the newspapers have published from the gentlemen who have been disporting themselves as correspondents, sometimes on flagships and anon on specially commissioned dispatch boats, we should be satisfied that every fort or fisherman's cabin within sight of our gunners has been transformed into a dust heap and their bristling batteries sent flying into space. But what are the facts?

In the accounts of the surrender of the city of Santiago, and subsequent inspection of the fortifications, there were given two descriptions of the condition of Morro Castle, in adjoining columns of the papers on the same day. In one narrative it is stated that the American guns had wrought fearful havoc, converting the castle into a pile of ruins, and crumbling the rock of which it was built into dust, while in the battery to the east, in which six guns had been mounted, all but two were wrecked. In the other account purporting to be the result of Commodore Schley's inspection, it is stated that one or two only of the six guns in the Easteru battery had been dismounted, while beyond some damage to the masonry of Morro no great harm seems to have been done the forts.

Now, as is well understood by experts, it is practically out of the question for ships' guns to produce any real effect upon elevated fortifications, even though these may be defended by inferior artillery and inefficient garrisons. The guns of our fleet had a range at least one mile and a half greater than the old style cannon of the Spanish, and the ships were thus enabled to bombard the forts from a safe distance, the fleet keeping out of range of the guns of the forts. The distance, however, rendered the fire ineffective on the whole, for there could be no aiming and the force of the shot was spent when it landed. There is nothing gained by demolishing masonry—what must be done is to destroy the guns. When the Spanish gunners had fired a few shots and found they fell short they ceased to waste ammunition of which they had probably none to spare, and it was then wrongly imagined the forts were silenced. However, when the Americans ceased firing the shore end of the duel invariably sent a parting shot or two just to show they were still on deck.

When one of the projectiles of a first class modern gun strikes a fort, it dislodges some of the masonry, raises a cloud of dust, and possibly kills a few men, but the fort does not sink; it remains as formidable as ever. When however, such a bolt strikes a ship properly, the ship sinks with all on board; it vanishes totally and forever. After all the masonry walls and parapets of a fort have been pulverized, its guns remain as effective as before. To put them *hors de combat* they must be hit, a very difficult mark, at a distance of several miles, and from the deck of an unsteady ship, and when one gun is dismounted it can be replaced by another. The masonry of a fort is mainly of value to defend it from assaults by land. The conditions of a contest between ships and forts are too unequal, and there should be no expectation of fortified harbors being captured by ships. If the guns of the fort were equal in quality to the guns of the ships, the latter could not possibly approach near enough to raise even an insignificant cloud of dust.

Probably no one knew better than Admiral Sampson that the only result of his bombarding operations would be to keep the enemy's outermost works at Santiago in a damaged condition, to create possibly some moral effect, and latterly to distract attention from the land attacks of the army. Of course, to the mere observer of the spectacle, who sees it for the first time, there is a good deal that is impressive and in a sense magnificent; but it soon becomes monotonous, and as one somewhat flippant correspondent put it "If one has attended Mr. Paine's bombardment at Coney Island, all others are tame, colorless and oddly unsensational." What the enemy ashore is doing is a source of some excitement, of course, especially if his shells are placed at all handily; but, as none of the supposed horrible effects of the ships' fire can be seen for the smoke of their own guns, a little too much is left to the imagination for truthful description.

Whatever the lessons, therefore, that we are learning during the present hostilities, we are not likely to acquire any great amount of fresh knowledge regarding the bombardment of land fortifications by sea. On the contrary, we shall probably have to remain satisfied that, as had previously been demonstrated, no ships, armored or unarmored, can venture within the range of the guns of land batteries without imminent risk of destruction; and that the damage inflicted on such batteries by the best and largest guns mounted on vessels, is so trifling as scarcely to be worth considering. In this there is no small feeling of comfort for residents of San Francisco, for whose protection well placed batteries, mounted with modern guns of sufficient range and power, together with an ample supply of suitable ammunition, should be all that is required to afford immunity from attacks to seaward. It should not, in this connection, be forgotten that the range of the batteries at the entrance to San Francisco harbor command only the western approaches to the Golden Gate. No guns are so placed as to dominate the south coast from the Cliff House to Lake Merced. Some years ago the Goverment obtained by purchase from the city the highest point of the promontory, on which it promised to set heavy armament. This point commands the coast, north and south, and a battery of modern rifles placed there would complete our plan of defense.

A new fad has struck Paris. A cluster of cherries is the swell boutonnière there now, and corsage bouquets of cherry twigs, with leaves and fruit, are in high favor. The effect is said to be good, but the custom must be a sad discouragement to sentiment, and an affectionate embrace would be complicated by a cherry corsage bouquet.

MRS. W. B. HARRINGTON
State President.

MRS. J. F. MERRILL
City President.

MRS. I. LOWENBERG
Manager Reception.

LOCAL OFFICERS OF THE RED CROSS SOCIETY

A DEBUTANTE'S DIARY

Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

This has been a much more lively week, Diary dear, for your little Miss Cricket. She has spent many of her days at the golf links. My red shirt is very becoming and my tie gives points to gorgeousness, being the very latest importation from the East, and especially designed for my Yale cousin, who vies with Mr. Lehr of New York in being one of the exquisites. Mr. Tetler is of great assistance to us, for he has given us points which enable us to make much longer drives. It is surprising how much can be gleaned by just receiving a hint now and again, and already I find my score assuming the desirable proportions. I positively marvel at the good drives I make quite accidentally, but I always pretend that there is skill as well as good luck in my achievements. There is a nice resting point on the grounds, and between times we rule, compare scores and polish off half a dozen Napa sodas. Some of the girls look very graceful and others again are positive frights. I find the red shirt especially becoming to Therese Morgan, as it sets off her fair hair and skin to admirable advantage. Helen Dean bids fair to become a fine golfer, and has already shown considerable ability in getting around the course at a good rate of speed. The heat interfere's somewhat with one's energy and sometimes, if it were not that I do not wish to lag behind the others, I should prefer my hammock and a book to the most fascinating game in the world.

I have been quite saddened and in sorrowful vein since the advent of Miss Rogers, and I don't think Juliet Williams has shown the right degree of consideration for the Native Daughters by importing so very attractive a cousin from the East. I hate to confess it, Diary dear, but since her arrival we have none of us been "in it" for a moment. Two of my most devoted swains have deserted me and are constantly to be seen in her train. And I must admit that even at the very zenith of their devotion to me neither Bert Dibblee nor Tom Berry ever showered the attentions on me that they do on this Eastern importation. I do wish Californians were more clannish, but papa says it is the same way with Eastern goods. Californians always prefer them to domestic products. Alack and alas, however, I hear that even in the East Miss Rogers has a train of adorers, and she may prefer home to local youths, so our boys will get left after all—and I hope they will; so there!

Leila and I are busily planning the most fitting costumes for the San Mateo Garden Fete next month. I have persuaded Mrs. Easton to let me appear as a Geisha girl, for I have an elusively alluring costume and have every hope of making a big conquest. Japanese dress is particularly suited to my style, and I have learned one or two fetching little dances and a song or so, and hope to be without a rival. We are all terribly interested in the fete, and when one considers the fun we shall get out of it I don't wonder. All the San Mateo people have gone wild over it, and Mrs. Willie Crocker, who made so memorable a success of her Burlingame Fete, has promised to render every assistance in her power. I am so glad there is something else in the way of charity besides the Red Cross, for, honestly, Diary, my love, since all this wild enthusiasm has been exhibited on account of the soldiers other charities have been most shamefully neglected. I think the Red Cross people are going a little out of their province, whereas people who are really in want are suffering for the genuine necessities of life. Oh, I must tell you a story which shows the impression the Red Cross hospitality has made at Camp Merritt. So accustomed have the soldiers become to find that in whatever they are lacking all that is essential is to send in and to the Red Cross, 16 Post street, and the need is supplied, that strange demands are made at all times on the ladies. One soldier wished to have his clothes laundered, so took them to the headquarters of the society and left them there. The society accepted them *as a donation*, and gave them to one in need. In a few days the soldier returned for his wash and the result may be imagined. The ladies were in a great state. However, I am not surprised at the soldier, for positively they are treated in princely fashion and literally spoiled.

On Friday I went down to see the ships off. It still saddens me to see the boys depart, and I had become quite attached to General Otis, who is a sort of connection of ours, having married Aunt Carolyn's husband's cousin—not very near, but nowadays one greedily hunts up every thirty-second cousin in the army and navy. Dr. Shiels and Dr. Quinan went to Manila. It seems to me that the physicians that are left should have quite a cinch, so many of our favorites have gone to the war. I wonder is it really true that they are going to send women nurses to Manila. If so, Leila and Cousin Hilda say they will immediately take up a course and depart on the first vessel. I should not mind accompanying them were I certain that my duties would be confined to bathing the soldiers' heads with cologne or reading to them, but real hard nursing is not all that it is imagined. It sounds very romantic when you read of it in novels, but the romance soon fades away when one has to remain up night after night, listening to the moans and groans of the sufferers. No, dear Diary, your little Cricket prefers the comfort of a home with even the trials which the happiest and luckiest of debutantes is occasionally bound to meet.

Let me see, what else have I to tell you about—the Paper Chase? Yes, it was interesting, but in no wise differed essentially from former events of the kind. We girls ride, on the whole, better than those who participated last season, and there have been no accidents worth recording. I forgot to tell you that my cousin is spending a week with us; he came up from Monterey on Sunday. He is a nice chap, but essentially a New Yorker. He considers me a simple provincial, and is endeavoring to make me more like an Eastern girl. I have copied him assidulously, except in papa's presence, for he considers Percy more or less of a fop, although being a nephew of mamma's he does not dare give expression to his opinion. Percy has given me a fine set of sticks, as well as three or four gems of ties. He has also sent for the latest style cap and shoes, so I shall be the best dressed of the golf players before many more suns have set. And now adieu, Diary, my own. Your devoted MISS CRICKET.

P. S.—Mary Earle has been here during the week visiting the Williams girls, and the Hopkins have gone to their place near Boca. I hear that Marie Wells has returned and that Ethel and Leontine find Montery more fascinating than ever. Again adieu.

MISS CRICKET.

"The Page" is an admirable piece of wood carving in natural size, which was awarded the first prize at the Mechanics' Fair. It is from the well-known establishment of M. Poli & D. Fenai at 217 Hayes street, and not from a supposed firm, "M. Potte," which does not exist except in the imagination of some competitors who are maliciously trying to damage the studio of M. Poli & D. Fenaia. *

The Ogiginal Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

GERMEA

The Ideal Breakfast Dish

MOORE'S POISON OAK REMEDY
Cures Poison Oak and all Skin Diseases. Sold by all Druggists.

THE RED CROSS.

Noble Work of San Francisco Ladies on Behalf of the Soldiers.

The finest feature of the war with Spain has been the magnificent patriotism which the struggle has evoked. It is appropriate when one's country goes to battle to rally valiantly to her flag and encourage her soldiers and sailors to victory, but never in England or France, Germany or Russia has there been such an outpouring of national enthusiasm as these hostilities have called forth. For once the distinctions of wealth and poverty, of aristocracy and democracy have been swept aside, and millionaires and mechanics, laborers and professional men are marching to battle side by side. The best blood of the country has gone forth to the war, and an exhibition of patriotism given which will enhance the status of America and Americans the world over, and go into history as the greatest of all the tributes to our institutions.

In the past California has ever been renowned for her bounteous hospitality, and this reputation has been more than sustained by the work of the Red Cross organizatian which has done wonders for the 20,000 soldiers who have passed through here bound for Manila. Nowhere in the country, not in New York or Boston, where we were told the war spirit ran so much higher than in the West, has there been such an outpouring of generous hospitality, such a superb devotion as the ladies of the Red Cross have shown in San Francisco. What they have left undone is only what no one thought of doing. They have been as mothers and sisters to the soldiers who had gone out from their homes in the West and South to fight for the United States at Manila. Literally they have fed and clothed them, have ministered to their necessities with all the tender attentions and gentle solicitude that women alone can show. On arrival the regiments, tired and hungry after the long haul over the mountains and plains, have been met at the ferry by delegations of pretty, smiling girls laden with flowers and dainties who have served them not only breakfast but with postal cards to write to wives and mothers and sweethearts and sisters at home the tidings of their safe arrival. In camp it has been the care of the Red Cross ladies to supply the boys with little luxuries that have gone far to piece out the cold comforts of hardtack and beans. Bandages and medical equipment, pouches for needles and scissors, tobacco and a thousand and one other things that a journey so far afield might demand, it has been the privilege of the Red Cross to supply. To the demands of the society the community has responded liberally, not only with funds but with goods of all kinds, and food and raiment.

Something of the history and personnel of the organization which has accomplished such wonders may briefly be stated: The work was started in April in connection with the National Guard. This body was so poorly equipped that the attention of Governor Budd was called to it by Dr. Hopkins. A mass meeting was convoked at the California Hotel by Dr. Foute, Dr. Stebbins, Father Wyman, Rabbi Voorsanger, ex-Chief Crowley, Dr. Hansen, Mrs. J. F. Merrill, Mrs. Sloss, Mrs. Redington, Mrs. Harrington, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Backus and others. After some hesitation the formation of a Red Cross Auxiliary was undertaken, and since then progress has been rapid. There is a State and a city organization, Mrs. W. B. Harrington being President of the former and Mrs. Merrill of the latter. Claus Spreckels donated rooms in the *Call* building and a thousand badges to start with. The city organization has its quarters in the *Examiner* building. There is a great work room where supplies are received and given out at 10 Post street. The entire auxiliary is thoroughly organized, which is among the reasons it has been enabled to achieve such magnificent results.

The "Progressive Euchre Club" at Kenilworth Inn had a most delightful game on Tuesday night. Mrs. Charles Jackson and W. E. Veazie carried off the honors. The unfortunate ones were Miss Maud Jackson and Mrs. W. E. Veazie. Those who participated in the game were Mesdames Charles W. Jackson, R. M. Wilson, Harry Unna, R. Peixotto, Brown, W. E. Veazie, Nietto, T. C. Arnold, Misses Reine Slaten, Florence Benjamin, Fanny Jackson, Maude Jackson, Brown, Margaret O'Callaghan, Annie O'Callaghan, Jessie Davis, Maude Arnold, S. Unna, Messrs. Unna, Wilson, Veazie, R. Peixotto, Eustice Peixotto and Sydney Wilson.

A gentleman's drink, is the famous old Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey.

Rubber heels: Easy walking, no fatigue. At Dietie's, 235 Bush street.

Clearance Sale

Prices Greatly Reduced During the Summer Months on

ARTISTICALLY CARVED

Imported Furniture
French Cabinets
Odd Parlor Ornaments
Marble Statuary
and Art Ware

THE P. ROSSI CO.

117 Sutter Street
SAN FRANCISCO

Our own factories in Venice and Paris.

A CLEANSER AND BEAUTIFIER

California Cream of Lemon is an ideal toilet preparation because it is nothing but pure, unadulterated lemon. It is made entirely from fresh selected San Diego County lemons. **Cream of Lemon** cures and prevents sunburn, freckles, tan, chapped hands and lips, pimples, and all other skin blemishes and irritations. It restores faded complexions and removes wrinkles. Used in the bath, it leaves the skin delightfully soft, white, smooth and velvety. It cannot be excelled for babies' bath. It keeps the skin sweet and pure and prevents all irritation.

It retails at 15 cents. Ask your druggist for it. If he will not supply you send 20 cents and we will send a three-ounce collapsible tube of Cream of Lemon prepaid to any address in the United States.

BALLOU & COSGROVE
Sole Agents for the United States, San Diego, Cal

Most druggists sell it—all druggists should.

Heraldic Office

Crests, Coats-of-Arms, Book Plates designed and illuminated according to proper rules of Heraldry. Pedigrees and Family Records.

W. DEAKIN, Importer of Ancient and Modern Books.

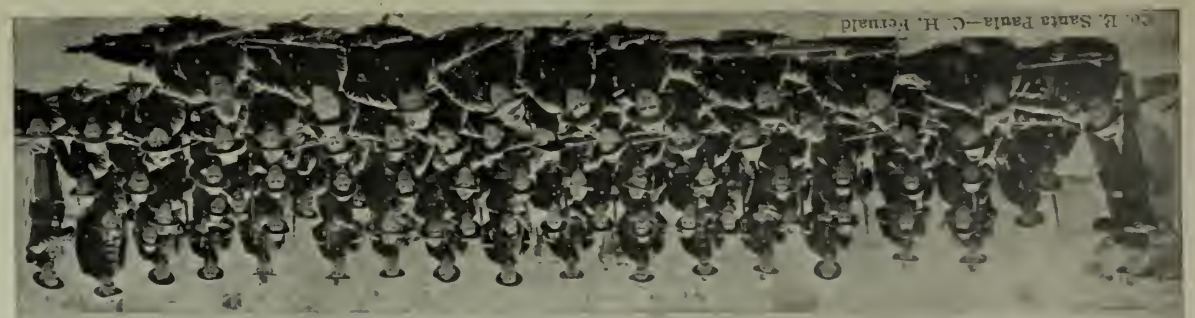
226 Post Street, San Francisco,

Dramatic Play Bureau

943-819 Market St., San Francisco

New Dramas, Operas, Burlesques and War Plays for Sale or on Royalty

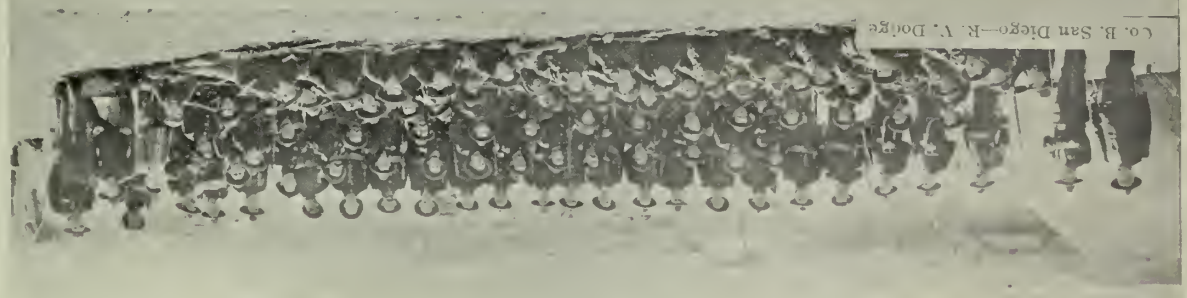
New writers are invited to send in their playbooks. Especial attention will be given to them.



Co. E, Santa Paula—C. H. Reinald

Co. D, Pomona—H. T. Mathews

Co. C, Los Angeles—S. K. Lamworthy

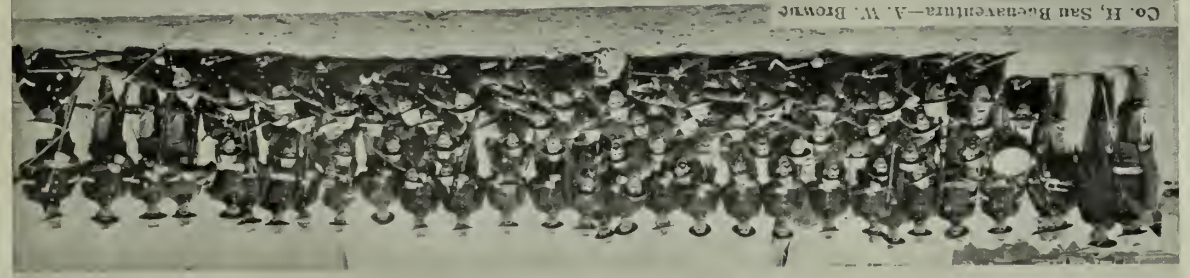


Co. B, San Diego—R. V. Dodge

Co. A, Los Angeles—Robert Wanbowski

Co. K, San Bernardino—O. P. Sloat

Co. I, Pasadena—W. I. Lippincott



Co. H, San Buenaventura—A. W. Browne

Co. G, Redlands—George S. Biggin

Co. F, Los Angeles—F. L. Reynolds

Royal is the highest grade baking powder known. Actual tests show it goes one-third further than any other brand.

ROYAL
BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

SOCIETY IN LONDON

ess of Wales at a Charity Bazaar—The Rothschilds' Mansions.

lon, July 6th.—That the spirit of reli- toleration is .making rapid strides in nd is evidenced by the fact that on June Princess of Wales opened the fancy ld in aid of the Roman Catholic Orphan- Norwood. This is the first time in her that the Princess has done anything of rt for those who do not belong to the shed Church, and there is considerable g among the Catholics thereon. It tremendously smart affair, and all the nservative among the Roman Catholics by the way, are the most conservative English) were there in their best bibs kers. Some of the gowns were beauti- the Princess looked almost as young laughters, in a soft white muslin frock air stripes of black decorated with ap- of black lace. Her toque was of heli- with crimson roses, and around her he wore a boa of the same shade. An- stunning costume was worn by Lady ge, formerly Miss Elaine Guest, who ently married and has the distinction g one of the best dressed women in n. Her gown was green silk, veiled complete overdress of Honiton lace, tock and belt of shaded flame colored Her hat was of grey with myriads of colored roses. Lady Eden wore a pink d silk with black and white hat com- covered with waving black plumes. s an interesting spectacle to watch the s from the moment she alighted from riage, for it is on occasions such as this e can then understand the reason for mendous popularity among her future

It isn't much trouble for a really healthy man to be good humored. ity and exhuberant health are a pro- ial combination. The hearty man who ways laughing doesn't have any trouble his digestion. It has been said that hing makes people healthy. The truth at health makes people laugh. is impossible to estimate the tre- dous influence of health upon human acter. A man with a headache will be in a happy, contented frame of d. A man who suffers from a weak ach and an impaired digestion will sit grumble through the best meal ever ared. A bilious man who is not a , is deserving of a place in a museum. ervous man who is not petulent and t-finding is a curiosity. All these con- ns lead to grave diseases, when the im becomes not only disagreeable, but ndent as well. A wise wife will real- hat while the old saying that a "man's rt is in his stomach," is not literally , it is a fact that his stomach sweetens sours his character according as it is lthy or unhealthy. Dr. Pierce's Golden dical Discovery is the best of medicines the conditions described. It makes weak stomach strong, the impaired estion perfect, invigorates the liver, ifies and enriches the blood and tones nerves. It tears down half-dead, inert ues and replaces them with the firm scular tissues of health. It builds new healthy nerve fibres and brain cells. dissipates nervousness and melancholy imparts mental elasticity and courage. is the best of all known medicines for vous disorders.

Through your skillful treatment I am once re a well man," writes J. N. Arnold, Esq., of ndy, Logan Co., Nebr. "I suffered for years could not find relief until I commenced ing your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I suf- ed with constipation and torpidity of liver ich resulted in irritation of the prostate and lammation of the bladder. I had only taken bottle when I found great relief. The medi- e has effected a permanent cure."

subjects. She walked slowly through a passage lined with the younger members of the orphanage, all dressed in their blue uniforms, white aprons and caps. As she sauntered down the line she would bow first on one side and then on the other, and graciously smile on the uplifted faces of the radiant children. She opened the bazaar, visited all the stalls, exchanging a pleasant greeting with the various ladies, and purchasing some article from each. Then on to the flower stall, presided over by Miss Nellie Farren, formerly the most successful burlesque actress in England, but now partially paralyzed. The Princess shook her by the hand and congratulated her upon her appearance. The young Princesses all take an active interest in aid of the various charities, which is curious, when one realizes the antipathy the Queen has for this method of raising money. She not only has no sympathy with it, but will rarely even grace such occasions with her august presence.

Another successful charity fair was held at the Hotel Cecil on June 28th, in aid of the London Hospital. The affair was organized by the newspaper press of London and was the most successful sale ever held here. The Princess of Wales and the Duchess of York opened the bazaar, and the crowd that attended was so great that numbers failed to obtain admission and were turned away. The Prince of Wales is quite a partisan of modern journalism, and generally manages to see what is written about him not only in the papers of Great Britain but in those of the United States as well. Heartrending tales are written up in so wild a fashion that they are fit food for even the most delicate palate.

There is more or less talk over the probable engagement of young Prince Francis of Teck, brother of the Duchess of York, to the Duchess Marie of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. She is a very pretty woman and a cousin of Prince Francis. Her father is the only son of the Duchess of Teck's sister and her mother, the hereditary Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, was said to be the handsomest of the royalties at the Queen's Golden Jubilee. She still looks marvellously young. Prince Francis is twenty-eight and an exceedingly handsome jolly young fellow, but shockingly extravagant. The Duchess of York is looking much better since her husband returned to his beloved ocean. She has not the calmness of the Princess of Wales, who, however she may have regarded her husband's flirtations never made any public fuss about them.

Rather a pleasant little incident is related about the Duchess of Marlborough (Consuelo Vanderbilt) in connection with the marriage of the Marquis Camden and Miss Joan Nevill. Miss Nevill is a niece of the Lord William Nevill who was recently imprisoned for obtaining money on false pretences. She was engaged to Lord Camden, but, on learning of her uncle's disgrace, broke off the match and went to the continent. Lord Camden tried to find her, but without success, Fortunately for him Consuelo of Marlborough and Miss Nevill were great friends, and when the latter fled from her betrothed she wrote to the Duchess telling her all about it. Consuelo determined to bring them together and, journeying to France, she persuaded Miss Nevill to travel with her. At first Miss Joan refused, but later consented and the Duchess telegraphed Lord Camden telling him of their plans. He dropped in on them accidentally and the Duchess, after giving them a sensible talk, left them together. The marriage was celebrated as originally intended and the Duchess is regarded by Lord and Lady Camden as their fairy godmother.

Waddesdon Manor, where the Prince of Wales has been stopping recently, is one of the many beauiiful country houses owned by the Rothschild family in Bucks; and is thought by many people to be the finest of the Rothschild palaces, not excepting historical Ferrieres, although, of course, the French chateau is very much larger. Waddesdon is famous for its beautiful gardens, and one of the Sunday amusements there is boating on the lake. It is somewhat curious that "the great county of Buckinghamshire" should be so honored by the Rothschilds. At Aston Clinton, Lady Antony de Rothschild used to carry on the traditions of charitable endeavor and social philanthropy which have distinguished so many of the family and there all sorts and conditions of women still meet frequently under the genial welcome of Lady Battersea, to whom the beautiful house is still "home." Between Aston Clinton and Waddesdon is Eythorpe and its Pavilion, the property of Miss Alice de Rothschild, who, however, spends a great deal of her time with her brother, now long a widower.

Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild has been master of Waddesdon twenty-four years; his predecessors having been the Dukes of Marlborough. The house, however, is modern, and was built by its present owner. The visitors' book is as interesting in its way as the precious volume which has, I fancy, remained in Mr. Astor's triumphant possession at Cliveden. The Queen visited Waddesdon eight years ago, and her Majasty was entertained with princely hospitality by the Baron. All the leading politicians of the day, without distinction of party, have been among his guests; indeed, it was there that Mr. Cecil Rhodes first made the acquaintance of the present Secretary of State for the Colonies. One of the most delightful features of Waddesdon is the aviary, which is the largest of its kind in the world. The Rothschilds have always been deeply interested in natural history, and it is said that the finest private museum dedicated to this fascinating pursuit is at Tring, and owes its being to the eldest son and heir of Lord Rothschild, Mr. Walter Rothschild. KATRIONA.

In the trolley system of Dresden the trolley wheel is absent, contact with the overhead wire being made by a light, slightly bowed horizontal bar that is pressed upward against it. It takes six to eight weeks to wear out one of these bars, which are made of aluminum. Experience in this and other German cities is said to have demonstrated the superiority of this device to the one ordinarily in use.

Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist, 806 Market Street

PARISIAN GOSSIP

A Chatty Commentary on Society and Affairs in the French Capital.

Paris, June 30th—Owing to the chilly winds the Paris season continues later than usual and there are comparatively few departures for the watering places or seaside resorts. The American colony has been exceptionally quiet this year, for on account of the war few entertainments have been given. A large number of the habitues of the French capital have returned to New York to look after their interests and those who remain seem to be economizing.

Of the popular resorts the Neuilly Fair may be mentioned as one of the more attractive, and it now the custom to drive down there after an early dinner or take a gay party on a coaching expedition. Colonel Thomas Ochiltree may frequently be seen making trips on his road coach "Magnet," which is usually driven by one of the popular maidens of the American colony. At the Neuilly Fair there are excellent wrestling matches which bring back the days of "As You Like It," when brawny men wrestled in the Forest of Arden. Some of the fellows show remarkable skill in the way they throw their adversaries, and it interesting to note their wonderful muscular development.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Curtis, Mr. and Mrs. Moore and Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hauteville are the most constant attendants of the Fair. Colonel Ochiltree has also become proficient as a motor carriage stoker and usually takes a drive in the Bois de Boulogne in his petroleum gas victoria. Another devotee of the motor car is Mr. James Gordon Bennett who has a very stunning looking cherry and red petroleum phaeton.

To be in the go in Paris you must sport some sort of amulet.. Countess Boni Castellane (Anna Gould) wears for luck a large and common looking American hatpin with a glass head. This "emblem," if it may be so designated, belonged to her old nurse and she believes it to be a talisman. The Spanish Ambassador, Senor Leon y Castillo, wears a ring behind the setting is a case in which is a drop of blood taken from the lips of his dying mother. As an amulet the Duchesse de Morny carries a horseshoe everywhere, and the Duchesse de Montesquiou Fezenac wears a dead snake as a garter round her left leg. All these superstitions seem rather absurd, but the rabbit's foot that was sent from America with the most impossible legend attached to it as well as the four-leafed clover seem to prove that in the new world as in the old we cling to a few of the antique fetiches.

The French dressmakers and tradespeople continue to deplore the attitude taken by the French press against America, for they have lost tens of thousands of francs thereby. This may be readily seen if one visits the establishments of any of the larger modistes. They have cut down the number of their attendants and even the most arrogant of them, who had to consider as to whether they would be able to make an appointment for you last season, now positively fawn upon you when you enter their stores. As with the dressmakers, so also with the jewelers and dry goods people—all seem to feel the "hard times" brought on by the desertion of the Americans.

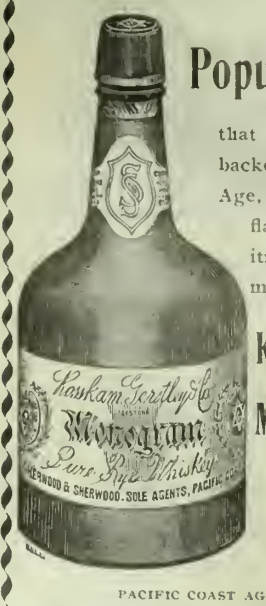
The French papers suggest that the unseasonableness of the weather is due to the fact that the Americans have cut the Gulf Stream, and really it is extraordinary how very cold and bleak the summer has been. Only four warm days, and then feminine Paris flew to the dressmakers and ordered summer silks. Then again followed the wintry weather and we were once again obliged to don furs. Now every one wears the lightest of summer frocks and carries fur wraps, which looks curious to say the least. The skirts are growing more extraordinary in construction daily, and the most amazing forms of decoration are in vogue, every variety of flower running in as many directions as there can be lines; or else polonaise effects with open work embroidery and gauze. Then some have row upon row of galloon from knee to hem, with cross stitch work attaching one to the other. There is also a fashion of wearing princess slips over fancy under dresses of gauze or tulle; and laces of all descriptions, guipure and insertion trim even the most modest of the summer dresses.

Great preparations are in order for the Fourth of July, which will be celebrated by the American Ambassador at his house in the Rue Villejust. Miss Porter will receive in the absence of her mother, whose continued delicacy of health obliges her to remain at Marienbad, where she is taking a cure. Miss Porter, however, is very popular in the colony, being a girl of very charming manners and that nice degree of graciousness which is so essential in the relatives of a diplomat. The French Government has placed a guard of honor composed of troopers of the Republican Guard at the disposal of the Chamber of Commerce for the banquet to be given on Monday, and the band of that corps will provide the music.

BABETTE.

In these days, when Hawaiian photographs are of the greatest interest and importance to the people of the United States, it is interesting to know that a San Franciscan is making the best pictures of the island kingdom that have ever been printed. He is Mr. Davey, who for a long time was head operator for Taber. Of course Honolulu has been viewed and reviewed, but a clever photographer can always give a new aspect to a scene if he knows how to handle his camera and has an artistic point of view. Mr. Davey was one of the best men in his line in the West, and he is certainly making an impression in Honolulu. The Wave has had the honor of publishing some excellent views made by him. He made the pictures published last week of the arrival of the transports at Honolulu, and the picture on the front cover of this issue is also from his studio.

Dr. G. A. Danziger, Dentist, 22 Geary street



Popularity

that lasts must be backed by merit. Age, purity and flavor are qualities that have made

Keystone Monogram

the most popular of all whiskies

PACIFIC COAST AGENTS
SHERWOOD & SHERWOOD
SAN FRANCISCO
PORTLAND LOS ANGELES

LATE VERSE

Foolish Questions.

I saw a sweet young mother with
Her first-born at her breast;
"And what's the baby's name?" I asked
Of her so richly blessed.
She looked at me with pity, as
She proudly poised her head:
"We call him Dewey, sir, of course,"
In tender tones she said.

I met a dainty little girl
Who led a kitten by a string,
And as I stroked her head, I asked:
"What do you call the pretty thing?"
She looked at me with wide blue eyes,
And as she went her way,
"I call my kitten Dewey, sir,"
I heard her sweetly say.

I met a curly-headed boy
Who had a brindle pup:
"And what's your doggy's name?" I asked,
As I held the creature up.
He gazed at me in wouder, and
He proudly cocked his head:
"I call him Dewey, sir, of course,"
He pityingly said.

I stopped beside a rustic stile,
And heard a milkmaid sing a song:
"And what's your bossy's name?" I asked
The lassie as she came along.
She looked at me in mild surprise,
And as she strode away,
"Why, Dewey is her name, of course,"
I heard the maiden say.

—*Cleveland Leader.*

Growin' Old.

I met a feller here to-day thet I ain't seen in years;
He's old an' gray an' withered up, an' pore, so it appears.
By jinks! it do seem singular thet such a thing could be,
'Cause thet old wrinkled feller used to go to school with me.

He was the liveliest little kid thet ever played "I spy,"
He uster pelt the passengers when the old 'bus 'ud go by,
An' lick a gang o' fellers fer teasin' crippled Ned,
'Cause he was allus good at heart, fer all he raised Old Ned.

An' now he's old; somehow I can't just think of him that way.
Never seemed like he was made for anything but play,
An' it makes me trimble kinder, when I look back an' see
Thet frisky little feller thet went to school with me.

—*Amsterdam Sentinel*

Good Reason.

Poor chap! he's looking very bad,
He's very sick, or very mad,
Won't smoke a pipe, or take a drink,
Won't tip a pretty girl a wink,
Won't play the races or the fool,
Won't even risk a game of pool,
Won't sing a Bacchanalian song,
Won't do a thing that's really wrong.
Surely something has him harried—
Oh! I forgot, last week he married!

Town Topics.

Pears'

Pears' soap is dried a whole year. That's why it lasts so.

400 GRADUATES SECURED POSITIONS IN PAST TWO YEARS

LOW RATES!

San Francisco Business College

Only Experienced Bookkeepers and Reporters Employed as Teachers. Send for Catalogue.

1236 MARKET STREET, S. F.

Columbia Theatre

FRIEDLANDER, GOTTLOB & CO., Lessees and Mgrs.

An Event of Importance!
Next Monday Night

THE FRAWLEY CO.

Presenting for the first time on any stage the new War Drama

A GALLANT SURRENDER

By Edward E. Kidder

Superbly Staged! A Great Cast!

In preparation—"His Absent Boy"

Orpheum

Week commencing . . . . . Monday, July 25th

Direct from Europe, the Sisters Macarte, Extraordinary Exponents of Equipose
The Angela Sisters, Refined Musical Artistes
The Wellknown Alto, William H. Windom, assisted by the Famous Blackstone Quartette
Wilton & Stack, World's Greatest Bar Performers
Joseph Hart, assisted by the clever Carrie DeMar, in Hart's Original Sketch, "Dr. Chauncey's Visit"
Valmore, the Instrumental Man
Gilbert & Goldie in a change of Songs and Stories
Lorenz & Allen, Eccentric Comedians and Dancers

Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c.

Tivoli Opera House

MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING, Proprietor and Manager

Last Nights of Planquette's Charming Opera
The Bells of Corneville

Next Week—Last of the Comic Opera Season—Regal Revival of Milloecker's Superb Work

THE BEGGAR STUDENT!

Great Cast! New Scenery! Correct Costumes!

Monday, Aug. 1st—Grand Opera Season
First week—"Aida," "Lucia di Lammermoor"
Special Saturday Matinee

Popular Prices : : 25 and 50 cts.

Alcazar Theatre

FRED BELASCO, Lessee : MARK THALL, Manager
Telephone Main 254

To-Night and Sunday Night, FAUST

Monday, July 25th—Tenth Week of the Celebrated Actor, LEWIS MORRISON, Supported by Miss Florence Roberts

When will be presented the Emotional Drama

EAST LYNNE

Seats now on sale—15c., 25c., 35c. and 50c.—Reserved

Beware of Imitations
This is a fac simile of the package

Genuine Diamond "L" Tea
Pure and Uncolored
GEO. A. MOORE & CO.
208 California St., S. F.
For sale by all grocers

COTTON SAIL DUCKS

22-inch, in all numbers. Medium, Soft and Hard

ALSO

Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks
From 30 to 120 inches wide

Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks

Manufactured by Murphy, Grant & Co.
Mount Vernon Company . . Pacific Coast
Baltimore Sole Agents

MRS. M. E. PERLEY MRS. S. V. CULP

DECORATIVE KERAMIC ART STUDIO

215 Post Street

All Branches of China Painting Taught
Morning Class: Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, from 9 a. m. to 12 m. Afternoon Class: Daily, from 1:30 to 4:30. Lessons $1 each. Private Lessons $1.50 each. TRY OUR ROMAN GOLD.
Telephone Grant 43

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

Main Office, 510 Montgomery St.
SAN FRANCISCO

Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper Information
Advance Reports on all Contract Work
Telephone Main 1042

Miss Adie's School

2117 California Street

Reopens August 1st. Bet. Laguna and Buchanan

THE THEATRES

Passing Comment on Contemporary Performances.

"Liberty Hall" is indeed a pretty little modern comedy, and well-filled houses have testified to the public appreciation of it. With the exception, perhaps, of "Aristocracy" one must congratulate Mr. Frawley upon his selection of plays for the season. In "Liberty Hall" Theodore Roberts easily carried off the honors. His Mr. Todeman, the old bookseller, was a remarkably clever piece of work, ably seconded by Edward Bell. Bell has the rare faculty of successfully sinking his own identity; even in minor and perhaps unimportant details, which lends a charm to his work that must impress even the careless observer most. Throughout the performance he was plain Mr. Owen—not Bell. Miss Bouton's most unhappy manner of playing to the audience again obtruded itself. The conclusion forces itself upon one that, with this young lady, her flounces and dresses are apparently of more importance than such trifling matters as her lines or manner of delivery. She is simply Miss Bouton endeavoring to look pretty. Occasionally there comes to her a touch of naturalness that makes you regret her mannerisms. In the love scene she seemed to lose herself for a moment, and took a remarkably effective and pretty pose in fondling the spray of flowers, but there it began and ended. Piquantly pretty and thoroughly natural was Miss Campbell. Aside from a voice somewhat thin and in need of cultivation, Miss Campbell is a young lady of remarkable promise. The material is there, but "work" alone will develop it. Frawley himself was particularly happy and handsome in the character of the timid lover. Somehow, Frawley as a lover has never impressed me. But the Rev. Gerald Harringay does not make love *ad lib.* all over the stage, and hence he (and may I say the audience) was spared in that connection. "Liberty Hall" is, as I have said, a pretty play, and, not to be severely criticised. The male portion of Mr. Frawley's company is vastly superior in point of ability to the gentler half.

* *

The show at the Orpheum has been good all round, with not an empty seat in sight. Valmore, "the instrumental man," is a peculiar freak. With his voice, or whatever it is that emanates from his throat and nose, he can make you believe, with your eyes shut, that he is performing on the cello, violin or wind instrument. He is certainly a novelty. Hart and Carrie De Mar are very entertaining. Their little skit is well done and Carrie's ways are distinctly pleasing. Gilbert and Goldie give a capital performance. The former's mimicry of the sordid Hebrew is very clever indeed, and creates a visible sensation amongst the children of Judah, so much in evidence at our playhouses. The other features are all good of their kind, though it is a shame to see little Fleurette's pretty dancing, which winds up the evening, for the most part ignored by an audience impatient to make its exit. In this respect the manners of San Francisco at the theatre are abominably bad.

* *

DRAMATIC NOTES

There is to be a real *premiere* at the Columbia next week. The new play, "A Gallant Surrender," by Edward F. Kidder, is to have its initial production at the hands of the Frawley Company. Kidder is the man who wrote "Peaceful Valley" and "A Poor Relation" for Sol Smith Russell. It is a war play, of course, dealing with incidents at the close of the Civil War, and there are some striking situations. The *dramatis personæ* form a long list, and Harry Mainhall, Thos. C. Leary and others have been engaged to assist the Frawley combination.

There are four new acts announced at the Orpheum for next week, prominent among which is that of the Macarte Sisters, slack wire performers; the Angela Sisters, singing trio; the famous alto, W. H. Windom, assisted by the Blackstone Quartette; Wilton & Stack, horizontal bar performers. The hold-overs will include Mr. Joseph Hart and Carrie De Mar in a new sketch, Gilbert & Goldie, comedians; Lorenz & Allen, eccentric comedians; Valmore, "The Instrumental Man."

Commencing with Monday evening, the Alcazar management will present "East Lynne" with Mr. Morrison as Captain Levison and Miss Florence Roberts as Lady Isabel. The piece, though often seen in this city before and several times at this house, will be sure to receive a full share of attention with Mr. Morrison in the cast, supported by the Alcazar Company.

Manager J. J. Gottlob, who has returned here from New York, has booked an array of attractions for the Baldwin, Columbia and California Theatres. "Secret Service" will be one of the features at the Baldwin season.

Arrangements are being made by Friedlander, Gottlob & Co. for the appearance here, in the latter part of the year, of the Italian Opera Company headed by Mlle. Clementine de Vere.

A. M. Palmer's "His Absent Boy" is the piece to follow "A Gallant Surrender" at the Columbia Theatre. The comedy was originally brought over here by Nat C. Goodwin.

An excellent remedy for insomnia will be found in the famous old Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey, taken at bedtime. Your druggist has it.

Poodle Dog Restaurant, southeast corner of Grant avenue and Bush street. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone 429. Blanco & Bruno, proprietors.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes, Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

Dooley the Patriot

He Warns Prince Henry of Germany to Keep His Hands Off.

"If I was Prince Hinnery iv Garmany," said Mr. Dooley, "d'ye know what I'd do? I'd go away somewhere an' play peeknuckle f'r th' beers. Prince Hinnery's in a place where he's liable to be rolled."

"Ye see, Hinnissy, this Prince Hinnery is a brother iv th' impror iv Garmany. That's why he's a prince. If he was a brother iv me frind Schwartzmeister down th' street he'd be tindin' bar on th' night watch. Whin a Garman gets along in th' wurrurld he has all his fam'ly wurrukin' f'r him. That's where they're diff'rint fr'm our own people. We're too proud to wurruk f'r one iv our own fam'ly. We feel above thim. So, whin Willum got to be impror iv Garmany he give his brother a good job. 'Hinnery,' he says, 'ye're gettin' to be a big, sthrong fellow,' he says, 'an' ye haven't done annything but set around,' he says, 'gettin' up howlin' turnyuints an' practicin' f'r th' mannerchore,' he says. 'Tis time ye wint out,' he says, 'an' showed what they was in ye,' he says. 'Go over,' he says, 'an' kill a Chinnyman,' he says. 'All r-right, Bill,' says Hinnery, 'all r-right, ye'er Majesty,' he says. An' he wint over in a boat an' pulled down laundhry signs an' bruk windows an' whin' th' Chinnymen come r-runnin' upstairs wr-ringin' th' soapsuds out iv their hands, he took thim be th' pigtails an' beat th' gr-round with thim.

"Whin a Gaman is at peace with th' wurrurld an' rayspicts his neighbors an' is happy to set out in fr-ront iv his place r-reading his *Fried Press* an' passin' th' time iv day with his customers, he's a gintleman an' usu'lly votes r-right. But, lave a Garman win wan fight, an' both sides iv th' sthreet won't hold him f'r pride. 'Twas so with Prince Hinnery. Whin he'd licked th' Chinnymen he wint walkin' up an' down th' fr-ront iv th' contynint iv Asia with his thumbs stuck in his vest, cockin' his hat at all the wurrurld an' mintionin' what he done to ivrybody that passed that way. 'Th' way I treated thim haythen was a sight yet,' says he. 'Aber,' he says, 'I'll do annywan that falls in me way,' he says. 'Bedad, I will,'

"He was lookin' f'r fight whin he heerd that George Dooley an' Packy Mountjoy was mixin' up, an' away he wint to take a hand in it. Cousin George was just through with th' Spanyard an' was settin' on top iv wan iv his boats playin' on th' coronet f'r to pass away th' time, whin along come Prince Hinnery. 'Well, me Garman frind, what can I do f'r ye,' says George. 'I've come up,' says Prince Hinnery, 'f'r to interfere in this fight,' he says. 'I don't like th' way ye have rolled me frind, Packy Mountjoy,' he says. 'He's a towny iv mine, an' I may have a fuss with ye whin I hear fr'm me brother, already,' says he. 'All r-right,' says George. 'All r-right, me buck, says he. 'All r-right,' he says, 'I'll wait f'r ye,' he says, 'to hear fr'm home,' he says, 'but,' he says, 'in the meantime,' he says, 'if ye get between me an' Packy,' he says, 'whin Packy comes out fr'm th' manhole,' he says, 'I'll have to push ye ar-round,' he says. 'I'll take no advantage iv ye,' he says, 'but th' postal facilities are poor, 'he says,' 'an' if ye was in th' way I might take a kick at ye whether ye'd got a letter fr'm home or not,' he says. 'An Irish fight, he says, 'is no proper place f'r a German boy,' he says. An' he wint on playin' 'O'Donnell Aboo' on the coronet.

"What happened to Schwartzmeister's brother Hans I'll happen to Prince Hinnery if he don't look out f'r himself. Ye know Looey—a big chunk iv a r-round-headed, good-natured lad, with no more har-rm in him than a fishball—a thurough man in his thrade, too—cud carry half a dozen steins on each ar-rm, over a steeplechase coorse without spillin' a dhrop. Well, wan night, Looey had been loadin' himsilf up with kimmel an' cursed wather, an' he wint out with th' two Regan boys that was cellybratin' their havin' carri'd th' prim'ries f'r Willum J. O'Brien be rollin' beer kags down into th' Chinese laundhries. Well, he had th' divvils own time, though he didn't know what 'twas all about, him thinkin' it was seryous, an' th' Regans on'y doin' it be way iv a joke. An' iv'ry time they rolled in a kag th' Chinnymen r-run out in their ondacint clothes, an' Looey an' th' Regan boys thrun bricks at thim, an', oh, 'twas gloryous spoort f'r th' Regans eu' mighty inthrestin' to Schwartmeister, him thinkin' 'twas seryous.

"After a while th' Regan boys see a man goin' up th' sthreet that'd wanst empired a ball game agin thim, an' they put out f'r him. But Looey bein' a Garman an' not knowin' how to l'ave off, wint on rollin' beer kags. Down be th' bridge he come acrost a basemint with lights in it, an' rolled a kag, because he was a Garman an' didn't see where th' joke inded. He rolled this kag down on top iv Wolfe Tone Haggerty, the shoemaker, who was peggin' boots on his bench. Haggerty was an industhrees man an' needed a r-rest an' he dhropped his hammer an' come boundin' out. Schwartzmeister, him bein' a Garman, an' not seein' that th' pint iv th' joke was that th' kag was rolled again a Chinnyman, heaved a r-rock at him. Haggerty come fr'm near Clonmel, where th' first thing they larn when they lave th' mother is to heave a r-rock, an' th' nex' thing to duck wan, an' he dodged an' come up again Looey like Clancey's fightin' goat Pether Maher, an' though a small man, an unarmored cruiser, ye might say, took him be th' feet an' sthud him on his head. Whin th' polis come out he had Loocy in a vacant lot an' was jumpin' on him fr'm on top iv th' fince. 'Twas at laste a week befure Looey cud see to make change without proppin' his eyes open, an' f'r a long time he took his four quarts a day through a sthraw. Haggerty was on good terms with th' ol' man, an' he dhropped in to see him th' nex' day. 'Ogoost,' he says, 'ye must keep ye'er boy Looey off th' sthreet,' he says. 'If he goes on in this way he'll get into a fight,' he says.

"I hope," Mr. Dooley concluded, "that Prince Hinnery won't take Cousin George Dooley f'r a Chinnyman. If he does, he'll get slapped."—*Chicago Journal.*

JOE POHEIM, THE TAILO

Makes the best fitting clothes at 25 p cent less than any other house on t Pacific Coast. See Prices:

PANTS TO ORDER	SUITS TO ORDER
$3.50	$10.0
4.50	13.5
5.00	15.5
6.00	17.5
7.00	20.0
8.00	25.0
9.00	30.0

The firm of JOE POHEIM is the largest in United States. Rules for self-measurement a samples of cloth sent free.

201 and 203 Montgomery St., cor. Bush.
844 & 846 Market St. 1110 & 1112 Market
SAN FRANCISCO.
485 Fourteenth St., Oakland. 603 & 605 K St., Sacram
143 South Spring St., Los Angeles.

"Remember the Name!"

Certain individuals who do not patronize American industries
Run off with an idea that in order to get good wines they must use
European products, when there is no necessity for
So doing, and in these stirring and patriotic times of
To-day everybody should feel a keen interest in
American products which are of deserving merit,

Both for the reason that they are used
Largely among American citizens, and made by
Americans for Americans people in America
Now and always, and therefore we ask you to give the
CRESTA BLANCA California Wines
A fair and impartial trial at your club or home

With anything of like cost from France.
Inasmuch as these wines have been acknowledged second to
None in comparison with goods from the
European countries, wherever exhibited, you
Surely are in favor of American goods.

CREWE
STAZA
BLAZOA
IZES

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.—GOULD & C SILVER MINING CO.—Location of principal of business, San Francisco, California; locat works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting Board of Directors, held on the 7th day of July an assessment (No. 84) of ten (10) cents per was levied upon the capital stock of the corpor payable immediately in United States gold c the Secretary, at the office of the company, roo Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San cisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment sh main unpaid on the 8th day of August, 1898 delinquent and advertised for sale at public au and unless payment is made before, will be s Monday, the 29th day of August, 1898, to pa delinquent assessment, together with costs of tising and expenses of sale. By order of the of Directors. A. K. DURBROW, Secret

Office, room 69, Nevada Block, 309 Montg street, San Francisco, California.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF CHARLES BOURNIQUE, Dec

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Charles nique, deceased, to the creditors of and al sons having claims against the said deceased, hibit them with the necessary vouchers, withi months after the first publication of this not the said Admiuistrator at Room 35, Chronicle ing, coruer of Geary and Kearny streets, the being his place for the transaction of the busin the said estate in the City and County of San cisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE, Administrator of the Estate of Charles Bour Deceased.

Dated at San Fraucisco, July 12, 1898.

J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for Administr

THE CONTINENTAL BUILDING LOAN ASSOCIATION of California, N Sansome street, has declared, for the yea ing June 30, 1898, a dividend of 6 per cer annum on ordinary deposits, 7 per cent o year term deposits, 10 per cent to Class stock, and 12 per cent to Class "A" stock

Dr. Ed. E. Hill, Presideut.
Capt. Oliver Eldridge, Vice-I
Wm. Corbin, Secretary.

Centennial Stabl

Boarding and Livery

Carriages, Broughams, Victorias, etc. First-C every respect

1521-1523-1525 California Street
Bet. Polk and Larkin

Telephone East 378 M. CONLON, Pro

GREENBAUM'S

White and Dark Violet

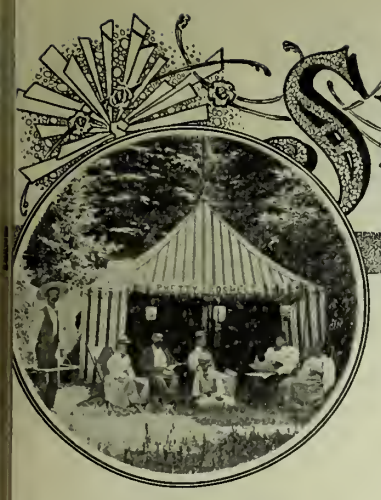
The Most Fashionable Perfu Possesses the Odor of Fresh V

128 POST ST. UNDER BOHEMIAN CLU

United States Laun

Office 1004 Market St.

TELEPHONE SOUT



SUMMER QUARTERS

ARTLETT SPRINGS.

end your summer outing there and drink from amous HEALTH-RESTORING SPRING.
rge Swimming Tank Mineral, Tub, Vapor and an Baths. Competent Masseurs.

Resident Physician : Advice Free

ny improvements. New Cottages. Bowling s rebuilt. Bathhouse enlarged.

Only Resort Keeping Paid Orchestra

ncing, Tennis, Bowling, Billiards, Croquet, dball, Shufflehoard, Livery, and Burros for the dren.

tes—Hotel and Hotel Cottages, $10 to $15 per . Housekeeping Cottages, $3 to $7 per week. ll or address BARTLETT SPRINGS COMPANY ourth street, San Francisco, or Bartlett Springs, e County, Cal. Pamphlets mailed free.

Saratoga Springs Lake Co. Cal

rative powers of springs and mineral baths unsurpassed; sixteen varieties of waters; a most picturesque and charming climate: easy of access; telephone connections and daily mail; rates to suit all. Address J. MARTENS, Proprietor, or in San Francisco, 416 Pine street, F. A. BUSSE.

OTEL DE REDWOOD

e of the most romantic and healthy resorts in mountains. Fine Water, with Iron and Sulphur ngs. Rates, $8.00 per week up. Return tickets n San Francisco, $2.50, good for three months. or particulars, address M. S. COX, Laurel Sta-, Santa Cruz County, California.

Hotel Belvedere

Opened for the Season May 1st

vedere, Cal. MRS. A. T. MOORE.

EIGLER SPRINGS LAKE COUNTY

ndance of mineral springs, hot and cold plunge hs, large swimming tank of mineral water, good t fishing and hunting. Round trip tickets at . offices, $10. JOHN SPAULDING, Proprietor. VALLACE SPAULDING, Manager.

Dr. C. C. O'Donnell's Mineral Springs

wenty completely-furnished five-room cottages in n Ellen, Sonoma Co.; good boating, fishing and nting; finest summer resort and mineral water all diseases in America; camping ground and neral water free. Apply to DR. C. C. O'DONLL, 1206 Market street, San Francisco.

Highland Springs

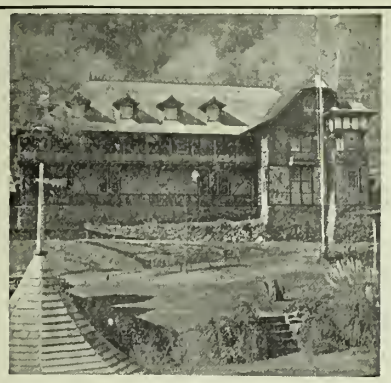
LAKE COUNTY, CAL.

San Francisco Office, 316 Montgomery Street

Bay State Villa

SANTA CRUZ

First-Class Family Hotel. Fiue view of Monterey Bay. Pleasant grounds. Two minutes from the beach. Table supplied with the very best the market affords. Send for circular. Address PETER CRINNION, Box 363, Santa Cruz, California.



Laurel Dell Lake

Increased facilities for comfort and pleasure; new dining-room; 130-foot lake frontage; new stable and livery; boating and bathing free. Terms—Cottages, $8 to $12; hotel, $10 to $12; new building at the lake, $12 to $14 per week. Route, S. F. and N. P. Railway; round trip, $9.50. Address H. WAMBOLD, Proprietor, Bertha P. O., Lake County, California. Telephone connections to all points.

Sea Beach Hotel

SANTA CRUZ, CALIFORNIA

NEW MANAGEMENT

A delightful seaside resort, only three hours' from San Francisco.

Surf and tank bathing, splendid salmon fishing, beautiful drives to the Big Trees, etc.

This hotel has been thoroughly renovated. It overlooks the ocean beach, and is but ten minutes from the centre of the city.

Our special feature is a GOOD TABLE.

Rates: $2.50 per day; $12.50 per week, upwards.

J. B. PEAKES, Proprietor.

Anderson Springs

Only natural mineral steam baths in Lake County, Hot sulphur and iron baths. Board, $8 to $14 per week. Baths free. Address J. ANDERSON, Anderson Springs, Middleton, Lake County, California.

Fare, San Francisco to Springs and return, reduced to $8. Call at the office of *The Traveler*, 20 Montgomery street, S. F., for full particulars.

HOTEL BENVENUE

Situated on the shore of Clear Lake. Fine, large grounds; special facilities for families and children; home cooking; boating; bathing and fishing; rates reasonable. Address FRANK and A. M. SCALES.

The Flagstaff Inn

BOATING, FISHING, BATHING

First-class family hotel. Bolinas, Marin County, Cal, Rates, $2 per day. Special rates by week or month. Telephone. Stage daily from San Rafael connects with North Pacific Coast Railway, 9:30, from San Francisco. Gasoline schooner twice a week from San Francisco. Agent for schooner, PAUL KEYSER, 206 Clay street.

CARLSBAD!

The Mineral Springs are well known for marvelous cures, especially in cases of Stomach, Liver, Kidney and Bladder Affections. Good trout fishing and hunting. For particulars, write W. R. McGOVERN, Carlsbad, Lake County.

HEN LEAVING THE THE CITY PLACE YOUR VALUABLES IN THE

Safe Deposit Vaults

OF THE

irst National Bank

N. W. Cor. Bush and Sansome Sts.

EVERY POSSIBLE SAFEGUARD TO PROPERTY

REASONABLE RATES

PROMPT ATTENTION

Office Hours: 8 a.m. to 6 p.m.

KODAK AGENCY

Call and examine my '98 Models of Kodaks, Primos and other Cameras

H. B. Hosmer

538 Market St.

HOBART BUILDING

SAN FRANCISCO

ecial Attention Given to Developing and Printing

HARBIN HOT SULPHUR SPRINGS

Most wonderful waters; all kinds of skin diseases cured in marvelously short time; kidney, liver, catarrh, rheumatism and stomach troubles immediately relieved. Rates $10 to $18 per week. Long-distance telephone. Address J. A. HAYS, Proprietor, Lake County.

Lytton Springs

HOTEL AND COTTAGES

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

Thoroughly renovated and will be kept as a first-class resort. Accommodations for 150 guests. Located seventy miles north of San Francisco, in Sonoma County, on S. F. and N. P. R. R., one-half mile from depot. Cement walk to hotel. Bus meets all trains. Fine scenery, ample grounds, nice walks and drives, with shady nooks and dales. We have our own milk, butter, fruit and vegetables. Lytton (Cal.) Seltzer and Soda near the Hotel, Free to Guests. Open Summer and Winter. Rates, $2 per day and $8 to $12 50 per week. W. M. WARD, Manager.

PARAISO HOT SPRINGS

Monterey County, Cal.

THE CARLSBAD OF AMERICA

For health, rest, pleasure, climate, accommodations, scenery, flower beds, cleanliness, table, hot soda tub and plunge baths, hot sulphur tub and swimming tanks, massage treatment, special bathhouses for ladies and lady attendant, hunting and fishing, children's playground, croquet, lawn tennis, and dance hall. For families Paraiso stands unsurpassed in the State. Plenty of enjoyment for young and old. Take train at Third and Towusend streets, San Francisco, 9 a.m., and at Oakland from First and Broadway at 9:10 a.m. daily for Soledad. Return-trip ticket $8, to be procured at the Southern Pacific office, 613 Market street, under Grand Hotel. Seven miles by stage. Telephone and postoffice.

For illustrated pamphlets and special inducements for 1898, address B. ROBERTSON, Lessee and Manager.

THE GEYSERS SONOMA COUNTY

Six hours from San Francisco. One of Nature's wonders. Grandest scenery. The Hotel an enchanting, embowered home. Croquet ground, tennis court, etc. Natural steam and mineral baths. Bathhouse remodeled—elegant porcelain tubs. Tepid swimmiug lake. New and inviting trails to interesting points. Table unsurpassed. Terms $10 to $15 per week; $2 and $2.50 per day. Long distance telephone, daily mail, and telegraph.

R. M. HORTON, Manager.

Kenilworth Inn.

A new and strictly first-class hotel. Steam heat, electric lights, running water in every room, billiards, croquet, tennis and shuffleboard. Saturday-night hops. One hour from San Francisco, in beautiful Mill Valley. Bus to and from trains.

W. E. VEAZIE, Proprietor.

Hotel Rowardennan

Three hours from San Francisco. Round trip, $3. Advantages in boating, bathing, bowling, dancing, tennis, shuffleboard, etc., unsurpassed by any resort in the State.

Spacious fireplaces, in parlor, club and billiard rooms, serve, with electric lighting and hard finish throughout, to make accommodations perfect. The only first-class dance hall in the mountains. Dining room seats 260, and is provided with electric fans. Grounds natural and unlimited. One hour to Santa Cruz.

Personal supervision of the owner, THOMAS L. BELL, Ben Lomond.

Rates, weekly, $11 to $13.

PALACE HOTEL

NAPA, CALIFORNIA

Strictly a Commercial and Tourist Hotel. Special rates for families. G. W. BARKER, Manager.

EL PASO DE ROBLES SPRINGS HOTEL

Under New and Experienced Management

GREATEST HEALTH RESORT ON THE COAST!

Hot Mud and Sulphur Baths

New Hotel and Cottages

OTTO E. NEVER, Proprietor

PASO ROBLES, CAL.

DRINK PASO ROBLES SODA WATER

HOTEL VENDOME

SAN JOSE CAL.

This beautiful home (open all the year) is only fifty miles from San Francisco. Twenty trains daily via three routes. Picturesque grounds, delightful drives, and balmy climate.

Just the Place for Your Family

for a real good time and refined surroundings

Headquarters for Lick Observatory

Address GEORGE P. SNELL, Manager

Illustrated Souvenir Free

HAYWARD'S PARK!

If you are seeking for a delightful and healthful resort for the summer months for your family, not so remote from town but that you can be with them without neglecting your business; if you are in search of a good table and comfortable sleeping apartments, only 1½ hours' travel from San Francisco, with half-hourly communication day and evening; if it is your wish to confine your summer's outing by a moderate outlay, your attention is directed to HAYWARDS PARK, at the Terminus of the Oakland, San Leandro and Haywards Electric Railway; or, if you are fond of tenting, here you will find a large number of commodious platforms arranged convenient to the hotel dining-room, on one of which you may erect your tent. A choice musical program is rendered every Sunday afternoon on the verandah of the Clubhouse. The cars of the company run into the Park. The monthly commutation rate is only $5; room and board, $8 per week; board for campers, $5 per week. Campers and roomers have the same service from attendants.

Address MRS. DORA SHANE,
Haywards Club House.

Deer Park Inn

Lake Tahoe, Cal.—A superb resort in the Sierras, 6507 feet elevation. Modern comforts, with wildness and grandeur on every side. Mineral springs, excellent table, and cordial hospitality. Trout fishing not excelled anywhere. Round trip, $13.50 City office, room 1, Flood Building.

THE SERVICE OF A HOTEL
THE COMFORTS OF A HOME

SUBSTANTIAL TABLE
QUIET HOME
SUNNY ROOMS
SUPERBLY FURNISHED

THE WESTMINSTER

614 SUTTER STREET

For those who appreciate Comfort and Attention

A QUIET HOME
CENTRALLY LOCATED

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL

SAN FRANCISCO

WM. B. HOOPER, MANAGER

Golden Eagle Hotel

Seventh and K Sts., Sacramento

First-class in every respect. All modern conveniences. Bus at every train. GRAY & TITUS, Props.

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION

The Editor and His Wife Fall Out About "Evelyn Innes."

The Editor was reading proof in the room he called his study when his wife entered, bearing a copy of *Evelyn Innes*, which she had been reading over a fire in her own sitting-room. In answer to his look of interrogation she shook her head:

"It's like a long sermon—full of good intentions, but wearisome in the extreme," she commented, flinging the volume on the desk.

"I expected better of you than that," said the Editor indignantly, picking up the book and turning its leaves over. "The idea of dismissing the work of one of the most serious of English writers with such a banality."

"I prefer to call George Moore one of our dullest, rather than our most serious author," she retorted. "Admitting good intention—will you explain to me the worth or purpose of such a long drawn-out and arid narrative relieved by so little in the way of incident or beauty?"

The Editor put on his most authoritative air: "Before the reading world," he said, "are hundreds of men engaged in dressing up incidents and adventures—mere literary craftsmen who have no sense of cause or effect, slight knowledge of the world and less skill at stating the facts their eyes see. George Moore goes at his work with the sense of a moral principle dominating all the problems of life. He is as careful, if a less dramatic draughtsman than Zola; his method may be clumsy, but he can give you the feeling of life and render the atmosphere of a situation with fidelity and truth. That can be said of Thomas Hardy, and, in a different way, of Henry James, but to the majority of men who put forth books—what difference do the facts make?"

"In other words—to be dull and photographic is better than to be entertaining or imaginative," suggested his wife.

"Instituting a comparison between George Moore and the ordinary writers of English fiction," he continued, "is as futile as contrasting Richard Harding Davis and Meredith. One is a frivol and the other a thinker and a creator. I am aware the man has faults, serious defects in taste, style and method, but there is so much of importance in what he gives that he must not be dismissed as 'tiresome.' So is a tariff or a President's message, but they affect the needs of a nation."

"It did not occur to me to consider *Evelyn Innes* as a financial or political document," she interrupted in sarcastic tones. "Viewed in that light, perhaps, I should have a different impression."

"*Evelyn Innes* is, primarily, a study of conscience," the Editor went on with magnificent disregard, "and the analysis, first of the lulling of the heroine's conscience and subsequently of its revival, is superbly rendered. It is also a study of a musical temperament and displays an extraordinary knowledge of ancient and modern music, of Palestrina and his contemporaries and of Wagnerian opera. The substance of the book is composed of music and religion—the conflict is between the spiritual and material influences in the heart of the heroine. There is a well-marked progression of mind and soul from the state described in the first chapter to that in the last where she finds solace and enlightment in the life of St. Theresa. In other words, it is a marvellously intimate review of a woman's life and feelings—a beautiful, emotional and highly-gifted woman whose sin is of the body and not of the soul."

"Very fine," said his wife, "but here is the progression from my point of view: Evelyn Innes, a neurotic maiden, suffering from a surfeit of Bach-Elizabethan harmonies and a dull life in a London suburb, meets a wealthy and elegant aristocrat whose fad is music. She has a marvellous voice inherited from her mother, and the aristocrat, who has just been jilted by a red-haired beauty, undertakes to train the voice and to undertake the support of its charming owner for the usual consideration. Between ecclesiastical music and depicting the vague but prolonged scruples of Evelyn, her progress to Paris is slow. Finally she is properly discovered by Madame Savelli and becomes a prima donna in short order. Six years have passed ere she again appears; she is now a vocalist renowned for her rendering of great roles, which affords the opportunity to the author of protracted and formless disquisitions on Wagnerian heroines and motives. Through all this time Evelyn's *liaison* with Sir Owen has been continued under cover of a convenient chaperone, but in London, where next she emerges, there is introduced a Celtic composer and writer, Ulick Dean, a picturesque Irishman, whose music and mysterious views of the gods and the supernatural appeal to the highly-wrought temperament of Miss Innes. They kiss, and she again succumbs to temptation, however, under the most intellectual and emotional circumstances. Lacking the moral fibre to be off with the old *liaison* now she is on with the new, she gravitates between Sir Owen and Ulick, and though both want to marry her, she finds herself true to neither, is badly smitten with insomnia and reverts to Catholicity under the influence of an ascetic priest."

"That is a pale and malicious shadow of the fact," returned the Editor, impatiently. "You have missed the temperament, the shading, the quality of the story. You have excluded all that goes to make Evelyn a rarely interesting and charming personality. You have forgotten her fascination which Moore explains clearly enough. You make nothing of the marvellous rendering of her passion for Ulick Dean, which is wrought up by the contrast his soul and individuality offer to that of Sir Owen. You omit the fine insight of the passage which probes to its depths her attitude towards her old lover and the feeling which wells up in her heart for the new one. The torture of soul she experiences at the awakening of conscience and her first confession are superbly rendered. No garbled version of an attenuated plot will down such a book as this."

"To abate that enthusiasm," said the wife, "I shall have to descend to particulars. In the first place, *Evelyn Innes* is marred by instances of that bad taste which George Moore invariably exhibits. There are several examples here, but I will mention only one—that final scene between father and daughter—which is inartistic and untrue. However exact Moore may be in rendering the facts of life, you cannot deny the clumsy and tardy movement of the style. To me there is something vague and ineffective in the narrative. It is overloaded with detail and repetition; the progress of the story is impeded by unimportant analysis and by a superabundance of foreign material which delays and does not illuminate, nor is there any play or relationship of character. The personalities are independent entities, and are neither modified nor moderated by connection with one another. All action is automatic and predetermined, and is developed by the intention of the author rather than born of the association of characters and events. Instead of relating his story in an orderly and symmetrical way, George Moore dashes fretfully along in a perpetual zigzag. You know where he is going and what he tries to do, yet one's patience is worn out long before he gets to destination."

"Some of your objections are well taken," admitted the Editor reluctantly, "but you condemn in a manner so sweeping that the virtues of the subject are swamped. If *Evelyn Innes* were entirely successful it would be one of the greatest of English novels. It is an advance, though, on *Esther Waters* in all important particulars and far beyond *A Mummer's Wife*. Much of the matter about Wagner might be cut with advantage, but you must allow it constitutes an intelligent and interesting exposition of the characters of Isolde and Brunhilda. To my mind the personalities of Innes and Ulick and their devotion to Bach and the early Elizabethan masters, the life of the old musician and his daughter amid the virginals and lutes and viola de gambas forms a fascinating and rarely interesting study. Extraneous, you say—so are Thackeray's commentaries and Balzac's expositions of law and social conditions. You will find also passages vivid with inspiration; for instance, the picture of Evelyn's insomnia when she finds the scapular and, in her overwrought condition of mind, imagines a miracle has been wrought, the first confession to Monsignor Mostyn, the scene in the theatre when she submits to Ulick's caresses. However——" he stopped.

"It's very late," said his wife; "but would *Evelyn Innes* ever have been written but for *En Route*—Huysman's Trappist tragedy."

"It *is* very late," repeated the Editor resignedly. C.

[*Evelyn Innes*, by George Moore. D. Appleton & Co., publishers. For sale at Doxey's.]

Leaves.

A low wind tossed the plumage all one way,
Rippled the gold feathers, and green and gray,
A low wind that in moving sang one soug
All day and all night long.

Sweet honey in the leafage, and cool dew,
A roof of stars, a tent of gold and blue;
Silence and sound at ouce, and dim green light,
To turn the gold day night.

Some trees hung lanterns out, and some had stars,
Silver as Hesper, and rose-red as Mars;
A low wind flung the lanterns low and high,
A low wind like a sigh.

—*Katherine Tynan in New York Sun.*

A word to the connoisseurs of the fragrant weed. Through the courtesy of Mr. George Marks, agent for Messrs. F. W. Felgner & Son Co., Baltimore, Md., we are able to announce that for a limited time each new and renewing subscriber to The Wave will receive free, post paid, from the well known firm of Goldberg, Bowen & Co. of this city, one two-ounce tin of Herbe de la Reine smoking tobacco. This tobacco is what is known in the tobacco world as bright cut Cavendish. It is made of carefully selected Virginia leaf—is entirely free from stalks or stems. Its bouquet and fragrant smoking qualities leave nothing to be desired.

You Can Count

on the fingers of one hand the fairly good polishes for Silverware—the others are not worth counting. There's only one best. That best one is

SILVER ELECTRO-SILICON POLISH

Constant use by nearly a million housewives—many for a quarter century—confirms this. The secret is that it produces great brilliancy easily and quickly, **never wearing or scratching.** Grocers sell it.

Box, post-paid, 15 cts. in stamps.
Trial quantity for the asking.

The Electro Silicon Co., 30 Cliff Street, New York.

"A PERFECT FOOD—as Wholesome as it is Delicious."

WALTER BAKER & CO.'S

BREAKFAST COCOA

"Has stood the test of more than 100 years' use among all classes, and for purity and honest worth is unequalled."
—*Medical and Surgical Journal.*

Costs less than ONE CENT a Cup.
Trade-Mark on Every Package.

WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD.,

TRADE-MARK. Established 1780. DORCHESTER, MASS.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

Experiments that have resulted in bringing to a high degree of perfection certain features of the great light projector in charge of experts employed by the United States Lighthouse Board, will give to it a prominence unequalled by anything of the kind on the American coast. The light has an enormous valve lens, nine feet in diameter, capable of illuminating an object one hundred miles off, besides throwing its reflection on the clouds so as to be seen at a much greater distance. As the lamps have interchangeable carbons of different sizes, the light can be varied in intensity according to the condition of the atmosphere. Carbons of one inch diameter give a power of 8,000 to 10,000 candles; the light, in this case, is gathered in a nine-foot beam, which has an estimated intensity of 90,000,000 candles, and, as the light and lenses revolve six times a minute, it follows that a beam from one of the lenses is flashed in a given direction once every ten seconds. It is further stated that, notwithstanding the lamp, the lenses and the supporting frame weigh some twenty tons, the adjustments are so delicate—these include the poising of the mechanism on a hollow steel cylinder floating in mercury—that the whole mass may be revolved by the push of a finger.

An account is given by the British Consul at Naples of a large factory now in operation at Wandsbeck, near Hamburg, where is produced in large quantity what is commercially known as Malten-Weine, having the characteristics of the wines of Southern Europe, due to an entirely new process of fermentation to which they are subjected, a process made possible by the skill of Mr. Hansen, a Dane, and Dr. Sauer, a German. In this system of artificial wine production barley is malted and carried to the point of fermentation, when lactic acid and vinous ferments are introduced, the mass being subjected to sundry variations of temperature. On fermentation being completed, the liquor is put into huge vats of about 4,500 gallons, and thence into casks of 1,500 gallons, where it is artificially matured by being raised to a high temperature. The transformation of the substances which give the liquor its taste and bouquet is thus accomplished in a few weeks instead of requiring many years, and at the same time all extraneous matter derived from the ferments is sterilized and rendered innocuous.

By means of a method just introduced in Germany, hides are rendered transparent and hornlike by heating the skin in oil, vaseline or fat, this without any previous tanning operations, the skin thus treated assuming a genuine horny structure, to which a glossy appearance is imparted by simple polishing; thickness is acquired by the material during the heating, the length of time required for the latter depending upon the structure and resistance of the substance in hand, and, this being done, the pressing, drying and polishing follow. The skin when passed through these processes is, as described by the *Manufacturers' Gazette*, almost transparent, may have any degree of toughness given it, and is capable of being shaped into any desired form and treated in any convenient manner to produce articles of commercial value. The fact of its being almost incombustible is of special importance, and the claim is made for it of advantages as a substitute for celluloid, horn and wire, also for replacing hard rubber in electrical work, being cheaper and more durable.

The idea of protecting buildings against fire from without by means of a water curtain, to be made to fall all around the structure, appears to be gaining favor. In Chicago it is being applied to the great Public Library building. The arrangement is extremely simple. A seven-inch steel water main is laid around the top of the structure, upon the broad stone table formed by the top of the coping. This pipe has connection with force pumps situated in the basement, and, through perforations properly arranged, there falls a substantial sheet of water from cornice to pavement, around the whole of any imperilled portion of the building. The arrangement of the system of piping is such as to enable operating in prescribed sections; additional relays of smaller pipe are also placed in position above windows and doors, in order to complete the curtaining of those points in the most serviceable manner, should the curtain in the main be broken by wind impingement against the building.

For more than a quarter of a century the famous old Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey has been the favorite with connoisseurs.

The prompt and proper use of a pure stimulant has saved many a human life. The famous old Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey is the purest and best.

For health and strength: Damiana Bitters.

In all cases of physical or mental exhaustion the use of a little Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey will be found invaluable as a stimulant.

Moët & Chandon

White Seal (Grande Cuvee) is unsurpassed in quality, dryness and flavor.—*New York Times.*

THE NEW BOOKS
AS ISSUED
AT
ROBERTSON'S
126 POST ST.

At Byron Hot Springs

are many new additions to the hotel: a new dining-room—the finest in the State outside of San Francisco; new sleeping-rooms; the whole house brilliantly lighted with Acetylene gas—the brightest light known; a fine new swimming tank of ever-changing mineral water. The curative qualities of the hot mud and hot salt water baths are unequalled. Rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, gout, malaria, etc., etc., yield at once. Rates low. Only three hours' ride from San Francisco.

Address ALBERT BETTONS, Manager,
Byron Hot Springs, Contra Costa County, California.

Louis Roederer Champagne

HIGHEST GRADE IN THE WORLD

E. LA MONTAGNE & SONS
Sole Agents
45 Beaver St., New York

LOUIS ROEDERER UNITED STATES Champagne

Three kinds, all of equal excellence:

BRUT
GOLD SEAL
A Perfectly Dry Wine

GRAND VIN SEC
BROWN SEAL
The Perfection of a Dry Wine

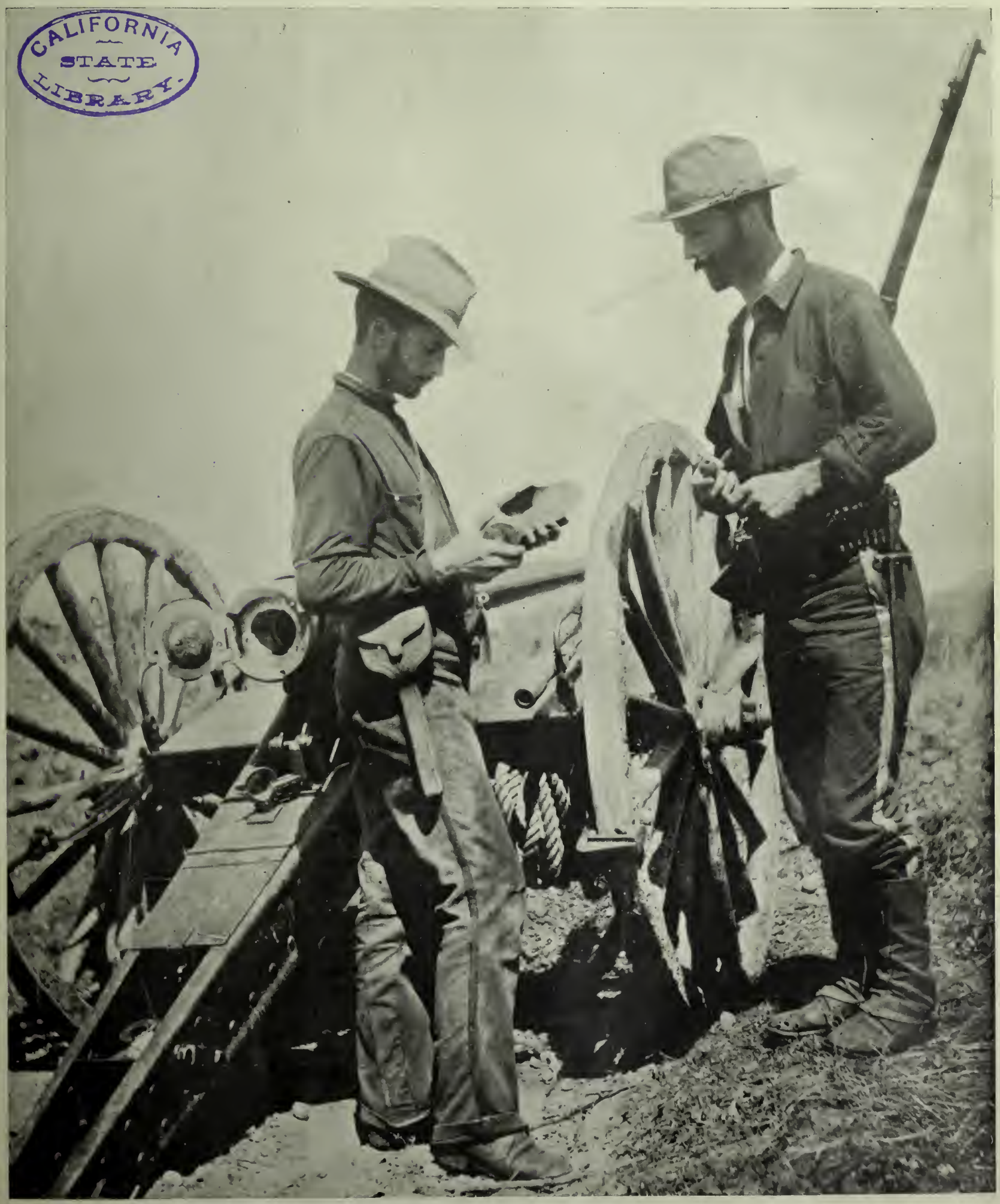
CARTE BLANCHE
WHITE SEAL
A Rich Wine

MACONDRAY & CO.
Sole Agents Pacific Coast
116 California Street

THE WAVE

VOL. XVIII. No. 7 SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 13, 1898 PRICE 10 CENTS

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY



A BIT OF SPANISH SHELL "JUST AS IT CAME"

THE WAVE

Is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $5.00 per year. Sample copies free on application.

The trade is supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 342 Geary street; east of the Rocky Mountains by the American News Company, New York.

The Wave is kept on file and is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France; 31 Union Square, New York City; 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 206 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

For advertising rates and on all other matters pertaining to city business, address H. C. Boyd, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco; in regard to country business, address Trevor Corry care The Wave, 24 Montgomery street.

Eastern representative, D. M. Foltz, 34 Park Row, New York.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 13, 1898

CONTENTS

Editorials 2
Things and People; by Boswell Jr. 3
The Coaching Parade at Burlingame 4
Marrying for a Title 4
Life in Manila 5
The Battle of Malate 5
Fighting at Santiago 6
Shafter's Incompetence; by Drayton 6
Washington Volunteers at Angel Island 7
Naval Expansion 7
Preliminary Trial of the "Farragut" 8
Cuban Refugees at El Caney 9
Departure of the New York Regiment for Hawaii 10–11
Washington Volunteers at the Presidio 12
Magazine Fiction: a Review by C. 13
With the Invading Army at Santiago 14
End of the Season; by Katriona 15
The Automobile Craze; by Babette 15
A Debutante's Diary 16
The Theatres 18
The Colonel's Spectacles: a Poker Story 18
New Stories Re-Told 20

THE SOUTH AND THE SENATORSHIP.

The press and the people of the South *must* take notice that if Mr. Gage is the nominee of the Republican party for the office of Governor, the same sinister influences that have put him forward, the same influences that are keeping him in the fight and laboring incessantly to promote his interests, will, when the Legislature meets, be equally insistent that the Senatorship does not go to the South. The *Chronicle* editorially declares that the South cannot have both offices, and common sense stands behiud the statement. Major McLaughlin, Chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, and presumed to thoroughly understand the programme mapped out, is reported in the *Evening Post* to have said, that, of course, if Mr. Gage is the nomiuee for Governor the South cannot have the Senatorship. Both of these gentlemen are listed among the supporters of Mr. Gage for the Gubernatorial nomination. Both are reported to be themselves candidates for the Senatorship.

The changed attitude of the editors of the South upon this question is most marvellous, and is besides well calculated to shake the remnant of faith one had in the press of the interior, and increase the distrust that has found lodgment iu the public mind. From October of last year, continuously down to within a few weeks ago, there was not a single paper, large or suiall, published South of Tehachapi, that favored a Governor from the South. The journals of our sunland, daily and weekly, were generally and thoroughly committed to the principle of "A Senator from the South and a Governor from the North." Then up loomed Mr. Gage, and tossing aside his Senatorial ambitions, made the startling announcement that he was a candidate for the office of Governor. Still the press of the South clung to its first and most natural sentiment. It rebuked Mr. Gage and bade him withdraw until four years hence. But Mr. Gage was greater than the principle involved, greater than the press, which now, with a few honorable exceptions, has either swallowed its utterances or makes a pretense at believiug that the South can and will secure both offices. There are words in the English language that would adequately describe both the asiuinity and the treachery of this conduct, but of what use to employ them. The press was tempted, and the South will be tempted, with glittering offers of office and preferment beyond the dreams of political avarice. The politicians of the north are *determined* once and for all time to crush the life out of the idea that the United States Senatorship should alteruate. They are determined that no precedent shall be established that the South shall continue from now on to have representation in the upper house at Washington. They propose to strangle that infaut hope, while it is yet young. To establish the doctrine in Republican politics, that California should send one United States Senator from the North aud one from the South, would result in a nightmare that would each six years oppress the political dreams of the Northern politician. No such "senseless sentiment" will be encouraged by the North. The South must be placated in some way, hence the Governorship; but she is bartering her birthright for a mess of pottage, with her eyes wide open, and hence will be entitled to no sympathy if at the coming primaries she does not assert herself for the principle that means everything to her.

OUR RELATIONS WITH CANADA.

The arrangements for the meeting at Ottawa of the Commissioners of the United States and Great Brltain, to consider questions at issue between this country aud Canada, have lately been completed. Amongst the matters that have to be dealt with are tho Alaskan boundary, the alien labor laws, transportation of goods in bond, sealing, fisheries, canal navigation, and trade regulations geuerally. All of these questions have been considered on varioue previous occasions without anything more than a provisioual understanding being reached, but it is believed that the forthcoming Joint Commission will remove all cause of friction, and result in an entente between the United States and Canada of a lasting nature. For the public in general trade reciprocity is the subject of greatest interest. On the whole, our trade with Canada, in which imports are insignificant as compared with exports, is in a satisfactory condition. As shown by the Consular reports, our exports for the ten months endiug April 1, 1898, were of the value of $38,800,410, as compared with $32,614,325 for the correspondiug period of the year previous, which had been the largest up to that time. The iucrease was well distributed throughout the list, twenty-three of the thirty-two articles representing our leadiug exports—irou and steel, gold and silver and their manufactures being omitted—showing an increase in 1898.

Most of our articles of export required by the Dominion are free from British competition, namely, coal and coke, lumber, breadstuffs, hog and dairy products, seeds and tobacco, the aggregate value of these during the ten months ending April 1st last representing five-eighths of the total exports figured above. Commencing with the current month the new Canadian tariff, which favors the mother country to the extent of 25 per cent, comes into effect, and though it will doubtless result in some check in certain directions to our enterprise, the disadvantage is not likely to be as great as at first sight might appear. In the important items of cotton, iron and steel we should be able to hold our owu. In cotton goods Great Britain exports manufactured goods only, whereas we ship the raw material as well, and Canada is beginuing to manufacture for herself. In iron and steel we are already underselling the British in their home markets, and should therefore be able to maiutain our position on this continent.

A recent movement has directed local attention to the field offered by Canada for the extension of trade, and the action taken was very timely. Even though the present Congress may be indisposed to entertain any serious modifications of the tariff to meet the requirements of the Dominion, there is reason to believe an era of improved trade relations is in sight, and certain to result from the work of the Commission. Our merchants and manufacturers will therefore do well to give their serious attention to the coming change in our relatious with our uorthern neighbors. The Merchants Association of New York City has devoted special attention to the cultivation of more intimate trade relations with the Dominion, and the matter is one to which the local association may well direct similar efforts.

THE RAILROAD SITUATION IN CHINA.

Recent cablegrams have enlarged upon the contest going on between Great Britain and Russia in regard to developments in China, certain railway concessions being the subject matter of immediate interest to diplomacy, with the Chinese authorities as the buffer between the two European powers. The press correspondence has fostered the impression that war between Great Britain and Russia is more than probable, although the public utterances of English ministers give uo support to the notion, and the course of the stock market in London does not indicate any apprehension of the kind in financial circles. Consols were quoted 110 13-16 aud 110⅞ on the 1st instant, and on the 10th 110 9-16 and 110 11-16, the variations in the interval having been but slight. If hostilities were really looked for there would certainly have been a heavy drop since the beginning of the month.

The dispute just now between England and Russia is whether certain railways for which concessions have been granted shall be constructed thereunder. Let us see exactly what the railway position is:

1. The Russian Siberian Railway through Manchuria is to run through the peninsula of Lian-Tung to Port Arthur by means of one fork and by another to Peking.
2. British capitalists—the Hong Kong and Shaughai Bank—hold a concession for a railway from Tientsin running round the north of the Lian-Tung peninsula to Niuchang, north of Port Arthur.
3. A Belgian syndicate proposes to construct a line ruuning direct south from Peking through Honan, where the Anglo-Italian syndicate have important mining rights, to Hankow, a centre of British influence. This Belgian company is supposed to be a catspaw of Russia.
4. The Russo-Chinese Bank have a concession to ruu south frem Chingting westward to Tayuen-foo, the capital of Shansi, where the Anglo-Italian syndicate has acquired vast mining rights.
5. A German syndicate, with large resources, holds a concession for railways in Shantung, the adjoining province to Shansi, where the Anglo-Italian syndicate operates, as already said, has the right to build railway lines.

It is well to bear in mind that, as Secretary Balfour recently stated in the House of Commons, the question of equal facilities for trade, that is the "open door," is distinct from the question of concessions. The conflict in regard to the latter may continue for some time, and the interests of the German syndicate may have an important bearing on the immediate difficulty between Russia and Great Britain under that head. Russia is evidently making a strong effort to exclude the British from the Lian-Tung peninsula and at the same time, through the concessions of the Russo-Chinese Bank and the Belgian syndicate, British interests in Shansi are seriously prejudiced. The matter may be adjusted by the limitation of each nation to its own sphere of influence, in which case Russia would probably control Lian-Tung and Great Britain Shansi, in so far as the construction of railways is concerned. The "open door" question is of much larger impost and involves the integrity of the Chinese Empire, in which all the leadiug powers, including the United States, are interested. The problem, so far, is in the hands of the capitalists and diplomatists, and in all probability the former on each side will see the advisability of concentrating their interests within the districts where they can be sure of the support of their own nation. With a little give and take, therefore, the present difficulty should be capable of adjustment.

THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."

Hurried forward with almost bewildering speed, we have unexpectedly been launched into the same policy which all the nations of the world have found so vital to their existence, *i. e.*, territorial expausiou. Five months ago, insanity alone could excuse the thought of foreign conquest; to-day we are deliberating on the ways and means of governing the territory which we have seized—such is the rapid and startling progress of events in this age.

The question of retaiuing the Philippine Islands, to a far seeing mind, is more easy of solution than the question of ridding ourselves of them; for with the latter must go a reason that will satisfy future generatious that we acted wisely in discardiug what, in the year 1898, became ours by the grace of God, the guns of Dewey, and by the almost general approval of the world.

It was meet that by the hands of the great Republic reared on the Declaration of Independence should come the downfall of the Blood and Gold banner of Spain, under the shadow of which bigotry, persecution aud other relics of barbarism have held their owu against freedom of mind, body and soul. What retards progression towards liberty and civilization must inevitably be swept aside. The world is moving towards a higher plaue, and, if it has been our destiny to strike the blow freeing millions from thralldom aud persecution, it is equally our destiny to foster the growth of the liberated, that they may have the opportunity of moving up intellectually, morally and socially, if their brains and consciences are capable of the impressions of high civilization.

But aside from the moral feature is the commercial aspect. Within our grasp is a new market, whose fertility has not even been sounded. The measure of its productiveness must largely determine the measure of its requirements from this country. The world, almost excluding the United States, has been buying and selling there. What they bought was purchased because needed; they will equally need to buy, when the islands are under American rule, but we would do the most of the selling.

The mind of all nations is strained upon the acquisition of markets for their products; it is essential to their prosperity; and to maintain that this Republic should siand aside, while the world is being parcelled out, is to argue conceit, in that we imagine that we can forever live within ourselves; blindness, in that we cannot read the future.

The difficulties which suggest themselves as to the manner in which we might govern these Islands are not by any means insurmountable, and, in any event, whatever means we might adopt will be immeasurably superior to the rule of Spain, and will at least guarantee to the inhabitants perfect freedom within the bounds that their own capacity will permit. They need not have a voice in our Congress, but they may largely assist in governing themselves under our watchful care. The expense of maintaining a naval and military force can be mostly met by the revenues of the Islands, aud we could supplement the local army by utilizing natives under American officers.

The protection of our Pacific Coast can be left almost entirely to our land fortifications, supported by a few coast defense vessels, thus leaving our navy to operate almost exclusively in Asiatic waters.

The opportunity that the acquisition of this territory presents for the enormous expansion of our mercantile marine must not be lost sight of. The ocean is the great highway and wealth follows in the path of the nation that uses it.

FRED'K S. SAMUELS.

Germany's Court of Appeal has just drawn a fine distinction in a case of false imprisonment. A doctor's boarding house keeper took away his only pair of boots to prevent his leaving the house, and the doctor recovered damages in the lower court on the ground that he was thereby imprisoned, as his social position forbade his appearing in the streets barefoot. The Court of Appeal has ordered a new trial on the ground that the doctor's freedom of action was merely limited and impeded by his landlady's act, but that it was not impossible for him to move out if he had wished to.

The buildings, walks and ornamentations of the Paris Exhibition of 1900 will cost $20,000,000.

THINGS AND PEOPLE

What a subject for irony is offered by the career of Adolph utro. For years he has fed fat his vanity on the homage a public hypnotized by assurance of future generosities, id he dies not a whit the poorer for all his verbal expendi- ures. He was elected Mayor of San Francisco on the rength of his pretensions as a philanthropist, and he dies ith the reputation earned at no other expense than his romises. To be plain, Adolph Sutro has tricked San Fran- sco. Possessed of a property which commanded a mag- ficent prospect, he beautified it with flowers and trees, id invited the public to make it their own pleasure ground, ying, "At my death I shall dedicate it to the usages of the eople forever." He dies, and the community is entitled purchase the place at one-fifth less than any other bid- er. Mr. Sutro gathered a great library, which he declared as for the people of California. Indeed, he had plans ade for the building in which this magnificent collection books was to be enshrined. He dies, and the volumes vert to the possession of his family. There is no imagin- ble recourse for San Francisco We have been buncoed— at is all. We are poorer a beautiful park and a fine brary, but are richer in experience. The performance is a esh commentary on human credulity, and makes an episode at will set the world agrin at our discomfiture.

***

When the worst has been said of Adolph Sutro, when his anity and arrogance, his mulish obstinacy and wolfish ergy are duly credited, it must be remembered he built the utro baths and made the cost of a trip to the Cliff House e cents. The Sutro tunnel, out of which he snatched his rtune, is a failure, financially; the baths will never pay ore than the cost of their maintenance, yet both are great orks and it was a powerful mind that projected and ex- uted them. There is little doubt that Sutro intended to ave the library and the Heights to San Francisco, but the an could not bear the idea of parting even in the future l on paper with his possessions, and it seems he postponed ntil too late the important duty of making a new testa- ent. There may be another will, however. Under that esented for probate all the property will surely revert to the mily.

***

What an opportunity is here afforded one of our other pitalists to perpetuate his memory by purchasing the eights and presenting the garden to the city. Here is a ance for Lloyd Tevis, or Claus Spreckels, or Andrew Mc- reery, or I. W. Hellman, or J. L. Flood, or the Fairs to ru the thanks of San Francisco, and erect an imperishable onument to their names. The cost would not be a quar- r's income to any one of them, and, after all, it is some- ing to leave behind one such a glorious memorial. Think the privilege of projecting one's identity into the new ntury, of winning at such a slight cost an imperishable le to the gratitude of unborn generations of Californians.

***

The "tug-boat marriage" has long been a distinctive ature of existence on the western shores of the Pacific. ut now comes the Supreme Court of California with a dgment pronouncing such ceremonies illegal. Not only at, but its wisdom defines the whole thing as worse than a rce. Rather a serious matter for the hundreds of couples ho have pledged their troth on the ocean wave, with a ipper to tie the knot. In fact it has become important at a coasting steamer's commander in these parts should ve a nice aptitude for this kind of work, and the profes- n is disposed to resent the impeachment of its qualifica- ns and service by the merely legal element. Possibly e greater number of those who have thus embarked upon hat is commonly known as the sea of matrimony have not en greatly concerned with absolute conformity to the tter of the law, as interpreted by the Supreme Court of the tate. It has been sufficient to act up to the spirit of the casion, and we may rely upon it that in this respect at ast, few instances here occurred in which there has been y shortcoming. There is no record at all events of any ipper having shirked his duty to a willing pair, whatever e proceedings of the divorce courts may tell us of the bsequent feelings of those chiefly concerned. The "tug- at marriage," then, being interdicted by law, what is now be the local substitute for the old-time Gretna Green? ot western blood and ingenuity will surely devise some ay out of the difficulty, if only temporary.

***

Recent news from the Northwest indicates an unsatisfac- ry condition of affairs at Dawson and St. Michaels. In e former city the population has now reached 35,000; ining operations are at a standstill and must remain so ntil the return of the cold weather, leaving fully 25,000 lle men on the spot waiting for something in the way of esh finds to turn up. In the meantime, large numbers are oming out, the majority bringing nothing with them. hese people are taking their chance of finding shelter at t. Michaels and a free passage to the South. The Govern- ent has already prohibited the landing from the steamers f any passenger on the island who is not provided with eans to exist for at least one year or able to furnish satis- actory proof that he is going over the boundary into Cana- ian territory. But this does not meet the difficulty of roken down men returning from the Yukon in river craft f all descriptions. A serious difficulty will certainly arise nless some provision is made for bringing these penniless dventurers back from that inhospitable island. So far we ave been learning of little but the successes of the Klon- ike, but as it is a known fact that these do not fall in the vay of even ten per cent of those who have ventured north, taking their all on going in, the ultimate fate of the resid- uum, without means of support or employment, presents a nost serious problem. In the meantime, it is reported that battery of artillery is to be stationed at St. Michael to pre- erve order in the district.

***

The members of the Hawaiian Commission, Senators Cullom and Morgan and Representative Hitt, with their re- spective suites, sailed on the morning of the 11th instant on board the *Mariposa* for Honolulu, after spending a few days in this city. During that time they successfully evaded the attempts of the reporters to diagnose their sentiments as to the future government of the annexed territory. Superintendent Pritchett, of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, embarked for the same destination to attend to the duties of this department in that quarter. The Commission has oeen well chosen and will doubtless render valuable service in gathering information and making recommendations with regard to the future administration of Hawaiian affairs. In the meantime, Sanford B. Dole, President of the late Hawaiian Republic, will continue in supreme local control, acting virtually as Governor responsible to the Federal authorities. This is an eminently fitting arrangement and a proper compliment to that gentleman for the distinguished ability he he has hitherto shown as chief executive officer of the Hawaiian Governmeut.

***

In the vicinity there are still nearly 13,000 troops, say 8,200 at the Presidio, 3,400 at Camp Merritt in San Francisco, and across the bay 1,400 at Camp Barrett. According to present instructions from the War Department, 1,900 men are to leave for the Philippines on the *Arizona* immediately and about 1,000 more on the *Scandia* five or six days later. The transports *Sydney*, *Australia* and *City of Peking* are expected back from Manila within the next ten days and will at once be made ready for the embarkation of new cargoes of troops and stores. The *Mariposa* sailed on the 11th instant with 150 men of the First New York Regiment for garrison duty at Honolulu, leaving a further 400 men of the same corps still to go forward to that port. Owing to delay in completing the pack train the Utah Cavalry detailed for patrol duty in the Yosemite Valley did not start until Wednesday last. At present there are about 350 patients on the military sick list in San Francisco, only one being reported as dangerously ill. The total is the highest yet reached.

***

Terrible complaints of the food on the transports are coming back from Manila. Not only is it said that the quality of the rations served was poor, but the quantity is declared to have been insufficient. Throughout the voyage the men were in a half starved condition, and in some instances the officers were but scantily provided. This is due

UNCLE SAM—"Well! Well! The old bird has young ones at last!"
Drawn for The Wave by Thos. H. Guptill.

in great measure to the novelty of the problem to the Quartermaster's Department, but feeding a thousand men in a troop ship should prove a simple enough task to the agents of the big steamer lines. The army ration affords ample provender if properly managed, but with inefficient cooks and indifferent quartermasters, ill consequences are inevitable. A competent caterer, accustomed to providing for passenger ships, should have been employed by the Department to attend to the details of purchasing. The food should have been stored according to the instruction of experienced seamen. Had this been done a vast deal of trouble and illness would have been averted. Of course, the Manila expedition has been projected under extraordinary circumstances, but a little foresight and calculation would have preserved the nation several valuable lives.

***

Throughout Tuolumne county there is virtually a suspension of mining operations on account of the drought. The Tuolumne River is running very low, and there is little hope of a resumption until the rain falls, for the mountains are almost bare of snow. A good deal of prospecting, however, is going on, and of the new mines quite the best is the "Providence," in which E. A. Wiltsee is interested. This is a promising prospect that two Stockton men got hold of two years ago. They set about investigatiog their prospect, placing a very competent mining man in charge. For a long time he tunneled and drove in vain, and a young expert with a Heidleburg diploma was coumissioned to make a thorough examination of the property. He came up there fully armed and equipped, and after a prolonged investigation reported that the property was worthless. The Superintendent, who knew he had a mine, offered to work for nothing until he found the lead, and thirty days later he uncovered a fine ore body. Subsequently Mr. Wiltsee and some associates purchased the "Providence," and further developments have laid bare a large vein which promises to make one of the most prosperous mines of the Mother Lode. In his operations in California Mr. Wiltsee has had as good luck as followed his work in South Africa, though it may be said he is a first rate miner and knows his business thoroughly.

***

It is evident that Congressman Maguire is not too old to learn. His speech at Mctropolitan Temple the other night seemed purposely framed to meet the criticisms of his adversaries. Had he followed his accustomed habit there would have been an ebullient discharge of demagogic platitudes. But on this occasion he was more carefnl and restricted himself to glittering generalities. That the Popocratic candidate for Governor is not an orator was made apparent by the tenor of his remarks. He is forceful, but neither persuasive nor elegant. That he is out to make a strong campaign may be taken for granted.

***

If, as seems probable at writing, Gavin McNab should accept the Congressional nomination in the Fourth District, there will be a fight worth seeing. In California politics there is no more independent man than McNab, and no talker so vigorous or epigramatic. About his enemies he speaks his mind with a mixture of metaphor and alliteration which invariably turns the laugh his way, though it may leave indignation smouldering in their breasts. If elccted he is sure to make a reputation in the House, for in addition to a knack of verbal cleverness, he is a man of force and foresight, character and integrity. His organizing ability has been demonstrated in his management of Democratic politics during recent years, and I am certain he will achieve more for California in Congress during the first weeks of the session than our other representatives in the House seem able to accomplish in their entire term. It is about time we sent from San Francisco a representative with brains in his head, who will utilize his faculties, not to spread theories and "isms," but to see that California obtains her due. It is custonary here to send inferior men to Washington because superior men are too positive to obtain the sufferages of their communities. If Mr. McNab wins votes enough to be elected a Congressman, it will never be said of him as it is of Mr. Maguire that he neglected his duties in order to spread single-tax theories in the East. He cannot fail to attract attention, even though it is claimed no man can make a name in Congress until he has been there two terms.

***

Never before has the Governor's proclamation been published in so many papers. Two years ago but a few journals throughout the State had the privilege. In San Francisco this year one weekly and three dailies have been favored, and elsewhere the same precedent has been followed. But Governor Budd retires in December from the public service, and he is indifferent as to who must pay the bills. This is a trick on his successor. It is estimated that the total of all this advertising will reach over one hundred thousand dollars, aud that a special appropriation will be necessary to meet the newspaper bills. The highest rates, of course, are charged the State for the space used, and though committees may cut down, they are afraid to use the pruning knife freely. It is an outrage that Mr. Budd should be allowed to pay his friends and placate his enemies at such a cost to California. It is another instance of the unjust steward making friends with the uammon of iniquity. I am certhat even the bribe of the proclamation will not save this Executive mountebank the scoring he has so richly earned. Governor Budd, at the close of his term, will go back to his little law practice at Stockton, unhonored and unregarded, known to all men for the cheap and shifty trickster that he is.

***

Never have Republican politics been in such a muddle as at the present moment. For the Gubernatorial nomination a multitude of candidates are in the field, and though Gage of Los Angeles is said to have the greatest strength the feeling of well informed politicians is that his nomination would be dangerous to the party and must inevitably result in the election of Maguire. Whatever influence the Southern newspapers possess has been exerted in advocacy of a Southern Senator, and their switching at the last moment by no means carries the suffrage of their readers. Suppose the *Chronicle*, *Examiner*, *Call*, *Bulletin*, *Post* and *Report* had been telling us here in San Francisco for months that it was essential that the Governor should be a resident of San Francisco, and of a sudden they should trist around and declare that it was the Senatorship we required not the Governor, would their change convert the community to the same way of thinking? The presumption is preposterous. You and I and Jones and other men who have minds of our own would impute to our journalistic advisers unworthy motives, and would vote in response to the dictates of our own intelligence. That one Senator should come from the North and one from the South is simply the natural distribution of power, and when an attempt is on foot to reverse the situation, surely it must be in the interest of some Northern uian's Senatorial ambition.

***

There is a measure of real gratitude due the *Post* for its agitation in favor of a Saturday half holiday, and I trust the wholesalers and the insurance offices will be persuaded through its efforts to comprehend the benefits to accrue from the extra hours of liberty allowed their employees. It is out of the question in manufacturing establishments, where the price of the article made is determined by the cost of the labor expended, to thus lop off half a day from the six of the week, but nothing is gained by keeping the clerks of the big dry goods or grocery warehouses at work Saturday afternoons. It seldom happens a sale is made after the noon hour. The retailers, their cutsomers, are busy attending to the requirements of their own clientelle, and regard the discovery of a lacking article at the eleventh hour, as a reflection on their own foresight. A disposition in favor of closing at two o'clock exists throughout the mercantile quarters, and if concerted action can be had, the purpose of the *Post's* agitation will be accomplished. But if one store opens all must, for such is the habit of business men.

BOSWELL JR.

Quick work enabled the London Palace Theatre to exhibit the race for the Derby by biograph on the evening of the day the race was run. The films reached London at six o'clock, were developed at once by electric light, and shown on the stage before half-past ten.

At Lunch on the Club-House Porch

On the Way to the Club

The Array of Coaches

Waiting for the Word

THE COACHING PARADE AT BURLINGAME

MARRYING FOR A TITLE

Countess Castellane's Plan of Arranging Matches in Paris.

When a grateful country offered Pitt the elder a title to show its appreciation of his services, he at first refused, saying he preferred to live and die a commoner. When the offer was renewed later he accepted. To a friend who twitted him on this inconsistency he said, simply, "My wife desired to be a Countess—I to live in peace."

To a woman, no matter how sensible she may be, a title has a value far above rubies, and to an American woman it seems to represent the pinnacle of all earthly bliss. Be a man diminutive, decrepit, dissolute and a duke, he is eligible to court beauty and wealth, if they be incarnated in an American girl. Virility, honesty and character are outweighed by strawberry leaves and the fascinations of social position. There is no disguising the fact. It has been proved a hundred times, and the tendency must be estimated as a condition of modern American life.

Under the circumstances it is not surprising that heiress hunting has become an industry. There is to-day in New York in full operation a bureau for impoverished noblemen. It imports aristocrats, finances them, launches them in society, and obtains them introductions to heiresses. In return, a commission on the fortune obtained is exacted and must be paid as soon after marriage as convenient. The heiress is manipulated, of course, with infinite tact and discretion—the agent, who is the manager of the bureau and the Deus ex machina for the colony of noblemen, being a man of great resource and intelligence and well known in Paris, Florence and Berlin. To him all the visitors are consigned, their chances are then carefully canvassed, and they are set going in Boston, St. Louis or Chicago, wherever the opportunity seems ripe.

Strange as it may seem, the Castellane marriage was not managed by this bureau. Count Boni, on arriving in America, came to its office and attempted to negotiate a loan of $20,000 on the strength of his pretensions. He was laughed at, because the agent could not credit the idea that George Gould would permit his sister to sacrifice herself to such a profligate even though he was a scion of one of the oldest French families. However, the brilliant young Frenchman went elsewhere, but it was some weeks before he obtained the coin to finance his courtship. Just now the colony is quite small and the industry is at its worst, but its pretensions are as pronounced as in the days when Count von Arco, Lord of the Tyrol, was making his great campaign. Numerous are the tales recounted of the efforts of this Count von Arco to attach an heiress, and he made at least three expeditions for this purpose. He set a high value on himself, and although in appearance he suggested an inhabitant of Lilliput, he considered he was worth matrimonially at least a million dollars. At one period of his career he had three papas on a string, and was auctioning himself off to the highest bidder. Whenever a bid was made he would rush to his confreres and ask their opinion of the offer. One father was willing to pay half a million for the honor of seeing his daughter a Countess, but the Lord and Master of the Tyrol decided that the bid was too low. He said his figure was a million, but considering the hard times he would compromise for $750,000!

There is just now a young man in New York who is evidently not favorably regarded by the agent, and is therefore obliged to paddle his own canoe. His tactics are marked by undue artlessness and simplicity. It appears that after a summer at Newport and a winter at the Waldorf-Astoria, this young man found that the hunt for an heiress was not so easy a matter as he had formerly supposed. Of course, there was a very charming young woman awaiting him in California, but he lacked the wherewithal to get there and prosecute his claims in the generous fashion which he was assured the California style demanded. What should he do? His funds were reduced to a low ebb when a happy thought struck him. Recognizing the commercial instincts of this great nation, and having seen splendid buildings rendered hideous by advertisements for all sorts of commodities, it suddenly struck him that a neatly worded "ad" might achieve what neither an expensive summer's campaign nor winter's season had succeeded in accomplishing. He therefore inserted the following in the *Herald* and awaited results:

"A young, high nobleman desires to marry a beautiful, independent millionairess of best family. Age 17 to 25. Capable of being presented at Court."

This attracted the attention of the editor of one of the "Yellow Journals," who set out to discover the identity of the nobleman. The clerk of the post office from whom the foreigner collected his mail was first interviewed, and stated that for more than a week the adventurer had received over a dozen letters a day. His description tallied with that of an Italian nobleman, Count Sanmartino, who has been residing in New York about a year! Whether the answers received really came from members of the smart set and were absolutely authentic, no one but the advertiser has discovered.

When one remembers how very unsuccessful most of these international marriages are one is surprised with what avidity the foreign fortune hunter is picked up. Take the case of Anna Gould, Countess Boni de Castellane, whose marital infelicities are the talk of Paris. She has a title, it is true; but in her short married life she has seen vast inroads made upon her fortune by her profligate husband, who not only neglects her, but wastes her substance at the gambling tables and on his boon companions. In her endeavor to make the best of a bad bargain the Countess has gone in for all sorts of fads, charitable and otherwise, and thus manages to fill up her life apart from her husband, Her most recent fancy confirms, in American eyes at least, the depth of her disappointment. She has inaugurated a matrimonial club, the purpose of which is to encourage marriage among impecunious couples. Her friends say that the Countess has seen so many coils resulting from the European system of matrimony for money that she is determined to try and save other women from that fate. Portionless maids are to be her especial care, so long as they are desirable in other ways and will make good wives. It was pointed out to her that no Frenchman, be his rank ever so humble, would consent to marry a woman without a dowry. "Then," said the Countess, "I shall furnish the money out of my own pocket."

The Countess does not aim to bring about marriages in her own social sphere; but in those stations of life where business interests interfere with social pleasures, *i. e.*, between clerks, small trades-people, petty officials and students whose poverty prevents them appearing in society. She is fitting up clubrooms where receptions are to be held, and is at the head of a committee to investigate the standing of the applicants. The idea is to bring the young people together, hoping that they will fall in love the old-fashioned way. Before they meet, photographs will be exchanged, the conditions of life looked into after the manner of the regulation marriage agency. Introductions will follow either by the Countess de Castellane or some member of the committee. After this the young people will have an opportunity to "become acquainted" at the entertainments of the club. Long courtships are not to be tolerated and no man will be accepted whose intentions are not only honorable but matrimonial.

Needless to say Count Boni de Castellane regards the matter as a huge joke, and whenever his wife's project is discussed gives vent to sarcastic speeches. "Oh, yes," he is reported to have said to a dear friend, "my wife, having failed to show the qualities of a *grande dame* because of her bad manners and worse breeding, has taken up charity as a last resource."

It is estimated that there are now on the Continent under beet 5,000,000 acres. These produce about 50,000,000 tons of beet, which, on an average of one ton of sugar to 10 tons of beet, give 5,000,000 tons of sugar. The pulp, or "cake," as it is usually called, left after the juice is expressed, amounts to one-fifth of the original weight of the beet, or 10 tons of beet give two tons of cake. One ton of this cake is estimated to have the same feeding value as a ton of good hay, and therefore may be considered as worth £3 per ton. It results therefrom that the money value of the beet crop of Europe is as under—Sugar produced 5,000,000 tons at £8 — £40,000,000. Cake produced 10,000,000 tons at £3—£30,000,000. Total, £70,000,000.

Recognizing at last the necessity for a transportation department to take charge of the moving of troops, a new division has been created in the War Department, and Colonel Hecker, a business associate of Secretary Alger, has been placed in charge of it.

LIFE IN MANILA

teresting Pictures of Manners and Customs in the Philippines.

Throughout the English-speaking world the Philippines to-day a paramount topic. In all the British, as well as the American magazines one finds articles descriptive of in Manila, and yet the tone of most of them is didactic her than descriptive. There have been some generally dable articles on the life of the Filipinos in the *Sun*, and *Clure's* had also a lively impression of the environment its people. The *Century's* contribution to this literature ate, but interesting and entertaining. The writer, Wallace mmings, went to Manila as junior clerk in an American rcantile house. The manner in which the partners and ployees lived is thus described:

ur firm had a mess-house, in which the partners lived, and ich was open to all their American and English employees. ould the latter prefer to live elsewhere, one thousand dollars ear was allowed as the equivalent. I lived at the mess, find- it much the more comfortable. Indeed, it would have been rd to be dissatisfied with our way of living, and as it will w the style in which the great American houses in the East conducted, I think it worth telling with some detail. The ss was a fine house, nicely furnished, in one of the pleas- est parts of the city. The table was supplied by a Chinese k. He was allowed five hundred a mouth, and given cer- n of the heavier groceries, such as flour, rice, etc. He paid undercooks, and was responsible for meals at the mess, and breakfast (like the French *dejeuner a la fourchette*) and after- on tea, which were taken at the office by all the employees, cept on Sundays and fiestas. Then there was a majordomo, o had control of all servants and had charge of the house. ere was also a house-servant, and a Chinese porter, who ened and shut the great house doors, filled the baths, pulled punka, and watered the street in the dry season. Then eryone had a personal servant, who took care of his room, ended to his clothes, waited on him at table, prepared his rly breakfast (about 7 a.m.), and so on. Everybody also ned a horse or horses, which involved one more servant at st. Being a junior, I contented myself with one pony and a o-wheeled trap, something like a dog-cart. The others drove ttorias and pairs. Three of our mess owned racing-ponies, ich inured to my benefit, as it gave me as much riding as I shed. After the bath and an early breakfast came the drive the office, between eight and eight-thirty; then work until elve-fifteen, at which hour breakfast was served in the office; en work again until five-thirty, interrupted between three d four by afternoon tea; then to the bungalow to dress, to ess, to drive, and back to dinner at seventy-thirty.

This description sounds rather enticing and suggests xury. However hot it be, life is not altogether that of a rkish bath. There is fun and sport—not only cock-fight- g, but horse-racing, too. Mr. Cummings goes on to say:

Among the first things to impress a stranger are the horses. escended from horses brought from Mexico, they have be- me much smaller, while they are also much more shapely. fact, I have never seen a better-looking animal. There is thing of the pony about their shape, though in size they nge between forty-eight and fifty-two inches. At first it oked absurd to see them ridden by big men whose sirrups ng down to the horse's knees; but I soon found out that they sily carried a rider weighing two hundred pounds. The reigners have a jockey club, which holds two meetings a ar at the beautiful turf track at Santa Mesa. To avoid sharp actice, members of the club only are eligible to ride. This cessitates a scale of weight, starting at one hundred and irty-two pounds and rising to one hundred and fifty-four unds. It demonstrates the speed and strength of these mini- ure horses that a mile has been run in two minutes and ten conds by a pony carrying one hundred and fifty pounds. ly stallions are used. Mares cannot even be brought into city. Nobody walks; everybody rides; and on any special *ta* thousands of carriages fill the streets. I doubt if there is city in the world that can turn out half the number of private hicles in proportion to the population.

However one may desire to appreciate the nature and arm of the islands, one cannot deny the prevalence of ther earthquakes or typhoons. But the houses are built to eet the conditions and have an individuality all their own:

Always of two stories there is a high stone basement, with a rriageway through to the court, where are the servants' quar- rs and domestic offices. The upper story is of wood, being mplete in itself, so that in case of an earthquake it will settle gether. The ceilings are covered with cloth instead of plas- r. A wide stairway leads up from the carriageway. Between ree and four feet above the floor of this story is a wide win- w-ledge with grooves running the whole length of every de. In these grooves slide blinds, and also frames in which e set small squares of oyster shells (called "conchas"). Both inds and conchas run the full length of each side. Either o: th can be closed at the same time, and both can be slid back the width of one at each end, leaving the whole side open, nd allowing the air to circulate as freely as in a shed. The ofs were formerly made of curved tiles. Now galvanized on is used, as it is vastly decreases the chance of the roof fall- g during an earthquake, and lessens the damage if it does. n the other hand, the iron roof is much more likely to be lown off by the terrible typhoons.

In the Philippines, women have an advantage over their isters of Europe and America. With the property of a ride, the husband has absolutely nothing to do. He may dminster it, but even at her death, unless there is a deed, er property all goes to the children. A strict account is demanded of the husband, if he be guardian. A married woman continues to use her maiden name to which she dds her husband's with the prefix *di*. This she abandons when left a widow, save for purposes of business or conveni- nce. Children bear both paternal and maternal names—he latter last. The consequence of these privileges is that the Filipino women enjoy great personal independence. They are exclusively employed in the Spanish government's cigar factories and this being the staple industry of the city, the exclusion of the men compels them in many instances to perform the normal duties of the women. Into male hands has fallen the manufacture of embroidery of the gauze made from the long silky fibres of the pineapple. They weave, on primitive hand looms, the dainty *jusi*- striped gauzes, made from Chinese silk, and the hempen *abaca*. While the women are absent at the cigar factory, the men must look out for the children and cook the rice. Indeed, it is difficult for the foreign families to obtain the services of feminine nurses and they are compelled to draft into and turn over their children to "boys," who, indeed, prove very satisfactory. In the July *Fortnightly Review* is an interesting article on the manners and customs of the Filipinos from the pen of Mrs. Lucy Garnett. The system of marrying and giving in marriage seems to be French in motive She says:

Marriages, among the Tagals, are usually arranged not by the principals but by their parents. The father and mother of a marriageable youth visit the relatives of the maiden selected, and, in conventionally flowery and allegorical language, hint at the possibility of a matrimonial alliance between their respective families. The replies of the maiden's parents are equally vague and circumlocutory, and plain speaking is only resorted to when it has become evident that the parties are mutually agreed. Tagal mothers are mercenary to a degree, and when both parties are native, if a hitch occurs, it is usually owing to a disagreement about dollars. If, however, the suitor is half-breed, or European, he is unconditionally accepted, ambition and vanity getting the better of avarice. These preliminaries settled the donations *propter nuptias* are paid by the youth's father to the bride's parent to defray the expenses connected with the wedding, and a settlement, termed in Tagaloc *vigayaya*, is often made by him on the bride. The young couple then present themselves to the priest, though not necessarily together, kiss his hand, and inform him of their intention to marry. The cleric appoints the day for the wedding and publishes the banns in the church. The religious ceremony takes place at the conclusion of the first mass, between five and six o'clock in the morning. When the eucharist has been administered to the wedding party, an acolyte places a kind of mantle on the shoulders of the couple. The officiating priest recites a formula, puts certain questions, receives customary replies, and in five minutes the nuptial knot is tied. As they leave the church, a bowl of coin is presented to the bridegroom from which he takes a handful, and passes it to the bride, who returns it to the bowl—thus symbolizing his endowment of her with all his worldly possessions. Conventionally stolid and impassive, the young couple are escorted to the home of the bride where the day-long *catapusian*, as these family festivities are termed, are about to begin. If the parties are well-to-do, the vicar and headmen of the parish are invited, together with any Europeans who may happen to reside in the near neighborhood. A table is laid *a la Russe* with dishes of all kinds, sweets predominating, such potables as bottled beer, gin, chocolate, etc., together with cigars and betel-nut, being liberally supplied.

During the intervals of feasting, the company are entertained with native dances, such as the *Balitao* aad *Comitan*. The former is performed by a couple who stand opposite to, and dance round each other, keeping time to the slow plaintive air which accompanies their song. In poetic strain the swain bewails the rejection of his advances by his lady love. She in her turn reproaches him for some imagined fault. Explanations follow, and finally all is harmony. The *Comitan* is a *pas seul*, performed by a girl who dexterously balances on her head a tumblerful of water while she executes a variety of steps accompanied by writhing movements of the body. The guests residing in the parish retire to their own homes for the afternoon siesta, returning again towards sunset to take part in the evening festivities. If Europeans are present, the bride is with difficulty induced to remain in company; but however great her bashfulness may be, there is not the slightest trace of it on her countenance, which still maintains an impassive and unconcerned expression.

The fashion is for a young couple to reside with the wife's or husband's parents so long as there is room; and when the parents are old and past work, they in turn are received into the homes of their married children. When a couple set up housekeeping in a *bahay* of their own, a cortege of poor relations immediately attach themselves to the *menage*, even if it is a European who is at the head of the family. Mixed marriages have been encouraged by the Spanish government, and three centuries of intermarriage between European men and native women, and also between the latter and the numerous Chinese immigrants, have added to the original population a strange set of half-breeds. The Chinese *Mestizos* and the Spanish *Mestizos* form the traders and are possessed of quicker percepiton and higher intelligence than the Tagals. The social position of these half-breeds, though immeasurably superior to that of the Eurasians of India, is yet equivocal and they are ever striving to obtain the consideration accorded to Peninsular Spaniards, who refuse to give them their daughters in marriage. It is an ascertained fact that the increase of energy introduced into the Filipino by European blood only lasts to the second generation. Left to himself, the Mestizo inevitably reverts to the maternal type. The native is so indolent and the hold of civilization on him is so slight as to preclude the possibility of anything higher than municipal self-government in the Philippines.

Here is a charming picture of the evening life of Manila:

Towards sunset, thousands of vehicles issue from the streets of Binondo, Tondo, and the other suburbs, and cross the bridges to the wide boulevard which encircles three sides of the fortifications, terminating at the mouth of the River Pasig. Elegant victorias and landaus, drawn by a pair of stout ponies, are filled with mantilla-veiled Spanish beauties and bejewelled *Mestizas;* light carromattas and calesas are brilliant with the trailing *sayas* of their dusky Tagal occupants; every available wheeled vehicle, indeed, in the city has been requisitioned to swell the stream of traffic flowing seawards. Military bands discourse operatic music, and greetings are interchanged while the Manilenas inhale the refreshing sea-breezes blowing in from the bay. Ocean steamers lie out in the anchorage, outlined in shadow on the smooth waters, while the setting sun, disappearing behind the grand mountain mass of Mariveles, throws its dark serrated summits into clear relief against the glowing western clouds. The eye, dazzled by this blaze of natural splendor, turns for relief to the moss-grown, mellow-toned walls of the city—a city belonging, in appearance, to another age, with its moat, drawbridges, and old bronze cannon bristling on the ramparts from which now thunders forth the sunset gun. Every rein is tightened, ever hat lifted in salutation to the *Angelus*, which simultaneously sounds from every convent and church in the city. The short succeeding twilight passes, the carriage lamps twinkle as far as the eye can reach, and the gay throng wends it way homewards.

THE BATTLE OF MALATE

First Land Fight in the Operations Against Manila.

The story of the battle at Malate is yet incomplete. On Sunday night of July 31st at eleven o'clock, during a heavy tropical storm, the Spaniards, recognizing that each day strengthened the position and augmented the forces of the Americans, began a desperate attack. Malate is a fortified town out of Manila. The American trenches before it had been thrown forward to displace the insurgents. On the night of the thirty-first this position was held by the Tenth Pennsylvania and Batteries A and B, Utah Artillery. Three of the Pennsylvanian companies D, E and K were outside the trenches covering the right of companies A, H, C and E, which were holding the trenches down to the beach, with Utah's Battery B as a reserve.

From a bamboo thicket the Spaniards poured a galling fire into the trenches. The Pennsylvanians responded bravely. The Spaniards advanced repeatedly to within two hundred feet of the American entrenchments, but were forced to retreat under the fire of the Americans. Company D, Pennsylvania, stationed outside of the trenches, is reported to have been at one time cut off entirely from the main body, but fought its way back. Colonel Hawkins recognizing that his forces were outnumbered despatched a messenger for reinforcements. Major O'Hara with the Third Artillery of Regulars hurried forward to the trenches as a body of infantry. There was left but four cartridges to the man in the Pennsylvania Regiment when the regulars appeared. At midnight the entire camp was aroused. The call to arms brought the first battalion of the California Regiment to the rescue; cheering as they struggled through mud and rain, the Californians were thrown forward. The second California battalion deployed to the right, the third being held in reserve with the Colorados.

The Americans won the night, after a bitter, hard fought contest, that evoked from General Greene an order thanking officially the Pennsylvanians, the Californians, the Utahs and the Third Artillery for bravery in action. The death roll of the Pennsylvania Regiment is as follows:

Corporal Walter E. Brown, Company D; Private John Brady Jr., Company I; Private Jesse Noss, Company E; Private William Stillwagon, Company E; Private Jacob Hull, Company E; Private William E. Brinton, Company E; Private Winfield A. Schneider, Company E, died from his wounds August 2nd.

Pennsylvanians seriously wounded are: Victor Holmes, Company K, shot in chest; First Sergeant Ulsh, Company C. shot in groin; Sergeant Alva Walter, Company D, wounded in chest and leg.

The following Pennsylvanian were slightly wounded: In Company A—A. R. Johnson, Harvey Funkchauser, Earl Shaw, latter in left arm. Company D—Corporal Harry L. Bishop, left arm; Albert R. London, right hand; Matthew J. Welsh, right hand; Charles W. Wallace, leg; Corporal H. E. Cromwell, leg and arm; George Calhoun, arm; Charles E. Maloy, right arm; Alvin Snyder, left hand; Lieutenant A. J. Buttermore, forehead. In Company B—Captain J. A. Loar, scalp; C. H. Ernenheiser, right hand and arm; Howard Miner, left hand; S. D. Dobbs, left arm; Sergeant N. J. Hurs, scalp; George Wastaboug, left shoulder. In Company F—Walter J. Schiedler. In Company I—Corporal A. V. Popell, right leg. In Company K—C. S. Carter, right side; Albert Hunnell, right hand.

The foregoing list tells, louder than words, that the brunt of the attack fell upon the Pennsylvanians.

The loses in other regiments are as follows:

Killed—Private Eli Dawson, Battery K, Third Artillery; First Sergeant Maurice Justh, First California Volunteers; Private J. A. McElrath, Battery H, Third Artillery.

In the First California Regiment, Company A—C. J. Edwards, shot in left shoulder. Company B—A. K. Rodgers, shot through the right hand, right ear and right breast by the same bullet. Company I—Captain R. Richter, shot in head. Company J—Charles Stuart, right hand; H. C. Paysot, right thigh; Daniel O'Neil, back; W. E. Schmidt, arm; Robert Nicholson, right shoulder; Musician Ernest Townsend, back.

In Utah Volunteers, Battery B—J. J. Winkler, left arm.

In Third Artillery, Battery A—Robert L. Officer, left arm. Battery H—Charles Winfield, wounded in neck; Philip Sauer, left leg; Henry S. Stockfleth, back; Captain Hobbs, left thigh.

In a later engagement, the works were held by the Third Battalion of Californians and the Colorado Regiment. Private Fred Springstead of Company D, Colorado, was reported killed, Edward Zachary of Company G, Colorado,

A PLAN OF OPERATIONS AT MANILA

slightly wounded in thigh, and Fred H. Field of Company F, California, wounded in shoulder.

The Minnesota, Idaho and Wyoming transports arrived safely with the Monterey. Indeed, it was the coming of these transports that precipitated the midnight charge upon the American lines. General Merritt's force in the Philippines now consists of the First California, Second Oregon, Tenth Pennsylvania, First Colorado, First Nebraska, Thirteenth Minnesota, First Idaho, First Wyoming, Fourteenth, Eighteenth and Twenty-third Infantry; the First California Battery, the Astor Battery and Batteries G, H, K and L, Third United States Artillery, numbering 460 officers and 10,454 men.

During the trip to Manila the Morgan City, that carried 600 Idaho volunteers and a detachment of Nebraska recruits, caught fire in the coal bunkers. The soldiers were not told of their peril, nor was the fire extinguished until Manila harbor was reached.

Of the Pennsylvanians Private Will Stillwagon, Company E, came from Mount Pleasant, Penn. He was a coke miner in the employ of the Connelsville Coke Company at the outbreak of the war, twenty-seven years old and unmarried. He leaves a father and mother and two sisters. Jacob Hull, Company E, enlisted from Green Mountain, Penn. He was unmarried. Private Jesse Noss, Company E, enlisted from Mount Pleasant Penn. He was twenty-eight years old, a glass-worker by trade, and left behind a widow and two children, the younger of whom had never seen her father, having been born just three weeks after his departure with his regiment for San Francisco. Privates Victor Holmes and C. S. Carter, Company K, who were among the wounded, enlisted from Green county, and would have graduated from the Waynesboro College this year. Sergeant Alva Walter, reported wounded, was of Company D. Private Lee Snyder, who was wounded, enlisted from Mount Pleasant, Penn., where a mother, two brothers and a sister are living. Another brother, Will, is Commissary Sergeant, of Company E.

Among the Pennsylvania recruits now in San Francisco there is much sorrow over the loss of friends, but the desire to go to the front, is strong in the heart of every lad from the Keystone State.

FIGHTING AT SANTIAGO

Stephen Crane's Story of the Great Infantry Charge at San Juan.

Though there were correspondents by the dozen at Santiago, stories of the fight have been one-sided and confusing. The lack of direction in the advance and the number of engagements under way at one and the same time, together with the difficulties attending the gathering of news, seem to have prevented the journalists obtaining an intelligent idea of the proceedings. About the cleverest and most graphic statement of the fight at San Juan, in which occurred the great infantry charge, is that of Stephen Crane, in the New York *World*, from which the following is an extract. Mr. Crane is the author of that remarkable war epic *The Red Badge of Courage*. His pictures of actual battle differ from his imaginative impression as projected in that book:

"At about 2500 yards in front of Grimes' position on El Paso arose the gentle green hills of San Juan, dotted not too plentifully with trees — hills that resembled the sloping orchards of Orange County in summer. Here and there were houses, built evidently as summer villas, but now loopholed and barricaded. They had heavy roofs of red tiles, and were shaped much like Japanese, or, better, Javanese, houses. Here and there, too, along the crests of these curving hillocks were ashen streaks, the rifle-pits of the Spaniards. At the principal position of the enemy were a flag, a redoubt, a block-house, and some sort of a pagoda, in the shade of which Spanish officers were wont to promenade during lulls, and negligently gossip about the battle.

"At 11:25 our artillery reopened on the central block-house and intrenchments. The Spanish fire had been remarkably fine, but it was our turn now. Grimes had his ranges to a nicety. After the great 'shout of the gun' came the broad, windy, diminishing noise of the flung shell; then a fainter boom, and a cloud of red debris out of the block-house or up from the ground near the trenches. The Spanish infantry in the trenches fired a little volley immediately after every one of the American shells. It puzzled many to decide at what they could be firing, but it was finally resolved that they were firing just to show us that they were still there and were not afraid. It must have been about two o'clock when the enemy's battery again retorted.

"The cruel thing about this artillery duel was that our battery had nothing but old-fashioned powder, and its position was always as clearly defined as if it had been the Chicago fire. On the other hand the Spaniards were using the best smokeless.

"From El Paso to San Juan there is a broad expanse of dense forest, spotted infrequently with vividly green fields. It is traversed by a single narrow road, which leads straight between the two positions, fording two little narrow streams. Along this road had gone our infantry, and also the military balloon. There were two officers in the car for the greater part of the way, and there surely never were two men who valued their lives less. But they both escaped unhurt, while the balloon sank down, torn to death by the bullets which were fired at it by the nervous Spaniards, who suspected dynamite. It was never brought out of the woods where it recklessly met its fate.

"In these woods, unknown to some, including the Spaniards, was fulminated the gorgeous plan of taking an impregnable position. One saw a thin line of black figures moving across a field. They disappeared in the forest. The enemy was keeping up a terrific fire. Then suddenly somebody yelled, 'By God, there go our boys up the hill!' There is many a good man who would give an arm to get the thrill of patriotic insanity that coursed through us when we heard that yell. Yes, they were going up the hill, up the hill. It was the best moment of anybody's life. An officer said to me afterward: 'If we had been in that position and the Spaniards had come at us, we would have piled them so high the last man could not have climbed over.' But up went the regiments, with no music save that ceaseless, fierce crashing of rifles.

"The foreign attachés were shocked. 'It is very gallant, but very foolish,' said one, sternly.

"'Why, they can't take it, you know! Never in the world!' cried another. 'It is slaughter!'

"The Japanese shrugged his shoulders and said nothing.

"The road from El Paso to San Juan was now a terrible road. It should have a tragic fame like the sunken road at Waterloo. Why we did not later hang some of the gentry who contributed from the trees to the terror of this road is not known. The wounded were stringing back from the front, hundreds of them. Some walked unaided, an arm or a shoulder having been dressed at a field station. They stopped often enough to answer the universal yell, 'How is it going?' Others hobbled, or clung to a friend's shoulder. Their slit trousers exposed red bandages. A few were shot horribly in the face, and were led bleeding and blind by their mates. And then there were the slow pacing stretcher bearers, with the dying or the insensible, the badly wounded, still figures, with blood often drying brick color on their hot bandages. Prostrate at the roadside were many others, who had made their way thus far and were waiting for strength. Everywhere moved the sure-handed, invaluable Red Cross men.

"Over this scene was a sort of haze of bullets. They were of two kinds. First, the Spanish lines were firing just a trifle high. Their bullets swept over our firing-lines and poured into this devoted roadway, the single exit, even as it had been the single approach. The second fire was from the guerillas concealed in the trees and in the thickets along the trail. They had come in under the very wings of our strong advance, taking good positions on either side of the road, and were peppering our line of communication whenever they got a good target, no matter, apparently, what the target might be. Red Cross men, wounded men, sick men, correspondents and attachés were all one to the guerilla.

"At a place where the road cut through the crest of the ridge Borrowe and some of his men were working over his dynamite-gun. After the fifth discharge something had got jammed. There was never such devotion to an inanimate thing as these men give to their dynamite-gun. They will quarrel for her, starve for her, lose sleep for her, and fight for her to the last ditch. If they ever get that gun into action again, they will make her hum.

"The discomfited Spaniards, recovering from their panic, opened from their second line a most furious fire. It was first directed against one part of our line, and then against another, as if they were feeling for our weakest point, fumbling around after the throat of the army. The American reply was in measured volleys. Part of a regiment would remain on the firing-line, while the other companies rested near by under the brow of the hill. Parties were sent after the packs. The commands knew with what other organizations they were in touch on the two flanks. Otherwise they knew nothing, save that they were going to hold their ground. They said so.

"From our line could be seen a long, gray, Spanish intrenchment, from 400 to 1000 yards away, according to what part of our line one measured from. From it floated no smoke, and no men appeared there, but it was making a noise like a million champagne corks. The army was dusty, dishevelled, its hair matted to its forehead with sweat, its shirts glued to its backs with the same, and indescribably dirty, thirsty, hungry, and aweary from its bundles and its marches and its fights. It sat down on the conquered crest and felt satisfied.

"'Well, hell! here we are.'"

SHAFTER'S INCOMPETENCE

Mismanagement of the Santiago Campaign Grows Notorious.

Washington, Aug. 4th.—There is growing up here a strong feeling over the mismanagement of the Santiago campaign. Maybe this late indignation is a reflection of the sentiment of the country that the affair was a terrible blunder, or is due to the absence of casualties and delays in General Miles' invasion of Porto Rico. The systematic administration of this latter campaign, and the thoroughly organized advance, is superb testimony to the ability of the commander, and offers a tremendous contrast to the disorderly and careless handling of the Shafter expedition. The truth about the affair is gradually emerging, and the nation begins to realize the utter confusion and turmoil which characterized operations both at Tampa and at Baquiri. There seems to have been no intelligent direction whatever, not well regulated system of disembarkation or design of attack. We learn that the cargoes of the transports were no half discharged, that the medical equipment and supplies of each regiment were left in their holds. Though the strongest efforts were made by the various surgeons to get out their materials, their zeal was met by the indifference of General Shafter, who, according to Dr. Munson, refused to permit the use of a steam launch, even though orders came from Washington that facilities should be had for the purpose.

My own impression is that ere we hear the last of the Santiago affair, evidence of General Shafter's incompetence will constitute a terrible indictment of the Secretary of War's methods. It is because of General Alger's friendship that Shafter was given command of the Cuban expedition. There was plenty of testimony of his incapacity in the management of affairs at Tampa. It is well known that in assigning the men to the transports no intelligent system was followed. Companies of various regiments found themselves higgledy-piggledy in the same boat. The week of delays was caused by a similar lack of direction, and all the difficulties of landing at Baquiri may be assigned to the same cause. According to the statements of correspondents the advance was horribly botched. Individual commanders with "pulls" pushed forward and into the van. As soon as the regiments were landed they set out campaigning on their own account, and it was because of this absence of concerted action that the terrible casualties occurred. The heroic charge of the "Rough Riders" was undertaken under these conditions—superb, indeed, but not warfare. The several skirmishes were, in each instance, artillery propositions, yet battle was given while the siege guns were still on board the transports or back on the shore. At El Caney there were only sixteen light guns and all of the work was done by the infantry. In answer to the criticism already made, Secretary Alger repeats that such misadventures are inevitable in war. That this is not true General Miles has shown by the management of the Porto Rico expedition. However, where jobbery and favoritism are allowed full sway disaster is inevitable.

The recent history of the Spanish war will make interesting reading when it comes to be written. That politics entered into the direction of the army is undeniable. General Miles fought fiercely against the advance on Santiago during the wet season, but Secretary Alger overruled him. The army knew that Shafter was incompetent to direct the expedition, and it was understood that the President wanted General Miles to be in command. The truth is that McKinley did make out the order that Miles accompany the expedition, but the order was lost in transmission. Had a leader been in command our army would have advanced when it was ready, when the equipments and guns had all been landed. It would never have begun to campaign without food or water or medical supplies. When the disasters at El Caney and Siboney were reported at Washington, the President sent for General Miles, who was heartsick at the turn affairs had taken. There was a long conference at which Miles made plain the dangerous position of Shafter's forces, and how the Spanish leader could easily swing about and annihilate our advance lines. Instead of retreating, as Shafter had suggested, Miles ordered a change of movement and that a demand be made for Santiago's surrender. It was undoubtedly a bluff, but it won. Then Miles came to the front, but Toral had the ultimatum under consideration and though the credit of the achievement was undoubtedly due Miles, he generously permitted Shafter to pluck a reputation out of defeat.

The result of this affair has been that the President now gives personal attention to the war, and Miles is at the front. Had this been the case earlier we should have been spared the lives of many brave soldiers and officers, which were so needlessly and wickedly sacrificed.

Apropos of war and its problems, do you know that Adjutant-General Corbin has been made a *Major-General*? Wherefore? you may ask, and with point. Mind you, the gentleman has not been in command or in the way of bullets, and there is no reason for his advancement save devotion to business. Corbin, however, is decidedly a figure in Washington. He is a born politician, adroit, tactful, with a superb memory for his enemies and appropriate consideration for his friends. He can deny a tale with the most exquisite subtlety, and can refuse a request with the air of granting one a favor.

The President has had one vacation at last. With Secretary Long he took a trip down the Potomac, the other day, to Indian Head where the navy's guns are tested. The rest did him a world of good. This cruise on the *Dolphin* was the first time he had ever been on a big ship, for he had never crossed the ocean. The Cabinet feels especially happy over the success of the war bond loan. As you know, the issue of two hundred millions was applied for several times over. Every dollar went to private investors. So careful were the Treasury officials to meet the popular idea of the loan that they shut out every kind of corporation. Churches, Sunday schools, Christian associations and all other organizations were thrust aside for individual subscriptions. Assistant Secretary Vanderlip told me that one of the last and most earnest appeals for bonds came from a Sunday school of whose righteous purpose he was fully cognizant, but that there were no exceptions to the rule of the issue, and the check of this Sabbath institution was promptly sent back. The Controller of the Currency, Mr. Dawes, is now watching with great interest the increase in National bank circulation, that he may judge thereby whether the banks found any way to evade the law and get the bonds. The evidence, however will be negatived by the amount of bonds purchased by the banks in open market.

DRAYTON.

M. de Paris, as the public executioner of France is styled, takes himself very seriously. He served his "apprenticeship" at Algiers, having married the daughter of M. de Algiers, and he plied his gentle calling for thirty years in North Africa before taking over charge in the metropolis. There is little doubt that on his approaching retirement he will be succeeded by his son, in accordance with precedent, an executioner's offspring finding it very difficult to get a footing in life in any other profession but that of his father. People are so very squeamish! The new guillotine more resembles an instrument of precision that would seem in its place in a laboratory than anything else. The knife, which is made of bright polished steel, is still triangular, but is much smaller than formerly, the back being little more than the third of an inch in thickness, and it tapers to an edge as keen as that of a razor. Instead of being bright scarlet, the two uprights are now of a dark brown color, and they are much closer together than in the previous model. For the leaden weight that used to force down the knife has been substituted a cylinder filled with mercury. What with the bright nickel lever and the shining brass neck-opening, the "widow" is a tool of which M. de Paris is not a little proud.

The recent robbery of £1000 in gold at the Bank of England is doubtless a proof, if proof were needed, that there exists an organized gang who patiently and persistently arrange for these very profitable raids. During the last few years the "adventurers" have made several coups with entire success. Granted coolness and audacity, and the robbery is by no means so wonderful a feat as it has been regarded in some quarters. The comparatively small department at the Bank which is devoted to the business of other bankers is situated at the entrance end of the Private Drawing Office, and therefore it is quite close to the main entrance to the historic "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street." The bag of gold, too, is by no means so cumbersome as some folks imagine. At the Bank of England sovereigns are kept in bags of £1000. The canvas receptacle, which has "Bank of England" printed on it in black letters, is only twelve inches long by six inches wide, and its weight, when the thousand sovereigns are in it, is about 257 oz.—that is, something under 22 lb. troy—while, as the contents by no means fill the bag, it is very easily handled.

Geraldine Ulmar, whose prosaic name off the stage is Mrs. Tilkins, has recovered $3,750 from the London Omnibus Company, which was held responsible for the collision in which her ankle was fractured a year ago.

General View of Barracks

All the Comforts of Home

Company F, Dayton—Captain Miller

Company F at Drill

COMPANY F, FIRST WASHINGTON VOLUNTEERS, AT ANGEL ISLAND

COLONEL J. H. WHOLLY
Commanding First Washington Volunteers.

NAVAL EXPANSION

Plans Which Will Render the Navy Fourth Amongst the Powers.

The marvellous achievements of Uncle Sam's navy having gone to show that effective sea power is the best form of insurance the nation can rely upon, the expansion of our resources in that direction will be sure of general approval. At the moment the United States ranks sixth among the Powers in respect of maritime strength, as against twentieth fifteen years ago, and if the contemplated programme of development is carried out this country will take fourth place amongst the nations. The naval lessons of the war have recently been somewhat fully touched upon in the columns of The Wave and, so far, there seems to be wonderfully little divergence of opinion among the experts on the subject. The heads of the Navy Department in Washington are fully convinced that the need of the future is a large number of first-class battleships and swift armored cruisers. Captain Crowninshield has expressed himself opposed to monitors as possessing but a small circle of influence and difficult of effective handling in anything but smooth waters. Chief Naval Constructor Hichborn holds that for purposes of bombardment it will be necessary to equip ordinary vessels with mortars, reserving the battleships and other armored vessels for the destruction of the enemy's floating strength. Chief Engineer Endicott, Chief of the Bureau of Yards and Docks, points to the necessity of having naval stations along the entire coast of the United States as well as at outlying possessions.

Existing plans for navy extension show that provision has already been made for more than doubling the present number of modern warships, except in the cruiser and gunboat sections. There are now in commission five battleships; five more are not far from completion, and three in addition have been ordered. All of these eight, building and ordered, are of the first class. There are six double-turreted monitors in active service; Congress has just authorized four more. Of torpedo-boat destroyers we have none, but sixteen have been called for by recent legislative enactment. There are only fourteen torpedo boats in commission, while seven are building and twelve are about to be begun. It is beyond doubt that a number of the finest steamships now being used as auxiliary cruisers will be retained in the navy after the war.

Obviously, this increase in the fighting craft will necessitate the employment of a much larger number of officers and men. A first-class battleship in time of peace has a complement of 439 officers and men, a monitor needs 132, a torpedo-boat destroyer 90 and a torpedo-boat 28, an addition of thirty per cent to these numbers being called for in time of war. Making allowance for the requirements of auxiliary cruisers and other vessels, which will be included in the navy of the future, it is calculated that the enlisted force in the service will be at least 25,000 after the war is over, as against 12,500 only just before its declaration. There are at this date 25,000 enlisted men, and this number is to be increased to 34,000 under the estimates made for the new fiscal year. These figures do not include marines, whose corps numbers 3073 in peace time; it has been considerably augmented since the beginning of the present conflict. In addition to the 25,000 enlisted men, there will be 2000 boys under instruction, who are expected to occupy the places of petty officers, such as gunners' mates, carpenters' mates, etc. Thus it will be seen that the navy of the immediate future is to be immensely stronger, numerically and otherwise, than the navy of a few months ago.

There is little doubt that at its next session Congress will

The "Farragut" Making a Spurt

Admiral Kirland on the "Unadilla"

Hawaiian Commission on Board the Government Tug "Unadilla"

PRELIMINARY TRIAL OF THE TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER "FARRAGUT"

sanction the scheme mapped out by the Navy Department, and as soon as the necessary legislation has been enacted there will be many important changes affecting the personnel of the service. It is intended that the number of officers shall be considerably increased. There are to be eighteen rear admirals, whereas now there are only seven. Of captains there are to be seventy instead of forty-five; there are to be 112 commanders instead of eighty-five; of lieutenant commanders there are to be 170 instead of seventy-four. The number of lieutenants is to be increased from 250 to 300, and there are to be 350 junior lieutenants and ensigns instead of the 195 now on the list. These additions will do away with the stagnation of promotion that at present exists and which the war with Spain, contrary to all precedent, has done practically nothing to remove. There are to-day 150 lieutenants who have spent twenty-five years in the service and ensigns of fifteen years standing. Doubtless, officers who obtained temporary appointments after the war began will, as a rule, be desirous of being admitted into the regular service, and in some measure at all events this is likely to be provided for. These are represented by two commanders, two lieutenant commanders, 100 lieutenants, 90 junior lieutenants, 164 ensigns, 50 surgeons, 39 paymasters and 159 engineers.

A further idea is to absorb the engineers into the line of the navy. A fighting ship of to-day represents the greatest concentration of energy and strength that exists, and with the universal employment of mechanism of the most delicate and elaborate nature in its management the importance of the engineering staff is not exceeded by that of any other department on board. To afford proper recognition to that branch of the service is therefore only right and distinctly in the line of progress. It is also proposed to provide opportunities for advancement of enlisted men to commissioned rank as in the army. Under present regulations the best chance afforded to a man who enlists in the service is that of becoming a warrant officer, who gets comparatively high pay, amounting to $1200 per annum for the first three years and rising gradually to $1800 after twelve years of service. Under present conditions, however, no further promotion is possible for such men. Under the law which is expected to be enacted, the warrant officer who has served for ten years will be eligible to a new grade—that of chief boatswain, chief carpenter, chief sailmaker, chief gunner or chief pharmacist. This will furnish inducement to enlisted men, who will actually be able to earn a commission by effort and usefulness, the grades mentioned ranking with that of ensign.

Many changes affecting the pay and ranking privileges of the officers of the line, especially in the highest grades, are in contemplation. It has long been a matter of complaint that the officers of the navy are not so well paid as the officers of the army. The average pay of a Rear-Admiral is about $4,000 a year less than that of a Major-General, with whom he is of equal standing. The actual pecuniary gain to Rear-Admiral Dewey by his Manila exploit in the way of pay was the exact sum of $340, achieved through his elevation in rank at a date four months prior to that at which he would have stepped up in the ordinary course of promotion. This amount would be about sufficient to meet the cost of his new uniform and insignia.

The policy of manning the ships of the navy with native Americans is to be pursued as closely as possible. A great advance has been made in this respect of late years, and the ideal is far nearer to-day than it was when Captain W. M. Folger, now in command of the New Orleans, remarked a few years ago:

"No war was ever successfully fought, and but few battles have been won, with a mercenary force, and to a very large extent our men are pure mercenaries. There were twenty-four different nationalities represented in the last vessel which I commanded—a 1,700 ton gunboat—and I confess to a feeling of anxiety regarding the possession by the crew of any genuine American sentiment or feeling. The best marksmen were foreign born. The vessel stood well in the records of target firing, but, had the target been a Scandinavian enemy, I should have anticipated wild shooting. I think that many officers will agree with me that a visit to an English war vessel leaves a pronounced impression. It is a profound admiration for the big, ruddy-faced, bulldog looking crew, homogenous throughout—English, Irish or Scotch—but all Queen's men to a man; all curiously of an age or size, all marvellously well drilled and disciplined. Such fellows are and always have been capable of a national idea and of fighting for it—fighting to win. Without such men behind the guns, fine ships, fine guns, and fine officers are of little use. The rollcall of any American man-of-war shows that the crew is of a cosmopolitan character. In the British navy no foreigners are accepted, except as bandsmen or officers' servants, save under exceptional circumstances. In 1879 a careful count of the sailors of the Mediterranean squadron showed that thirty-five countries were represented by them, and that considerably less than one half were American born."

R. B. F.

There are a number of violin collectors in the United States. George Smith of Chicago has the largest collection; but the most valuable violins are in smaller collections. Ole Bull's famous Gaspar Di Salo violin is in the possession of his family at Cambridge, Mass., and is eventually to be given to the museum there. The other two fine violins owned by Ole Bull—an Amati and a Joseph Guarnerius—were presented by him to Mr. Colton of Exeter, N. H. Two of the most remarkable violins in America are at present in the Klondike. They are the well known Nero and Elijah Stradivarius, the latter being called by some experts the handsomest Strad. in existence and valued at $15,000. Mr. Willis Nowell, professor at the Boston Conservatory, was the fortunate owner of the two fine fiddles; and when he abandoned Appollo for Vulcan, cut his hair and bought a Klondike outfit, he refused to be separated from his Strads.

Late in June a man showed up at Dawson City with a copy of the San Francisco *Chronicle* containiug the first account of Dewey's victory at Manila, An enterprising Yankee purchased it for $10 and then hired Tammany Hall for the evening. He charged 50 cents and packed the hall. He read the paper to the crowd, and after every sentence there was a regular warwhoop. It made the walls of the building tremble. The success of the veuture was so pronounced that he rented the hall for the next night and reaped another harvest. He made $400 off that one newspaper and sold it to a miner who was going into the diggings for $50.

The Government statistician of Victoria estimates the population of the Australasian colonies at the end of 1897 at 4,410,124. When the census of 1891 was taken the numbers were 3,809,895, so that there has been an increase since then of 15.75 per cent. The population of Victoria is estimated at 1,176,238, an increase of 35,833. The increase per cent in Victoria was 3.14; in New South Wales, 16.89; in South Australia, 13.29; and in Western Australia, 225 23.

England is being driven by the continuance of the South Wales coal strike to consider the desirability of the Government's buying mines in order to be sure of a supply in case of war.

Distributing Food

Carrying Away Provisions

Fetching Water to the Men in the Trenches

Female Refugees

Some Types of Cubans

CUBAN REFUGEES AT EL CANEY

On Board the "Lakme"

"Lakme" and "Charles Nelson" at the Dock

Engineers En Route to the Transport

A Last Look

New York Volunteers

Transport "Charles Nelson"

Going Aboard the "Charles Nelson"

Red Cross

A Stern View

Arrangement of Bunks

Transport "Lakme" in the Stream

Engineers on the Dock

Transport "Tacoma"

Troops at the Dock

Cleaning Streets of the New York Camp

EGIMENT FOR HAWAII

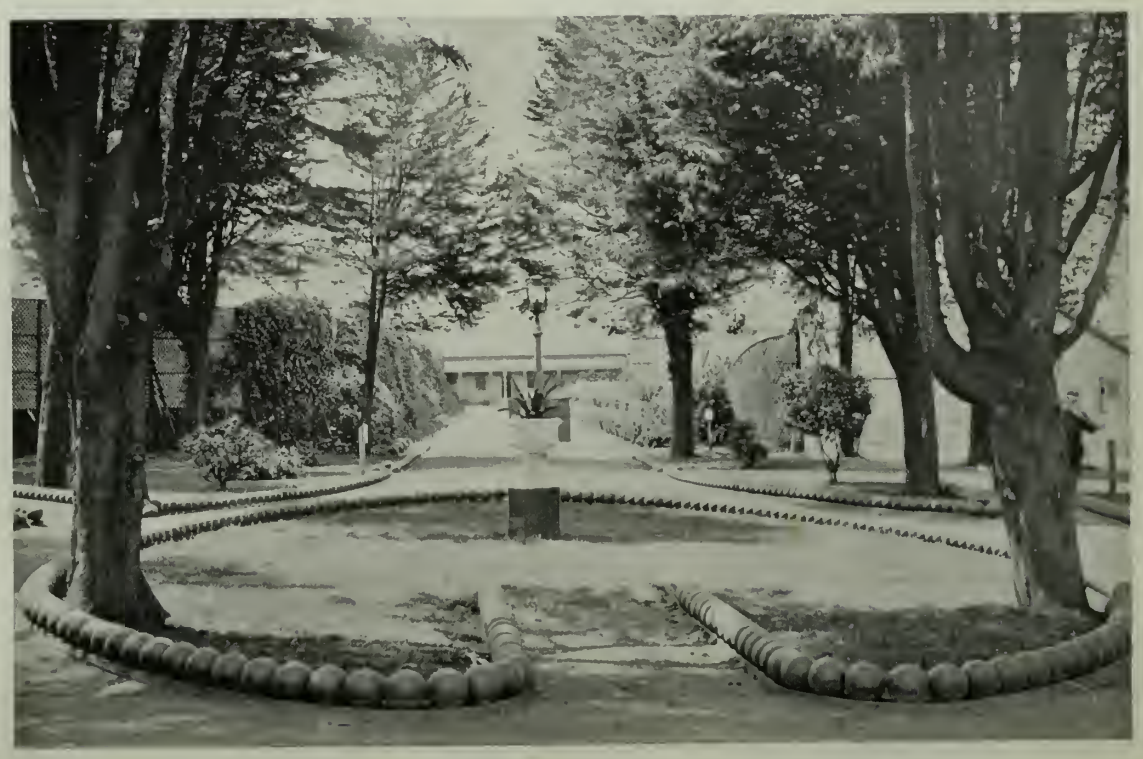
Washington Band

Company C, Tacoma—E. A. Sturges

Company H, Ellensberg—A. C. Steinmann

Company K, Waitsburg—C. T. Smith

Company M, Grays Harbor—John E. Boyen



A Picturesque Bit of the Presidio

THIRD BATTALION, FIRST WASHINGTON VOLUNTEERS, AT THE PRESIDIO

MAGAZINE FICTION

American Short-Story Writers and Their Methods — Some Remarkable Tales.

The August magazines being devoted mainly to fiction, their contents ought to afford an excellent opportunity of diagnosing the later developments of literary talent. Nowadays the editors of the important monthlies are content to look at home for contributions. Save the *Atlantic's* "Battle of the Strong" and Kipling's "In Ambush" in *McClure's*, stories and serials are all by American writers and, for the most part, concerned with American life. For this discrimination there seems good reason. Since the decline of the *Yellow Book* there is not among the English magazines one publication whose stories are marked by special literary intelligence or sense of dramatic value. Henry Harland, Ella Darcy, Ella Sharp and Marriot Watson produced admirable work in the *Yellow Book*, but their tales are now scattered far and wide, and one must scan a score of periodicals to discover a trace of them. The cleverest Englishmen, except Conan Doyle and Kipling, confine, for the most part, their abilities to novel writing, which, I presume, returns a better remuneration for the labor. Anthony Hope, who has a pretty talent for an imaginative love tale, has done nothing of late, and the name of Stanley Weyman has latterly become almost unfamiliar.

In the United States, however, there is a distinct demand for fiction and certain recognized sources of supply. Readers of the periodicals have come to know almost as well as the critics the characteristics of Sarah Orne Jewett, Octave Thanet, Ella Olney Kirk, Mary Wilkins, together with Richard Harding Davis, Stephen Crane and the rest. Studies in character and environment enshrining a thin thread of incident are the most acceptable of contributions, and these, for the most part, are the product of feminine pens. For instance, the *Century* has Sarah Orne Jewett's "The Coon Dog," the *Atlantic* "The Tinkling Simlins," by Mary Tracy Earle, and *Harper's* "The Child's Mother," by Margaret Deland. The latter is one of the "Old Chester Tales," which form a notable series of short stories, reminding one in their tone and handling of Thomas Hardy. The impression of inevitableness which *Life's Little Ironies* leaves on the mind is caught in these simple narrations wrought with such sympathy and restraint. Mrs. Deland's is a real talent destined to a greater future than any of her contemporaries. The "Tinkling Simplins" is a clever instance of story construction with considerable feeling for character and method, but without any more conviction than is visible in "The Coon Dog." Both interest and both are adroit and artistic in manipulation. There are touches of sentiment put in as though it were paint, but the weakness and imperfection of the achievement is made apparent by comparing them with the "Old Chester Tales," or with Stephen Crane's "The Monster."

This story is a novelette in length, and in style and subject marks a departure in Crane's method. He has done nothing like it before, and you are not reminded, neither by the manner of the narrative or the plot, of any one else. The originality is striking. That arbitrary insistence on color and the rigidity of motion, which has hitherto characterized his tales, is absent. "The Monster" is a story and a problem and has in it that unique graphic imaginativeness which made the "Red Badge of Courage" seem veritable war, though the writer had never seen a battle. The life of the country town, in which the action is set, is rendered with an adroitness of touch and an understanding that seem to be the end and aim of the narrator; then the plot deepens until you are in the midst of the tragedy and its extraordinary consequences. It's a haunting effect that is obtained—and apparently without artifice, so simply and surely is the situation evolvd.

These two—"The Child's Mother" and "The Monster"—are the best stories of the month. Marriott Watson's "Lord Chief Justice" is another of the "Galloping Dick" series and is virile and brisk; Cutliffe Hyne's "Liner and Iceberg" evokes once again the spirit of the dauntless but unlucky Captain Kettle. His ill-fate triumphs once more, but not before the bold little mariner shows his mettle. This writer is not yet a subject of the paragrapher, so the source of his sea lore is veiled, but he has the sense and the feeling of marine adventure and a remarkable stock of backgrounds to draw upon. John A. Hill, who writes "A Midsummer Night's Trip" in *McClure's*, uses railroadese with the same swing and familiarity that Kipling does. His, too, is a virile talent. "Sangre de Christo," in the *Century*, is a dramatic artifice cleverly handled.

The growth of the *Atlantic Monthly* is not confined to its important contributions on national and municipal themes. Its editor has a fine eye for a short story, and, with one exception, I've not read a poor tale in that magazine this year. The four tales in the August number are distinctly individual and unite the virtues of plot and style. Morgan Robertson spins a stirring sea yarn, a bit diffuse at the end, perhaps—for this writer has not yet found himself. "Driftwood" is a pretty sketch with some charming touches in it. "My Friend Ah-Chy," by Christina Ritchie, is a good piece of work in a rare field. The background is admirably put in. Best of all, though, is "The Commodore," by Justine Ingersoll, which has character, interest and sentiment. Here is the story-telling sense which develops individuality and episode together until you have, at the end, sense of personality and an incident.

Even the hand of Mary Wilkins loses its cunning when it comes to writing for the *Cosmopolitan*. Her "War-time Dress" is an arbitrary recital with slight merit of treatment and little plot. "The Commodore's Chair" is pleasant, but as commonplace as the stories which make the fiction number of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. These sketches of Editor Bok's are distinguished by no virtue, save sentimentality and innocuousness. An exception may be entered in favor of Clara Morris' story, which has firmness of touch and some promise. C.

"THE FOREST LOVERS"

A Pleasant Story of Chivalrous Adventure and Devoted Love.

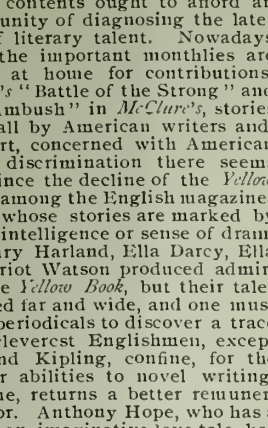
There are fashions in criticism just as in skirts. Some one with a reputation declares out of the East, that such a book has merit and virtue, and there arises at once from literary editors the land over a chorus of assent. Throughout the country the impression is being spread that *The Forest Lovers* (Macmillan & Co.) is a literary and imaginative masterpiece. It really is a picturesque fairy tale, laboriously elegant, and done by way of a literary excursion. The lust of story telling is not in the heart of Maurice Hewlett, though he compasses cleverly the archaic jargon of chivalry. The brave and brilliant Phillip Le Gai, the tender and loving Isoult Le Desirous, the seductive Maulfry, the wicked Galors and the jealous Countess all perform their roles with a fine literary air, but whosoever would write well of adventures must persuade himself that his fancies are facts, and the author of *The Forest Lovers* does not believe a word of what he has written, though he has decorated his style with the most elaborate arabesques.

Considered from a less exalted standpoint, the book makes a readable, even an exciting, story with the proper mingling of escape and pursuit, of defeat and victory which maintains one's interest until the final fusion of Prosper and the lovely Isoult. They are united through the merit and medium of much suffering and many glorious adventures properly attended by great loss of life among the enemy. The hero, it may be said, is a properly heroic figure with a fine lust for fighting, a noble indifference to danger, and a superb personal prowess which triumphs over superiority of numbers, armament or situation. The heroine is sufficiently charming to justify the exclusive possession of Phillip Le Gai. She is as heroic in her silent devotion as he in his boldness.

A word to the connoisseurs of the fragrant weed. Through the courtesy of Mr. George Marks, agent for Messrs. F. W. Felgner & Son Co., Baltimore, Md., we are able to announce that for a limited time each new and renewing subscriber to The Wave will receive free, post paid, from the well known firm of Goldberg, Bowen & Co. of this city, one two-ounce tin of Herbe de la Reine smoking tobacco. This tobacco is what is known in the tobacco world as bright cut Cavendish. It is made of carefully selected Virginia leaf—is entirely free from stalks or stems. Its bouquet and fragrant smoking qualities leave nothing to be desired.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes, Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

Poodle Dog Restaurant, southeast corner of Grant avenue and Bush street. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone 429. Blanco & Bruno, proprietors.



● Girls who have to stand on their feet most of the time work as hard as any day-laborer yet they do not get what is rightly called exercise. Close, confining, indoor occupation gives no exhiliration to the nervous system nor active circulation to the blood. It wears, tears and drags a woman's life away. The whole physical system grows sluggish and torpid under it.

No wonder so many sales girls and factory girls and housewives suffer from indigestion and constipation and bilious troubles. No wonder they are subject to the diseases of the delicate special organism of their sex. The wonder is rather that they can stand it as well as they do.

But "a poor weak woman," as she is termed, will endure bravely and patiently agonies which a strong man would give way under. The fact is women are more patient than they ought to be under such troubles.

Every woman ought to know that she may obtain the most eminent medical advice *free of charge* and in *absolute confidence* and privacy by writing to Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y. Occupying this position for thirty years he has had a wider practical experience in the treatment of women's diseases than any other physician in this country. His medicines are world-famous for their astonishing efficacy.

The most perfect remedy ever devised for weak and delicate women is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. His "Golden Medical Discovery" is the only permanent digestive and nutrient tonic. The two medicines taken alternately, form the most perfect and successful course of treatment ever prescribed for female troubles complicated with a sluggish, overwrought, nervous, diseased constitution. In severe constipation Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets should be occasionally taken with the others. They never gripe.

"LIFE'S COMEDY"

A Clever Exhibition of the Work of American Illustrators.

By way of suggestion to those interested in Christmas literature, why not bind up, artistically, the four numbers of *Life's Comedy* and present it to any discriminating friend. You will not find anything cleverer or prettier. The writer has just been turning over the leaves of "Lords of Creation," the latest issue of the *Comedy*. It is devoted to exposing the selfishness, crudeness, blindness and credulity of male humanity in general, and the achievement is admirably accomplished. In the collection the work of a number of artists is represented, though Gibson has the advantage of most pages. There is no variation in the style of his work here, though it is better than anything *Life* has recently had from him. Gibson is stereotyped — he sedulously repeats himself, and his types and compositions, persisted in under all conditions and climates, grow wearisome. The newer men are more interesting, though none of them have developed Gibson's or Wenzel's individuality of style. That, however, is made for an artist by frequent publication in periodicals. The most graceful drawings in the *Comedy* are two by Stanlaws, which are charmingly done. Hanna's contributions, especially "The British Side of It," are excellent. The latter is a sound and clever composition with real value. Stearns is another man whose work shows true talent. His drawing is very clever. Budd and Ransome are well represented, and E. A. Gilbert's composition on page 33 is a capital piece of work. Aspern's drawings are undoubtedly fine and graceful, but his figures are inevitably doll-like and constrained, and never suggest a possibility of motion. There is nothing smarter in the publication than the head-piece by Wenzel on the title page, which is delightfully clever and graceful.

Apropos of *Life*, one of the best cartoons of the year, and quite the cleverest on the subject, is Walker's on the "Family Alliance" in the current number. The four figures awheel together are admirably done, especially Columbia. Gibson never created so vivid and graceful an American maid as she who so buoyantly sits at the handle bars.

BOOK NOTES

Farm Ballads, by Will Carleton (Harper & Brothers).

What Will Carleton lacks in literary style and fineness of diction he makes up in the simple pathos of the events he sings. Few rhymesters have been so popular with the masses, and even after twenty-five years of constant repetition at the hands of untrained amateurs, the recital of "Betsey and I are Out" and "Over the Hills to the Poorhouse" will draw a tear. There is real tenderness and sentiment in these poems which nothing apparently, not even time, can steal away. The edition is prettily gotten up and profusely illustrated.

The latest *Book Buyer* has a sketch of Herman Suderman, a study of Burns as revealed in his correspondence. The book reviews by eminent hands are not either brisk or fearless. Not in one of them is revealed a touch of critical insight. If the reader would learn what Clinton Ross is capable of when it comes to criticism let him read the critique of Gilbert Parker which he signs. It reads as though written with a ramrod dipped in glue.

The Making of a Millionaire (G. W. Dillingham Co., publishers) is journalistic rot. The narrative is as raw as the style of a second-class police reporter and the manner as vulgar as the report of a divorce case in the New York *World*.

The development of the sugar beet industry in the United States is being seriously promoted by the United States Department of Agriculture, and within the last year seeds were sent to over 10,000 farmers in different parts of the country, and 2,300 of the samples produced from the seed have been analyzed by the Government experts. The best results came from this State and Michigan, though the results in eight other States were generally favorable. The New York beets weighed about thirty ounces each, and contained about 19 per cent of sugar on the average. The average yield of 41,272 acres for the year was almost nine and one-half tons of beets per acre; and the returns of the department for 1897 show a production for the United States of 90,491,670 pounds of beet sugar in that year. This is equivalent to 232 pounds of sugar per ton of 2,000 or 11.6 per cent. of the weight of the beets. Secretary Wilson states that at least 80,000 acres will be planted with beets in 1898, and the expected yield is 800,000 tons of beets, or 180,000,000 pounds of sugar, or nearly 4 per cent of the total import of sugar, now amounting to about 2,000,000 tons per annum. During the calendar year of 1897 more than 1,373,000,000 pounds of beet sugar were imported into the United States, and there is evidently room for the development of this industry, with profit to the country.

Pears'

It is a wonderful soap that takes hold quick and does no harm.

No harm! It leaves the skin soft like a baby's; no alkali in it, nothing but soap. The harm is done by alkali. Still more harm is done by not washing. So, bad soap is better than none.

What is bad soap? Imperfectly made; the fat and alkali not well balanced or not combined.

What is good soap? Pears'.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

How's This?

We offer one hundred dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Trnax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo.
Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free

For health and strength: Damiana Bitters

THE NEW BOOKS
AS ISSUED
AT
ROBERTSON'S
126 POST ST.

Byron Hot Springs

with its latest additions, is now the most complete sanitarium and perfect summer resort on the Pacific Coast. The hotel has been entirely remodeled, with new dining-room, office and sleeping rooms—the entire building is now lighted with acetelyne gas—a new swimming tank of warm mineral water, and all the modern comforts. A good place for the well or ailing. Rates low. Only three hours' rail from San Francisco.

Address ALBERT BETTONS, Manager,
Byron Hot Springs, Contra Costa County, California.

Louis Roederer Champagne

HIGHEST GRADE IN THE WORLD

E. LA MONTAGNE & SONS
Sole Agents
45 Beaver St., New York

Three kinds, all of equal excellence:

BRUT
GOLD SEAL
A Perfectly Dry Wine

GRAND VIN SEC
BROWN SEAL
The Perfection of a Dry Wine

CARTE BLANCHE
WHITE SEAL
A Rich Wine

MACONDRAY & CO.
Sole Agents Pacific Coast
116 California Street

General Joe Wheeler Viewing the Firing Line

Battery at Work

Wounded Putting Off for the Transports

Caring for the Wounded in the Fields

Soldiers Who Were Killed at their Guns

Gatling Gun Taking Up a New Position

WITH THE INVADING ARMY AT SANTIAGO

A DEBUTANTE'S DIARY

Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

A sad conviction is being forced upon me, Diary, my own, that my season as a debutante is rapidly drawing to a close. It seems hard to see the twilight approach after a very happy day, and I must admit that as a debutante I have been almost a complete success. You may note that I say *almost*, where a week or so ago I should have considered that word superfluous; but, Diary dear, my eyes have been opened since then. You know my keen desire for obtaining information, which the cynical term curiosity; well, the other day, as I was lying in my hammock, I had an opportunity of hearing the views of the dowagers on the results of the past season. Half a dozen of them were seated under the tree and, after the usual daily gossip was brought to an end, one lady turned to Mamma and asked her—did she think the game of launching a debutante in San Francisco worth the candle? Mamma, who is rather impulsive, answered immediately that she thought it was simply lovely, and she felt the renewal of her own youth in contemplating my triumphs.

"Triumphs!" laughed the other lady, rather caustically. "What a curious idea some people have of triumphs! May I ask how many proposals Miss Cricket has received during the last year?"

Mamma looked as if she thought the question impertinent and replied that she had not the slightest idea.

"My daughter is not engaged," she continued in a most dignified fashion, "and is far too honorable to discuss the affairs of the men she has been obliged to refuse."

I could have patted the old lady on the back, for the temptation to brag must have been

Mr. Lewis Morrison
as Richelieu.

tremendous and—well, I am not always so discreet.

However, the reply failed absolutely to impress or repress her interrogator, who laughed derisively, it seemed to me. How I hate that woman! She then went round the group discussing with each mother her opinion of the results of the season. She found that where a few of the girls had confided their love affairs to their mothers, not one had had a proposal worth considering seriously.

"Then," she wound up with a triumphant glance, "the season has been a flat failure. What is the use of spending your husbands' money and your daughters' youth in a lot of stupid frivolity that ends in smoke? Why bring out your girls if you don't intend to marry them off? You say there is no one to marry them to. My dear ladies, *there never has been*. I remember when I was a girl I heard that remark made time and again, and men were scarcer than they are now. No—that is not the reason—there are as many eligible men in San Francisco society as there are anywhere, but the girls do not go the right way about winning them. There is too much license and not enough liberty. You chaperone your daughters when it is unnecessary and then allow them to go off on all-day excursions, house parties, etc., under the care of some giddy young matron, whose sole idea is to have a good time."

The truth is, Diary dear, she just "knocked feathers" out of the assembled dowagers, whom she left almost speechless. As for me—I began to see that my pretty apples which I have enjoyed so enthusiastically were but dead sea fruit, after all.

And so, all this season's debutantes are failures, for we cannot count an engaged girl among the crowd. Of course, Mamma says I am too young to marry, but I believe I shall get engaged to prove I am a success, after all.

This week has been rather more varied than the preceding and I cannot complain of being dull. I think I told you of Bertha Smith's dinner. It was a very prettily arranged affair, as the Smiths' entertainments invariably are, and the usual crowd were invited. The same set go everywhere and the others entertain one another. On Saturday Aunt Carolyn and Uncle Harold filled their house with a jolly party, for we were all anxious to be at the first "coaching day" of the Burlingame Club.

We young people had a dance on Saturday night, but retired early in order to be fresh as spring roses for the next day. The sight that met our eyes as we drove up to Burlingame station reminded me of the tales of the gay processions of a century ago, when with outriders and postillions the "great ones" used to travel to London from the various suburbs. I am positive, however, that their coaches were not nearly so gay as ours, nor their horses of such quality. The spectacular effect was very good, and the ladies in their light frocks and filmy parasols looked charming as they sat on the tops of the drags. The horses even seemed to take a pride in their appearance, and pranced and tossed their heads as if they were positively palpitating with pleasure. It would be difficult to discriminate as to which coach or horses carried off the palm, and I do not know the technicalities of horse flesh sufficiently to pass an opinion. Mr. Carolan's horses seemed tremendously spirited, but he managed them quite skillfully. He was accompanied by Major Rathbone, the President of the Club, and Mr. R. G. Hooker. Mrs. Henry Scott, Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt and Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Robinson occupied Joe Grant's rig, as he is at present at Del Monte. George Newhall had a very jolly crowd on his coach, among them Linda Cadwalader, Mary Scott, Mary Crocker, Mabel Champion, Mr. Henry T. Scott and Mr. George and Mr. Bert Cadwalader. Walter Hobart had, as usual, his very attractive coach and his really beautiful horses and Mr. and Mrs. Gus Spreckels, Mr. Lopez and Mr. Lawson accompanied him. The George Popes' coach also pleased me. Mr. and Mrs. Buckbee were the Popes' guests on this occasion. The Mountford Wilsons, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Crockett, Mr. and Mrs. Nuttall, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Casserly, Edith McBean and Caro Crockett were on the club coach. The Fords had a jolly little waggonette and John Parrott sent his tandem.

Some of the ladies were dressed in exquisite taste. Among those I especially noted were Mrs. Pope in a pale pink frock and hat that harmonized agreeably, Mrs. Sam Buckbee in blue and white, Mrs. Kruttschnitt in a bright combination of plaids and Mrs. Jimmie Robinson in blue and white.

We drove through the avenues to San Mateo much to the delight of the populace and more especially of the small boys who decorated the fences and shouted with glee whenever the horns were tooted. Then back to Burlingame where all alighted at the clubhouse for lunch. The porches and dining-room were filled with small tables decked with flowers, and a capital luncheon was served. During the whole time a string orchestra made a pleasing accompaniment to our conversation. Afterwards we all got on our coaches and went for drives in the neighborhood. We inspected the golf links, which are in excellent condition, and Uncle

Florence Roberts-Morrison
Who is now playing at the Alcazar Theatre

Harold says that there are quite a number of enthusiastic golfers among the members. Mr. Douty plays a good game, as does Mr. Ford. Henry Scott, Joe Crockett and Douglas Dick are also successful golfers. Uncle Harold attended a recent meeting of the club directors. You know, he is one of the most enthusiastic, and he says they are going to make a strenuous effort to have things brisk during the coming season. There is to be a golf tournament in the immediate future, which will bring the members still nearer together. Then in September there is to be a "One Day Horse Show" which ought to be a tremendous success. Walter Hobart, George Pope and John Parrott have a fine lot of horses. Then Frank Carolan has recently gone in for horses and Prince Poniatowski's stud farm is within call. Mr. Beylard, who is an authority on such matters, says the show is bound to be a success. The date has not yet been set, but will be some time in September.

Next Saturday Aunt Carolyn is to have another house party for the Monte Robles affair. It is to be the fete of fetes, the one really smart charity function of the season. All the girls are going and we anticipate great things. Uncle Harold has ordered dinner at the Clubhouse and then we are to have a dance. The programme is fascinating enough, is it not? The Crocker house, "Monte Robles," is looking especially charming and Mr. Easton has spared neither time nor trouble in making the affair a go. And now, Diary dear, I must go to sleep, as I am burning midnight oil and ruining my good looks for your benefit. And so good-night. Ever your own

MISS CRICKET.

* *

An interesting marriage that was celebrated on Monday evening was that of Miss Alice Frielander, daughter of S. H. Friedlander, and Mr. Emanuel H. Lauer of Portland, Oregon. The ceremony took place at the home of the bride's parents and was an unusually pretty affair. The bride personally superintended the decorations. The walls of the room in which the wedding took place were hidden beneath vines, ferns and flowers. Small incandescent lights were placed behind the vines and gleamed like fireflies through the foliage. Miss Friedlander, who is a very pretty girl with large blue eyes and an unusually clear skin, made a fetching looking bride in her costume of white satin and tulle with seed pearls arranged all over the waist and sleeves. There were no bridesmaids, but Mr. Friedlander's mother occupied the post of honor beside the young couple. After the ceremony supper was served in a large dining-room especially built for the occasion. It was decorated similarly to the drawing-rooms and lighted with small incandescent lights. Mr. and Mrs. Lauer have gone to Southern California on their wedding journey.

* *

A smart little luncheon was given on Tuesday by Mrs. Edwin R. Dimond in honor of Mrs. Alexander Isenberg of Honolulu. Among the guests were Mrs. Martinez, Mrs. Dusenberg, Miss Alice Owen and Miss Laura Bates.

* *

Towards the latter end of the year a Horse Show is to be held at Los Angeles. Mr. M. S. Severance and Mr. Horace M. Dobbins, of Pasadena, are President and Vice-President, respectively, of the local association formed to carry out the undertaking, with offices in the Byrne Building, Los Angeles. It is proposed to arrange for a four days' show at Fiesta Park and to make the event as attractive as possible to exhibitors and the general public. The project is receiving warm support locally, most of the prominent society people and business houses in the premier southern city being interested in making it a success. Special inducements are to be offered to San Francisco patrons.

* *

The early days of August in Oakland are characterized by a monotony that is dreadful to contemplate and difficult to endure. There is absolutely nothing going on in society, and although nearly all the wanderers are settled beneath their own roof trees they appear to be enjoying a period of peace. Everyone is wondering what the next season will bring forth, what dancing clubs will be revived or whether the old Saturday Fortnightly will be continued. There is some talk of getting up a new Bachelors and Benedicts Club, as several of the young matrons are fond of dancing, yet do not care to attend the very juvenile clubs.

The enthusiasm for golf continues unabated, and it is said that at the next tournament, which is to take place August 27th, Miss Duff will have some difficulty in retaining her cup. Formerly she had things pretty much her own way, but during the summer Miss Dunham, the Misses Moffitt and Miss Marguerite Jolliffe have advanced their scores materially and intend to give her a hard fight for her laurels. Mr. D. F. Belden won the cup presented by Mr. Le Grand Cameron Tibbetts at the last tournament, but has to carry off the lead three times ere he may retain possession of the cup.

A military dinner is to be given by Mr. Walter Morosco on Monday evening to Colonel Henshaw, Lieutenant-Colonel Carrington and other officers of the Eighth Regiment. It is said that the officers find Camp Barrett rather disagreeable for a prolonged stay, and although it is not nearly so cold and bleak as Camp Merritt, it has many other disadvantages.

Mrs. Greenleaf has gone to Washington to remain with her mother until the the close of the war. Miss Edith Greenleaf will follow in the course of a month or so. Miss Bernice MacDonald is now in Paris. She contemplates returning to New York about August 20th. Miss MacDonald was entertained by Ambassador Hay during her stay in London. Miss Abbie Cleft, who is traveling in Europe with her mother, is at present making a tour of the British Isles.

The Oakland crowd, who have been summering at Castle Crag, have at last returned to their homes. The Barkers and Crellins came home last week.

The marriage of Miss Maude Miller and Mr. Harry Masterton will be celebrated on September 7th. Miss Miller is a daughter of Mr. George Miller, Superintendent of the Pacific Oil Company. Mr. Masterton is a member of the firm of Heckman & Masterton, and a very promising young business man.

Willing to Learn.

'Tis not that she's surpassing fair
That she's the seashore belle,
For there are other maidens there
Who look almost as well;
'Tis not that she has riches, fame,
Or wit or wondrous grace,
Oh, none of these! But just the same
She's queen of all the place!

She doesn't lie upon the sand,
Nor haunt secluded shades;
Her bathing suit is not so grand
As many another maid's;
But still her glory none can dim,
And swains are all distraught;
She simply cannot learn to swim,
But dotes on being taught!

Town Topics.

Anyone with cash can buy a piano very low, as the Zeno Mauvais Music Co., 769 Market street, offer any piano in their large stock at about cost price, during the next thirty days, in order to make room for fall stock.

Insist Upon Having Your Ticket to New York, Boston, or Other Eastern Cities

Read over the Nickel Plate (N. Y. C. & St. L. R. R.), the popular low-rate short line. Quick time, unexcelled accommodations, and no extra fares charged. Jay W. Adams, Pacific Coast Passenger Agent, 37 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal.

The Hen and the Cow.

Sing ho for the South Dakota cow,
Sing hi for the little brown hen;
Such a couple was never on earth below
To feather the nest of men
With the golden products of good Queen Bess
No udder can compare,
While the snowy fruit of the cackling "bute"
Brings a solace for every care.
Men risk their lives for the shining ore
Deep laid in a frozen clime,
When these faithful servants bring them more,
And peace at the self-same time;
With pasture in plenty and bugs galore,
They never will lack for feed;
Their stock is at par at the grocery store
For things that the farmers need.
Then, three times three for the bovine "she,"
And three for the female fowl!
At the farmer's door which they fed before
No wolf has a chance to howl.
No poet's dream ever hatched a theme
More worthy a poet's pen
Than the kindly queen of the prairies green
And the busy, cackling hen

Stony City Journal.

Omar Khayyam.

"Omar, when it was time for thee to die,
Thou saidst to those around thee, 'Let me lie
Where the north wind may scatter on my grave
Roses;' and now thou hast what thou didst crave
Since from the northern shore the northern blast
Roses each year upon thy tomb hath cast.
Thy more familiar comrades, who have sped
Many a health to thee, send roses red.
We are but guests unto the tavern brought
And have a flower the pler for that thought;
Yet is our love so rich that roses white
Shall fall empurpled on thy tomb to-night"

—*Stephen Phillips.*

THE P. ROSSI CO.

117 Sutter Street

Only Importers from Venice and Paris of the GENUINE ITALIAN

Hand-Carved Furniture

Suitable for Dining Rooms, Libraries and Halls.

Real French Parlor Sets

(Not imitation, as some furniture dealer insinuates)

In Gilt, Walnut and Mahogany, carved from the solid wood

Genuine French Lace Curtains, Tapestries, Draperies, Velours

Wood Carving and Upholstering to Order from Special Designs.

Our new stock just in, and you are cordially invited to call and inspect the same.

P. ROSSI, Manager.

Bartholomay

Brewery Co. Rochester, N.Y.

The "Knickerbocker"

is universally acknowledged the Finest Beer produced in this country.

WILLIAM WOLFF & CO.

Pacific Coast Agents San Francisco

Best for the Skin!

California Cream of Lemon is the best toilet preparation in the world, because it is absolutely free from chemicals, fatty matter or potash. It is made entirely from the soluble substance of the whole lemon. There are other toilet preparations into which the lemon enters, but they are "improved" by the introduction of foreign substances which detract from the natural qualities of the fruit, and are more or less injurious to the skin. Nature does these things better than man. **California Cream of Lemon** is a natural skin-healer, builder and beautifier. It is both a preventive and a cure for all skin diseases and blemishes.

It retails at 15 cents. Ask your druggist for it. If he will not supply you, send 20 cents and we will send a three-ounce collapsible tube of Cream of Lemon prepaid to any address in the United States.

BALLOU & COSGROVE

Sole Agents for the United States, San Diego, Cal

Most druggists sell it—all druggists should.

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON

Phone Main 5178

Sutter Street Hammam

Turkish and Russian Baths

415 Sutter Street, between Stockton and Powell

Open Day and Night for Gentlemen
For Ladies, from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

Heraldic Office

Crests, Coats-of-Arms, Book Plates designed and illuminated according to proper rules of Heraldry. Pedigrees and Family Records.

W. DEAKIN, Importer of Ancient and Modern Books.

226 Post Street, San Francisco,

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch

MOORE'S POISON OAK REMEDY
Cures Poison Oak and all Skin Diseases. Sold by all Druggists.

The Royal is the highest grade baking powder known. Actual tests show it goes one-third further than any other brand.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

END OF THE SEASON

Gossip of Society and the Opera—Adelina Patti's Juvenility.

London, July 22.—The advent of the "silly season" was hastened several weeks by the Prince of Wales' accident, which compelled the cancelling of all his social engagements. It has become more decidedly the case that the presence of His Royal Highness is essential to the success of any really smart function, so that many balls were indefinitely postpoued. Among these the Duchess of Portland's ball, which had been anticipated with great interest. This accident, while it affected the pleasure of the classes, played havoc with the pockets of the masses, and more especially with those of the tradespeople who depend on the season for their profits. This year has been unusually dull and quiet, and, after the tremendous boom occasioned by the Diamond Jubilee last July, the contrast was the more painful.

It was while sojourning with Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild at Waddesdon Manor that the Prince of Wales met with his misadventure. This house is one of the most beautifully furnished in England. It is built in the style of a French chateau and contains a multitude of valuable *objets d'art*. Among them is the famous clock which Baron Ferdinand purchased from the heirs of Lord Muncaster for $100,000. It is of ormulu and lacquer and is the only one of its kind in existence. This clock is of immense height, besides being large in proportion; it would reach up to the ceiling of an ordinary room. One of the notable apartments of the mansion is the dining-room, which is paneled in Gobelin tapestries framed in marble. The curtains harmonize with the marble. The room is so perfectly proportioned that one fails to realize its great size. A picture of Mrs. Potts as "Thais" by Sir Joshua Reynolds is the most remarkable object in the smoking-room, which it is said was really designed by Baron Ferdinand to form a fitting canvas. There is a boudoir that is chic and French to a degree, with some lovely Greuzes, Nattiers and Bouchers. In the library is one of the most valuable pieces of furniture in the collection—a genuine Marie Antoinette writing table. The gardens surrounding Waddesdon Manor are most exquisitely arranged and the avenue leading to the house has become one of the sights of England. There are luxuriant shrubberies and flower beds in which every variety of blossom is cultivated.

The final appearance of Jean de Reske for this season occurred last week. "Lohengrin" was the opera chosen, and in this many people consider Jean de Reske at his very best. The role seems as though especially written for him, and in appearance he suggests the ideal Lohengrin. The audience was tremendously smart. The Princess of Wales, attended by Lord and Lady Suffield and Miss Knollys occupied the royal box. She was in a sort of black and white combination, and wore black and silver wings in her hair. The Duchess of Portland outroyaled royalty in her magnificent gown of white covered in old lace and her high Medici collar trimmed in gardenias. Lady Windsor, another very pretty woman, was in pale pink. Mrs. Charles Wilson was in black, and Miss Muriel, her only daughter, was in white with a touch of blue. No one seems especially interested in Signor Mancinelli's new opera, "Hero and Leander." Its second appearance was notable for the rows of empty seats and boxes filled with a lot of dowdily dressed people. The few smart frocks were especially conspicuous in such an audience and Lady Sophy Scott's costume of white silk, with white roses and diamonds, attracted considerable attention. Miss Yznaga, the sister of the Duchess of Manchester, was also present in white, with pink ribbons in her hair. Mrs. Sassoon, the wife of the famous Oriental banker, was in white, with crimson flowers on her shoulder, and wore a high aigrette of black tulle and diamonds.

Apropos of opera, Adelina Patti is again in London looking younger and prettier than ever in her deep black. You might readily imagine her a young woman of twenty-five, she is so slight and her eyes brighter than those of many of the debutantes. Although she could hardly be called an ascetic, Mme. Patti is as careful of her health as though she had all the world before her instead of having reigned Queen of Song for nearly two generations. She watches all she eats and drinks; just does only as much "society" as she finds conducive to health and flies back to Wales whenever she finds herself fatigued. She is readily amused and laughs with the spontancity and enjoyment of a child. There are all sorts of stories told of her in London among them that on one occasion when dining with the Prince of Wales at Marlborough House she told his Royal Highness that the coffee was bad. This and several equally ingenious yarns are denied by the friends of the diva, who insist that she is always aimable and considerate.

Poor Mrs. Lynn-Linton has joined the great majority, and her death, which occurred last week, came upon all but her intimate friends as a great surprise. She had been ill for some little time, but no serious result was apprehended. Mrs. Lynn-Linton was a very singular character, and has probably written more "copy" than any other woman of her day. She did not confine herself to any especial branch of literary work, but wrote novels, articles in magazines and newspapers, pamphlets of every description as well as short stories and novelettes. Her novels were, as a rule, rather uninteresting reading, as her style was ponderous and her characters lacked dramatic force. Her most noteworthy contributions were the "Girl of the Period" articles which appeared in 1867 in the *Saturday Review*. This constituted, really, the first attack on the "New Woman," who, though most depraved in her manners and tastes, according to the author would merely be modern in these days. However, her articles produced a tremendous amount of talk and were the topic of the hour. Indeed, one enthusiastic defender of English womanhood suggested that some one should go to the office of the *Saturday Review*, demand the name of the writer and thrash him soundly.

Mrs. Lynn-Linton was not especially happy in her life. Her husband was a mild-eyed reformer and was mixed up in the Chartist riots. In order to avoid imprisonment he fled to the United States. Their dispositions were not harmonious and they were separated for fifty years. Though bitter of speech at heart she was generous and philanthropic. She had a sufficient fortune to keep her from want and devoted the results of her pen to the amelioration of the condition of the poor. An anecdote is related of her which goes to prove that her war against men went no farther than from pen to paper. It appears that a certain young cyclist, while on a wheeling tour in Sussex, met with an accident which seriously damaged the pocket of his coat. He secured a needle and thread and was engaged in cobbling it together in the usual masculine fashion when a very stately looking old lady with a fine hooked nose and prominent eyes, which were surmounted with large gold spectacles, came upon him. She smiled slightly as she watched his bungling efforts and then said, "Let me help you." The cyclist at first demurred, but finally handed her the garment. She sat down beside him on the bank and at once proceeded to put his coat into shape, chattering gaily on all the topics of the day and discussing the bicycle question at length. The young man was charmed, and managed to find the identity of the good Samaritan, and that is how the tale obtained circulation.

The most up to date of the modern Duchesses is her Grace of Sutherland. She is quite young, eminently practical and original, and has a rare amount of good common sense. Recently she inaugurated the fashion of giving informal parties, and instead of the stereotyped engraved card with "The Duchess of Sutherland requests your company at dinner on July 11th," her friends have received plain visiting cards, scribbled in pencil on a corner, "Come and dine and dance afterward," on such and such a date. The fashion has been very generally taken up by the ultra smart set, and a "bid" of this kind is now quite the proper thing. This Duchess is not only a woman of fashion but takes an interest in all sorts and conditions of people and things. She is President of the Society of Women Journalists, in which she takes an active part. This association has its quarters in very pleasant rooms at Granville House, Arundel street, and has some notable women among its members: Lady Colin Campbell, the editor of sundry papers that have been born and died, Mrs. Alice Meynell, the essayist, Miss Shell, the editor of *Lady*,, Mrs. Arthur A' Beckett, wife of the editor of *Punch*, and several others. On the occasion when the Duchess first took her place as President the rooms were quite crowded, and when she came in she looked at the masses of eager faces for a second in a half frightened way, and then walked up to her place. She was very smartly dressed in a tailor built frock of navy blue serge, with collars and cuffs of striped silk. She is quite a pretty woman, of engaging manners, with very luxuriant hair of a pale brown, dead leaf tint, and a pleasant, well modulated voice.

The marriage of Miss Fleetwood Wilson and Prince Alexis Dolgorouki was in a way one of the most unique events of the season. An Anglo-Russian matrimonial episode is unusual when performed according to the rights of the orthodox church of each country. The first ceremony was performed at St. Margaret's Episcopal church, and was simple as usual. Then the bride and groom went to the Russian or, more correctly, Greek church on Welbeck street, where the rites were most curious. Each carried a lighted candle tied with orange blossoms and white ribbons. The two wedding rings were brought in on a golden plate and duly put on the hand of the bride and groom. Later in the ceremony, gold crowns were held over their heads while a blessing was pronounced; then both drank out of a gold cup in turn three times. Afterwards they were led in pomp by the priest to make three times a circuit of the altar. The bridesmaids were nine in number and were magnificently dressed in the Russian national costume. Miss Wilson is not especially juvenile, but is decidedly rich. Her father left her $60,000 per year, and she has settled $15,000 on her husband during her lifetime. Afterwards, by some clause in her father's will, the whole of the money reverts to her family.

KATRIONA.

For fine custom-made Footwear, go to Dietle's, 235 Bush street.

Dr. G. A. Danziger, Dentist, 22 Geary street

THE AUTOMOBILE CRAZE

The Duchess D'Uzes Now a Motor Engineer — A Feminine Academy.

Paris, July 24. — To be really smart in Paris just now you must either own an automobile or else belong to the Automobile Club, for, for the nonce this vehicle *a petrole* or *a l'electricite* is the hallmark of French aristocracy. To understand how enthusiastic the Parisians have become over this new method of transit one must learn that a number of French grande dames have become their own engineers. Of these the Duchesse D'Uzes is the most prominent, and she has regularly passed the examination required by the Prefecture of Police. This examination is not an easy matter. One is obliged to conduct an automobile through the busiest streets in Paris accompanied by an inspector. You must go backwards and forward, descend the highest hills and be able to stop suddenly in the middle of an unusually steep grade. But this ordeal over, you may go at a high rate of speed through the streets and run down any unwary pedestrian who hinders your progress. It is the victim of an accident in Paris who is prosecuted, for the French courts argue that the roads are for vehicles, and the person crossing should avoid them, or else pay the penalty. M. Hugues le Roux, however, has informed the Prefect that he will shoot any automobilist who attempts to endanger his life or that of any of his family. But apart from its speed and other desirable qualities, the automobile is particularly agreeable to the eye and lends a dash of color to the landscape. At the recent exposition of these vehicles, held in the Tuileries gardens, some were really remarkably pretty. One was unpholstered in red broadcloth, and the engineer wore a crimson Eton jacket with gold buttons marked with the crest of the owner. Another was in green, the engineer's livery matching the fittings of the carriage. Then many of them have a sort of combination in coloring that is very pleasing and harmonious.

The demand for automobiles far exceeds the supply, and at one time this season it was impossible to get one for love or money. It is told of Baron de Rothschild that in the earlier stages of this craze he was invited by the Duchesse D'Uzes to join a hunting party and to come *en automobile*. At the time the Baron had no vehicle, but naturally determined to have one before the date set for the hunt. He went to several dealers and tried to negotiate for the purchase of one, but found that there was not a machine to be had. He then commissioned an agent to get him one regardless of price. The agent went out on the Bois and met a well known millionaire who had just obtained an automobile for sixteen thousand francs the previous week. He offered to purchase it, and bid twenty thousand francs. The millionaire refused, saying his pleasure was worth more, and that the vehicle suited him. The bid was raised to twenty-five, thirty, and finally thirty-two thousand francs, at which it was sold, the millionaire considering a hundred per cent pretty good profit. So Baron de Rothschild was enabled to attend the hunt *en automobile*.

French women are again agitating the question of admission to the French Academy. The latest idea among the more advanced is that they shall cease to knock at the portals for admission, but shall form an academy of their own, from which men shall be excluded. They have gone so far as to print circulars and to scatter them broadcast through Paris. These circulars contain the names of the forty women who will be in the new academy. Madam Adam is taking the idea quite seriously, but says it requires consideration. Madame Rostand, wife of the author of *Cyrano*, finds it agreeable, and contemplates a very harmonious costume. Madame Daniel Lesueur, the author, is quite fascinated, and she says that although the present Academy confers some honors upon women, they still must struggle against numerous male rivals, and between two writers of equal merit the preference is always given to the male. The opponents of the project are endeavoring to kill it with ridicule, and are publishing all sorts of humorous and sarcastic skits.

By the way, Madame Nevada's little daughter Mignon is at one of the convents here, and recently received her first communion. The occasion became an event for the American colony, and the church was filled with a smart looking lot of people. Needless to say, the music was excellent. They say Mignon has inherited her mother's wonderful voice, and the child already sings with remarkable sweetness.

With a party of friends I had the pleasure recently of meeting M. Sarcey, the great French dramatic critic, at his own home. It is a very picturesque house with two distinct facades. The one facing the road is venerable with age, the other, overlooking the garden, is a mass of green trellis work covered with creepers, and has innumerable wooden balconies. The workshop is a pavilion, the top of which appears over the garden wall. Sarcey saw it, took a fancy to it, and bought it. He then had a wall knocked down so that an extensive garden separates him ffom the noise of the city. The internal arrangements of this workshop are simplicity itself, and it is there M. Sarcey composes his innumerable articles. He is a very delightful old man, and although he has almost completed his seventieth year, is as full of vitality and the spirit of youthfulness as many young fellows of thirty. He is a strict vegetarian and dresses like a workman. When the theatrical season is slack he lives in his garden, waters his plants and feeds his pet cow. He wears a big workman's blouse and slouch hat. But his great head, with its long gray beard and genial smile, would at once single him out as the fine old man that he is. The garden is the playground of his children, who gambol among the flowers. After Sarcy has finished an article he strolls in the garden to consider the next. Then he goes and puts it on paper and works until twilight. He says he is soon going to write a treatise on old age, but his friends insist that he knows nothing whatever about it.

It is not generally known that Lieutenant Hobson, spent several years in the French School of Engineering, by way of a post graduate course. He is still remembered in the American colony, where he was known in his student days as a fine looking, charming young fellow and an excellent dancer. You know the majority of the French people are not inimical to America—the newspapers only express the opinion of their owners, who have had their palms crossed with Spanish gold. America owes France a debt of gratitude for the manner in which she has always placed her schools of painting, science and architecture at the disposal of the American students. As any student will tell you, there is no national favoritism in the French schools—merit always carries off the prizes.

It is rather difficult this year to give an accurate description of Parisian modes, as there is such a conglomeration of variety, if such a phrase be admissible. The waists are vastly trimmed, but the skirts are going through a period of evolution and it is really impossible to tell what the result may be. Every imaginable variety of trimming is used on the same garment, and you see combinations of lace, chiffon, ribbons and feathers on a single skirt. For neck wear, as well as the boas of plumes, marahout and taffeta, you see long scarfs of mousseline de soie with shirrings in groups. These are to be worn with cloth frocks all through the autumn. Ruches of taffeta fringed with feathers are also seen. They are built very full in the back and come down to a point in the front.

The ingenuity of applications is marvellous. A gown of white damasse is woven with a stalk of white roses down the center of each breadth of its entire design. It opens on an apron of white tulle on which is appliqued a branch of the same flowers cut out of the damask. Neckties and cravats are of the flimsiest materials. A shell necktie tied in a bow in front, with the narrowest possible hem, is worn with batiste frocks. It frequently has a fine bit of needlework in the corners. Draperies are fast falling upon us, and as u harbinger of this fashion come the two skirts, one falling below the other. The upper skirt is either caught up or cut away. Then hideous long coats falling to the knee are to be worn this winter, as well as redingotes and long princess coats that fall to the heels.

There is talk in Paris of the supposed discovery of one of Rembrandt's *chef d'oeuvres*. The finder hit upon the treasure in a small second-hand shop. It is the portrait of a young man in a velvet cap, and if genuine is an example of the artist's earlier efforts. Already a Belgian dealer has offered $5,000 for it, which has been refused. They seem to have as much difficulty in Paris raising money to perpetuate the memory of their great men as you have in America. Subscriptions have been open for some time for erecting monuments to Alphonse Daudet. Up to the present only 10,000 francs have been collected for Daudet's statue and 6,000 of these were obtained in England. Guy de Maupassant would never have obtained his monument if an anonymous subscriber had not given 5,000 francs. Only 30,000 francs were obtained for Balzac's statue, which was executed by M. Rodin.

BABETTE.

Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist, 806 Market Street

SCHLITZ

is the ideal of the beer drinker It is as perfect as the brewer's art can make it

PACIFIC COAST AGENTS

SHERWOOD & SHERWOOD

SAN FRANCISCO
PORTLAND
LOS ANGELES

Clothing, curtains, blankets, etc., cleaned or dyed. Pacific Cleaning and Dyeing Works, 353-357 Tehama street. Telephohe South 40. J. Spaulding & Co.

GERMEA

The Ideal Breakfast Dish

SUMMER QUARTERS

Highland Springs

LAKE COUNTY, CAL.

San Francisco Office, 316 Montgomery Street

Lytton Springs

HOTEL AND COTTAGES

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

Thoroughly renovated and will be kept as a first-class resort. Accommodations for 150 guests. Located seventy miles north of San Francisco, in Sonoma County, on S. F. and N. P. R. R., one-half mile from depot. Cement walk to hotel. Bus meets all trains. Fine scenery, ample grounds, nice walks and drives, with shady nooks and dales. We have our own milk, butter, fruit and vegetables. Lytton (Cal.) Seltzer and Soda near the Hotel, Free to Guests. Open Summer and Winter. Rates, $2 per day and $8 to $12.50 per week. W. M. WARD, Manager.

EL PASO DE ROBLES SPRINGS HOTEL

Under New and Experienced Management

GREATEST HEALTH RESORT ON THE COAST!

Hot Mud and Sulphur Baths

New Hotel and Cottages

OTTO E. NEVER, Proprietor

PASO ROBLES, CAL.

DRINK PASO ROBLES SODA WATER

THE GEYSERS SONOMA COUNTY

Six hours from San Francisco. One of Nature's wonders. Grandest scenery. The Hotel an enchanting, embowered home. Croquet ground, tennis court, etc. Natural steam and mineral baths. Bath-house remodeled—elegant porcelain tubs. Tepid swimming lake. New and inviting trails to interesting points. Table unsurpassed. Terms $10 to $15 per week; $2 and $2.50 per day. Long distance telephone, daily mail, and telegraph.

R. M. HORTON, Manager.

Deer Park Inn

Lake Tahoe, Cal.—A superb resort in the Sierras, 6507 feet elevation. Modern comforts, with wildness and grandeur on every side. Mineral springs, excellent table, and cordial hospitality. Trout fishing not excelled anywhere. Round trip, $13.50. City office, room 1, Flood Building.

HOTEL VENDOME

SAN JOSE CAL.

This beautiful home (open all the year) is only fifty miles from San Francisco. Twenty trains daily via three routes. Picturesque grounds, delightful drives, and balmy climate.

Just the Place for Your Family

for a real good time and refined surroundings

Headquarters for Lick Observatory

Address GEORGE P. SNELL, Manager

Illustrated Souvenir Free

Hotel Belvedere

Opened for the Season May 1st

Belvedere, Cal. MRS. A. T. MOORE.

Dr. C. C. O'Donnell's Mineral Springs

Twenty completely-furnished five-room cottages in Glen Ellen, Sonoma Co.; good boating, fishing and hunting; finest summer resort and mineral water for all diseases in America; camping ground and mineral water free. Apply to DR. C. C. O'DONNELL, 1206 Market street, San Francisco.

PALACE HOTEL

NAPA, CALIFORNIA

Strictly a Commercial and Tourist Hotel. Special rates for families. G. W. BARKER, Manager.

For those who appreciate Comfort and Attention

A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL

SAN FRANCISCO

WM. B. HOOPER, MANAGER

Golden Eagle Hotel

Seventh and K Sts., Sacramento

First-class in every respect. All modern conveniences. Bus at every train. GRAY & TITUS, Props.

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

Main Office, 510 Montgomery St.

SAN FRANCISCO

Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper Information

Advance Reports on all Contract Work

Telephone Main 1042

GREENBAUM'S

White and Dark Violet

The Most Fashionable Perfume

Possesses the Odor of Fresh Violets

128 POST ST. UNDER BOHEMIAN CLUB

WHEN LEAVING THE THE CITY PLACE YOUR VALUABLES IN THE

Safe Deposit Vaults

OF THE

First National Bank

N. W. Cor. Bush and Sansome Sts.

EVERY POSSIBLE SAFEGUARD TO PROPERTY

REASONABLE RATES

PROMPT ATTENTION

Office Hours: 8 a.m. to 6 p.m.

The War Cleverly Illustrated!

ONE DOLLAR

WILL BRING

"THE WAVE"

TO ANY ADDRESS IN THE UNITED STATES FOR A TERM OF

FOUR MONTHS

Subscribe Now!

Address SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT
"THE WAVE"
24 Montgomery Street, San Francisco

"Remember the Name!"

Certain individuals who do not patronize American industries run off with an idea that in order to get good wines they must use European products, when there is no necessity for so doing, and in these stirring and patriotic times of to-day everybody should feel a keen interest in American products which are of deserving merit,

Both for the reason that they are used largely among American citizens, and made by Americans for American people in America now and always, and therefore we ask you to give the CRESTA BLANCA California Wines fair and impartial trial at your club or home

With anything of like cost from France. Inasmuch as these wines have been acknowledged second to none in comparison with goods from the European countries, wherever exhibited, you Surely are in favor of American goods.

WETMORE-BOWEN CO.

140 Montgomery Street San Francisco, Cal.

WE PRINT THE WAVE

AND CAN GIVE YOU THE SAME RESULTS

BROWN, MEESE & CRADDOCK

INCORPORATED

ADOLPH MEESE, PRESIDENT — GEO. W. CRADDOCK, VICE-PRES.

419 Sacramento Street

TELEPHONE MAIN 530

United States Laundry

Office 1004 Market St.

TELEPHONE SOUTH 420

CUTS FOR THE CAMPAIGN AT SPECIAL PRICES

YOSEMITE ENGRAVING COMPANY

24 MONTGOMERY ST.
TELEPHONE MAIN 5806
SAN FRANCISCO CAL

400 GRADUATES SECURED POSITIONS IN PAST TWO YEARS

LOW RATES!

San Francisco Business College

Only Experienced Bookkeepers and Reporters Employed as Teachers. Send for Catalogue.

1236 MARKET STREET, S. F.

REMEMBER THE 8
STATE FAIR
AT
SACRAMENTO
SEPT. 5TH TO 17TH
HELD UNDER CALIFORNIA STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY
THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION
OF CALIFORNIA RESOURCES
EXCURSION RATES ON RAIL ROADS
DON'T FAIL TO EXHIBIT
TO ATTEND
Edwin F. Smith, SECRETARY. A. B. Spreckels, PRES.

Columbia Theatre
FRIEDLANDER, GOTTLOB & Co., Lessees and Mgrs.
Beginning Next Monday, August 15th
Great Revival by
THE FRAWLEY CO.
DuMaurier's play of Bohemia and Hynotism
"TRILBY"
Cast will include, among others, original creators in A. M. Palmer's companies of Svengali, Zon Zou and Little Billee.

Orpheum
Week commencing . . . . Monday, August 15th
Mlle. Marie Tavary, the Famous Prima Donna
Grant & Norton in Imitations, Songs and Dances
McBride & Goodrich, Character Artists
Bonnie Thornton, America's Singing Soubrette
The Three Hegelmans, World's Greatest Aerialists
James Thornton, New Songs and Satire
Lillian Burkhart and Company, in a New Sketch, "A Passing Fancy"
O'Brien & Buckley, Musical Comedians
The Macarte Sisters, New Sensational Wire Act
Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c.

Tivoli Opera House
MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING, Proprietor and Manager
Next Monday, August 15th—Third Week
Grand Opera Season!
Every Evening and Special Saturday Matinee
Wagner's Celebrated Music Drama "LOHENGRIN"
Two Superb Casts!
Enlarged Chorus, Augmented Orchestra, etc.
In preparation, "La Gioconda," "Romeo and Juliet," "Rigoletto"
Popular Prices : : 25 and 50 cts.
Matinee Reserved Seats 25c. Tele. Bush 9

Alcazar Theatre
FRED BELASCO, Lessee : MARK THALL, Manager
Telephone Main 254
Week of Aug. 15th — By special request of many of our patrons, LEWIS MORRISON will present the following plays
Monday and Tuesday .....FAUST
Wednesday.....MASTER OF CEREMONIES
Thursday and Friday.....FREDERICK THE GREAT
Saturday Matinee, Saturday Night, and Sunday, YORICK'S LOVE
Usual Prices Prevailing!
August 22d—FAREWELL WEEK of Lewis Morrison in "The Merchant of Venice"

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

Irving Institute
Select Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies
2126 California St., San Francisco
Accredited to the Universities. Seminary and Full Conservatory of Music. Primary Department for Children. A carriage will call. For further information, address the Principal,
REV. EDWARD B. CHURCH, A.M.

Trinity School
A Boarding and Day School for Boys and Young Men
Christmas Session Opens First Monday in August
An Accredited School with the University of California and the Leland Stanford Jr. University. A Corps of Eleven Teachers. REV. DR. SPALDING, Rector, 3300 Washington street, San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson's Academy
1427 Franklin St., near Post
Reopens August 1, 1898. English, French, German and Spanish Boarding and Day School. Begins with kindergarten and prepares for universities, business and society. Drawing and painting. Cultured home training. Excellent table. $30.00 per month. Music in all its branches, if desired, extra.

Los Angeles Military Academy
A Classical and English Boarding School
Re-opens Sept. 14th. Catalogue on application

Miss Adie's School
2117 California Street
Reopens August 1st. Bet. Laguna and Buchanan

THE THEATRES

Passing Comment on Contemporary Performances.

"His Absent Boy" is a frothy little farce without the substance or the closely-knit qualities that distinguished some of its comedy predecessors in the Frawley repertoire, but it offers an amusing evening, nevertheless. The honors certainly belong to Harry Corson Clarke, who very easily and very naturally fell into the character of Mr. Pennie. The "Mr. Pennies" are not infrequent in everyday life, *i. e.*, the chap who married for money and practices a lifetime of deceit towards his spouse. Seventy-five per cent of the stage comedies depend for their amusing features upon man's unfaithfulness to woman, and seventy-five per cent of humanity regard as excruciatingly funny anything that squints in that direction. The squib-writers for the comic weeklies have worn threadbare the "mother-in-law," the "business end of the mule," the "tack" on the floor, and other ancient and provoking smile-provokers, but they never worked more assiduously or with any more energy and purpose than the playwright is now displaying in the direction indicated. The derelictions of Mr. Pennie in "His Absent Boy" are not so wicked as contemptible, and yet the house rippled with laughter at the awkward situations brought about by his marital duplicity. Theodore Roberts was, as usual, markedly clever, but there was little opportunity for him, as he did not put in an appearance until the last act.

* *

Crowded houses at the Alcazar are still the order of the day, and the presentation of "Camille" this week has achieved a fresh success for the stock company, headed by Louis Morrison. In this piece, however, this talented actor is out of place. His Armand Duval is by no means a lover-like creation and only in the strikingly dramatic situation portrayed in the fourth act does he seem at all suited. But with so agreeable a Camille as Florence Roberts gives us, one is well rewarded for sitting out the performance. The character in itself is by no means easy to expound, but her treatment of it is alluring and replete with the modest feeling that constitutes its charm. And again this coming actress is dressed to perfection. As Duval pere, Clarence Montague is excellent, and Mrs. Bates, of course, carries off her part as Madame Prudence successfully. Howard Scott does well as de Varville, and the rest of the company, with little effort required, render efficient support to what is on the whole a rendering well worth seeing.

* *

The new features at the Orpheum have added strength to the bill. The Three Hegelmanns perform some very striking aerial gymnastics on a triple bar, surpassing anything of the kind seen here of late. In the little one-act comedy, "Dropping a Hint," Lillian Burkhart and Caryl Wilbur exhibit a good deal of cleverness. O'Brien and Buckley's musical efforts are appreciated by the audience, while James Thorntou continues to be as thoroughly entertaining with songs and monologue as previously. At times, however, he gets dangerously near the propriety line and in consequence one hears criticism that is not wholly favorable to his performance. The hold-overs bear repetition well and the house is doing a fine business.

* *

DRAMATIC NOTES

The new comedy, "On Probation," secured by Frawley, is said to be the best yet written by Martha Morton. It is to be staged at the Columbia early next month.

Modjeska is picking out a supporting company and is trying to get some clever people in which difficult task she should have the good wishes of all who expect to see her at the Baldwin.

On Monday night of next week the Baldwin reopens with Henry Miller in "Heartsease." It seems a good company that the star brings with him. Mabel Bert is the leading lady, with Augustus Cooke, Arthur Elliott and Margaret Dale among the supporters.

"Trilby" will be reproduced at the Columbia Theatre next week with Miss Karra Kenwyn in the title role. Theodore Roberts, whose Svengali was even better than that of Wilton Lackaye, will enact that part. Ignacio Martinetti, the original Zou Zou, and Alford Hickman, who played "Little Billie" for twenty-five months, are also in the east. A first-rate performance may be antieipated.

The old Bush Street Theatre is undergoing reconstruction, and under the management of Mr. M. B. Leavitt, is to be known as the "New Comedy." According to the announcements, the interior is to be entirely remodeled and the stage enlarged. Mrs. Pacheco's "Ideal Comedy Company" will open the new house with a fine production of that lady's plays, "The Leading Man," "American Assurance," etc.

Next week the Alcazar will present in succession some of the plays which Lewis Morrison and Florence Roberts have made such a success in. On Monday and Tuesday evenings "Faust" will be played; Wednesday evening, "The Master of Ceremonies"; Thursday and Friday evenings, "Frederick the Great"; and Saturday matinee and evening and Suuday evening, "Yorick's Love." Each piece will be staged with the same care and finish as it was when first produced by Mr. Morrison. The original engagement of Mr. Morrison was for four weeks, but his stay will soon be a matter of four months. In the early future "The Merchant of Venice" will be produced, this artist making his debut as Shylock.

The new people at the Orpheum are Mme. Tavary, the well known opera singer, who was last heard at the Baldwin at the head of her own company. Bonnie Thornton, a clever little songster, will appear in her latest New York successes. Sydney Grant and Miss Norton appear in a comedy sketch, in which they introduce some some clever character work. McBride and Goodrich are exceedingly smart in their line. Miss Lillian Burkhart will appear in a new sketch entitled "A Passing Fancy." The three Hegelmans, whose aerial act has created so much comment, will have a new series of acrobatic feats. James Thornton, song writer and satiirist, will appear in new songs and witty sayings. Others on the bill are O'Brien and Buckley and the Macarte Sisters.

The third week of the grand opera season at the Tivoli will be devoted to "Lohengrin." This opera will be presented with an excellent cast and new scenery from the brush of Oscar L. Fest. The casts will include Frl. Marie Brandis and Anna Lichter as Elsa of Brabant. Mary Linck will be the Ortrud, though Marie Brandis, by special request, will undertake this role for two uights. Edgardo Zerni and Rhys Thomas will be the Knights of the Holy Grail; Wanrell and Schuster will alternate as the King, and Maurice De Vries and William Pruette as Frederick of Teramund. William H. West will be the Herald. The production will be under the direction of Mr. George E. Lask, who has made a careful study of all the Wagner works. Following "Lohengrin," "La Gioconda," "Romeo and Juliet," "Rigoletto," and "La Boheme" will be given in rapid succession.

The Colonel's Spectacles.

A POKER STORY.

The hotel-keeper was a man of note in the environment. A great story-teller, he loved to discourse at night to a group of his cronies, mingling philosophy and reminiscence with an air of wisdom and subtlety that reminded one of the blending of his mint juleps that were the most seductive of their kind.

"Properly manipulated, gentlemen," said the hotel-keeper, as he sat on the piazza engaged on a mint julep for the company, "there is no decoction in the world better calculated to make a man forget the penalty he must inevitably pay for the infraction of law; and that naturally brings me to the consideration," he continued, as he inserted a large barley straw down among the drowned mint leaves, "of why it is that things which are almost universally considered to be wrong ethically are always pleasurable. Now, it may surprise some of you to know that I began life, some twenty-five years ago, as pastor of a little Baptist Church at Memphis. I was young and had married on hope and a small salary, and my wife and I labored hard to keep out of debt and yet retain the good will of our congregation. In the midst of our struggles there came a call from a more remunerative field of ministerial labor in New Orleans which we concluded to accept. So we sold our effects and I embarked on the little steamer Roanoke bound to New Orleans, my wife to await a letter before joining me. The voyage down the Mississippi was monotonous and I had become tired of watching the scenery when I was attracted by the appearance of a fine-looking old gentleman sitting at one of the tables talking to two men, whom I afterwards heard were planters. He had remarkable eyes, had this old gentleman—very large and black and lustrous—and I'm sure those eyes were responsible for what followed. I must have been hypnotized. I had discarded my clerical habit and was dressed in a tweed suit for the voyage and maybe I did present rather a worldly appearance. At any rate the old gentleman arose and invited me to join him and his friends at a game of poker."

The hotel-keeper looked around for encouragement and sympathy—which were forthcoming.

"Will you believe it, gentlemen, that I accepted his proposal without a qualm of conscience. Remember I had led the life of a saint since I had joined the ministry. Though at college I was as other young men, and had learned to play poker and many more things, I regret to say, yet the quiet, domestic life I had led should surely have strengthened me to resist a sudden temptation. But it did not. I did mumble some weak excuses, but the Colonel—for that is what his friends called the old gentleman—would listen to nothing. He pushed me into a chair and dealt me a hand of cards. I had with me $300, which represented the price of our furniture and the savings of years, and the last words of my wife were a warning to take care of our little capital. As I clutched the five new cards I remember cursing my weakness and registering vows to make up for the sin on arriving at my new pastorate.

"Just as we were about to begin the Colonel drew from his pocket a spectacle case and proceeded to put on a pair of spectacles of extraordinary size. He explained, noticing my curious stare, that the glasses were made to order, one lens being larger and more powerful than the other to suit his right eye, the sight of which was defective. 'I was shipwrecked several years ago,' said the Colonel, 'and, with several others, was afloat in an open boat for several days. As I had lost my hat I was subjected to the full glare of a tropical sun, thereby nearly losing my sight entirely.' I made a sympathetic answer and we started to play.

"For several hands the coins circulated pretty evenly. The Colonel and the planters seemed to play more for the sake of the game than for what might be in it in a pecuniary sense. I played with the sole purpose of retaining what I already possessed rather than adding to it. We had been at it for about three hours, and, as it was growing late, Johnson, one of the players, suggested that another round should finish the game, to which we all agreed. I dealt, and was the last to pick up my cards. I could hardly control my feelings as I took up first the ace of spades, next the ace of diamonds, then the ace of hearts, the trey of spades, and last, with bated breath, the ace of clubs. I glanced at the Colonel and then at the planters to see if my expression had given any intimation of my luck.. All three faces bespoke perfect composure and indifference. I looked at the Colonel a second time, feeling that he, at least, must have read my good fortune. This time I could not withdraw my gaze which was held riveted to his defective eye. He seemed a little uneasy at my manner, and, removing his spectacles, wiped them with great precision on a red bandanna handkerchief. After replacing them, he cleared his throat deeply, and again picked up his cards. I did not raise my eyes from my hand afterward until the conclusion of the game.

"I sat opposite the Colonel, Johnson at my left, and his friend, whose name I have forgotten, at my right. Johnson opened the pot with a $20 gold piece. We all stayed. Johnson took two cards, the Colonel stood pat, the planter at my right called for three, while I took one, throwing away my trey, and trying to look disappointed as I picked from the deck another trey of a different suit. The betting was lively. By raises of fifties we soon had twelve hundred dollars in the pot. Here Johnson and his friend gave it up, and the Colonel and I soon had it boosted up to an even fifteen hundred, just the amount of the mortgage on the little home at Memphis. Gentlemen, I have seen some exciting times in my rather checkered career, but never did my heart race as it did that night. All my ready money was on the table and I had been giving my paper promises for some time. I was betting money I never had and probably never would have, but I was betting on a sure thing. By this time a crowd of eager onlookers had gathered around our table and every eye was turned upon me. The situation was getting to be unbearable. I could stand the mental strain no longer. Calling the Colonel and simultaneously rising to my feet I exclaimed:

"'Colonel, I have four aces! You hold four kings!'

"The Colonel's face, already flushed by expectant victory, turned purple, and, with a voice of mingled rage and disappointment, he fairly yelled:

"'How do you know that, sir?'

"'Gentlemen,' continued the story teller, 'in that supreme moment there came to me a glimpse of the abyss awaiting me. Integrity lost, honor forgotten, vows relinquished, and I decided in a flash to give up everything—home, farm, pastorate, everything—and become a martyr and atone for my sin by speaking the truth.'

"'Colonel,' I said, 'your hand being second best entitles you to all the money!'

"I turned and rushed toward the door. Reching it, I faced the astonished passengers and shouted back to the Colonel:

"'I saw clearly the miniature of your hand reflected in the large lens of your spectacles!'"
—*N. Y. Sun.*

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

The use of opium as a remedy in cases of acute insanity has for a long time been the subject of serious discussion in medical circles, with, of course, varying opinions. Dr. Spitzka, the distinguished neurologist, is quoted as declaring it to be the most desirable resort, all things considered, for the malady in question, asserting that it has a direct influence upon the mind. Its tendency is to quiet the nerves and counteract the idea, so common, of being hunted down and other delusions. Recently attention has been drawn to the experience of Dr. Nuckolls at the principal insane asylum in Illinois. He maintains that opium is beyond all question the remedy in especial for the treatment of all cases of insanity in which great excitement prevails, the best results, he states, having been obtained by the use of the deodorized tincture in doses of from fifteen to twenty drops, gradually increasing to the maximum of forty to sixty drops, administered three or four times a day. With this treatment, suitable food, fresh air and exercise are indispensable requirements, and, though the opium is liable to interfere with digestion, no really ill effects on that account have been observed.

The "time indicator" is now in full operation in the vehicles of the Paris Cab Company. For a long time the attempt to arrange fares for rides occupying less than thirty minutes had proved a failure, because the watch of the driver and that of his passenger never agreed. But now that the "time indicator" has been generally adopted there are no more disputes, and a passenger on a rainy day can ride a block in two minutes in the blissful consciousness that he will not be overcharged in the end. When the passenger enters a cab for a short distance course the driver turns a key which brings the hands of a dial that mark both time and money to the starting point. The lowest price is 60 centimes (12 cents), and this entitles the passenger to a drive of only two minutes. For two minutes more the fare is 70 centimes. When six minutes have passed the hand points to 80 centimes. You may drive for a quarter of an hour and one minute over for 1f. 10c., and for twenty-three minutes for 1f. 40c. This is the limit of the system, for 1f. 50c. the ordinary tariff for the course comes into operation.

In the Glenbrook general store a young woman entered to make some purchases. It was Saturday night and the place was full. "Is any one waiting on you, please?" asked a shopman at last; and, to his dismay and the amusement of the crowd of purchasers, she replied: "Yes—my young man's outside—he wouldn't come in."

An old Highland chief, finding his youngest son, a mere boy, sleeping on the battlefield with a huge snowball under his head, kicked it away, exclaiming, "What do ye want wi' a pillow? I'll nae such effeeminacy in ma family."

Two Famous Summer Resorts Representing the Mountains, Interior and Seashore OF CENTRAL CALIFORNIA

BOTH UNDER ONE MANAGEMENT, NOTED FOR ITS EFFICIENCY

HOTEL DEL MONTE

MONTEREY, CAL.

MAGNIFICENT SURROUNDINGS
WARM SALT WATER BATHING
EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN PLANS
FINE SERVICE
MODERATE CHARGES

TAVERN OF CASTLE CRAG AND SODA SPRINGS

Located in the Heart of the Famous Shasta Region, 320 miles from San Francisco — Elevation 2100 feet

REASONABLE RATES .·. SUPERIOR ACCOMMODATIONS

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION, ADDRESS

GEORGE SCHONEWALD, MANAGER

HOTEL DEL MONTE, Monterey, Cal.

TAVERN OF CASTLE CRAG, Castle Crag, Shasta Co., Cal.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway wharf San Francisco.

For Alaskan ports, 10 a.m. Aug. 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29; Sept. 3; transfer at Seattle.

For Alaskan ports (from Spear-street wharf) 10 a. m. Aug. 3, 23; transfer at Portland.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, 10 a.m. Aug. 4, 9, 19, 24, 29, Sept. 3, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, 10 a.m. Aug. 6, 12, 18, 30, Sept. 5, and every sixth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a. m. Aug. 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, Sept. 2 and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), at 11 a.m. Aug. 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 31, Sept. 4 and every fourth day thereafter.

For Mexican ports, 10 a. m. 18th of every month.

For further information, obtain folder.

The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing.

Ticket Office: 4 New Montgomery St (Palace Hotel)

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen. Agts.

No. 10 Market Street, - San Francisco, Cal.

OCEANIC Steamship Company

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S. S. Moana, for Australia, Wednesday, Sept. 7th, at 2 p.m. Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Cape-town, South Africa.

Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.
Freight Office 327 Market St.

J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO General Agents

Santa Fe Route

The Most Comfortable Way to Travel Across the Continent!

Through Pullman Parlor and Tourist Cars Every Day

Meals at Harvey's Famous Dining-Rooms

Get full particulars at Ticket Office

628 MARKET STREET
SAN FRANCISCO

1118 Broadway, OAKLAND

A. K. DAGGETT

Drawing of Deeds and all Legal Papers a specialty

NOTARY PUBLIC
14 Montgomery St., S. F
Telephone 305

JOE POHEIM, THE TAILOR

Makes the best fitting clothes at 25 per cent less than any other house on the Pacific Coast. See Prices:

PANTS TO ORDER	SUITS TO ORDER
$3.50	$10.00
4.50	13.50
5.00	15.50
6.00	17.50
7.00	20.00
8.00	25.00
9.00	30.00

The firm of JOE POHEIM is the largest in the United States. Rules for self-measurement and samples of cloth sent free.

201 and 203 Montgomery St., cor. Bush.
844 & 846 Market St. 1110 & 1112 Market St.
SAN FRANCISCO.
485 Fourteenth St., Oakland. 603 & 605 K St., Sacramento.
143 South Spring St., Los Angeles.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE — GOULD & CURRY SILVER MINING CO.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 7th day of July, 1898, an assessment (No. 84) of ten (10) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 69, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 8th day of August, 1898 will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 29th day of August, 1898, to pay the deliuquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. A. K. DURBROW, Secretary.

Office, room 69, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF CHARLES BOURNIQUE, DECEASED:

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Charles Bouruique, deceased, to the creditors of and all persous having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at Room 35, Chronicle Building, coruer of Geary and Kearny streets, the same beiug his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE,
Administrator of the Estate of Charles Bournique, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, July 12, 1898.

J. D. SULLIVAN,
Attorney for Administrator.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES in and for the Northern District of California.

IN THE MATTER OF NICHOLAS P. KULIEVAN AND CHRISTOPHER KULIEVAN, BANKRUPTS.

Take notice, that Nicholas P. Kulievan and Christopher Kulievan, bankrupts above uamed, have been duly adjudicated bankrupts under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, aud that the first meeting of the creditors has been called to meet at the office of the undersigned, at room 185, Crocker Building, San Francisco, California, on Monday the the 29th day of August, 1898, at 10 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of proving their claims against the estate of said bankrupts; and that at the same time and place all creditors whose claims have been duly proven and allowed shall appoint one or three trustees of said estate.

Dated August 8, 1898.

MILTON J. GREEN,
Referee in Bankruptcy
in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES in and for the Northern District of California.

IN THE MATTER OF JULIUS WOLFF, individually and as a Stockholder of the WOLFF MERCANTILE COMPANY, a corporation, Bankrupt.

Take notice, that Julius Wolff, iudividually and as a stockholder of the Wolff Mercantile Company, bankrupt above named, has been duly adjudicated a bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, and that the first meeting of the creditors has been called to meet at the office of the undersigned, at room 185, Crocker Building, San Francisco, California, on Monday, the 5th day of September, 1898, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of proving their claims against the estate of said bankrupt; and that at the same time and place all creditors whose claims have been duly proven and allowed shall appoint one or three trustees of said estate.

Dated San Francisco, August 10, 1898.

MILTON J. GREEN,
Referee in Bankruptcy
in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

THE LATEST STYLES IN

CHOICE WOOLENS

H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors

622 Market St. (up stairs) opp. Palace Hote

Bicycle and Golf Suits

"THE WAVE"

Will be sent to any address in the United States for a period of FOUR MONTHS for

ONE DOLLAR

BAJA CALIFORNIA

DAMIANA BITTERS

"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. (Send for Circular.)

NABER, ALFS & BRUNE, Agents
323-325 Market St., S. F.

BONESTELL & CO.

Dealers in PAPER

Fine Coated Papers a Specialty

401-403 SANSOME ST.,
San Francisco, Cal.

FRANKLIN K. LANE G. WHITFIELD LANE

LANE & LANE

Attorneys and Counselors

Removed to
1409-1412-1413 Claus Spreckels Building

Brushes For barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, book binders, candymakers, canners, dyers flour mills, foundries, laundries, paperhangers, printers painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners tailors, etc.

BUCHANAN BROS.

TEL. 5610 609 SACRAMENTO ST

BRUSH MANUFACTURERS

Naglee Brandy....

Vintage 1872
26 Years Old

PURITY GUARANTEED

In the original 25-gallon package, $87.50
Per case . . $18.00

Naglee Brandy Agency
Room 56
Crocker Building
San Francisco

THE UNAPPROACHABLE COLDNESS
...OF...
THE Alaska REFRIGERATORS
HAS WON FOR THEM
MANY WARM FRIENDS!

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.
Pacific Coast Agents
309 to 317 Market Street, San Francisco

MRS. M. E. PERLEY MRS. S. V. CULP

DECORATIVE KERAMIC ART STUDIO
215 Post Street

All Branches of China Painting Taught
Morning Class: Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, from 9 a. m. to 12 m. Afternoon Class: Daily, from 1:30 to 4:30. Lessons $1 each. Private Lessons $1.50 each. TRY OUR ROMAN GOLD.
Telephone Grant 43

COTTON SAIL DUCKS
22-inch, in all numbers. Medium, Soft and Hard
. . ALSO . .
Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks
From 30 to 120 inches wide
Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks
Manufactured by Murphy, Grant & Co.
Mount Vernon Company . . Pacific Coast
Baltimore Sole Agents

Beware of Imitations
This is a fac simile of the package
Genuine Diamond "L" Tea
Pure and Uncolored
GEO. A. MOORE & CO.
208 California St., S. F.
For sale by all grocers

Centennial Stable
Boarding and Livery
Carriages, Broughams, Victorias, etc. First-Class in every respect
1521-1523-1525 California Street
Bet. Polk and Larkin
Telephone East 378 M. CONLON, Proprietor

NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

Among the guests at Monte Carlo last year was a very ordinary looking couple who kept to themselves and paid but slight attention to the passing throng. But one night two English royalties arrived, and, after dinner, the Princess went up to the couple and spoke most graciously to them. Then everyone wanted to know who they were. Undeniable evidence of breeding was observed about their manners and their unobstrusive ways indicated exclusiveness. An English lady was observed talking to them one night and the inquisitive crowd surged round her. "Do tell us who she is," they chorused. "Oh," was the reply, "that is the Queen's *masseuse*, who is now on her wedding trip. She has rubbed her Royal Highness' knee and her Majesty's feet and—she has rubbed me all over!"

Admiral Duncan had considerable trouble with his fleet captains, who, though brave, were not amenable to orders. Among the most intractable was Captain Inglis of the *Bellisueux*—a Scotchman and a man of violent temper. Inglis had neglected to make himself complete master of the signal-book, and on the morning of the battle found himself more puzzled than enlightened when he attempted to decipher the flagship's signals. At last, throwing it upon the deck, he exclaimed, in broad Scotch, "Confound the book! Up wi' the helm, and gang into the middle o't!"

When David Garrick and Spranger Barry were playing Romeo alternate nights to Mrs. Siddons' Juliet, there arose a division of opinion as to which was the better exponent of the role. Mrs. Siddons was appealed to for her opinion. She replied: "Both play so finely, but with such varying conception of the character, and such different methods, that I am affected differently. In the celebrated balcony scene with Garrick, he is so impetuous that I am afraid he will jump up into the window; and Barry is so affectionate I am afraid I shall jump off the balcony to him."

Professor Wilson, of Edinburgh University, has recently been appointed an Hon. Physician to her Majesty the Queen. On the morning of his appointment he informed his pupils of the honor he had received by means of a blackboard in the laboratory, thus—"Prof. Wilson informs his students that he has this day been appointed Hon. Phys. to the Queen." During his temporary absence from the room one of the students, to the amusement of the class, added the words, "God save the Queen!"

A lady who had a servant whose weakness was curiosity said, on returning from a visit one afternoon: "Did the postman leave any letters, Mary?" "Nothing but a postcard, ma'am." "Whom is it from, Mary?" "And do you think I'd read it ma'am?" said the girl, with an injured air. "Perhaps not; but any one who sends me messages on postcards is stupid or impertinent." "You'll excuse me, ma'am," returned the girl, "but I must say that's a nice way to be talking about your own mother!"

When Bishop Thomas W. Dudley accepted a position in Kentucky, his friends were disposed to be critical. One of his associates expostulated with him about going. "Really," he said, "you don't realize what kind of a State that is. Why, only this morning I saw in the paper that one man killed another in a Kentucky town for treading on a dog." The Bishop said nothing, and the man continued, impatiently, "What are you going to do in a place like that?" "I'm not going to tread on the dog," was the calm reply.

Corrigan, the well known horseman, had a jockey of whom he was very careful. The boy fell ill, and Corrigan told him to go to his own physician, whose office is on Sutter street. Unfortunately the youngster forgot the address but determined to obey orders. He scanned the signs, observing some to bear the words "twelve to two," others "two to four." A third door was marked "eleven to one." "I guess those are the best odds on the street," said the jockey, "and I'll try that fellow."

Hamilton Palace was one of the first great houses in Scotland to use dessert spoons. A rough country laird, who was dining at the Palace for the first time, had been served with a dish containing cream or jelly, and with it the servant handed him a dessert spoon. The laird turned it round and round in his great fist, and said to the servant, "What did you gie me this for, ye fule? Do ye think ma mooth has got any smaller sin a lappit up ma soup?"

What is golf? A. A. Moore, who is himself quite a golf player, thus irreverently defined the game for the benefit of an Oakland judge who was hearing a case involving the playing of golf: "I believe, your honor, that the game of golf is played in irregular fields or waste grounds with a small ball which the player tries to hit with a stick. If he succeeds in hitting the ball, he spends the rest of the day in looking for it."

An Arizona rancher has posted the following notice on a cottonwood tree near his place: "My wife Sarrah has left my ranch when I didn't Doo a Thing Too her and i want it distinkly understood that any Man as takes her in and Keers for her on my account will get himself Pumped so Full of Led that some tenderfoot will locate him for a mineral claim. A word to the wise is sufficient and orter work on fools."

When Macready was an actor-manager, he produced at his theatre a piece called *The Spy*, the early acts of which showed it must prove a failure. So when at a certain point a character had to rush on and shout, "Five hundred pounds for the spy," the author-actor, who was concealed behind a rock, arose and cried, "It's yours — coyyright, manuscript, and parts!" That was the end of the performance.

PALACE AND GRAND HOTELS
Now Under One Management
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
1400 rooms — 900 with bath
Rooms, $1.00 and upward Room and Meals, $3.00 and upward
A beautifully illustrated book, containing floor plans and rate card can be had the asking.
JOHN C. KIRKPATRICK, Manager.

573-579 Market Street / San Francisco
R. H. PEASE, Vice-President and Manager
73 and 75 First Street / Portland, Ore.

REPSOLD SELECT VINTAGE
OF ALL OLD WINES
REPSOLD'S OUTSHINES
WHEN AN EPICURE DINE
THIS BRAND OF WINE IS SOLD AT ALL FIRST CLASS HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS
Office, 416 Pine Street

Professional and Amateur Photographers of the Pacific Coast will please remember that we carry the LARGEST AND FINEST STOCK OF
Cameras and Photo Goods IN THIS MARKET
Headquarters for VELOX PAPER
Send stamp for New Price List.
CALIFORNIA CAMERA CO.
22 GEARY ST., SAN FRANCISCO
When you write, please mention "The Wave"

The German Savings and Loan Society
526 California St., S. F.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus $2,135,820 60
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash 1,000,000 00
Deposits June 30, 1898 ..... 26,486,987 06

OFFICERS
President, B. A. Becker
First Vice-President, Daniel Meyer
Second Vice-President, H. Horstmann
Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt
Assistant Cashier, Wm. Herrmann
Secretary, George Tourny
Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller

DIRECTORS
B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann, Ign. Steinhart, N. Van Bergen, E. Rhote, H. B. Russ, D. N. Walter and N. Ohlandt.
Attorney - W. S. Goodfellow

San Francisco Savings Union
532 CALIFORNIA ST.

Deposits July 1, 1898 ..... $23,356,130
Paid Up Capital 1,000,000
Reserve Fund 182,009
Contingent Fund 435,515

E. B. Pond, Pres. W. C. B. de Fremery, Vice-Pres.
Lovell White, Casbier.

DIRECTORS
George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, George Tasheira, E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate, and Farms and Farming Lands in the country.
Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.
No charge is made for pass book or entrance fee.
Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco
33 POST STREET
Below Kearny Mechanics' Institute Buildin
Guaranteed Capital, $1,000,000
Paid Up Capital, $300,000

JAMES D. PHELAN, President
S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-President
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier
C. B. Hobson, Assistant Cashier

Directors—James D. Phelan, S. G. Murphy, John A. Hooper, James Moffitt, C. G. Hooker, Frank J. Sullivan, L. P. Drexler, Robt. McElroy, Jos. D. Grant.
Interest paid on deposits.
Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks.
When opening accounts, send signature.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA
SAN FRANCISCO
Capital and Surplus . Six Million Dollars

William Alvord ..... Preside
Charles R. Bishop .. .. Vice-Preside
Thomas Brown ..... Cashi
S. Prentiss Smith ..... Assistant Cashi
Irving F. Moulton ..... Second Assistant Cashi
Allen M. Clay ..... Secreta

CORRESPONDENTS
New York ..... Messrs. Laidlaw & Co. / The Bank of New York, N B. A
Baltimore ..... The National Exchange Ban
Boston ..... The Tremont National Ban
Chicago ..... Illinois Trust and Saviugs Ban / Union National Bank
Philadelphia ..... Philadelphia National Ban
St. Louis ..... Boatmeu's Ban
Virginia City, Nev ... Agency of the Bank of Californi
London ..... Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sot
Paris ..... Messrs. De Rothschild Frere
Berlin ..... Direction der Disconto Gesellscha
China, Japan and East Indies ..... Chartered Bank India, Australia and Chiua
Australia and New Zealand ..... The Union Bank Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of th world.

CONNECTICUT
FIRE INS. CO.
OF HARTFORD
Assets. $3,300,000. Benjamin J. Smith, Manage
COLIN M. BOYD,
Agent for San Francisco
501 Montgomery Street

Thuringia Insurance Co.
OF ERFURT, GERMANY
Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,24
PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT
204-208 Sansome Street, San Francisco
VOSS, CONRAD & CO,, General Manager

Don't Borrow a Home!
BUY IT Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the
CONTINENTAL Building and Loan Ass'n of California
Wm. Corbin, Secretary and Gen. Manager.
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisc

This Paper not to be taken from the Library.

THE WAVE

VOL. XVIII. No. 8 SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 20, 1898 PRICE 10 CENTS

General Hughes Major-General E. S. Otis Lieut.-Col. Soper, N. G. Hawaii

THE FOURTH EXPEDITION AT HONOLULU

THE WAVE

Is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $5.00 per year. Sample copies free on application.

The trade is supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 342 Geary street; east of the Rocky Mountains by the American News Company, New York.

The Wave is kept on file and is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France; 31 Union Square, New York City; 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 206 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

For advertising rates and on all other matters pertaining to city business, address H. C. Boyd, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco; in regard to country business, address Trevor Corry care The Wave, 24 Montgomery street.

Eastern representative, D. M. Foltz, 34 Park Row, New York.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 20, 1898

CONTENTS

Editorials	2
Things and People; by Boswell Jr.	3
Fifth Manila Expedition at Hoululu	4
The Embroglio in China; by Dalton	5
A Fatal Opal; by Etienne Marcel	5
Sensitive Alger; by Drayton	5
Sampson aud Schley	6
Our Tobacco Colonies	6
Remnants at San Francisco of Expeditionary Force to Manila	9
Snapshots at the Sacrrmento Convention	8
With the First California Volunteers at Manila	9
The Trans-Mississippi Exposition at Omaha	10
The Garden Fete at Monte de Robles	11
Birdseye View of Manila Bay	12
Devices of Talemakers; by C.	13
Sixth California Volunteers	12-14
A Debutante's Diary	15
London Letter	16
Paris Letter	16
The Theatres	18
New Stories Re-Told	20

OUR DUTY IN THE PHILIPPINES.

The future of the Philippines is generally admitted to be the most difficult problem arising out of the late war with Spain. By the extraordinary good fortune that seems to attend our arms the situation has been vastly simplified by the capture of Manila in the nick of time, whereby the United States has been placed in possession by conquest. This position of affairs establishes our right to make terms with the conquered foe, in respect of the islands, that might not have been open to us under other conditions. It also removes all reasonable pretext for the interference of third parties. The question now, therefore, is what shall be the disposition of the islands? Our first duty is clearly to prevent any renewal of the tyranny that prevailed under Spanish rule, and if we are to discharge our obligations effectually in this respect it is just as clear that we must assume control and administer affairs for ourselves. Whether we hold the Philippines as an absolute possession or in trust for the people, pending proof of their capacity for self-government, the responsibility will be ours, and ours alone. Spain has forfeited her right to govern and no other nation has any say on the subject as matters stand.

Much of the current discussion on the question relates to the commercial advantage to be gained for this country by absorbing the islauds, but that must not be the consideration in the first instance. What must be kept in view is the national duty to the world at large and the calls of honor in respect to the Filippinos. We have overthrown the rule under which they existed and themselves rose against and we are bound to see that they are provided with a just and stable government in its stead. To accomplish this in all probability a permanent garrison of at least 50,000 soldiers and a considerable naval force will be needed, together with some kind of regular civil service for the aduiinistration of the local government. All of this will be a large undertaking for this country to face, but we must now accept our responsibilities. The fact that we shall have to decide whether to hold Manila, the whole island of Luzon, of which it is the capital, or the entire archipelago, renders the problem one of special difficulty, but, whatever course we adopt, it is imperative that it should be surrounded with the fewest complications possible.

If we allow the islands to lapse again into the hands of Spain, or to be divided up among the European powers, we shall set back the hands of American progress in the Orient for generations. When we raised the flag over the Hawaiian Islands, the Ladrones aud Manila we secured for the nation a chain of trading stations in the Eastern Hemisphere that entirely altered our standing as a power from what it was when Dewey was compelled—and rightly—by the action of the British authorities to put forth from the port of Hongkoug and choose between setting sail for San Francisco or taking from the enemy an anchorage which he could hold.

Geographically we have a better title to possess the Philippines than any other leading power. The great European nations are half as far again away from Manila as is our Pacific Coast, and the construction of the Nicaragua Canal would bring our Atlantic Coast nearer to that port than Liverpool, Havre or Hamburg via the Suez Canal. In California there can be but one mind on the question, although we notice that the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce was not prepared recently to follow the footsteps of the San Francisco organization and unanimously urge the Government at Washington to secure the control of the entire Philippine group. Probably, however, recent events have tended to form their opinions, which, it must be admitted, were somewhat hastily called for.

Practically the only point to be dealt with in the final treaty of peace that is giving European diplomats any concern is the fate of the Philippines. Not that any of the powers have exhibited any real intention of assuming the responsibility of interfering in their government, but there is some little anxiety that, if the United States would acquiesce in their retention by Spain, a cause of dispute among the powers might eventually arise. Of course, all nations would only be too glad to have an opportunity of securing coaling stations there, and Germany especially has a keen eye in that direction. It is stated that the German Foreign Office is even now engaged in considering the reports of German mining engineers relating to one particular island in the group, known only to their Government, in which there are said to exist extensive deposits of steam coal, free from lignites and solphur, and equal to the best Cardiff. The possession of this particular island would be of inestimable value to auy nation that may acquire a coaling station in the locality. Then the concessions for mining, railway and other developments is likely to become paramount in the immediate future, and, if these should remain iu the disposal of a bankrupt power like Spain, or even of a native republic, we should be treated to a repetition of the same kind of difficulties that now exist in connection with Chinese affairs.

So far as the insurgent element is concerned, the course of recent events has sufficiently determined their position. It will be entirely out of the question for the United States to recognize the so-called government of which Aguinaldo is the head and front. While the fighting done by his forces greatly simplified the task before our army the insurgents cannot in any sense be regarded as victors, and must rest satisfied with the fact that their oppressors have ceased to rule. With the assurance that in future their civil rights and liberties will be respected the natives must be taught to regard themselves as under American control and to behave accordingly. The clerical element has, of course, been an important factor in Philippine politics hitherto, but with the passing of Spanish control and an understanding that the Roman Catholic Church will enjoy just as much liberty as any other religious establishment, and no more, the ecclesiastical authorities will no doubt adapt themselves to the changed conditions and spend their existence as comfortably as their brethern in this country.

The more one studies the various questions arising out of the condition of affairs in the Philippines, the more clear it becomes that the only course open to the United States, from the point of national honor, as well as the interests of civilization in general and those of this country in particular, is to hold firmly on to what it has won and vigorously proceed to reduce the entire territory to order with a view to its development for the national benefit and in the interests of its population.

THE REPUBLICAN POLITICAL SITUATION.

Politics is a gay occupation. If party primaries reek with glaring frauds that subvert and trample upon the wishes of the great body of voters, then the "good of the party" demands that one shall hold his peace. If the machine holds in its hand the power and iu its head the inclination to nominate a man who it is impossible to elect, no party man dare raise his voice in protest, even though he and all his neighbors of like political faith secretly confess that his nomination would be a blunder and result in defeat. If a comuiunity whose populatiou runs into hundreds of thousands discovers that by fraud and corrupt practices, by stuffed ballot boxes and hired repeaters, by the employment of all that is bad in politics, their party primaries are made to give birth to party delegates pledged to pursue a course and promote a policy, absolutely and utterly at variance with the well known wishes of the body of the people, the seal of silence is placed upon the lips of indignation "for the good of the party." The force controlling party conventions, be it for good or for bad, becomes the party itself, and honest men, though their blood boil with just rage, are compelled to hold their peace. The condition is shameful. We believe that the powers in control of the coming Republican Convention are about to commit a great and glaring wrong; we believe they are inviting certain defeat—and this belief is shared by thousands of staunch aud loyal Republicans. Never in years had the distribution of offices fallen so naturally between the several sections of the State; never in years had Republican success been more deserved or more certain. The public mind was adjusted to a given condition of things and party harmony was certain. Although the enemy was committed to a demagogue rich in popularity among those who think not at all, Republican victory was pretty well assured. At the last hour, without a word of warning or explanation, as though guided by some blundering and incompetent genii, there came upon the scene an influence, the whole bent and direction of whose energies seemed to lie in the direction of ignoring lines of naturalness and rebuking the common voters for having an opinion by trampling on and destroying them. Not a hope, not a wish that had found general public approval now remains standing. An entirely new structure has been erected, and if it fails to receive the endorsement of the people, no one is to blame but those who set it up with savage disregard of popular will.

The weak points of the probable nominee are as well known to the forces behind him as to any one else. But argument there is useless. The Republican dailies dare not attempt to prevent the blunder by making known the weakness of the man prior to the convention, while the Democratic press wisely withholds its attacks until after the party is committed beyond withdrawal.

Perhaps it is a difficult matter to choose a candidate who would outrun Maguire, for that gentlemau has a certain popularity that comes to the man who brags of his honesty, boasts of his hatred toward wealth, and snatches greedily at every opportunity to appear to be the champion of the people. What Mr. Maguire has ever accomplished in Congress, or elsewhere, besides talking noisily aud ineffectually we have failed to discover, but the word has gone forth that some one who can "talk" is wanted, to meet Mr. Maguire upon the stump.

Until the decision of the Court of Queen's Bench was announced in the proceedings against Lord De la Warr for contempt of court there was practically nothing to confirm the assertions of company promoter Hooley in disparagement of those associated with him in his various promotion schemes. Altogether too much credence has been given by the press to his statements. No doubt several members of the peerage and of the press have been discreditably mixed up with his efforts to induce the public to subscribe capital for the compauies he has brought out, but Hooley has distinctly shown that he is no exception to the rule that men of his kind and calling are not to be trusted to tell the truth. No man can be successful, even for a time, as a company promoter, and be straightforward. The very essence of the business is concealment and deception. It is on the streugth of this that the unscrupulous section of the press makes capital out of the schemes that must be advertised and written up or down, as pecuniary advantage suggests, in their columns. In London no commercial man of standing will associate himself with an ordinary promoter, however successful he may seem, and for the sake of the upper ten it is to be hoped they have at last had a lesson that will lead them to eschew the wiles of that class in the future. The avenues of company promotion are always in foul condition and some of the dirst is sure to stick on those who bend their steps that way. Many Americans who have gone to London with legitimate schemes have learnt this to their cost.

There will probably be a good deal of weeping and gnashing of teeth amongst the speculators in Junta securities before the Cuban settlement is finally arrived at. One group in New York who are said to hold two and a half millions of bonds have already met with some disappoiutment at the course of affairs, while another division of capitalists who believed they had obtained possession of valuable railway and landed concessions were advised, on reference to Washington, that the so-called Cuban republic would not be regarded as empowered to grant privileges of any kind. While the nation at large has been occupying its thoughts with the necessity of freeing Cuba from Spanish tyranny and corruption a few wideawake and enterprising speculators have been laying their plans for getting in on the ground floor under the auspices of the Cuban patriots. Of course it will not suit these individuals to see the island annexed or administered under a protectorate, and we may expect to hear of considerable lobbying on this accouut when Congress meets. The public, however, will understand its meaning and how much value to place on the sentiment which would see Cuba ruined, under Cuban auspices, in order that a few American speculators might be able to market their bonds aud concessions, which would ultimately become worthless.

The falliug off in the American importation of textile goods from Germany has induced an agitation for a reciprocity treaty with America. The Berliner *Tageblatt* points out that Germany is forced to receive from America a large and increasing amount of grain of divers sorts, besides pork, lard, &c., the home production of grain and meat being wholly inadequate. Even the agriculturists themselves use tremendous quantities of American maize, which is continually increasing in favor as cattle fodder in Germany. A reciprocity treaty on the basis of reduced tariff on the imports Germany must of necessity receive from America, in consideration of more favorable terms for German manufactured goods sent across the Atlantic, would be of immense material benefit to both countries and would also promote better feeling.

Russia is going to abolish the difficulties of navigation at the mouth of the Volga by cutting a canal directly from the river to the Caspian Sea. Work will begin this summer.

THINGS AND PEOPLE

The Democratic Convention is to be congratulated on the verthrow of Raineyism. Not, indeed, that any other sult of an appeal to the party should have been anticiated. However, several men who ought to have known etter aligned themselves with the powers of evil and retire om Sacramento with tarnished reputations. Among em J. J. Dwyer is a prominent victim. Mr. Dwyer is onest and respectable, but also he is the attorney of the unsary Dr. Ragan of Board of Education notoriety. The onnection between Dr. Ragan and Boss Rainey is a familiar ource of corruption. Invited by his client to assist the use at Sacramento, Mr. Dwyer cheerfully permitted himself be identified with the Harneyites, and must not complaiu the community regards him as a lost sheep. His misfore will hardly be the occasion of tears, because though a an of considerable intellectual capacity, he has none of e qualities of heart that win sympathy or popularity. he success of his especial enemy, Gavin McNab, must be ll and wormwood to Mr. Dwyer's spirit. McNab has been e consistent opponent of bossism and unswerving in his pport of reform. To him the honor is due of defeating ainey. It was his campaign throughout, and the party wes him a debt of gratitude. In nothing did Mr. McNab's tellectual capacity show forth so plainly as in the speech e made before the convention. His address had all the rtues of logical statement and terse phraseology, was apt, rile and convincing.

***

The presumption of Major Harney attitudinizing at Sacmento as a man fighting for a principle would have been nusing if it were not so impudent. Here is a politician, office by virtue of Sam Rainey's influence with Governor ıdd, who has always been identified with the boss element, companied by the myrmidons of his master, and actually ghting under his banner, daring to object to being classed a boss' servant. "Do you refer to *me*, P. J. Harney, as eing controlled by a political boss," he asked of Major helan. The clever retort was really too polite for its bject—"Major Harney is at the head of the contesting legation." It captured the fancy of the convention, hower, and was emphatically applauded. In a community at is familiar with Sam Rainey's machinations, that has to ffer under his Board of Supervisors and his Board of ducation, there is no need to animadvert on the dangerous fluence he exerts. Bad as Boss Buckley was, his influence as never as dangerous or as degrading as that of his succssor. Rainey represents the worst and most grasping type manipulator who is in politics simply for coin. His nergy is directed at obtaining influence which is sold for oney, and this self-styled martyr, Major Harney, was the presentative of Sam Rainey. The affectation of the man prepostrous.

***

However bad business is, help was never harder to obtain San Francisco. Maybe all the available men out of work ave enlisted. Mayhap they have found places in the varis business houses—at all events, the agencies will tell ou that they find it difficult to obtain competent men, ther as salesmen or clerks. As for boys to do errands the emand is far ahead of the supply. This is a good sign, nd the community is to be congratulated. Yet there is no iminution of the cry of quiet times. There is a veritable tality overhanging California industries this year. The routh having played havoc with our cereals, with the nterest of stockraisers and miners, was succeeded by hot inds that killed half of the fruit crop of the upper Sacraento and San Joaquin valleys. Unseasonable rains have njured the peaches and prunes, and yet there remained the isins out of which some revenue might be raised. Lo, a re occurs, and the great packing houses along the railroad ne at Fresno, in which the big growers were accustomed prepare their crops for the market, were destroyed by re. It was a fearful blaze, and the packing houses of he Forsythe Seeded Raisin Co., the Phenix Co., and the armers', Einstein and Hobbs & Parsons warehouses were urned, involving a loss of at least $300,000. The fire will rove a serious blow to the industry, and will deprive hunreds of people of employment. What will be in store for he wine makers, I wonder, ere vintage time arrives.

***

There have been many changes recently in newspaperom, the most notable being the defection from the *Examner* of Thomas Garrett, who has now accepted an engagement with the Los Angeles *Record*, an enterprising evening aily with a large and increasing circulation. Mr. Garrett s one of the ablest and most competent newspaper men on he coast, and is one of the few men engaged in that most nerous and unthankful profession who may be said to have future. A tremendous worker, he has proved himself the est of news gatherers, and certainly has won his reputaion by dint of consistent and well directed industry. Another journalist who has just taken a prominent place is ohn F. Conners, whose work on the *Examiner*, attracted onsiderable public attention. He has been appointed ditor of the Oakland *Tribune*, and should prove a great cquisition to the staff of that paper. Like his ex-chief, Mr. Conners is an untiring and enthusiastic worker, who ever failed so get a "story."

***

C. H. Warren, who has been asst. city editor under Thomas Garrett, of the *Post*, *Chronicle* and *Examiner*, is now in harge of the local room of the Monarch. He is a journalst of many years experience, and is possessed of decided executive capacity and excellent news judgment. With him as assistant is E. F. Moran, who has done excellent newspaper work in the many years of his connection with the *Chronicle* and the *Examiner*. L. S. Vassault, late of the *Argonaut* is also a member of the *Examiner's* city staff.

***

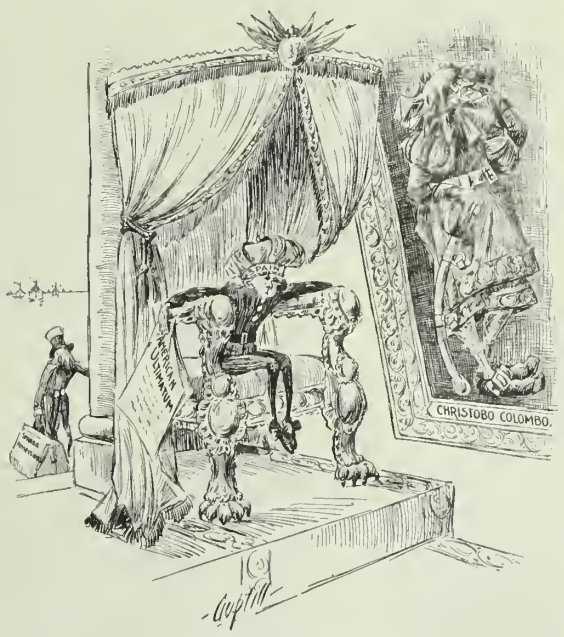
This indifferent city takes its disappointment in the matter of the Sutro will with characteristic phlegm. Though this millionaire posed for years as a philantrophist on the strength of promised benefactions, although on the basis of these same assurances he was elected Mayor, his generosity seems to have been exhausted by his pledges. Long ago Reuben Lloyd told a friend of mine that, though he had often exhorted Mr. Sutro to make a fresh will in which, at least, the great library should be bequeathed to the city of San Francisco, the obstinate old man could never be persuaded to take action. Elsewhere there would be indignation meetings and other manifestations of feeling, but here no one seems to care very much. I wonder how long it will be before villa lots will be offered for sale on the Heights? It is a peerless location for residences and real estate is not expensive just now.

***

Though the behavior of the large number of troops encamped on this peninsular for several months has on the the whole been good, two very unfortunate affairs have occurred during the last few days. At the Presidio a sudden outbreak of fury on the part of the Tennessee Volunteers was directed against a colored man, who was severely maltreated and his cottage practically destroyed. Several of the soldiers were placed under arrest by the military authorities, and the commander of the regiment has issued a manifesto to the public through the daily press requesting that judgment in the matter may be reserved until the proper authorities have dealt with the offenders. At Camp Barrett, Oakland, a private of the Eighth California stabbed and killed a fellow-soldier and is now held by the civil authorities on a charge of murder.

***

With the cessation of hostilities a good deal of uncertainty surrounds the local military situation. The prevailing activity in the camps has not lessened, however, and according to present arrangements the dispatch of the transports *Arizona* and *Scandia* to Manila will follow immediately. The former vessel is booked to sail to-day with some 1400 men, consisting of the Eighteenth and Twenty-third U. S. Infantry, and recruits for the Oregon, Pennsylvania, Colorado and Nebraska Volunteers. A further 600 men for the same corps will depart on the *Scandia* about the middle of next week, that ship also taking 300 of the New York Regiment to Honolulu. The *Scandia* will carry in addition a large quantity of stores and ammuition and will not unlikely be converted into a hospital ship after her



FIXING THE BLAME

SPAIN *(to Christopher Columbus)*: "You are responsible for all this!"

Drawn for The Wave by Thos. H. Guptill.

discharge at Manila. Companies F, G and H of the First New York Regiment sailed for garrison duty at Honolulu on the steamer *Alliance* on the 18th inst., Captain A. H. Ferguson in command.

***

Further movements of troops to the Philippines will now depend upon advices to be received from General Merritt. It was always intended that the recruits should go forward to join their respective commands, but the transfer of new regiments is a different matter. If this should be decided upon the *Sydney* and *Australia* now in port and the *City of Peking*, expected as we write, will be available for the purpose. Battery A of the Third U. S. Artillery leaves for St. Michael to-day on board the steamer *Humboldt* and will be quartered there to preserve order. The Government is forwarding by the same opportunity a large quantity of supplies for the relief of the destitute and stranded persons in Alaska, to be followed by further consignments at an early date.

***

The serious complaints of the comissary service on the transports between San Francisco and Manila require the closest investigation. According to the statements which are piling in at an alarming rate rations were scandalously insufficient, and the cooking abominable. We are told that fresh water was available but once a day, and that even the medical service was inadequate and careless. Admitting the inexperience of the quartermaster's department, there must have been some screws loose. Elsewhere the army regulations prescribe a certain quantity of food daily for each soldier, and this forms an ample ratiou. If the men have not had this then someone is to blame, and the responsibility can readily be set where it belongs. The authorities must remember that the men who volunteered to go to Manila were not of the genus laborer, but for the most part were citizens of intelligence and in many instances of standing and repute. Depend on it, they will not be satisfied on returning, until an inquiry is instituted. In such instances a single determined man may make a heap of trouble. When illness and suffering result, incapacity becomes criminal, and the country will want to know just what happened and why. General Merriam, whose devotion to duty is well known, cannot be expected personally to examine the commissary department of each transport, but he can be depended on to make rigorous inquiry into all cases of neglect. However, it will be soon enough to proceed when the regiments get back to San Francisco.

BOSWELL JR.

OMAHA'S WHITE CITY

Leading Features of the Trans-Mississippi Exposition.

In the fifth year after the holding of the great World's Fair another beautiful White City has arisen, this time on the banks of the Missouri at Omaha. On June 1st, President McKinley detached himself for a moment from his war labors to set the stamp of his approval on a grand exhibition of the noble pursuits of peace, and touching an electric button at Washington gave life to the pent up energies of the Trans-Mississippi Exposition of 1898. Occupying a space of 200 acres altogether, the grounds in which the buildings stand have been laid out in lawns and gardens in the highest art of the floriculturist. The more important buildings are placed together in the form of a quadrangle upwards of 2,000 feet in length and 1,550 feet in width, with a lagoon in the center. These bulldings are of a most imposing character, finished in staff, and of elegant architectural design. The quadrangle runs east and west, and lying at right angles are the State buildings, nine in number, namely, Nebraska, Missouri, Georgia, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, New York, Kansas and Montana. Beyond the buildings of individual States, the Midway, or amusement section, is provided with a location, and comprises all the familiar features of that department of modern expositions.

Looking down the great quadrangle are seen the Electrical and Machinery Hall, the Manufactures Building, the Administration Building, Building of Agriculture; then the immense Government Building stretching across the whole western end of the court. At its right, continuing on around the court, comes the Fine Arts Building, the tall arched entranceway, the arch of States, rising opposite the Administration Building, then the Building of the Liberal Arts, the Mines and Miuing Buildiug, and at the eastern end, at the viaduct, the Auditorium for holding public meetings. These noble erections have been so constructed as to combine utility with art. The general Government appropriated the sum of $200,000 for its headquarters and has placed therein exhibits of the greatest interest. The State Department, moreover, gave its aid in enlisting the interest of foreign nations in the work of the fair, which has assumed an important international aspect. Congress has also set apart a special fund of $40,000 for an ethnological collection that will be without precedent. From the great Indian reservations, within easy reach of Omaha, have been gathered together representatives of the Indian tribes, who are shown in all their paraphernalia. They illustrate their rites, ceremonies, dances and savage customs. The Indian Department at Washington has given needful facilities and provided the requisite staff for giving effect to this original feature of the exposition. Probably no such opportunity will ever again be afforded of studying the American Indian in his savage aspect.

The State exhibits, outside the State buildings, are as follows: Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Missouri, Minnesota, California, Colorado, South Dakota, North Dakota, Oregon, Utah, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, North Carolina, Georgia, Washington, Texas, Illinois, Idaho, Wyoming, Oklahoma, Indian Territory and others. The skowing made in these exhibits is especially interesting to the observer who seeks to understand the resources and development of the various divisions of the Great West. In this connection, the agricultural section is worthy of special mention, with its dairy, apiary and implement exhibits. A tobacco plantation, a cotton field and tea garden are all illustrated in elaborate style, together with the numerous appliances used for converting raw material into finished products —all in actual working.

As a monument of the wealth and progress of the central portion of the Union the Trans-Mississippi Exposition is worthy of a visit, and, as President McKinley observed, in his opening message, "nowhere have the unconquerable determination, the self-rcliant strength, and the sturdy manhood of American citizenship been mora forcibly illustrated than in the achievements of the people of the region this exposition exploits." And, as one of the speakers on the some occasion remarked, only half a century ago the Indians were wandering at will in the territory where are now twenty-two millions of people, with an aggregate wealth of twenty-two billions of dollars.

The French Academy is now considering whom it shall elect to fill the fauteuils made vacant by the deaths of Henri Meilhac and the Duc d'Aumale. It is said that Gen. de Barrail and Ernest Daudet, brother of the late Alphonse Daudet, have offered themselves as candidates for the place left by the author of *L'Histoire des Condé*, while Meilhac's arm chair would be warmed by Emile Faguet, Paul Hervieu, Henri Becque and Emile Zola. Concerniug the support of M. Zola opinion is at extremes; some say he will be carried into the Academy on a wave of enthusiasm; others assert that he will not get a vote. Another candidate for M. Meilhac's chair, not to be lightly reckoned, is Imbert de Saint-Amand, whose pictures of French court life are well known through translation in America.

A London *Times* correspondent says that the Hawaiian Government has, in co-operation with a syndicate of planters and merchants, organized a pigeon post service between the eight largest islands of the Sandwich Archipelago. Communication had previously been carried on under difficulties and at irregular intervals, vessels not always being able to reach the islands. Several hundred birds have been trained to the service, and the attempt to establish a daily bird post has been attended with success. The most distant of the outlying posts is two hundred and fifty miles from Honolulu, the central station.

Signal Corps

Group of American and Hawaiian Officers on the Veranda of the King's Palace

Heads of the Reception Committee of One Hundred

Brigadier-General H. G. Otis

FIFTH MANILA EXPEDITION AT HONOLULU

Photos by Davey

THE EMBROGLIO IN CHINA

ersonalities and Politics in the Celestial Empire.

Atlantic City, August 10th.—Where diplomats gather it is evitable that politics are discussed—not the politics of the editorial, but intimate gossip about dispositions and ambitions, which seem, after all, to make the important factor in the affairs of nations. Just now the colony is exercised out affairs in China, over whose dismemberment a great war seems unavoidable. Much curious knowledge of the inside of affairs in Pekin has been aired by secretaries of legations, some of whom had their information at first hand from service in Pekin. Others put in what they had gathered in St. Petersburg, in Berlin, in Tokio. After one of these conclaves I had dinner with a brilliant young German attaché who is undoubtedly well posted on Oriental entanglements. This man has been in every embassy in Europe, and, strange to say, took rather the English view of the latest complications at Pekin.

"Between the perfidity of Li Hung Chang and the Tsung-li-Yamen, the doom of China as an independent empire is sealed," he said. "That it is to our interest to assist the dismemberment I cannot admit, though it was good policy for the Kaiser to obtain a foothold at Kiao-Chau. If the Russians are allowed the free hand they have so long enjoyed at Pekin, it will mean that Manchuria and all northern China will be a possession for Russian commerce, and neither the Germans, the English nor the Americans will have a chance at the trade of these fertile and well-populated regions. We may retaliate by eularging our own sphere of influence to include the provinces that adjoin Shan-Tung, and England may seize the Yang-tsze-Kiang provinces, which would make an enormous addition to her empire, already too large to be manageable. If it be possible to utilize the dynasty as a medium of government, that is the easiest way out of the difficulty, but Russia seems bound to prevent that."

"Are there no strong men in China to rally to the aid of the sinking empire?" I asked.

"I was in Tokio last year," the diplomat replied, "and asked that very question. They told me Li Hung Chang is the ablest member of the Tsung-Li-Yamen, but that he is virtually a Russian emissary. He is utterly corrupt and perfidious is this much acclaimed statesman. Though one of the richest men in the world, he is not above being bribed, and the Russian method of advance is not always to assault. When Li went to St. Petersburg to attend the Czar's coronation, he was in disgrace on account of the Japanese war. The Emperor had deprived him of all his dignities, and dispatching him off on a mission to the barbarians was intended as an additional insult by his enemies. It is said that in St. Petersburg he entered into an agreement with Muravieff, promising concessions to Russia in return for money and protection. On his return to China, Li found himself in even deeper disgrace. The Dowager Empress, who so long supported his pretensions, had retired from active participation in politics after the Japanese war, which she herself had done so much to bring about. By means of gigantic largesse, he strove to propitiate the Emperor so he should again be appointed Viceroy of Chi-Li, but he made no progress because the other members of the Council were determined to keep him out. Office in China is merely an opportunity for plunder, and the other statesmen felt that Li had too long enjoyed a monopoly of the profitable business of negotiating railway and mining concessions. Eventually, however, he made an alliance with the Emperor's tutor and adviser, Weng-Tung-Ho, who has long proved the greatest obstacle to progress in the empire. This man hates foreigners, but he has a strong and restless mind and his influence over the "Son of Heaven" has been enormous. For protection against the hatred of the Empress Dowager, Weng agreed to restore Li to the favor of the Emperor. That involved the return of the ex-viceroy to his old place in the Tsung-Li-Yamen, and then began the series of concessions to Russia, which have precipitated the complications of the moment. Now the Empress has emerged from retirement and Li is virtually in control of affairs."

"But why has England permitted the condition to exist when she has so much to lose by the supremacy of Russia?" I asked.

"England," replied the diplomat, "has her hands full in Africa and in India, and is loath to provoke Russia, whose available strength has been enormously increased by the alliance with France. That is one consideration. Another is that Russian diplomatic methods are more effective than those a parliamentary country may employ. In China nothing can be obtained without money, and Count Muravieff, the Russian Foreign Minister, has never hesitated at corruption when bribery would serve his end. Besides, by interfering to modify Japanese demands at the end of the recent war, Russia obtained great prestige at Pekiug, whereas England, through her sympathies with the Mikado's kingdom, lost correspondingly. Though one of the ablest of English diplomats, Sir Charles Macdonald, has been in charge of affairs at Peking, he has been worsted at every turn by M. Pavaloff, the Russian. Russia has obtained Port Arthur, the control of the Liao-Tong Peninsula and virtually the great province of Manchuria, whereas England has loaned China immense sums of money and really has obtained only concessions that would be worthless iu case of a war with Russia."

"If England oppose Russia, what then?" I asked.

"It is a question whether there would be war at once," said the diplomat. "The result will be to hasten the dismemberment of China. If Lord Salisbury makes up his mind that it is impossible to secure the integrity of the Empire, England will assume ownership of the Yang-tsze-Kiang valley. Russia will hold the northern provinces, and France will extend her empire in the south. It is probable that war will be averted through dynastic influence. The relationship between the Queen and the Czarina is most intimate; the Czar is very fond of the Queen, but it is a question if domestic connections can prevent two nations from quarreling if the aggression of one tramples on the business interests of the other. Dynastic politics are a more important factor in European affairs than you think. The Czarina is the Queen's favorite niece. The dowager Czarina is a sister-in-law of the Princess of Wales, so the Czar is the Prince's nephew. The Kaiser is the Queen's grandson, and Prince Henry of Prussia the Czar's brother-in-law. You can easily imagine what a severing of relationships there would be should Russia and England fly at each other's throats. Indeed, the Queen swears she will never sign a declaration of war against the husband of her favorite niece, and that is one reason for the apparent indifference of Lord Salisbury's Government to the encroachment of Russia in China. He dare not threaten force for the sake of his royal mistress."

"Unless a Chinese Napoleon arises there is no hope then?"

"To my mind a Celestial Bonaparte is impossible because of the ingrained characteristics of the nation," returned the diplomat. "The mind of the official chinaman is converted into a mere memory machine by the system of education and competitive examinations in vogue. He can traffic and barter and trick and scheme, but action and enterprise are not his *metier*. The chief danger to the world of Russia's control of China, however, would be the availability of the immense Chinese population as material for her armies. Properly armed and well officered the Chinaman makes a good soldier. Obedience is ingrained in him and he can be taught to shoot. Only a small percentage of the Indians can be utilized in England's army, and their fidelity is ever a question since the mutiny. Of course, England's insistence on the dismissal of Li Hung Chang may elevate to power Chien-Ying-pu, president of the Board of Works and an enlightened stateman, or Ching-Yin-huan, who has been minister to England and who really understands the predicament of his nation. Only the men who have lived out of China realize the desperateness of her situation and they are impotent to help against the corruption which pervades officialdom."

DALTON.

A FATAL OPAL

The Misfortunes of Spain Ascribed to the Ring of a Jealous Beauty.

Round the neck of the patron saint of Madrid is a superb opal ring—an opal of large size and the most brilliant coloring with a spark of living fire in its center. Set in filigree gold exquisitely chased, it attracts the eye of the casual observer as does no other ornament of the lustrous decorations of the image. To this opal the superstitious Madridlenos ascribe all the misfortunes that have befallen the dynasty and more recently the terrible reverses of the Spanish-American war.

During the brilliant days of the Third Empire in France, the most beautiful woman in Paris was the Comtesse de Castiglione. Then in the very height of her supreme loveliness, even Napoleon III paid her court and all the diplomats and statesmen paid her court. This dazzling woman was present at all the great functions at the Tuilleries, displaying arms and shoulders of superb mould and a skin and complexion of delicious purity. The Empress hated her and was intensely jealous of the attentions which her husband showered on this seductive adventuress

Of all the suitors for the favor of the Comtesse de Castiglione, the most persistent and adoring was Alfouso II of Spain, then an outcast and a pretender. At first this Circe gave but slight encouragement to his addresses, but when the concourse of events seemed blended to the realization of his pretensions she smiled on him her most bewitching smiles, and the royal head was turned past all prudence or constraint. There followed an ambrosian period in which the King and the enchantress conspired together. Her mansion was headquarters for Spanish intrigue and when fate crowned their schemes with success and Alphonse returned triumphant to Madrid, it was agreed that the Comtesse de Castiglione should follow later, to be the reigning favorite of His Most Catholic Majesty.

So the King departed, and with him the hopes and prayers of his enchantress. Alas for her pretensions, the monarch fell deeply in love with his cousin, the beautiful Mercedes, daughter of the Duc de Montpensier, and there was a gorgeous marriage—a marriage of great pomp and ceremony. Europe resounded with rumors of the loveliness of the queen Mercedes, and the royal twain were as happy as turtle doves. For the time being the lovely Comtesse in Paris was forgotten.

But hell hath no fury to match the hatred and rage of the forsaken Circe. She dissembled her wrath, however. Never to a soul did she suggest her resentment at the downfall of the glorious structure of ambitions she had reared on the young monarch's pledges; but a few months after the royal marriage the King received a package from the Comtesse containing a magnificent opal ring of rare coloring. It was called a wedding gift and a memento of an intimacy the memory of which the donor held dearer than life. Much pleased, his Majesty showed the ring to his wife, Queen Mercedes, who was charmed with its beauty and begged to keep it. Alfonso gave it to her readily, and she slipped it on her finger. From that moment she pined away, and in a few months she died.

The ring fell from her wasted hand, and the King, who could not bear to see it, gave it to his grandmother, Queen Christina, who died a few months later. Next the opal was passed on to Alfonso's sister, the Infanta Maria del Pilar, who wore it but a few days before she died of a mysterious illness. Alfonso then gave the fatal jewel to his sister-in-law, the youngest daughter of the Duc and Duchesse de Montpensier, and in three months the young Princess was no more.

Soon after the death of Mercedes Alphonse had married the Austrian Archduchess Christina, who, indeed, made him an admirable wife. When the death of his sister-in-law restored to the royal possession the fatal ring, his Majesty determined to take the curse to himself. So he slipped it on his finger. From that moment his health commenced to fail, and in twenty-four hours he was dead. The doctor pronounced the case one of the strangest on record. His whole physical system seemed to crumble away, every vital organ of his body having succumbed to the most marked senile decay. Physicians could never quite account for it, and the matter was hushed up. Queen Christina, who is not in any way credulous, took possession of the ring after her husband's death, but the other members of the family, with dark Spanish superstition, begged her to destroy it. This she refused to do, but to prevent further mischief, the fatal opal was hung about the neck of the patron saint, where it still glitters ominously. The Spaniards ascribe to its baleful influence all the misfortunes of their nation, aud declare there can be no future for Spain until this damned jewel is destroyed.

ETIENNE MARCEL.

SENSITIVE ALGER

The Secretary of War Resents Criticisms of the Santiago Campaign.

Washington, Aug. 10.—Peace comes as a delightful respite to the Cabinet after all its arduous work of the last four months. Not to the Cabinet alone, but to the officers of the War, Navy and Treasury Departments, whose labor has been more exacting, if less responsible, than that of the President and his advisers. Once again there is reasonable time allowed for eating and sleeping, and while the lights still burn late in the Executive buildings, the force at work is small in comparison with the numbers that gathered there after supper a few weeks ago. The talk that one hears is reminiscent — what this man said and what the other thought, and how things might have been done better. It is not astonishing that accidents have happened, because the trouble found little brain power in the War Office and none of that ability called executive. The immense task of raising an army was accomplished, it is true, but at what cost and under what conditions the country knows. No skill was shown in selecting the camps, no intelligence in the direction of the commissariat. Instead of retaining skilled men to meet the great problems of feeding and transporting, these tasks calling for coolness and experience were attempted by antiquities who had been rusting in the army for years. They were high in office, it is true, but as survivals, not because of merit or ability. Under the circumstances mismanagement was inevitable. When one reads of our soldiers starving in the trenches at Santiago, of the wounded dying while awaiting surgical assistance, of men lying in transports in the heat and glare of the tropic sun, one's blood boils at the cost of this unismanagement. Hundreds of men have died because a few beaureaucrats and politicians were ignorant of their business.

Apropos of war, Secretary Alger is being severely handled by the conservative press of the nation, and his friend and protegé, General Shafter, comes in for general censure for the errors of the Santiago campaign. Alger is seriously perturbed by the assaults of the important weeklies, whose editorials, unlike the attacks of the dailies, hurt. His letter of excuse is generally considered an impotent production. The truth is that this Michigan lumber-millionaire is a small, ambitious and rancorous personage, whose one aspiration as head of the War Department has been to straighten out the scandal in which he was involved during the war and for which he was court-martialed. He was acquitted, it is true, but the sting of the charge has never been forgotten. Since he has been in power, the officers who composed the court have been approached and persuaded, cajoled or influenced into signing a paper stating that there was no foundation whatever for the accusation and that the trial had been uncalled for. General Merritt, who had presided at the court-martial, refused to add his signature to this apologetic document, declaring that the findings spoke for themselves, and the accused having been acquitted should be satisfied. He declined to stultify himself. In consequence the hatred that Alger has borne Merritt all these years was accentuated, and only through the interposition of the President did the latter obtain an active command, it being Alger's intention to shelve him. In the archives of the War Department are preserved the records of all court-martials, but it is said the documents in the Alger case have mysteriously disappeared. It is evident some evil-disposed functionary has tampered with them, and when the good secretary discovers the loss, doubtless he will institute a searching inquiry. Doubtless!

What the end of the controversy will be is hard to predict. In Colonel Roosevelt, Secretary Alger will find a tireless enemy, who will not hesitate to reveal the shortcomings of the campaign. The publication of the Colonel's letter was a breach of good faith, which will certainly bring its own punishment, for the ebullient vaunting of the Rough Riders' capacity will not injure the writer. The feeling of the army at Santiago was boldly evinced by the astonishing "round robin" demanding that the men be taken North — surely a departure in military ethics. The episode of the *Seneca* and *Concho*, which arrived in New York in such fearful condition, will undoubtedly be the subject of inquiry when Congress meets, if not before, though I presume Shafter's influence with the Secretary of War will guard him from the consequences of his maladministration. Depend on it, the end of this affair is not yet.

There is general regret in Washington over the death of Madame Romero, wife of the Mexican miuister, who, duriug the last fifteen years, has been one of the most generous of the capital's hostesses. Her weekly receptions have been famed for their lavish, almost indiscrimiuate hospitality. You met the most extraordinary people there and the rush to the refreshment buffet compelled one to remember that there are many individuals in Washington who find their daily bread at these diplomatic functions. Mme. Romero was by no means to the manor born. Her people in Philadelphia were honest but commonplace trades-people, and her meeting with the Mexican millionaire banker was a veritable freak of fortune. Though frail and very young she was indeed a beauty, and it was a case on Señor Romero's side of love at first sight. After the quiet wedding the girl was placed at school in New York and the best talent engaged to instruct her in the duties her position would require. A year later he came for his bride; the postponed honeymoou was enjoyed, and then the Romeros settled down in Mexico. There grew up a strong intimacy with President Diaz, and subsequently Romero was sent to represent his nation in Washington. There was no trace in the perfect manners of the charming Mme. Romero of the raw Philadelphia girl, but it was only another of those astonishing transformations to which American life accustoms us. Who would imagine, for instance, that the little Leiter girl, whom innumerable Chicagoans remember as rather a lively, but by no means pretty maid, the daughter of a successful dry goods clerk, would, in the course of events, become Vice-Reine of India. But such is life.

DRAYTON.

King Leopold of Belgium, as sovereign of the Congo Free State, has given orders for the constructiou of a telegraph line frou Lake Tanganyika to Nyaugwe, on the upper Congo. Froui the latter place the line will be continued along the river bank to Stanley Falls, where it will connect with the telegraph to Bonsa and the lower Congo. Another line will be run from Stanley Falls, following the course of the Aruwimi to Wadelai, on the upper Nile.

SAMPSON AND SCHLEY

Naval Authorities Discuss the Destruction of Cervera's Fleet.

Not the least conspicuous of our home controversies anent the conduct of the war has been the precise share of merit due to Sampson and Schley in connection with the naval engagement at Santiago. The public were for some time disposed to think that the lion's share of the honors were due to the latter, and that Sampson had unfairly appropriated this to himself. The result of this view was that feeling against Sampson ran high. That this impression was not well founded has been very clearly set forth in a letter from Captain A. T. Mahan, which has recently appeared in the New York *Sun*. The opinions of this distinguished naval authority should suffice to put Admiral Sampson right in the eyes of his countrymen. Captain Mahan says in the early part of his letter:

At Santiago all the dispositions prior to action, and for over a month before, were made by the commander-in-chief. * * * There is very strong ground for believing that Cervera's attempt to escape by day instead of by night was due to the fact that the United States ships kept so close to the harbor mouth that a dash like his, desperate at best, had a better chance when the ships were at day distance. This was so stated, substantially, to Admiral Sampson by the Captain of the *Colon*. If so, the merit of this, forcing the enemy to action under disadvantageous conditions (and it is one of the highest achievements of military art) belongs to the commander-in-chief. *It was the great decisive feature of the campaign, from start to finish.*

He then makes this further point:

The fact that the ships chased as they stood shows that it was unnecessary for Schley to make a signal; and in truth, from first to last, the second in command needed to make no signal of a tactical character, and made none, so far as is shown by his own report, or that of the Captain of the ship. That is, the second in command exercised no special directive functions of a flag or general officer while the fighting lasted. In this there was no fault, for there was no need for signals, but the fact utterly does away with any claim to particular merit as second in command, without in the least impairing the Commodore's credit for conduct in all respects gallant and officerlike.

As regards Sampsou's absence from the immediate scene of action when Cervera's dash began, Captain Mahan observes:

Half an hour before the enemy was discovered coming out, the flagship *New York* proceeded west. In doing this the commander-in-chief, Admiral Sampson, was obeying a specific and direct order from the Navy Department, to confer personally with the commander-in-chief of the army. To this was owing that, to use the words of Sampson's dispatch, the flagship "was not at any time within range of the heavy Spanish ships." Upon this circumstance, mortifying as a mere disappointment, that the ship, though pushed to her utmost speed, could not retrieve her original disadvantage of position (incurred in obedience to the orders of the Navy Department) has been raised the shameful outcry, designed to deprive an eminent officer of the just reward of his toils.

Further on he remarks as to Schley's own view on the subject, as proved by his actions and communication to Washington:

There is not the slightest proof that Commodore Schley is in the least responsible for the malicious attempts made to depress Admiral Sampson with a view to exalt the second in command. On the contrary, when they came to his ears he telegraphed to the Navy Department (on July 10th) his "mortification" at the fact, handsomely attributing the victory to the force under the command of the commander-in-chief of the North Atlantic station—"to him the honor is due."

With this explanation the incident may fairly be considered as closed, and Admiral Sampson should receive all the glory to which he is entitled as commander-in-chief of the squadron that accomplished so striking a victory.

Since the foregoing was written we have noticed in the last number of *Harper's Weekly* a letter on the same subject, bearing all the marks of having been written by an officer of the navy present on the spot. The statements he makes are very explicit, aud though the communication evidences some prejudice against Schley, or at all events his tactical methods, it places Sampson's claim in the clearest possible light. The writer iu question prefaces his history of the operations leading up to the affair at Santiago by remarking that:

"The officers of this fleet will not see Schley—who is entitled to no credit for leadership—honored at the expense of the commander-in-chief, who instituted and carried out, in this age of steam and electricity, a blockade which made Cervera's escape impossible."

He proceeds to recount the disposition of the fleet, prior to the discovery that Cervera's fleet was in Santiago haabor, with the object of showing that in the division of the squadrons under the immediate control of Sampsou and Schley, respectively, the latter was given by the commander-in-chief "the best chance of meeting and defeating the Spanish fleet." He then says:

"As soon as the news was credibly confirmed—on May 21st—Sampson sent despatches to Schley so informing him, and directing him to proceed to Santiago, first satisfying himself that the Spanish ships were not at Cienfuegos. Schley received these dispatches on the 23d. * * The distance from Cienfuegos to Santiago is 300 miles—twenty-five hours at Schley's best squadron speed—twelve knots. * * But he did not blockade Santiago until the evening of May 28th, * * and lay off the port until Sampson came on June 1st. * * On May 26th the Admiral first became aware of Schley's dilatory action and delay in starting for Santiago, and at midnight on May 28th he learned that Schley had turned back and started to Key West to coal. At the time of the receipt of this startling piece of news the *New York* was at Key West. The Admiral went at once, leaving there at midnight on May 29th, picked up the *Oregon*, *Mayflower*, and torpedo-boat *Porter* from the Havana blockade, and went to Santiago at a speed of thirteen knots, arriving there on the morning of June 1st."

Interrupting the sequence of his story at this point, the writer enlarges upon the fact that Schley missed his chance of making a dash into the harbor before Sampson's arrival, and then records the tactics of Admiral Sampson, which finally accomplished the destruction of the Spanish vessels.

"When we arrived on June 1st the moon was nearing its full, and for several nights it was so light that the harbor entrance could be plainly seen: but the dark nights soon came, and with them great danger that the enemy's ships might escape, or his torpedo-boats make an attack upon the fleet. To prevent this, the entrance to the port was illuminated by the battleships. * * * Pickets of steam-launches, small vessels, and torpedo-boats were placed at and near the harbor mouth, just clear of the searchlight beam (so that they should not themselves be illuminated).

"The stations of the large blockading vessels were drawn nearer the harbor entrance from time to time, until, after the landing of the army, the distance from the Morro for all ships at night was made two miles, and a battleship lay alongside the searchlight ship, with her broadside trained on the channel, ready to fire on the instant. That these dispositions made made Cervera's escape at night impossible is sustained by the testimony of the Spanish Admiral and his officers, and by the fact that daylight was deliberately chosen. That he could not get away in the daytime was sufficiently demonstrated by the disastrous result of his attempt. Sampson's organization and discipline destroyed Cervera's fleet. When his ships appeared, our own waiting vessels simply acted the part for which they had been preparing during the entire month of June. * * *

"The Spaniards came out in column, and turned to the west, maintaining this formation. This removed all tactical difficulties, and made the task of each vessel a perfectly plain one—to close in, fight, and chase. This situation had been laid down by the Admiral in previous instructions, and the vessels needed no orders. The *Brooklyn*, Schley's flag-ship, had the westernmost blockading station, which gave her a great advantage in position at the beginning of the fight. She maintained this advantage in the chase, except with respect to the *Oregon*, which showed unusual speed, and which, after good fighting all along the line, forced the surrender of the *Christobal Colon*. With a blockading line eight miles long much depends, in these quick and speedy days of steam, on chance. Had the Spanish fleet turned to the eastward, the *New York* would have been in the lead of the fighting and chase, and the *Brooklyn* in the rear."

The opinion of Captain Mahan was entirely sufficient to determine the question that has arisen in the public mind, but the views of this further correspondent are evidently based on knowledge, and, being in perfect agreement with those of Captain Mahan, are well worth perusal.

OUR TOBACCO COLONIES

Taking of Cuba and the Philippines Should Benefit American Smokers.

As a producer and consumer of tobacco, Uncle Saui has long enjoyed a proud pre-eminence, and it is not the least remarkable coincidence arising out of the late war that two of the principal places in which the fragrant weed is produced will pass under his immediate control. Amongst men the non-smoker is to-day the exception, and the taste is said to be growing among the softer sex. There must, under these circuuistances, be an almost universal desire to know how this important branch of trade is likely to be affected by the change in ownership of the Spanish West and East Indies. It is, of course, somewhat early to arrive at any definite conclusion on the point, but, speaking generally, the individual smoker in this country should derive material benefit from the altered political conditions of two of the world's chief sources of supply. During the late insurrection agaiust Spanish misrule the production of leaf has been seriously interfered with in Cuba and the local manufacture of cigars likewise. Of the latter circumstance factors in the United States have reaped the advantage and the proportion of raw leaf imported into this country, as compared with cigars imported from the island, has largely increased. The output of domestic cigars made from Havana leaf has therefore been rapidly growing, and the public have become more and more accustomed to the smoking of the home-made article. Really prime leaf, however, is reserved for the makers on the island and the best cigars in the market will no doubt always be those made in Havana, as hitherto.

It is now rather more than four hundred years since the followers of Coluuibus discovered the use of tobacco by the natives of Cuba, who were reported to carry a lighted firebrand to kindle fire, perfuming themselves with certain herbs which they carried along with them. The finest qualities of cigar tobaccos are cultivated in north-western Cuba, the district of Vuelta Abajo taking first place. The highest class of Cuban-made cigars, called "vegueras," are prepared from the very finest Vuelta Abajo leaf, rolled when half dry. Next come the "regalias" similarly made of high grade Vuelta Abajo tobacco. Only the lower qualities, "ordiuary regalias," are commonly found in commerce, the finer, along with the "vegueras." being exceedingly expensive. The cigars when dry are carefully sorted according to strength, which is estimated by their color, aud classed in a scale of increasing strength as claro, colorado, claro maduro and oscuro. Under Spanish rule all foreign leaf has been rigorously excluded from the island and it is important that this should continue to be so. If the importation of inferior foreign grades were allowed the prestige of the Cuban factories would at once decline and their product would no longer command the position iu the markets of the world that it has hitherto enjoyed. Moreover, the trade in exporting leaf from the island would undoubtedly be thrown into confusiou, for the temptation to substitute inferior growths for the genuine product in the process of blending would be found too great to withstand.

With the passing of Spanish suzerainty from the West Indies and the birth of American liberty in that region there must follow a readjustment of the customs duties of the United States affecting tobacco and its manufactuers. How far our house-cigar manufacturing iudustry will be affected by the changed ownership of those islands is a matter of speculation, but the impression exists that it will not be prejudiced by the changes that must necessarily ensue. Duriug the last decade or so the growth of the domestic manufacturing interest has been remarkable, and, with the extensive introduction of improved processes aud close study of the public taste, American-made cigars have to a large extent supplanted the Havana-made article. Considerations of price have of course assisted in producing this result, and it is a recognized fact that one can now buy four cigars made in the United States from genuine Havaua leaf for the same price as three only made in Cuba from leaf of identical quality. Five or six years ago the importation of Havana cigars amounted to 500,000,000 in number. In 1896 it decreased to 100,000,000, and in 1897 there was a further drop to 33,000,000 only. The iucrease in the production of cigars in this country may be gathered from the internal revenue figures for the eleven months, from Juiy 1 to May 31. These show that in 1897–8 there were 424,078,921 more cigars made in the United States than during the saue period in 1896–7, equivalent to an increase of rather more thau teu per cent. These figures will suffice to illustrate the tremendous shrinkage in the production of the island owing to its disturbed state, as already referred to. In normal years the total annual production of tobacco in Cuba has amounted to about 450,000 bales. In 1897 the crop was only 60,000 bales, and for the present year the estimate is 125,000 bales.

A very general impression exists that Havana tobacco is to-day inferior in quality and flavor to what it was in days gone by. Discussing this point recently with the leading importer in this city, who has had a life-long experience of the trade and enjoys the highest reputation as a dealer, he stated that this was an entire misapprehension. Of course there are seasons when the crop is below standard in quality, just as with wine vintages, but as fine a cigar can be obtained now as at any previous period. Tobacco is one of the most exhausting crops known and stimulating fertilizers—guano, more particularly—were used at one time in its cultivation. This practice has, however, been abaudoned for several years past, as it was fouud to have a deleterious effect on the flavor of tobacco grown in that way. Probably the public are under the impression that artificial manures are still used and have imbibed the idea that the natural chemical constituents have been subjected to certain changes which have caused a deterioration of flavor. Such, however, is not the case, and it seems that this popular belief in the decadence of the Havana product has existed through all the years and will probably continue as one of those things which nobody can explain. It may have arisen to some extent through the increasing tendency to expose goods for sale before the tobacco has thoroughly matured and reached its highest condition, as well as from the much larger proportion than formerly of inexperienced retailers engaged in the business. The proper handling of tobacco manufactures needs education and experience the same as any other article of produce, only rather more so, perhaps, owing to its delicate nature and the varied effects of climate and temperature upon the inherent subtlety of its flavor and characteristics.

Manila cigars have never been imported into the United States to any extent and consequently the generality of smokers here have not acquired a taste for them. The peculiar musty flavor is not agreeable, at all events at first, to those who are accustomed to Havana tobacco, and in the matter of cost comparison is not in favor of the Oriental production. Of course any reduction of import duties, that would effect the production of the Philippine islands, might work an alteration and with cheaper prices Manila cigars might become a leading line in our local trade. They are in general use by Europeans and Americans residing in China and Japan, and to a considerable extent in the East Indies, but they undoubtedly require a special education of the palate to enable the smoker to appreciate their properties. Many persons complain that they cause great dryness of the mouth and occasionally headache, in consequence of which there is a not uncomuion impression that in some form or other opium has been introduced into their manufacture. For this idea, however, there is no foundation. As to the trade in leaf, as far as Manila growths are concerned, it simply does not exist with this country, but no doubt under an intimate political connection it would be developed. In all probability our manufacturers would find it advantageous to use Manila leaf for blending purposes and, seeing that much of it is of very desirable texture and appearance, it would be especially suited for wrappers. In this respect it should prove a strong rival to the Sumatra product.

Of recent years the tendeucy has been towards a higher rate of duty on tobacco importations. Under the Wilson tariff the customs duties on cigars was $4 per lb., which the Dingley bill increased to $4.50 per lb., with an ad valorem duty of 25 per cent. in addition under both acts. Wrapper leaf under the Wilson schedule was $1.50 per lb., as against the Dingley rate of $1.85 per lb., with the same duty in each case on what is technically known to the trade as "fillers." The recent increase, it will thus be seen, has favored the home manufacturer at the expense of the consumer of imported cigars. With the change of ownership in the islands in question we are more likely to see a reversal of the national revenue policy as affecting cigars and tobacco, and, for that reason, the smoker, who is at present indirectly taxed so heavily, may reasonably hope for an appreciable saving to his pocket in the immediate future as a reward for the patient and patriotic manner in which he has submitted to be taxed for the financial needs of his country in the past.

R. F. B.

In the great campaign against the Dervishes, the British are making steady progress. Another great battle is expected to take place at the Shabluka Cataract, where the forces of the Khalifa have assembled in great numbers. Up to this point the Anglo-Egyptian flotilla is now cruising while waiting for the transports and land forces. Moreover, the gunboats, which were left to protect the Dongola reach of the river during last year's operations on the Atbara, have successfully passed up the Fifth Cataract and have joined the flotilla in the reach before Shabluka. The flotilla now includes ten steamers, all armed with the latest quick-firing guns and Maxims, and three other unarmored steamers, not counting the Tara, which, until she was captured during the Dongola expedition, was in the hands of the Khalifa. A decisive action at the Shabluka is expected to take place before the end of the month.

The Kaiser is conducting a severe campaign against the satirical papers which venture sometimes to voice public sentiment on tabooed snbjects. Following up the incarceration of Herr Trojan of the *Kladderadatsch* and the condemnation of Herr Maximilian Harden, editor of the literary *Zukunft*, comes the decision that henceforth the *Zukunft*, the *Narrenschiff* and the *Simplicissmus* are no longer to be placed on sale at any of the railway stations of the empire. For non-subscribers the railway station is the usual place of purchase for these publications, whose finances receive a heavy blow. The authorities reckon that the interdiction will further have an intimidating effect on the other publications that are disposed to critize hallowed persons.

Vegetarians came out ahead in a recent 100 kilometre (sixty-four miles) walking match at Berlin with a time limit of eighteen hours. Out of twenty-two competitors, eight of them vegetarians, only six, all vegetarians, covered the distance in the time specified, the winner finishing in fourteen hours and a quarter. The other two vegetarians lost their way and walked five miles extra, but came in next, followed after an hour's interval by the only meat-eater that completed the course. The others all dropped out before covering half the distance.

Camp of the Pennysvania Recruits

The Camp of the Iowas, Kansas Camp in the distance

Nebraska Camp

Tennessee Camp

REMNANTS AT SAN FRANCISCO OF EXPEDITIONARY FORCE TO MANILA

Ad Hinkson and Joe Hamilton

Alo 'g the Line

Major Harney

Judge Lawlor

Chas. Edelman and Major McLaughlin

Prosecuting Attorney Spinnetti

Max Popper

Judge McKissick

State Mineralogist Cooper

"Jim" Barry and His Friends

McNab, Blinker Murphy and Lawrenec

Golden Eagle Hotel—the Political Headquarters

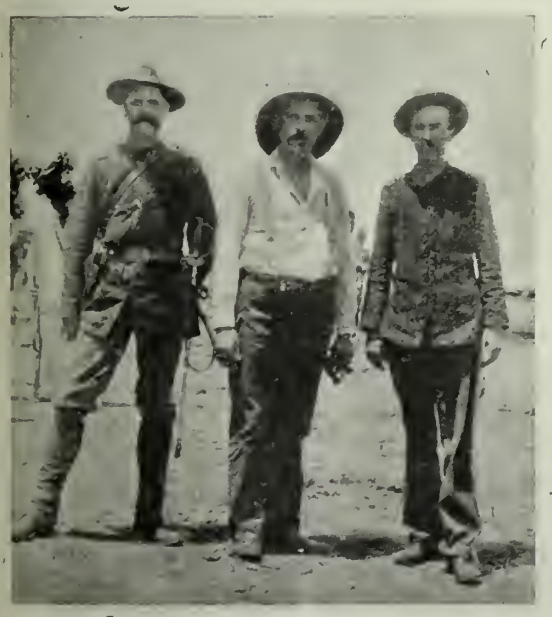
SNAP-SHOTS AT THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION AT SACRAMENTO

Group of Officers at Headquarters

Police Duty

Colonel Smith Landing at Cavite

Old Glory in the Far East



Group of Officers

Company Street

One of Aguinaldo's Followers

WITH THE FIRST CALIFORNIA VOLUNTEERS AT MANILA

Courtesy of The Examiner

THE FALL OF MANILA

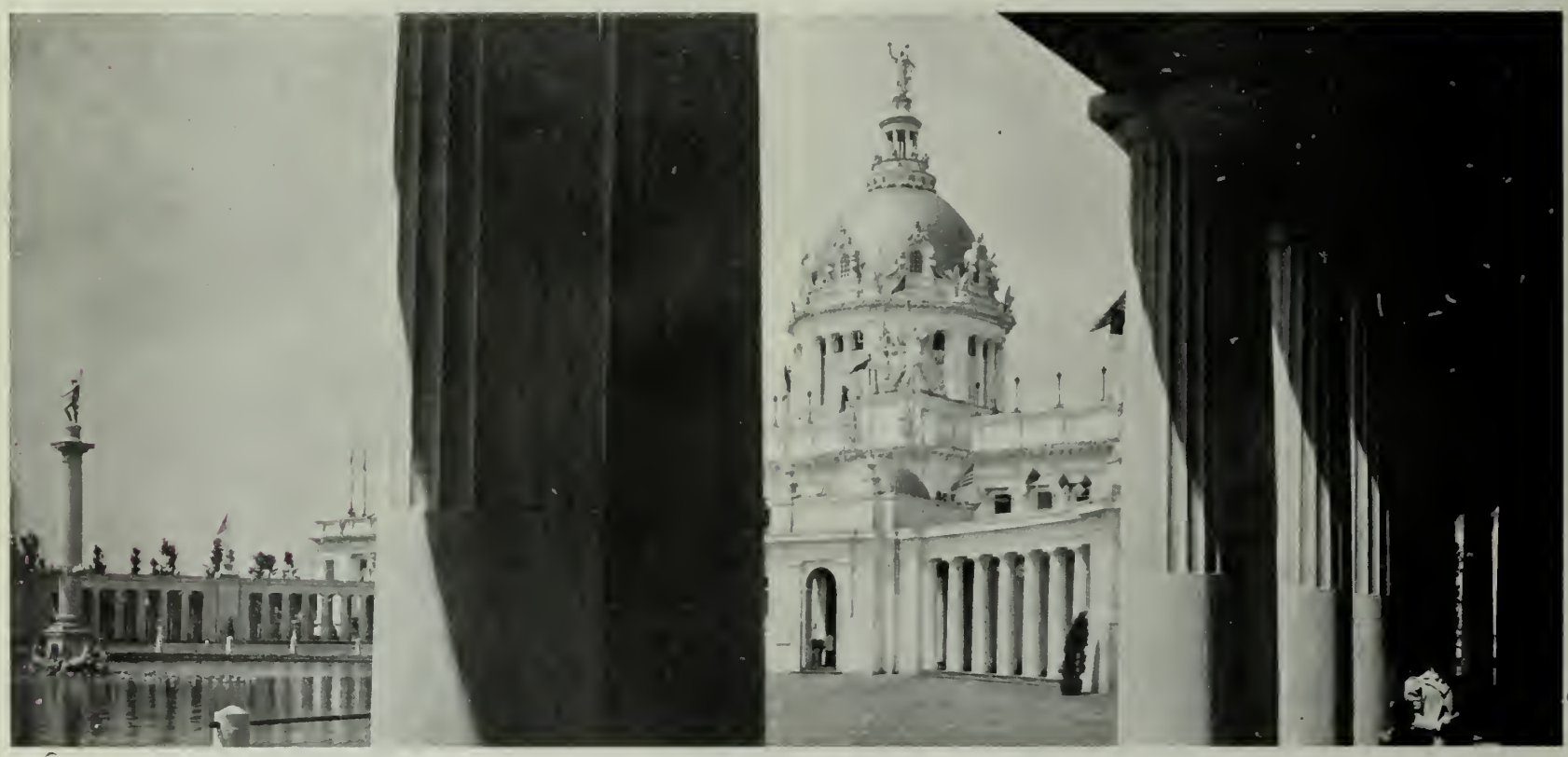
The fall of Manila was fortunately brought about with but slight loss of life. The attack was preceded by the bombardment of the seaward fortifications by Admiral Dewey's ships on the morning of August 13th, which was fully responded to. Half an hour after the naval assault began General Greene advanced on the left with the Colorado Regiment and within an hour or so the first Spanish flag had been hauled down in the Spanish trenches. General McArthur was on the right with the Second Brigade, and met with considerable resistance. General Anderson advanced on Malate from the south, and as the Spanish were driven out by the shells from the ships, followed by the fire of the Eighteenth United States Infantry and the Utah Artillery, and finally swept away by the charge of the Coloradoans and Californians, the flag was raised by the latter. By noon the citadel hoisted the white flag and by four o'clock the surrender had been agreed to and General Merritt at once took possession of the city. The American casualties were nine killed and forty wounded. The Spanish loss is estimated at from 120 to 600 killed and wounded. The Americans captured 11,000 prisoners, 7,000 being Spanish regulars; 20,000 Mauser rifles, 3,000 Remingtons, eighteen modern cannon and many other cannon of obsolate pattern.

According to the press accounts the resistance was intended to be merely nominal. the mode of attack having been suggested by the Captain-General. Jandemes Alvarez had recently succeeded Augusti in this capacity, the latter being reported from Hong Kong as now en route to Spain. The whole affair is not easy to understand at present, but the fact remains that the Spanish were forcibly driven out, a point that is of the utmost importance to our arms and will be of vital moment in the final settlement at the peace conference. It now remains merely for our land and sea forces to preserve order pending the adjustment of terms.

The list of killed on the American side are as follows: John Dunmore, First California; Edward O'Neill, First California; Augustus Tholen, Twenty-third Regulars; Clement Hauer, Twenty-third Regulars; Archie Patterson, Thirteenth Minnesota; William Lewis, Nebraska Regiment; Robert McCann, Fourteenth Regulars; Samuel Howell, Fourteenth Regulars. Four of the men are seriously hurt and may not survive. They are as follows: Claude F. Head, Company G, First Nebraska Volunteers, shot in abdomen; D. J. O'Connor, Company D, Fourteenth United States Infantry, shot in thigh; Clinton Lambert, Company E, Fourteenth Infantry, shot in chest; Lucius Snow, Company D, Fourteenth Infantry, shot in leg.

It costs 25 cents a word to send a cablegram from New York to London, and $2.35 a word to send it to Manila. In the latter case it must be received and transmitted a score of times before it reaches its destination.

Northeast Corner of the Grand Court



United States Goverment Building

Agriculture Building

THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI EXPOSITION AT OMAHA

THE GARDEN FETE AT MONTE DE ROBLES, SAN MATEO

BIRDSEYE VIEW OF MANILA BAY
Showing the Positions of the American Regiments Prior to the Assault on the City.

Major G. G. Grant

Major Grant and Officers

Hospital Corps

BATTALION OF SIXTH CALIFORNIA VOLUNTEERS

DEVICES OF TALEMAKERS

Some Methods of Introduciag a Story — A Long-Winded Narrator.

When the young writer has thought out a plot and decided on a set of characters, the problem of statement presents itself. Shall the story be told as a succession of events in which the narrator assumes no role save historian? or shall the hero be his own biographer and describe the incidents as his personal adventures? Perhaps the episode may be set down as the memory of an antique relative whose youth had been spent in a stormy era; perhaps the old device of a MSS. exhumed from a secret drawer will be favored. On the conscicnce of most amateur tale-spinners is the burden of finding a plausible excuse for their plots. Instead of plunging boldly into the current of incident, they must laboriously explain their own relation thereto —for which the reader cares not a whit. A good story is its own *raison d'etre*, and the sooner the writer is in the midst of it the happier the reader is.

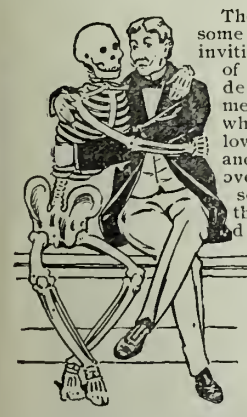
Quite the most shallow and far-fetched of all these introductory designs is the "told in the smoking-room," scheme which is the medium of Miss Varina Jefferson Davis' story, *A Romance of Summer Seas* (Harper & Brothers). A fairly entertaining tale, it is made ridiculous by this stilted setting. The narrator is an ancient but highly respectable bore; the scene is "after dinner in Fenwick's den"; the New York papers are brought in and a bit of gossip sets the bore relating the *Romance of Summer Seas*. There are some sixty thousand words in his tale, which makes a book of 277 pages, and Miss Jefferson Davis has him reel it off at one sitting. Imagine listening for six hours to a yarning old gentleman, for at the least he must have consumed six hours in the process. Not an incident of its development is omitted, and one cannot help feeling sympathetically for the solitary listener, as every detail is remorselessly set forth. Even presuming him to have been interested, he must have been sleepy long before the happy conclusion had been accomplished.

It is an art, however, to plunge gracefully, and no one does it better than Thomas A. Janvier, who is in the midst of *In the Sargasso Sea* (Harper & Brothers), before half a dozen pages are turned. Though a readable story, this romance is an aggravation. Among sailors there exists a superstition that in the inner reaches of the great sea-weed sea off the African coast, thousands of derelicts are still afloat—the accumulated wreckage of centuries of navigation. The sedgy masses of this watery realm are not firm enough to bear the weight of a traveler and effectually prevent the ingress of a prow, so in all the years not even the boldest mariner has penetrated its mysterious depths. Janvier's hero, by a series of mischances, is swept into the very center of the Sargasso and looks out upon a "host of wrecked ships, the dross of waves and tempests."

"The nearest edge of this mass of wreckage was not a quarter of a mile off from me; but it swept away in a great irregular curve to the right and left and vanished into the golden haze softly—and straight ahead I could see it stretching dimly away from me, getting thicker and closer until it seemed to be almost as solid as a real island would have been. And indeed it had a good deal the look of being a real island; the loom through the haze of countless broken masts rising to various heights and having frayed ropes streaming from them, having much the effect of trees growing there, while the irregularities of the surface made it seem as though little houses were scattered thickly among the trees."

He wanders among this strange fleet of derelicts, is lost, starved, finds a galleon laden with piles of gold and precious stones, and finally discovers, in the hold of a water-logged French steamer, a launch, which he manages to extricate and on her makes his escape. The idea is a superb one and the opportunities for vivid description extraordinarily fine, but it cannot be said the author improves his opportunity beyond making an interesting story. To do justice to the situation a powerful pen is essential, but what a chance for great spectral effects and gloomy imaginings this fleet of derelicts affords. Reading the book compels one to remember how few in number are the masters of romance, even in these days of innumerable periodicals. Kipling and Stanley Weyman and Rider Haggard have the power of so materializing their pictures as to project upon the reader's mind vividly the events they narrate. We are involved in the fate of the hero and heroine and, by an irresistible fascination, pursue their fortunes to death or accomplishment. But how few of the others have this gift of imaginative realism, of intense narrative. Anthony Hope exhibited it in the immortal *Prisoner of Zenda*; the fine flavor of it is in *The Pride of Jennico*; you will find it also in *The Honor of Savelli* and in *The Lake of Wine*. Marion Crawford has a measure of it, for at the best he is a story-teller. To one success, however, there are a hundred failures—though *failures* perhaps is too strong a word. It would be unfair to dub Clinton Scollard's entertaining little excursion in romance, *A Man at Arms* (Lampson, Wolffe & Co.), a failure because it really makes a readable and entertaining book, but it has not the virility which the successful accomplishment of such a plot requires. The time and setting afford the opportunity for bold and striking portraits, for fine studies of combat. Conan Doyle or Weyman would have fashioned a masterful figure out of Gian Galeazzo, whereas Scollard gives but the shadow of the man. The hero, though he is as able and successful as any of his prototypes, has not the heart, speed or gaiety which the role requires, and really should have been off at some other business than cutting throats. The story is a clever essay at romance making by an accomplished writer, who, strange to say, turns little of his skill at poetical description into the painting of the background against which his creations move.

The *Red Lily*, from the French of Anatole, France, (Bentano's), is a story of very different mould from these others. Its subject is modern love, illicit love and the setting is the Paris of the Parisians. The heroine is the inevitably charming woman of French fiction married by convention to a man whose personality awakens in her heart no echo of love. She finds solace in exterior liaisons, and this story is the analysis and contrast of two of these affaires. Yet the plot is the worst part of the book. There is displayed a remarkable knowledge of character and a marvellous insight into the feelings and emotions which love arouses in different natures. Here is not the subtle verbal dissection of the heart or the mind that Henry James gives, but a vital illumination which startles you with its intimate revelations. The story of Mme. Martin's second passion — the sculptor, Dechartre—is a superb study of the obsession of jealousy—the intense unreasoning antipathy which sometimes arises in the mind of a lover against the former object of his mistress' caresses and which, reacting, arouses hatred in the place of desire. There occur in this drama passages of the profoundest reflection on these strange symptoms of diseased sentiment evincing a wisdom and an observation rarely encountered. The consequence is that the liaison is lifted out of its commonplace vulgarity into a tragedy of the mind. The secondary figures are admirably drawn, with those precious touches of individuality which go so far to identify character. The poet, Choulette, seems modeled after Verlaine and makes an inimitable study. The translation, while excellent in parts, is rather too literal for elegance, being best in the descriptions. C.



The imbecility of some men is always inviting the embrace of death. It is the delight of such men to boast of what "tough fellows" they are, and tell how they overwork themselves and how they neglect little disorders and little illnesses that put other people on their backs.

It may not sound nice to say so, but it is a fact that the average man is just that kind of a boastful, cheerful idiot. If his head aches, it isn't worth paying any attention to; if he feels dull and drowsy during the day, it isn't worth serious consideration; if he is troubled with sleeplessness at night, he doses himself with opiates. When he suffers from nervousness, he walks into the nearest drug store and orders powerful medicines that even a physician prescribes with care. He is a very knowing fellow, but without knowing it, he is hugging death. There is a wonderful restorative tonic and health-builder that will keep the hardest working man in good working shape; it is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is made of pure native roots and barks. It contains no minerals, no narcotics and no opiates. It simply aids nature in the natural processes of secretion and excretion. It tones up the stomach and facilitates the flow of digestive juices. It makes a man "hungry as a horse" and then sees to it that the life-giving elements of the food he takes are assimilated into the blood. It invigorates the liver. It drives out all impurities and disease germs from the system. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It is the best of all nerve tonics. It cures bronchial, throat and lung affections as well.

"I had indigestion and a torpid liver," writes Mrs. A. I. Gibbs, of Russellville, Logan County, Ky., "Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cured me."

If constipation is also present, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets should be taken. They never fail; they never gripe. Druggists sell both medicines.

The Fruits of Criticism.

Characters: Raymond Chester, *novelist and journalist*; Miss Hester Wynne, *in Society, also a novelist and journalist.*

Scene: A literary and artistic "At Home" at Cornwall Gardens, London.

She: These literary "crushes" are getting rather a bore, don't you think?

He; Why?

She: Why, there is such an overpowering element of brains, and a most depressing lack of good looks. Besides, the gowns! Aren't they too awful for words? That discord in mauve and green in the corner, for example. And yet I know the touseled-headed wearer conducts the "Dress Advice" column of a ladies' paper, and has made a lot of money out of her book *How to Dress on £10 a Year*.

He (taking in the scheme of his companion's smart and elegantly-made dress): Perhaps you're right. A good artist is not infrequently a bad critic, and the converse would apply, I presume.

She: By the way, Mrs. Irving-Siddons told me you were a famous novelist. Is that so? I don't remember meeting with your name.

He: Fame is quite a relative thing. I ran down to my native town the other day and discovered that the people there had no idea I did anything. But if you mean do I write novels, I must plead guilty to the prevailing sin.

She: Under a *nom-de-guerre*?

He: Yes; under the shelter afforded by a pseudonym.

She: What one, may I ask?

He: "Mark Earle."

She (starting slightly): O!

He: You are surprised?

She: Yes. Of course, now I know your books well enough.

He: By the way, that man Hobson Bowles told *me* that you wrote. Also under a *nom-de-guerre*, I suppose?

She: Yes; "George Tattersall."

He: How strange!

She: The "George"?

He: O dear no. All writing women who wish to make a bad impression are "George" nowadays. But the "Tattersall," my dear Miss Wynne. How singularly inappropriate!

She: Yes, I always think it was exceedingly clever of me to hit upon it. I don't really care for horses a bit, except as a means of conveyance. And (what rank heresy it seems in this crowd of new women who spend their lives in disclaiming feminine virtues and claiming masculine vices which, poor souls, they could not abide if they possessed them) I confess that I infinitely prefer babies, yes, babies, and my "bike."

He: There's Rimer, the great critic, who can see no virtue in any novel which is not either written by Rimer or some of the elect? His elect, of course.

She: Don't be too hard; reviewing is dreary work.

He: Do you do any? If so I can sympathize.

She: Yes; a little. I do a book column in *Woman's Empire*.

He: O! Then you reviewed *The Fatal Proxy*.

She: M'yes. I suppose I had better admit it.

He: It was a jolly slashing, anyway. But did you read the book?

She: What a question (laughing). I will tell you how it was. Someone told me "Mark Earle" was an abominable prig. Didn't think anything of women. And—and—I can't say any more. You know the sort of thing that—well, I won't mention names—talks about——

He (interrupting): About people who won't be put in his menagerie or insert laudatory paragraphs about him. O yes, I quite understand.

She: You shouldn't interrupt. I was going to say that the first few passages of the novel rather bore out that opinion. And—and I thought it wouldn't be unwise to clip "Mark Earle's" wings a bit.

He: I now remember that you said something of this sort: "If Mr. 'Mark Earle' would trouble to write a novel with less concerning women in it than *The Fatal Proxy* he might write a good one. But we fear that he is one of those modern young writers who, having plumbed the shallows of some silly girl's intellect, is foolish enough to imagine he has sounded the depths of the eternal feminine."

She: you have a remarkable memory for an unfavorable notice.

He: Truths stick.

She (warmly): But you are not at all that sort of person.

He: No?

She: Do you want me to make you blush?

He: Certainly not, although it might make me feel ten years younger. By the way, did you see the notice of *Puppets of Fate* in the *Colosseum*? I wrote it, and because I fancied the book—which *was* a good one, however—might be by some struggling girl or a woman whose bread depended upon its success, I did not (smiling) imagine it could be by a radiant being like yourself, "clad in satin and overlaid with gems," as some of our old-school lady novelists would put it.

She: Or else?

He: I should have confined myself merely to its obvious merits.

She: I must be going. But let us shake hands and agree to read each other's books when reviewing them in future.

He: With all my heart. And elect Rimer president of our newly-formed League of Conscientious Reviewers.

She: You had better ask him.

—*Black and White.*

"A PERFECT FOOD—as Wholesome as it is Delicious."

WALTER BAKER & CO.'S

BREAKFAST COCOA

"Has stood the test of more than 100 years' use among all classes, and for purity and honest worth is unequalled."
—*Medical and Surgical Journal.*

Costs less than ONE CENT a Cup.
Trade-Mark on Every Package.

WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD.,

TRADE-MARK. Established 1780. DORCHESTER, MASS.

THE NEW BOOKS
AS ISSUED
AT
ROBERTSON'S
126 POST ST.

573-579 Market Street, San Francisco | R. H. PEASE, Vice-President and Manager | 73 and 75 First Street, Portland, Ore.

REPSOLD SELECT VINTAGE
REGISTERED BRAND

OF ALL OLD WINES
REPSOLD'S OUTSHINES
WHEN AN EPICURE DINES

THIS BRAND OF WINE IS SOLD AT ALL FIRST CLASS HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS

Office, 416 Pine Street

Professional and Amateur Photographers of the Pacific Coast will please remember that we carry the
LARGEST AND FINEST STOCK OF
Cameras and Photo Goods
IN THIS MARKET
CALIFORNIA CAMERA COMPANY

Headquarters for VELOX PAPER
Send stamp for New Price List.

CALIFORNIA CAMERA CO.
22 GEARY ST., SAN FRANCISCO

When you write, please mention "The Wave"

Rubber heels: Easy walking, no fatigue. At Dietle's, 235 Bush street.

Sergeants Company B, D and E

Signal Corps

Company H, Merced—A. S. Guthrie

Company D, Modesto—D. W. Morris

Company B, Stockton—L. A. Eaton

Company E, Visalia—G. L. Adams

BATTALION OF SIXTH CALIFORNIA VOLUNTEERS

A DEBUTANTE'S DIARY

Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

Several years ago, Diary, my dear, when Leila was a debutante (it seems the Dark Ages to me), a very bright girl came out here from the East and robbed us all of our men. Several of the girls were most indignant about it and determined to boycott the maiden, which they did very successfully. Leila said that on one occasion two or three of them, having met this girl in the elevator, said to her, laughingly: "Oh, we have been having such a glorious time—a *girly* good time, you know." Well, *girly* good times have been my portion for the past week, and I may say I don't find them nearly so inspiriting as pepper and salt times, or even plain pepper times. Girls, of course, are the salt of the earth, but girls without men are salt that has lost its savor and I feel scripturally inclined to cast them forth.

All this is rank heresy, I know, and if the girls knew how they bored me with their countless trivialities, Miss Cricket would also be boycotted. I suppose I am harder to please than most girls, but that is on account of the influence of Papa and Arthur. Leila and Mamma have been such boon companions that Arthur, Papa and I have been left to chum it together. Consequently I have learned to expect some sense and depth to conversation, and one does not get that very much in the society of very young girls and a week of the other rather lets me out. By the way, Arthur is also largely responsible for my tendency to slanginess.

You know we spent the latter portion of last week preparing for the Fete at San Mateo, and in order to be on the spot I stayed with Uncle Harold and Aunt Carolyn. We used to sew and stitch and got up all the grab-bags and decorated and arranged everything, and the success of the Fete we regard as a matter of personal pride. It was a howling success and we simply coined money. I verily believe we could have sold everything twice over, and really we did not have nearly as much in the provision line as we might have had. I don't think I have ever envied anyone the possession of a lovely home before, but I do wish Monte Robles was mine instead of Mary Crocker's. It is too beautiful. In the first place it has so much natural charm. The house is on the top of a low knoll and you have a fine view of the surrounding valley. Then the grounds slope gently down and are arranged in lawns with trees scattered about without any set design. Some lovely old oaks have been left and look so picturesque, lending an air of antiquity to the place. The Japanese tea house is prettily situated and makes quite an attractive spot for chatting and drinking dishes of tea. On Saturday, though, the supply of tea was not nearly equal to the demand, and numbers had to yield to an unsatisfied craving or to take lemonade instead of the cup that "cheers but does not inebriate."

But to return to the beginning of the Fete. We took possession of Monte Robles and arranged the wide porches into booths in which we placed all our fancy goods. One table held the pillows and cushions of every description and was presided over by Mrs. J. D. Grant, Mrs. Nuttall, Mrs. Schwerin, Mrs. Moody and Mrs. McMonagle. Then there was a red, white and blue table with every imaginable saleable device in the national colors. The prettiest table, it seemed to me, was the photographs and picture frames, and really, Diary dear, I should like to have bought this table as it stood. Frames of Roman embroideries and in tapestries were really a delight to behold, and would form a fitting setting for my "best beloveds." The lemonade stand was under the charge of Mrs. Mills, assisted by Lurline Spreckels, Ida Gibbons, Bernie Drown, Romie Wallace, Viola Piercy and several other girls. Viola Piercy is quite stunning looking, with gorgeous eyes. She is to be one of next season's debutantes.

I was disappointed about our failure to appear in Japanese costume, but there was so much trouble about getting our hair dressed and being obliged to wash it afterwards for the ball that we girls agreed to go in our own light frocks. Edna Hopkins was very sweet in a pink and white organdie frock with a green sash; Mary Crocker was in white, and looked sweet and girlish; Mary Eyre was in blue and white. I did not care for Caro Crockett's dress particularly—it was white organdie with big roses scattered over it; Bernie Drown was in organdie trimmed to distraction; Edith McBean was in a light frock which was in excellent taste; May Tobin wore an effective-looking gown which accentuated the graceful lines of her figure—it was of white Brussels net, made over silk, which fitted admirably; Mrs. Nuttall's gown of light chocolate silk, handsomely embroidered, was very becoming and in admirable taste; Mrs. George Howard wore a frock of black with flowers of ashes of roses—it was very stunningly made, and with one exception the handsomest dress at the fete. The exception was Princess Poniatowski, whose gown quite took my breath away, and I must describe it in detail. Starting from the bottom of the skirt and made over a pale greyish mauve French veiling or silk, I could not tell which, a flounce of black chantilly lace headed at the top with shirrings of chiffon beaded with three rows of black velvet; then an insertion of cream guipure lace in large design, also headed with chiffon, another, another and another insertion, and so the waist. The bodice was most effectively arranged with lace, and around her waist she wore a black soft belt with a diamond wings brooch in the back. Her hat was also very chic.

A number of the tables were placed under big Japanese umbrellas on the lawns. All the Menlo, Belmont, Burlingame and San Mateo people turned out in force, with their families, nurses and maids. The city crowd was conspicuously small, and hardly a hundred and twenty people came down by special train. Of these very few belonged to the strictly society set. The train was met by coaches lent by Walter Hobart, Joe Grant, E. D. Beylard, George Newhall and George Pope. Walter Hobart's hat took my fancy and looked a recent importation; it had a very rolling brim and a crown that could have been designed by Hogarth. Frank Carolan's hat made me think of Joe Jefferson immediately. You know, in "The Rivals" he wears a high gray "tall hat," and around Mr. Carolan's hat is a black band. I hardly recognized him at first, and I must say I hold grey tall hats as anathema. Uncle Harold tells me it is absolutely the correct style, however, and I suppose I must accustom myself to its appearance.

All the old San Mateoites were there—Mr. Bowie in his spotless white ducks, the various Howards, Mr. Beylard and Mr. Ford. Then from Burlingame, the Crocketts, Crockers, Kruttschnitts, W. H. Mills and last, but by no means least, Major Rathbone. I wish some of the young fellows had the Major's charm of manner. Had they, I am sure we none of us could resist them, and there would be more engaged girls. But they have not, sad to relate, and we are left lamenting. There were but a sprinkling of men at the fete and not one of my own especial admirers. There were dozens of youths of the schoolboy type, nice looking fellows enough, but two young to be even moderately amusing. The children were exceedingly pretty and were dressed in real English fashion. In fact, were it not for the voices you might imagine that they were all little English boys and girls. The little boys as a rule were very much prettier than the girls, but they will change all that when they grow up—at least, let us hope so.

Tired as I was after the fete, I went home, rested half an hour, and then went to Burlingame to dinner at the Club-house. We had a high old time and the ball was much fun. There was a scarcity of young men, but for dancing the married ones are equally good, so we managed to have plenty of partners.

On Sunday we drove round in the morning, lunched at the Club-house, and then, after watching the men practice, we returned to San Rafael. The girls were all enthusiasm over the Paper Chase, and insisted that I had missed it by not being there. Marie Oge won the ladies' first prize and Therese Morgan came in second. They had an exciting time. Louis Hughes acted as hare, and the course was through the Coleman tract, over the Forbes hills and through the Lucas ranch. The run was over in thirty-four minutes, so you can imagine what a wild time they had. Baron von Schroeder and Ben Holliday came in together. Ben fell off his steed at the flag, but was only shaken up a bit. About twenty-five participated. And now, Diary dear, I am too tired to write any more. Your own devoted MISS CRICKET.

* *

Quite a number of people are up at Deer Park Inn enjoying the fine air of that mountainous region. Among them are Mr. and Mrs. Jewett, Judge R. F. Variel of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. Skelley of Riverside, Col. and Mrs. W. R. Parnell and many more. The trout fishing has improved wonderfully during the last few weeks. The fish are biting now in all the five lakes and some large catches have been made in the Truckee river.

* *

Saturday was a gala day at Burlingame. After the Fete at Monte Robles all the habitues gave dinner parties at the Club. The Scotts had a crowd, so had the Mountford Wilsons and the Crocketts. Miss Mary Eyre's party included Miss Rogers and Miss Williams. There were dozens of pretty girls in charming toilettes. After dinner, dancing was started and kept up till midnight. Next day all the coaches were out in force and quite a number of people drove down to the beach and went in swimming. The weather was warm and the water delightful. The golf links were occupied throughout the day and all the resources of the region exercised on behalf of the visitors. On Sunday afternoon the event was the baseball game between a nine from Stanford and a Burlingame team. The latter was captained by Joe Tobin, who had three of his nephews as aides. These boys made a fine impression, played excellently and more than held their own. Round the grounds was a fine display of coaches. The Burlingame set has gained considerable skill at driving and George Pope, Frank Carolan, George Newhall and Joe Grant can tool a four-in-hand as well now as even Walter Hobart or Richard Tobin.

* *

The next gathering of the fashionable set is Del Monte. A lot of people went down Thursday, another party yesterday, and quite a crowd will take the afternoon train to-day. Among them are Mrs. Henry Scott, the George Popes, Danny Murphys, Taylors, Crocketts and Hopkins'.

* *

Great interest is being taken in the golf tournament at the Hotel Rafael this afternoon. Mr. Telley has developed some good players among the girls, and for the possession of the prize there will be considerable competition. The weather is charming over at San Rafael and there are the usual gatherings among the cottages and excursions by bicycle and otherwise. At the Hager cottage Miss Sally Maynard has been stopping and Miss Mary Belle Gwin is at the Tompkins'. Miss Bertha Smith is at Pacific Grove visiting relatives.

* *

Among his friends one hears many expressions of regret over the departure of Walter Martin, who is to make a tour of the East and proposes going by way of Manila. By the way, he has obtained a place on the Governor's staff, and I believe is now a Lieutenant-Colonel.

* *

Considerable interest is being expressed over the marriage of Miss Nellie Hamilton, daughter of A. C. Hamilton of Santa Barbara, and niece of Senator and Mrs. Jones, who is to marry Mr. H. B. Goodwin. Miss Therese Morgan has gone south to be one of the bridesmaids and Mr. H. N. Stetson is to be best man. At Santa Monica Miss Morgan will be the guest of Miss Jones, who so nearly won the tennis championship in the East. Subsequently this young lady will come north to take part in the tournament at San Rafael in September.

* *

Francis Stuart, the well-known teacher of singing, is on his way back from London, where his vacation was spent. He will probably resume tuition early in September. During his stay in the English metropolis Mr. Stuart had the pleasure of hearing his pupil, Andrew Bogart, sing in a very distinguished company of operatic vocalists.

The Ally in Cuba.

He's wearing Johnson's blanket and three-quarters of his kit—
(I stood beside poor Johnson when the whistling bullet lit);
It struck him at the middle, and he doubled like a V.
And a Cuban has inherited his tools of soldiery—
His greasy frying skillet;
He hadn't time to will it,
But the heir-at-law was waiting crouched behind a handy tree.

He's chewing Jim's tobacco and is smoking Johnson's pipe—
Poor Johnson fell just like the fruit that frost finds overripe;
He fell without a quiver, with a ball in his inside,
And this quick party had his goods almost before he died—
His summer socks—I wonder
If ever he felt under
His sole a pair of Christian socks—or anything but hide.

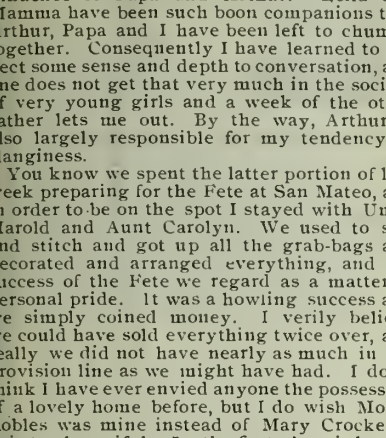
He's lolling in the shadow clad in Johnson's extra shirt;
It has the stain of Cuban sweat, also of Cuban dirt.
Jim chucked it with the other things that weighted down his pack
When we were getting ready for the sugar-house attack.
And Mr. Ally saw it;
It took two winks to draw it
Around his form; for sake of ease he ripped it down the back.

He's chewing Jim's tobacco and he's indolently gay;
He's bolting down subsistence that came here marked "U. S. A."
He'll pretty soon sink into rest upon an easy bed
Made out of blankets lately owned by gentlemen now dead.
He's got enough of victuals
And pots and pans and kittles
To last him for whatever life remains for him ahead.

Oh, Cuba! Cuba libre! How my heart in rapture swells
In contemplation of your men, their habits and their smells!
It fills my utmost being with a sort of holy awe.
To gaze upon our allies, which the likes I never saw.
Dozing among their plunder
Each one commands my wonder,
But chiefest do I marvel at Jim Johnson's heir-at-law. —*Chicago Record.*

$200 will buy a fine Decker & Son Piano at Mauvais', 769 Market street, if you go after it soon. It is as good as new and warranted for five years.

A word to the connoisseurs of the fragrant weed. Through the courtesy of Mr. George Marks, agent for Messrs. F. W. Felgner & Son Co., Baltimore, Md., we are able to announce that for a limited time each new and renewing subscriber to The Wave will receive free, post paid, from the well known firm of Goldberg, Bowen & Co. of this city, one two-ounce tin of Herbe de la Reine smoking tobacco. This tobacco is what is known in the tobacco world as bright cut Cavendish. It is made of carefully selected Virginia leaf—is entirely free from stalks or stems. Its bouquet and fragrant smoking qualities leave nothing to be desired.



The King of its Kind

and so acknowledged by housewives in every civilized land. Greater and more lasting brilliancy, saving labor, saving your silver, never scratching, never wearing. It's unlike all others. At your grocers.

Box, post-paid, 15 cts. in stamps.
Trial quantity for the asking.

Isn't your silver worth the inquiry?

The Electro Silicon Co., 30 Cliff Street, New York.

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

MOORE'S POISON OAK REMEDY
Cures Poison Oak and all Skin Diseases. Sold by all Druggists.

THE P. ROSSI CO.
117 Sutter Street

Only Importers from Venice and Paris of the GENUINE ITALIAN

Hand-Carved Furniture

Suitable for Dining Rooms, Libraries and Halls.

Real French Parlor Sets

(Not imitation, as some furniture dealer insinuates)

In Gilt, Walnut and Mahogany, carved from the solid wood

Genuine French Lace Curtains, Tapestries, Draperies, Velours

Wood Carving and Upholstering to Order from Special Designs.

Our new stock just in, and you are cordially invited to call and inspect the same.
P. ROSSI, Manager.

Bartholomay
BREWERY CO. TRADE MARK ROCHESTER, N.Y.

The "Knickerbocker"

is universally acknowledged the Finest Beer produced in this country.

WILLIAM WOLFF & CO.
Pacific Coast Agents San Francisco

"Remember the Name!"

Certain individuals who do not patronize American industries
Run off with an idea that in order to get good wines they must use
European products, when there is no necessity for
So doing, and in these stirring and patriotic times of
To-day everybody should feel a keen interest in
American products which are of deserving merit,

SHASTA
Both for the reason that they are used
Largely among American citizens, and made by
Americans for American people in America
Now and always, and therefore we ask you to give the
CRESTA BLANCA California Wines
A fair and impartial trial at your club or home

WAYNE
With anything of like cost from France.
Inasmuch as these wines have been acknowledged second to
None in comparison with goods from the
European countries, wherever exhibited, you
Surely are in favor of American goods.

WETMORE-BOWEN CO.,
140 Montgomery Street San Francisco, Cal.

Food for the Skin!

The lemon is a natural skin food, healer, cleanser, and beautifier. **California Cream of Lemon** is a toilet preparation made entirely from the soluble substance of the whole lemon. It is free from all chemicals or other adulterants. Used in the bath, it leaves the skin delightfully soft, smooth and white. It is a quick and absolute cure for tan, sunburn, freckles, pimples, and chapped hands and lips. It restores faded complexions to the freshness of youth and removes wrinkles. After using the Cream either in the bath or otherwise, the skin is strengthened, invigorated and beautified.

It retails at 15 cents. Ask your druggist for it. If he will not supply you send 20 cents and we will send a three-ounce collapsible tube of Cream of Lemon prepaid to any address in the United States.
BALLOU & COSGROVE
Sole Agents for the United States, San Diego, Cal
Most druggists sell it—all druggists should.

Mrs. Anna Von Meyerinck
HAS REOPENED HER
SCHOOL OF MUSIC
For Voice Culture and Piano.

Complete Conservatory Courses, including Instruction in Harmony, Theory, Chorus and Sight Singing, Ensemble Playing, Languages and Physical Culture. Special Preparation for Church Choir Work (weekly rehearsals with the choir of Park Congregational Church)
Lectures on Musical Topics.
Terms for Full Course of Fifty Weeks, $75, (payable in monthly installments of $6 25).
Private Instruction, $15 and $20 per month.
Special Seminary Courses for Teachers.
Coaching for Lighter and Grand Opera by Mrs. Henri Fairweather.
Further particulars may be obtained at the School 841 Fulton street, San Francisco. Reception hours, 12 to 2 daily.

Heraldic Office

Crests, Coats-of-Arms, Book Plates designed and illuminated according to proper rules of Heraldry. Pedigrees and Family Records.
W. DEAKIN, Importer of Ancient and Modern Books.
226 Post Street, San Francisco,

The Royal is the highest grade baking powder known. Actual tests show it goes one-third further than any other brand.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

LONDON

London, Aug. 3.—Extraordinary the number of the fashionable out of door festivities enjoyed by the English. During the season, besides its ceaseless round of balls, parties and other pleasures, the smart set takes in the Derby, Ascot, Henley and finally winds up with the Goodwood races. It is not in London as in New York, where only the smart sporting set goes in for racing and athletics, while the other sets never pay any attention to outdoor amusements. In London the element that attends balls and entertains may be seen at all the race meets, and later at the same house parties, etc.

The Goodwood races were not a brilliant success this year, partially because of the absence of the Prince and Princess of Wales and partially to the fact that these races are losing in popularity. The general impression among racing men is that Goodwood is in its decadence. The best horses do not run and there is only one race worth seeing, i. e., "The Steward's Cup." The journey to the course is arduous, and fashionables object to anything in the nature of hard work. Very few smartly dressed women were there, although the weather was simply exquisite. Lady Algernon Gordon Lennox was generally conceded to have been the most beautiful woman present. Of the royalties the most conspicuous were Prince Christian, Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar and the Duke of Cambridge. The ill luck which at present pursues the Prince of Wales followed his betting, and all his horses were among the "also ran." It is now believed that the Prince will not be permanently lame, although his recovery will be slow. If he be able to regain perfect power over his knee it will be little short of marvelous, considering that he is fifty-six years of age, rather stout, and that his accident occurred at the end of a season of long dinners and petits soupers. He has borne his illness in right royal style, and shown that a prince may be princely even when undergoing severe pain. The Queen heard of her son's illness with the utmost complacency, and said on being told of it:

"He will suffer a great deal; but he was always courageous with pain."

She has made no difference in her own plans, and is following her usual programme. The attendants say her Majesty has changed very much in this regard in recent years, for formerly, if any of her offspring had the smallest accident, she would make a tremendous fuss.

Interest was evenly divided between the Hatfield garden party and Miss Keith Fraser's wedding, both of which took place on the same day. Owing to Lady Salisbury's extremely delicate health she was unable to be present at the garden party, and the guests were received by Lady Gwendolen Cecil, her daughter, in her stead. To my mind, it was the most interesting event of the season: certainly the most important. The highest official of the empire was the host, and the scene was one of the historic mansions of England. It was a most interesting gathering—all the notabilities of London, together with a cortege of Orientals. The affair was carried out in really grand style, for Lord Salisbury always entertains with the lavishness becoming his ancient house. When the guests arrived at the station they were met by a number of carriages, the drivers' whips bearing rosettes of blue ribbon. There were two mounted policemen present when the Duke of Cambridge, accompanied by Lord Cranborne, Lord Salisbury's eldest son, drove to the mansion in the Premier's own dark blue barouche, and his arrival signalled the beginning of festivities. The grounds looked wonderfully beautiful, and the strange garments of the Oriental Ambassadors and their suites lent a picturesque air to the scene. There were the Persians, Japanese, and occasionally Indian princes, and their curiously impassive faces contrasted with the bright vivacity of the English men and women. Two bands discoursed harmonies, one near the Italian garden, a feature of the Park; another was situated in a more old fashioned portion of the place, close to the maze. Every one wandered hither and thither, enjoying the music and passing criticisms on one another's clothes. Refreshments were served at a long buffet, the gardens, which are magnificent, supplying a profusion of fruit.

There was the usual sprinkling of dukes and duchesses. Their Graces of Cleveland, Buccleuch and Buckingham were all there. The Duchess of Buccleuch was rather pleasingly gowned in black, with a fetching little bonnet touched up with pink. Lady Tweedmouth, the wife of Lord Tweedmouth and sister of the late Lord Randolph Churchill, wore a pretty frock of mauve trimmed with white lace. Lady Charles Beresford was in pale blue and mauve. Lady Aldra Acheson was in white and pale green; she accompanied her mother, Lady Gosford. Sir William and Lady Harcourt were also there.

The party was unusually late, as many of the guests attended the wedding of Miss Keith Fraser and the Earl of Stradbroke. This wedding was tremendously smart, as Miss Keith Fraser is a persona grata at Court. Her grandmother Mme. de Falbe is one of the very few intimate friends of the Princess of Wales. It was at her country house Luton Hoo, that the engagement of the late Duke of Clarence took place, and she has constantly entertained royalty in an unceremonious fashion. The new Lady Stradbroke frequently assisted her grandmother in doing the honors of Luton Hoo, and only for his accident the Prince of Wales would undoubtedly have attended the wedding. As it was, the Princess of Wales, Princess Christian, Princess Victoria of Wales and Princess Marie of Greece were there. The bride wore a magnificent gown of antique Brussels lace over white satin. The veil of Brussels lace was covered by sprays of orange blossom. The bridesmaids wore simple frocks of white organdie over pink satin. The bodices were arranged with fichus and pink roses, the stems being fastened round the waist with narrow white ribbons.

The Princess of Wales wore grey veiling with insertions of guipure lace. The bodice was of white satin covered in guipure lace. The sleeves were of grey veiling with epaulettes of satin and lace over the shoulders. A hat of shaded mauve flowers with aigrette of wired lace completed this costume. Princess Victoria was in wisteria mauve silk veiled in chiffon, in which were inserted large appliques of cream colored lace. Princess Marie of Greece was in pink muslin and Princess Christian, who always dresses abominably, wore green silk covered in black lace. All wore small hats—toques for the most part. The ceremony took place in St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. The presents were stunning, the Prince and Princess of Wales gave a bracelet of diamonds and rubies.

Grafton Galleries, which, aside from their artistic purposes are the headquarters of the Saturday Night Club, were the scene of one of the biggest private dinner-dances ever given in London. Mr. Reginald and Miss Alice Ward were the host and hostess, and over one hundred and thirty guests were invited. The dinner was served in a room below the galleries in which many of the diploma pictures are hung. There is a fine canvas of Lord Leighton's, a portrait of himself, as well as a number of others of distinction and merit, among them a beauty of Sir Joshua Reynolds. But to return to the dinner. On arriving each guest was presented with a card setting forth at which table she or he was to sit. The tables were labeled alphabetically, and the guests had great fun seeking their especial seats. The decorations were diverse, each table having flowers and candleshades of its own. Mr. Ward presided at the central tables, Princess Lowenstein in rose red with quantities of lace was at his right. Lady Tweeddale in black with diamonds on the left. Miss Ward was in white and silver with sash of cerise. Lady Listowel was in pale pink with black aigrette and diamonds. Lady Beatrice Hare was in white. Miss Van Wart, an American now doing in London, was in white and silver. She is a particularly interesting personage just now, as it is said the Duke of Manchester hopes to win her and her millions. She is rather an eccentric and believes in the independence of women, prides herself on having the best arranged stables in London, buys splendid horses and has a coachman who is said to be the best whip in the metropolis. Outside of that she is rather good to look at, is tall and dark with an intelligent, interesting face. She gave a ball recently which fashionable London attended.

Speaking of Americans who are living in London, reminds me that Mrs. Mackay has taken Bromley Palace for the summer. It is a fine old mansion and was, from the eighth century till about fifty years ago, the residence of the Bishops of Rochester. It was the headquarters of the Jacobites and bonnie Prince Charley is said to have spent a night there on the occasion of one of his visits to England. They say it is haunted, so Mrs. Mackay will have an opportunity of seeing a real spook. This spirit that never walks is that of Roger Forde, Abbot of Glastonbury, who was murdered there in the middle of the 13th century. Princess Colonna is with her mother.

Mr. William Waldorf Astor is not rendering himself *persona grata* among his neighbors at Clieveden, which he keeps hermetically sealed to the public. As a result there is war to the knife between them and "Willie Walled-off" as they call him. He is known as that "upstart American" and all his pretensions are derided. He, it appears, had intended to reopen Clivedeu when he had a row with a man named Coe, the landlord of the old "Feathers Tavern," situated near his gates. Mr. Astor first tried to have the tavern torn down, but Lady Louisa Laplow, to whom the ancient bostelry belongs, refused to allow it. She said it was historically interesting as the place where the Duke of Buckingham slept the night before he fought and killed Lord Shrewsbury in Clieveden Park. Then Mr. Astor tried to get the justices to revoke Mr. Coe's license, but without success, and so the warfare wages. He is to give a dinner around the famous redwood tree, which, if you remember, he had brought from California. It is a section of one of the Mariposa big trees. He made a bet with General Owen Williams to seat forty round the tree and is bound to do so. That it will be a tight fit those who remember the tree will have no doubt. The invitations are to be sent out a month in advance and the dinner will take place about the middle of October.

The English Royal family is particularly nice to Americans just now. Only recently Queen Victoria complimented Emma Eames and said pleasant things about her countrywomen, and now comes the news that Mrs. Johnson, nee Harriet Lane, was privately presented to the Queen at Windsor. Those who remember President Buchanan's regime at the White House will recollect also that Miss Lane was his chatelaine. He entertained the Prince of Wales, and the Queen, whose memory is phenomenal, desired to show his niece that her hospitality was not forgotten. Mrs. Johnson was presented by Mrs. White, wife of the Secretary of the Embassy.

Hooley still continues to hold the attention of everybody, and those in the smart set are constantly wondering whose name will next be dragged through the mire. The English papers are filled with talks of "Hooley," and we are enjoying a genuine sensation in high life. The beauty of it is that no one feels exactly safe, even the peers who have thus far escaped scot free are trembling in their shoes at what the next day may bring forth.

But to return to the end of the season's pleasurings. The most remarkable entertainment was Lady Saville's surprise dance, which resembled the most extravagant *negligee* toilette of a belle and took hours of preparation. Unlike our idea of a surprise which suggests an impromptu at the least, the most elaborate preparations were made for this party. The house was decorated and a capital supper prepared. Then the hostess and her daughters dressed in their warpaint and orange blossoms sat down to be surprised. Mrs. Hwfa Williams was the leading spirit of the affair and invited the surprisers. Some of the dresses were very pretty. Lady Cynthia Graham was in black with a bertha of old lace and a bunch of cherries on her shoulder. Lady Hood also wore black with diamonds. Lady Sophie Scott was in white tulle with roses. Miss Budget Bulkeley was also in white tulle. Mrs. Charles Wilson was in pink, Miss Wilson in pure white.

KATRIONA.

PARIS

Paris, August 3.—In spite of the fact that Paris is now nearly empty, the streets present as gay an aspect as ever. The Parisians live so much out of doors that the city has never that forlorn and abandoned air which characterizes the greater English and American towns during the summer months. To walk down Fifth avenue in July makes one think of Rip Van Winkle, for you do not see a single familiar face. In Paris it does not seem to matter whether one is greeted by faces that are known or not—all smile and seem gay, and there is an air of ever welcome hospitality about the cafes which inevitably makes one feel at home.

The principal event of last week was the Coronation of the Muse at Paris. It was arranged by the most advanced republicans who form the municipal council, and was a sort of revival of the traditional crowning of the Goddess of Reason. The raison d'etre of this ceremony was in some degree to bonor the historian Michelet, whose bust was uncovered on this occasion, and partly as a sop to the working population, from whose ranks the muse was chosen. The ceremony was quite a pretty one, and Miss Ernestine Carot, the "Muse," was an exceptionally handsome girl of the pure Parisian type, with dark complexion, bright eyes, a slightly retrousse nose, and thick frizzly hair. She is a natural actress, and although she has spent most of her days at the washtub, the moment she took her place on the open air stage in the center of the Place de l'Hotel de Ville she was completely changed. She looked the very personification of a muse. Her demeanor was unconscious, modest, and yet dignified, and she was received with a burst of applause. The bust of Michelet, which was on one side, with his rather sardonic smile, seemed rather out of keeping with this entourage. The tableau was very effectively arranged, however. The muse was the central figure, and was surrounded by a group of poets bending their knees. Beauty binding a wreath of roses on one side, and Suffering, in the shape of a black Pierrot, was finding consolation at her feet. Then followed a procession representing the different epochs in French history, which was quite in keeping with the ceremony of the uncovering of Michelet's bust. But the manner in which the affair was carried out was really ridiculous. The supers wore their costumes in an absurd fashion and looked grotesque and awkward. The programme opened with a march by the French composer Charpentier, who is creating quite a sensation in Paris. He is what might be termed a musical impressionist, and is an anti-Wagnerite. He brought into his piece an imitation of the old Parisian street cries that was quite inspiriting.

The de Goncourt Academy bids fair to be *fait accompli* after all. The executors of the wills of MM. Leon Daudet and Henuequin have made an arrangement with the relatives of M. de Goncourt in which the latter renounce all claim upon the property for the sum of 400,000 francs. This is about half the fortune of the would be founder, but the executors hope that they can draw in enough funds to carry out the original plan. In the meantime the grave of Edmond de Goncourt, who has been dead but two years, is almost neglected, and on the second anniversary no one laid a flower on the tomb but his faithful old servant Pelagie.

"None of his comrades even come here now or visit his grave, and not one of them even attended the mass that was said for his soul on the second anniversary of his death," said the old servant who seems to be the only one to keep his memory and his grave green.

The report of the death of the Princesse de Chimay after having given birth to a child is without foundation. The Princesse has had no child since her affair with Rigo and is otherwise very much alive. Recently her gypsy lover has been undertaking divorce proceedings against his gypsy wife Moriska, whom he accuses of infidelity!

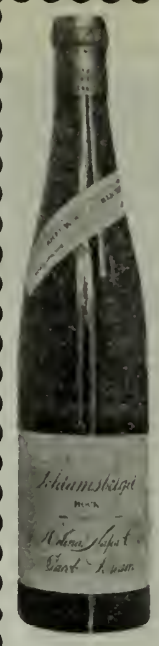
It is hard to say much of fashions in midsummer, but the newest thing in sailor hats may prove interesting. It is of fancy plaited straw of two shades, white and natural colored, and is trimmed with a narrow band of scarlet velvet. A neat contrivance by which you can change a hat band at a moment's notice is to make the band smaller than the crown by about an inch. Then get a piece of elastic and fasten it to either end of the ribbon. The bow is then pinned on after the band is put in place. The very latest in belts is of gold and silver braid mixed and finished with a heavy army or navy buckle.

Sashes are worn, but are rather narrower than was formerly the case. They must be daintily knotted or else passed through a buckle of brilliants. Some are edged round with pleated gauze which is itself bordered with black velvet. Nearly every gown has a touch of black somewhere, as the Parisians think it lends an additional touch of smartness or as they put it, "the very highest chic." The hats worn here are on the picture order with masses of feathers, the feathers arranged to lie flat back over the crown. Quills are also worn and jewels in every shape and form adorn the hats. There are jaunty little bonnets, too, really more like flower garlands than veritable bonnets. The hair continues to be done in high pompadour style with a knot just at the very crown. But in Paris every one suits her coiffure to the style of her face.

BABETTE.

THE . . CHARM OF . . .

SCHRAMSBERG WINES



is their purity and natural delicious flavor. Other things being equal a meal with Schram's Wine is a feast for kings.

Pacific Coast Agents

Sherwood & Sherwood

SAN FRANCISCO
LOS ANGELES
PORTLAND

How's This?

We offer one hundred dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo.
Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free

Insist Upon Having Your Ticket to New York, Boston, or Other Eastern Cities

Read over the Nickel Plate (N. Y. C. & St. L. R. R.), the popular low-rate short line. Quick time, unexcelled accommodations, and no extra fares charged. Jay W. Adams, Pacific Coast Passenger Agent, 37 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal.

For health and strength: Damiana Bitters.

Pears'

Unless you have used Pears' soap you probably do not know what we mean by a soap with no free fat or alkali in it—nothing but soap.

The more purely negative soap is, the nearer does it approach perfection.

Dr. G. A. Danziger, Dentist, 22 Geary street

Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist, 806 Market Street

GERMEA

The Ideal Breakfast Dish

SUMMER QUARTERS

Highland Springs

LAKE COUNTY, CAL.

San Francisco Office, 316 Montgomery Street

Lytton Springs

HOTEL AND COTTAGES

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

Thoroughly renovated and will be kept as a first-ass resort. Accommodations for 150 guests. Loca-d seventy miles north of San Francisco, in Sonoma ounty, on S. F. and N. P. R. R., one-half mile from pot. Cement walk to hotel. Bus meets all trains. ne scenery, ample grounds, nice walks and drives, ith shady nooks and dales. We have our own milk, tter, fruit and vegetables. Lytton (Cal.) Seltzer d Soda near the Hotel, Free to Guests. Open Sum-er and Winter. Rates, $2 per day and $8 to $12.50 r week. W. M. WARD, Manager.

HOTEL VENDOME

SAN JOSE CAL.

his beautiful home (open all the year) is only fifty miles from San Francisco. Twenty trains daily via three routes. Picturesque grounds, delightful drives, and balmy climate.

Just the Place for Your Family

r a real good time and refined surroundings

Headquarters for Lick Observatory

Address GEORGE P. SNELL, Manager

Illustrated Souvenir Free

Hotel Belvedere

Opened for the Season May 1st

elvedere, Cal. MRS. A. T. MOORE.

September in the Sierras!

EER PARK INN, Lake Tahoe, Cal., is located in he midst of the trouting, grouse, quail and deer egion of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Comfort-ble, hospitable, admirably kept.

City office, room 1, Flood Building.

THE GEYSERS SONOMA COUNTY

Six hours from San Francisco. One of Nature's wonders. Grandest scenery. The Hotel an enchanting, embowered home. Croquet ground, tennis court, etc. Natural steam and mineral baths. Bath-house remodeled—elegant porcelain tubs. Tepid swimming lake. New and inviting trails to interesting points. Table unsurpassed. Terms $10 to $15 per week; $2 and $2.50 per day. Long distance telephone, daily mail, and telegraph.

R. M. HORTON, Manager.

Dr. C. C. O'Donnell's Mineral Springs

Twenty completely-furnished five-room cottages in Glen Ellen, Sonoma Co.; good boating, fishing and hunting; finest summer resort and mineral water for all diseases in America; camping ground and mineral water free. Apply to DR. C. C. O'DONNELL, 1206 Market street, San Francisco.

For those who appreciate Comfort and Attention

A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL

SAN FRANCISCO

WM. B. HOOPER, MANAGER

Golden Eagle Hotel

Seventh and K Sts., Sacramento

First-class in every respect. All modern conveniences. Bus at every train. GRAY & TITUS, Props.

CUTS

FOR THE CAMPAIGN AT SPECIAL PRICES

YOSEMITE ENGRAVING COMPANY

24 MONTGOMERY ST. TELEPHONE MAIN 5806 SAN FRANCISCO CAL

MRS. M. E. PERLEY MRS. S. V. CULP

DECORATIVE KERAMIC ART STUDIO

215 Post Street

All Branches of China Painting Taught
Morning Class: Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, from 9 a. m. to 12 m. Afternoon Class: Daily, from 1:30 to 4:30. Lessons $1 each. Private Lessons $1.50 each. TRY OUR ROMAN GOLD.
Telephone Grant 43

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

Main Office, 510 Montgomery St.
SAN FRANCISCO
Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper Information
Advance Reports on all Contract Work
Telephone Main 1042

WHEN LEAVING THE THE CITY PLACE YOUR VALUABLES IN THE

Safe Deposit Vaults

OF THE

First National Bank

N. W. Cor. Bush and Sansome Sts.

EVERY POSSIBLE SAFEGUARD TO PROPERTY
REASONABLE RATES
PROMPT ATTENTION

Office Hours: 8 a.m. to 6 p.m.

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California St., S. F.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus	$2,135,820 60
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash	1,000,000 00
Deposits June 30, 1898	26,486,987 06

OFFICERS

President, B. A. BECKER
First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER
Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN
Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT
Assistant Cashier, WM. HERRMANN
Secretary, GEORGE TOURNY
Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann, Ign. Stein hart, N. Van Bergen, E. Rhote, H. B. Russ, D. N. Walter and N. Ohlandt.

Attorney - W. S. Goodfellow

San Francisco Savings Union

532 CALIFORNIA ST.

Deposits July 1, 1898	$23,356,130
Paid Up Capital	1,000,000
Reserve Fund	182,009
Contingent Fund	435,515

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

DIRECTORS

George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, George Tasheira, E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate, and Farms and Farming Lands in the country.

Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.

No charge is made for pass book or entrance fee.

Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco

33 POST STREET

Below Kearny Mechanics' Institute Buildin

Guaranteed Capital, $1,000,000
Paid Up Capital, $300,000

JAMES D. PHELAN, President
S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-President
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier
C. B. HOBSON, Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS—James D. Phelan, S. G. Murphy, John A. Hooper, James Moffitt, C. G. Hooker, Frank J. Sullivan, L. P. Drexler, Robt. McElroy, Jos. D. Grant.

Interest paid on deposits.

Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks.

When opening accounts, send signature.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO

Capital and Surplus . Six Million Dollars

WILLIAM ALVORD	President
CHARLES R. BISHOP	Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN	Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH	Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON	Second Assistant Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY	Secretary

CORRESPONDENTS

New York	Messrs. Lndlaw & Co. / The Bank of New York, N B. A.
Baltimore	The National Exchange Bank
Boston	The Tremont National Bank
Chicago	Illinois Trust nnd Savings Bank / Union National Bank
Philadelphia	Philadelphia National Bank
St. Louis	Boatmen's Bank
Virginia City, Nev.	Agency of the Bank of California
London	Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
Paris	Messrs. De Rothschild Freres
Berlin	Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft
China, Japan and East Indies	Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China
Australia and New Zealand	The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

CONNECTICUT

FIRE INS. CO.

OF HARTFORD

Assets. $3,300,000. BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.

COLIN M. BOYD,
Agent for San Francisco
501 Montgomery Street

Thuringia Insurance Co.

OF ERFURT, GERMANY

Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248

PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT

204-208 Sansome Street, San Francisco

VOSS, CONRAD & CO,, General Managers

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL Building and Loan Ass'n of California

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and Gen. Manager.

Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

The War Cleverly Illustrated!

ONE DOLLAR

WILL BRING

"THE WAVE"

TO ANY ADDRESS IN THE UNITED STATES FOR A TERM OF

FOUR MONTHS

Subscribe Now!

Address SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT
"THE WAVE"
24 Montgomery Street, San Francisco

J. J. GILDEA

CLOTHIER

OVERCOATS

From $7.50 Upwards

Kerseys, Meltons, in any shades, Coverts and Vicuna, Silk-Lined and Faced to the edge.

SUITS

From $7.50 Upwards

Cheviots and Worsteds, in plain or fancy shades, Imported Clay Worsteds, Vicuna and Unfinished Worsteds in Cutaway Frocks, Prince Alberts and Full Dress.

Our Boys' and Children's Department our Specialty.

J. J. GILDEA

756 Market St., cor. Grant Ave.

Formerly "Examiner" Office.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

400 GRADUATES SECURED POSITIONS IN PAST TWO YEARS

LOW RATES!

San Francisco Business College

Only Experienced Bookkeepers and Reporters Employed as Teachers. Send for Catalogue.

1236 MARKET STREET, S. F.

Irving Institute Select Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies

2126 California St., San Francisco

Accredited to the Universities. Seminary and Full Conservatory of Music. Primary Department for Children. A carriage will call. For further information, address the Principal,
REV. EDWARD B. CHURCH, A.M.

Trinity School A Boarding and Day School for Boys and Young Men

Christmas Session Opens First Monday in August

An Accredited School with the University of California and the Leland Stanford Jr. University. A Corps of Eleven Teachers. REV. DR. SPALDING, Rector, 3300 Washiugton street, San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson's Academy

1427 Franklin St., near Post

Reopens August 1, 1898. English, French, German and Spanish Boarding and Day School. Begins with kindergarten and prepares for universities, business and society. Drawing and painting. Cultured home training. Excellent table. $30.00 per month. Music in all its branches, if desired, extra.

Lyceum Preparatory School

For the University, Law and Medical Colleges. Accredited with Stanford University and Cooper College. References—President Jordan or any Stanford Professor.

PHELAN BUILDING.

Los Angeles Military Academy

A Classical and English Boarding School
Re-opens Sept. 14th. Catalogue on application

Miss Adie's School

2117 California Street

Reopens August 1st. Bet. Laguna and Buchauan

Beware of Imitations
This is a fac simile of the package
Genuine Diamond "L" Tea
Pure and Uncolored
GEO. A. MOORE & CO.
208 California St., S. F.
For sale by all grocers

United States Laundry

Office 1004 Market St.

TELEPHONE SOUTH 420

THE THEATRES

It is too long after the event to to write a critique upon the play of "Trilby," for we have seen it all before, the staring Svengali singing through the lovely model, and the three musketeers of the brnsh, and Zou Zou and the others, so that all one can say now is that the Frawley Company did wisely in reviving it. It seems likely that "Trilby" will indeed live a long time upon the stage, longer than "Jekyll and Hyde," because of more universal interest. The world is pleased to take its psychology diluted with pretty grisettes and occasional snatch of song. The book Du Maurier wrote is no longer among the upper ten at the circulating libraries, but the play Paul Potter made out of the last half of the book has not yet grown so stale that enterprising managers fear to give it board room. And why should not "Trilby" remain a long time with us to fill in the vacant weeks when the gods Hayman and Frohman turn their backs upon us? It has something in it that tingles your nerves, and something that makes you forget that you are what you are, whatever you are. So it's a good play, isn't it? Mr. Theodore Roberts does not need me to tell him that he does a strong piece of acting under a most careful make-up. His Svengali, in accent, pose and gesticulation, once he has reached the hypnotic portion of the piece, is nothing less than first class. And Martinetti, the inconsequent Zou Zou, a masculine Sadie Martinot, whose French is the real thing and whose dancing is so natural that it seems never to have been learned. Miss Kenwyn has the figure required by her part, but her speaking voice is quite as bad surely as was Trilby's natural singing voice. It should be massaged and petted and patted into roundness, for Trilby was no more flat in accent than in chest.

* *

The star attraction at the Orpheum this week has been Mme. Tavary, of operatic fame. The celebrated soprano is still in excellent voice and her artistic efforts seem to be appreciated by the audience. Lillian Burkhart, assisted by Carl Wilbur, presents Grant Stewart's little one-act piece, "A Passing Fancy," in exceedingly clever fashion, seeming possessed of a special aptitude for depicting a severe feminine jag. The three Hegelmans, aerial gymnasts, execute some astonishing feats under the roof-tree, making one's heart thump with their daring agility. Bonnie Thornton takes the popular fancy with some attractive songs. The performance as a whole is a little below the standard of recent weeks, but nevertheless a good evening's entertainment is afforded.

* *

The Grand Opera at the Tivoli continues to draw large and enthusiastic houses. Lohengrin was the attraction during this week, and right handsomely was it staged and costumed and right well was it sung. It is quite the proper thing to have a box and a party at the Tivoli nowadays. A glance over the house reveals something more than lovers of music—the lighter side of society is there. From my seat I could see a full dozen of the swagger set.

The voices of the new people have been selected with much care, the choruses are well drilled and the orchestra is, as usual, divine.

* *

DRAMATIC NOTES

The California Theatre re-opens in October. Among the earliest attractions will be "Hogan's Alley."

Mme. Modjeska proposes to confine herself for the most part to her old repertoire, "Marie Stuart," "Magda," "Camille." But she will also do "Antony and Cleopatra," with elaborate scenic effects.

The romantic drama, "Heartsease," which Henry Miller will offer to local playgoers at the Baldwin Theatre on Monday night, was received with favor during its first run of over 100 nights at the Garden Theatre, New York.

The Morrison engagement at the Alcazar closes next week with the performance of "The Merchants of Venice," in which Mr. Morrison enacts Shylock. He has given a good deal of study to the role, and his conception ought to be well worth seeing. The Alcazar Company lends efficient support.

The new acts at the Orpheum next week are Miss Elsie Adair, the chic comedienne; Chas. Case, a clever monologuist, and the Biograph with an entirely new set of views. The holdovers include Mme. Tavary, in choice operatic selections; the Three Hegelmanns, in their thrilling acrobatic act; Sidney Grant, Miss Norton and Lillian Burkhart in a new sketch, and McBride and Goodrich in new songs and dances.

Mrs. Pacheco and her Ideal Comedy Company leave New York the latter part of next week, and will open the new Comedy Theatre on the evening of Friday, September 2d. Following this engagement Harry Corson Clarke will present "What Happened to Jones?" Arrangements have been made to put on "The Belle of New York," "The Lady Slavey," and other New York Casino successes. A long series of plays and operas will be produced by Manager Leavitt during the year.

At the Columbia Theatre on Monday night the Frawley Company will present, for the first time in this city, the comedy-drama "On Probation." This piece was originally written for comedian Crane, and at the time of its production Frawley was a member of the company and his knowledge of the piece will come in good stead when it is staged on Monday night. The comedy is the work of the two well known writers Brander Matthews and George H. Jessop. It deals, to a great degree, with the relations of our rich Americans with titled foreigners. Theodore Roberts and Karra Kenwyn will appear in this piece, the lines of which are said to be very bright.

Throughout next week the Grand Opera Company at the Tivoli will sing Ponchielli's "La Giconda." This is one of the most interesting of the latter day operas, and it will be given with a double cast. Misses Anna Lichter and Carrie Roma alternating as the gypsy ballad singer; Marie Linck as La Cieca; Elvia Crox as Laura; Sig. Maurice De Vries and William Pruette alternating as Barnaba, the spy; Sig. Wanrell and William Schuster as Alviso Badoero, and Sig. Zerni and Rhys Thomas as the gallant young Enzo, a Genoese nobleman. On Sunday evening, Aust 28th, Gounod's "Faust" will be repeated. Preparations are being made for "Mignon," "Carmen," "Pagliacci," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Rigoletto" and "La Boheme."

Poodle Dog Restaurant, southeast corner of Grant avenue and Bush street. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone 429. Blanco & Bruno, proprietors.

THE TAR FLAT VIEW

Terry the Tough's Impressions of Tivoli Grand Opera.

"Say, kid, has yer been to the Tivoli lately? No? Well yer orter go. I went up las' night and thought I'd see dat mug wot used to play there an' have a laugh and study der semmynude in art. I gets my seat an' the orkestra starts up. At first dere was nuthin' but a rumble of de drums, den a crash an' a bang, an' I thought they were a goin' to play one of Sousa's marches. Den de rumble of drums com' again, an' it made my stomach feel kinder sick. It sounded so mounful, an' den de fellers with de fiddles got in an' de feller with de drum hung a "To let" sign up an' went out of business fer a while. The fiddles were jus' right. Dey didn't play "Wabash," but dey kept gettin' around to a place where I thought dey were goin' to break out inter one of de regular tunes, but dey didn't. I looked at de program, de play was "Low-en-grin," an' I thought dis mug was goin' to have a grin anyway befor' de piece was over. De curtain went up, an' den everybody commeuced to sing. What did dey talk about? Dey didn't talk at all—dey jus' sang. I kept a-wishin' that one of dem blokies would jest speak out and say sumthing, but dey didn't. If one of 'em wanted to say, 'Good mornin', how's your wife,' he sang it. I tell yer, kid, I felt as though I'd lost sumthin'. It put me in mind of de time dat de Pittsburg Kid an' I played de races, we got a 50 to 1 shot, and de Pittsburg Kid took me to a French resturant. It was all right. De dinner was up in G; but when I came out I missed somethin', an' felt kinder gone. I never had ate so much in all my life before at one sittin'. But I felt queer. Do yer know what was de matter. Dey didn't have a single vegetable in der whole dinner, an' I felt de same way about dis opera where dey didn't talk.

"What was de play about? Well, I'll tell yer. Dere was a loidy all drest in white dat kept her hands crost over her chest like she was prayin' or had a bad cold, an' a mug all drest in tin foil wid a sword in his hand told an old bloke wid whiskers dat the young loidy had killed her brudder. An' den the bloke in de the chair said he'd have her tried widout a jury, an' de mug wid der sword said he'd lick any odder mug who said de girl was innercent. Nobody come to fight fer de girl, until a chap come along in a boat drawn by two geese. He landed inter der big bloke an' laid him out. Den he an' der girl got married. Den dere was anudder loidy wot didn't sing much at first, but just made eyes. Byme by she got worked up. She was de pal of de geezer wot got laid out. She begs der girl in white to have pity on her an' der girl in white gives her a daisy suit of clothes, an' den de girls dat borrowed der clothes wants to go into church ahead of der girl dat gave 'em to her. She played trumps before it wuz time. Well, der girl in white gits married an' it turns out her husband is a spirit, an' as soon as she asts him who he is, he has ter go back to his boat. Oh, it's great, but if dey wants to make them kind er shows take wid der crowds why don't dey let 'em fight out dere fights wid der mitts an' not wid swords. Yer want to go see the show, kid, but you don't hear no talkin', no gags, and yer see very little of the unde in art. TERRY.

Since the blockade was established at Havana there has been a total cessation of tobacco importations from Cuba. On the 1st instant, however, the steamer *Fridtjof Nansen* arrived at New York with shipments amounting to 362 bales of leaf and 185 cases of cigars for firms in New York, Boston and San Francisco, creating quite a sensation in the market. Amongst the consignees the name of M. Blaskower & Co., of this city, appears. We understand from the firm that they have been able to maintain their stock of Havana-made cigars at its normal point, notwithstanding the difficulties arising out of the war, and that they at present hold the largest reserve of imported cigars of any firm in America.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes, Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

Clothing, curtains, blankets, etc., cleaned or dyed. Pacific Cleaning and Dyeing Works, 353-357 Tehama street. Telephone South 40. J. Spaulding & Co.

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON
Phone Main 5178

Sutter Street Hammam

TURKISH AND RUSSIAN BATHS

415 Sutter Street, between Stockton and Powell

Open Day and Night for Gentlemen
For Ladies, from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

REMEMBER THE STATE FAIR AT SACRAMENTO

SEPT. 5TH TO 17TH

HELD UNDER CALIFORNIA STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY

THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF CALIFORNIA RESOURCES

EXCURSION RATES ON RAIL ROADS

DON'T FAIL TO EXHIBIT TO ATTEND

Edwin F. Smith, SECRETARY. A. B. Spreckels, PRES.

Everybody Goes Where the Shamrock Grows

THE IRISH FAIR

Saturday, Aug. 20th, to Saturday, Aug. 10th

AT

MECHANICS' PAVILION

The Most Original and Beautiful Exposition ever held on the Pacific Coast. Doors open 1 to 5:30, 7 to 10:30 p.m. daily (Sundays excepted).
Admission 25c. Children 10c.

Baldwin Theatre

FRIEDLANDER, GOTTLOB & Co., Lessees and Mgrs.

Beginning Next Monday, August 22d
Matinee Saturday

Charles Frohman Presents

HENRY MILLER

FIRST WEEK

"HEARTSEASE"

Second week, "The Master"

Columbia Theatre

FRIEDLANDER, GOTTLOB & Co., Lessees and Mgrs.

Beginning Next Monday, August 22d

TENTH WEEK

THE FRAWLEY CO.

First time here of the Comedy-Drama

"ON PROBATION"

By the authors of "A Gold Mine"

Orpheum

Week commencing . . . . . Monday, August 22d

Charles Case, the Witty Monologuist
Mme. Marie Tavary, World-Famous Prima Donna in a New Repertoire
Elsie Adair, Comedienne
Return of the Biograph—New Series of War Scenes
The Hegelmanns, World's Greatest Aerialists
Lillian Burkhart and Company in a New Sketch
Sidney Grant and Miss Nortou in Comedy Interlude
McBride & Goodrich, Vocalists and Dancers

Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c.

Tivoli Opera House

MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING, Proprietor and Manager

Monday, August 22d—Fourth Week of the
Grand Opera Season!

Six Nights Only and Special Saturday Matinee
Ponchinelli's Romantic Grand Opera
LA GIOCONDA
Two Superb Casts, Enlarged Chorus, Augmented Orchestra, Correct Costumes, etc.
Sunday Evening, by special request, FAUST
In preparation—"Mignon," "Pagliacci."

Popular Prices : : 25 and 50 cts.
Matinee Reserved Seats 25c. Tele. Bush 9

Alcazar Theatre

FRED BELASCO, Lessee : MARK THALL, Manager
Telephone Main 254

Monday, Aug. 22d—Farewell Week

MR. LEWIS MORRISON

Special Production of

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

Regular Matinee Saturday
Professional Matinee Thursday

Monday, Aug. 29th—Opening of the Fall Season with the New Alcazar Stock Company

Two Famous Summer Resorts Representing the Mountains, Interior and Seashore

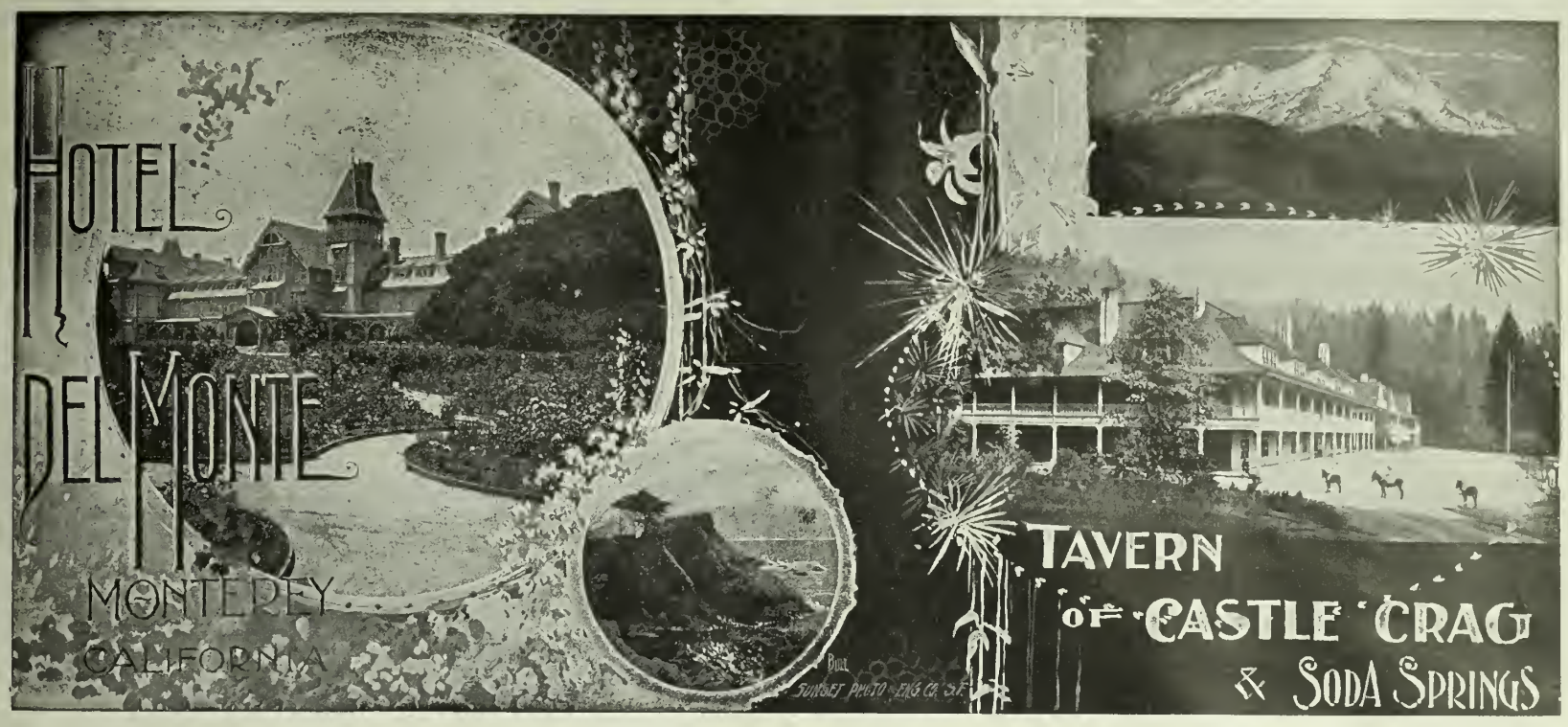
OF CENTRAL CALIFORNIA

BOTH UNDER ONE MANAGEMENT, NOTED FOR ITS EFFICIENCY

HOTEL DEL MONTE

MONTEREY, CAL.

MAGNIFICENT SURROUNDINGS FINE SERVICE
WARM SALT WATER BATHING MODERATE CHARGES
EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN PLANS



TAVERN OF CASTLE CRAG

AND SODA SPRINGS

Located in the Heart of the Famous Shasta Region, 320 miles from San Francisco — Elevation 2100 feet

REASONABLE RATES .·. SUPERIOR ACCOMMODATIONS

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION, ADDRESS

GEORGE SCHONEWALD, MANAGER

HOTEL DEL MONTE, Monterey, Cal. TAVERN OF CASTLE CRAG, Castle Crag, Shasta Co., Cal.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway wharf San Francisco.

For Alaskan ports, 10 a.m. Aug. 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29; Sept. 3; transfer at Seattle.

For Alaskan ports (from Spear-street wharf) 10 a. m. Aug. 3, 23; transfer at Portland.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, 10 a.m. Aug. 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, Sept. 3, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, 10 a.m. Aug. 6, 12, 18, 24, 30, Sept. 5, and every sixth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a. m. Aug. 1, 5, 9, 13. 17, 21, 25, 29, Sept. 2 and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), at 11 a.m. Aug. 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 31, Sept. 4 and every fourth day thereafter.

For Mexican ports, 10 a. m. 18th of every month.

For further information, obtain folder.

The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing.

Ticket Office: 4 New Montgomery St (Palace Hotel)

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen. Agts.

No. 10 Market Street, - San Francisco, Cal.

OCEANIC Steamship Company

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S. S. Moana, for Australia, Wednesday, Sept. 7th, at 2 p.m. Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.
Freight Office 327 Market St.

J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO General Agents

Santa Fe Route

The Most Comfortable Way to Travel Across the Continent!

Through Pullman Parlor and Tourist Cars Every Day

Meals at Harvey's Famous Dining-Rooms

Get full particulars at Ticket Office

628 MARKET STREET

SAN FRANCISCO

1118 Broadway, OAKLAND

A. K. DAGGETT

Drawing of Deeds and all Legal Papers a specialty

NOTARY PUBLIC
14 Montgomery St., S. F
Telephone 305

JOE POHEIM, THE TAILOR

Makes the best fitting clothes at 25 per cent less than any other house on the Pacific Coast. See Prices:

PANTS TO ORDER		SUITS TO ORDER
$3.50		$10.00
4.50		13.50
5.00		15.50
6.00		17.50
7.00		20.00
8.00		25.00
9.00		30.00

The firm of JOE POHEIM is the largest in the United States. Rules for self-measurement and samples of cloth sent free.

201 and 203 Montgomery St., cor. Bush.
844 & 846 Market St. 1110 & 1112 Market St.
SAN FRANCISCO.
485 Fourteenth St., Oakland. 603 & 605 K St., Sacramento.
143 South Spring St., Los Angeles.

GREENBAUM'S

White and Dark Violet

The Most Fashionable Perfume
Possesses the Odor of Fresh Violets

128 POST ST. UNDER BOHEMIAN CLUB

FRANKLIN K. LANE G. WHITFIELD LANE

LANE & LANE

Attorneys and Counselors

Removed to
1409-1412-1413 Claus Spreckels Building

Brushes

For barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bathhouses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candymakers, canners, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paperhangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

BUCHANAN BROS.

TEL. 5610 609 SACRAMENTO ST

BRUSH MANUFACTURERS

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES in and for the Northern District of California.

IN THE MATTER OF CHARLES J. SIMON, Bankrupt.

Take notice, that Charles J. Simon, bankrupt above named, has been duly adjudicated a bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, and that the first meeting of the creditors has been called to meet at the office of the undersigned, at room 185, Crocker Building, San Francisco, California, on Monday the 5th day of September, 1898, at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of proving their claims against the estate of said bankrupt; and that at the same time and place all creditors whose claims have been duly proven and allowed shall appoint one or three trustees of said estate.

Dated San Francisco, August 12, 1898.

MILTON J. GREEN,
Referee in Bankruptcy
in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES in and for the Northern District of California.

IN THE MATTER OF JULIUS WOLFF, individually and as a Stockholder of the WOLFF MERCANTILE COMPANY, a corporation, Bankrupt.

Take notice, that Julius Wolff, individually and as a stockholder of the Wolff Mercantile Company, bankrupt above named, has been duly adjudicated a bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, and that the first meeting of the creditors has been called to meet at the office of the undersigned, at room 185, Crocker Building, San Francisco, California, on Monday, the 5th day of September, 1898, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of proving their claims against the estate of said bankrupt; and that at the same time and place all creditors whose claims have been duly proven and allowed shall appoint one or three trustees of said estate.

Dated San Francisco, August 10, 1898.

MILTON J. GREEN,
Referee in Bankruptcy
in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES in and for the Northern District of California.

IN THE MATTER OF WILLIAM KELDAY TULLOCH, Bankrupt.

Take notice, that William Kelday Tulloch, Bankrupt above named, has been duly adjudicated a bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, and that the first meeting of the creditors has been called to meet at the office of the undersigned, at room 185, Crocker Building, San Francisco, California, on Saturday the 10th day of September, 1898, at the hour of 10 a.m., for the purpose of proving their claims against the estate of said bankrupt; and that at the same time and place all creditors whose claims have been duly proven and allowed shall appoint one or three trustees of said estate.

Dated San Francisco, August 17, 1898.

MILTON J. GREEN,
Referee in Bankruptcy
in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

BONESTELL & CO.

Dealers in PAPER

Fine Coated Papers a Specialty

401-403 SANSOME ST.,
San Francisco, Cal.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE—ANDES SILVER MINING CO.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, Californuia; location of works, Virginia City, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby giveu that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 28th day of July, 1898, an assessment (No. 46) of five (5) ceuts per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, rooms 20-22, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 2d day of September, 1898, will be delinqnent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on Monnay, 11 a.m. the 26th day of September, 1898, to pay the delinquent assessment, togcther with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors,

JOHN W. TWIGGS, Secretary.

Office, rooms 20-22, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF CHARLES BOURNIQUE, DECEASED:

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Charles Bourniqne, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at Room 35, Chronicle Building, corner of Geary and Kearny streets, the same being his place for the trausaction of the business of the said estate in the City and Couuty of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE,
Administrator of the Estate of Charles Bouruique, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, July 12, 1898.

J. D. SULLIVAN,
Attorney for Administrator.

BAJA CALIFORNIA

DAMIANA BITTERS

"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimoniale are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. (Seud for Circular.)

NABER, ALFS & BRUNE, Agents
323-325 Market St., S. F.

THE LATEST STYLES IN

CHOICE WOOLENS

H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors

622 Market St. (up stairs) opp. Palace Hote

Bicycle and Golf Suits

Naglee Brandy....

Vintage 1872
26 Years Old

PURITY GUARANTEED

In the original 25-gallon package, $87.50
Per case . . $18.00

Naglee Brandy Agency
Room 56
Crocker Building
San Francisco

THE UNAPPROACHABLE COLDNESS
...OF...
THE Alaska REFRIGERATORS
HAS WON FOR THEM
MANY WARM FRIENDS!
W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.
Pacific Coast Agents
309 to 317 Market Street, San Francisco

WE PRINT THE WAVE
AND CAN GIVE YOU THE SAME RESULTS
BROWN, MEESE & CRADDOCK
INCORPORATED
ADOLPH MEESE, PRESIDENT — GEO. W. CRADDOCK, VICE-PRES.
419 Sacramento Street
TELEPHONE MAIN 530

COTTON SAIL DUCKS
22-inch, in all numbers. Medium, Soft and Hard
. . ALSO . .
Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks
From 30 to 120 inches wide
Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks
Manufactured by Mount Vernon Company Baltimore
Murphy, Grant & Co. . . Pacific Coast Sole Agents

Centennial Stable
Boarding and Livery
Carriages, Broughams, Victorias, etc. First-Class in every respect
1521-1523-1525 California Street
Bet. Polk and Larkin
Telephone East 378 — M. CONLON, Proprietor

NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

While one of the gifted orators was entertaining the Democratic Convention with a speech the chairman of the Committee on Resolutions was in a little side room struggling with the declaration of principles. "Have you indorsed the war yet?" he asked. "Yes," replied the man who was acting as secretary. "Have you fixed up a resolution denouncing corporate greed and declaring that the laboring man must be protected in his rights?" "Yes; and one asserting our firm and unalterable adhesion to the time-honored principles of the party." "Then I guess we're ready to report. Oh, by the way, write one to the effect that we still adhere to that darned fool free-silver platform of 1896, and let her go."

When Wilhelmina, who is soon to be crowned Queen of the Netherlands, was a little child, she was hardly ever seen by her father, owing to his resentment that a son had not been given him. Her mother, the Queen, planned a ruse to win King William's favor for his little girl. One morning, at breakfast, as he bent over to inhale the fragrance from a great bank of roses which filled the centre of the table, a baby face peeped out, and two baby arms crept around his neck, while a tiny voice cried out, "Oh, papa, take me out of the flowers; they prick me so." From that minute, so runs the tale, the King's heart softened and the little Wilhelmina became a great favorite.

A prominent London lawyer, who is known to have an excellent picture gallery, was sitting in his office studying Christie's catalogue of the sale of Burne-Jones' pictures, when to him entered a client — a man of great wealth and social prominence in Kent. "I hope," said the client, "you will be able to come to that meeting on Saturday." "It will be impossible," was the reply; "I've to attend this sale at Christie's" (waving the catalogue)—"the Burne-Jones sale, you know." "Tut! tut!" exclaimed the great man, in negation. "How inconvenient! Burne-Jones' sale? I—— What is it? Is it *wines?*"

It was at Delmonico's, and evidently the gentleman from the South was making his maiden trip to New York. He had a table all to himself, "in the Beaver-street house," and before he had time to order his lunch the waiter, after spreading the tablecloth and placing the napkin, knives and forks in position, brought a glass of ice water. The Kentuckian looked at the goblet, eyed the *garcon*, and said: "Sah, where I come from, finger-bowls are not handed to gentlemen before they get through with their repast." Then, motioning to the glass, he said: "Take the darn thing away!"

Zangwill, the well-known novelist, was riding with a stockbroker friend in a jobbed victoria. When he had been dropped, the stockbroker, with a little pardonable pride in his company, said to the coachman: "That was the great Mr. Zangwill driving with me just now." The man looked but vaguely interested, and the broker, a little nettled, exclaimed: "Haven't you heard of Mr. Zangwill?" "No, sir," replied the coachman, "I can't say as I 'ave. He don't keep 'orses, does he?" The stockbroker collapsed.

A little boy named Peter, at a public school saw his teacher faint and fall. In the general confusion it was impossible to keep so many curious heads cool, and the little ones flocked round the prostrate lady and her sympathizing colleagues. But this small boy kept both his color and his coolness. Standing on a bench, and raising his hand, he exclaimed: "Please, teacher, can I run home and tell father to come? He makes coffins!"

A little London girl visiting relatives in the country was sent to a neighbor's for milk. The neighbor's cow had ceased to give milk for the time, and there was none to be had. "There is no milk to-day," said the little girl, on her return. "No milk?" said the aunt. "What is the matter?" "She didn't tell me what was the matter," was the reply; "but I s'pose the cow ain't laying just now."

Some time ago, in a Tyneside village, the parish doctor called upon a woman for the purpose of vaccinating her infant child. He inquired the date of its birth. "Wey, sor, te tell the truth, Aa divven knaa," replied the mother; then she added, as a brilliant thought came into her head: "But thor's yen thing Aa de knaa—it was born on the syem day as Geordie Johnson's litter o' pigs!"

A distinguished but modest divine had undertaken the duty of a brother clergyman at a cathedral church. "I am come," said he, addressing the verger, "to take Canon Blank's place this morning. "Pray, sir," replied the official condescendingly, "are you the man who is to read the prayers, or the gentleman who is to deliver the sermon?"

When Mrs. Stanford was in Paris some years ago she visited Meissonnier's studio, accompanied by some friends. They all looked over the pictures, and Mrs. Stanford expressed to Mme. Meissonnier, who was decidedly a bourgeoise, her admiration of the fine art. Mme. Messonier shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, but he has nothing else to do," she said.

In a New Zealand town one of the municipal candidates, a pronounced Scotsman, had received a present of a huge Scotch thistle, which at the moment happened to be lying on the table of his committee-room. A friend, entering, withdrew suddenly, with the remark: "I beg your pardon; I didn,t know you were at luncheon!"

When the news came to the Chickamauga hospital of the destruction of Cervera's fleet, one of the nurses commenced to read it aloud. He had got as far as the statement that the *Brooklyn* had been hit forty-five times, when a fever patient, a little out of his head, shouted, "Great God! Who pitched for Brooklyn?"

PALACE AND GRAND HOTELS
Now Under One Management
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
1400 rooms — 900 with bath
Rooms, $1.00 and upward — Room and Meals, $3.00 and upward
A beautifully illustrated book, containing floor plans and rate card can be had for the asking. JOHN C. KIRKPATRICK, Manager.

Byron Hot Springs
with its latest additions, is now the most complete sanitarium and perfect summer resort on the Pacific Coast. The hotel has been entirely remodeled, with new dining-room, office and sleeping rooms—the entire building is now lighted with acetelyne gas—a new swimming tank of warm mineral water, and all the modern comforts. A good place for the well or ailing. Rates low. Only three hours' rail from San Francisco.
Address ALBERT BETTONS, Manager,
Byron Hot Springs, Contra Costa County, California.

Louis Roederer Champagne
HIGHEST GRADE IN THE WORLD
E. LA MONTAGNE & SONS
Sole Agents
45 Beaver St., New York
Three kinds, all of equal excellence:
BRUT — GOLD SEAL — A Perfectly Dry Wiue
GRAND VIN SEC — BROWN SEAL — The Perfection of a Dry Wine
CARTE BLANCHE — WHITE SEAL. — A Rich Wine
MACONDRAY & CO.
Sole Agents Pacific Coast
116 California Street

There is no greater hardship than to be deprived of your

BattleAx PLUG

and any one who has once chewed Battle Ax will give up most any thing to get it. 10c. buys a larger piece of Battle Ax than of any other kind of high grade quality.

Remember the name when you buy again.

LIBRARY

THE WAVE

VOL. XVIII. No. 9 SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 27, 1898 PRICE 10 CENTS

This Paper not to be taken from

LIEUTENANT RICHMOND P. HOBSON

His Latest Photograph, by Lazarnick, New York

THE WAVE

Is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $5.00 per year. Sample copies free on application.

The trade is supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 342 Geary street; east of the Rocky Mountains by the American News Company, New York.

The Wave is kept on file and is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France; 31 Union Square, New York City; 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 206 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

For advertising rates and on all other matters pertaining to city business, address H. C. Boyd, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco; in regard to country business, address Trevor Corry care The Wave, 24 Montgomery street.

Eastern representative, D. M. Foltz, 34 Park Row, New York.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY

PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 27, 1898

CONTENTS

Editorials	2
Things and People; by Boswell Jr.	3
The Annexation Festival at Honolulu	4
Impressions of Bismarck	5
Sir Thomas Lipton	5
Casualties in War	6
Cost of the War	6
The Men at the Guns	6
The Transport "Arizona"	7
The "St. Paul" at Honolulu	7
Snapshots at the Republican Convention	8-9
The Annexation Ceremonies at Honolulu	10-11
Disembarkation of the California Regiment at Cavite	12
Wagner, the Man: a Review	13
"The Monster": a Review	13
Summer Sport at Del Monte	14
A Debutante's Diary	15
London Letter	16
Paris Letter	16
The Theatres	18
New Stories Re-Told	20

THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR AND THE SENATORSHIP FROM THE SOUTH.

Let it not be charged up by northern politicians nor by northern Senatorial aspirants that the *people* of Southern California demanded the nomination of Mr. Heury T. Gage for Governor. Let no man say, either though misinformation or willful falsehood, that the South exacted from the North the selection of a southern man for chief executive of the State, for it is absolutely false. The body of the people living south of Tehachapi were first, last and all of the time opposed to the nomination of a Governor from their environment. On behalf of Mr. Gage for Governor there was no exhibition of an impulsive uprising of the people; no cheering and enthusiastic multitude urging a favorite political son to high political honors; no quickened public pulse; no fervent, hearty public earnestness. The Southern world was dumb and unresponsive. In the Republican State Convention just adjourned there were in all seven hundred and eighty-eight delegates. Out of this number the counties south of the Tehachapi controlled but one hundred and forty-one. A harmless and ineffectual handful of men, who, even though irrevocably united, could not, *against the wishes of the North*, have nominated a single Southern aspirant to the meanest office on the ticket. San Francisco alone, with its one hundred and fifty-five delegates, was infinitely more powerful in making and unmaking nominations than all the South combined. The delegates from this city could be bartered and traded for every office on the list, and industriously were they used for just that purpose. Conceding Santa Barbara and Ventura with their twenty additional delegates to the South, their total would number but one hundred and sixty-one as against six hundred and tweuty-seven from north of Tehachapi.

Will anyone have the hardihood to declare that the South, with this corporal's guard, without a shred of public sentiment at their backs, forced this great army of 627 Northern delegates to accept Mr. Gage. It is ridiculous. Mr. Gage was nominated by the North, not the South. The suggestion of a Governor from the South, came from Northern politicians. His nomination and his canvass were handled by the North, his bargaining and trading at Sacramento were all entrusted to the hands of Northern politicians. It would be a political crime if in striking a balance, the North should charge this office up against the people of the South and attempt to exclude them from a realization of their brighest political hope—that of naming a United States Senator to succeed Mr. White. The issue Mr. Gage will have to meet in this campaign is not whether he is a better man than Maguire, not whether he talks better, or looks better, or acts with more wisdom. As between Maguire and Mr. Gage as men, it is not difficult to choose. But that is not the most pressing question. Long ago, as far back as last October, The Wave declared that an attempt would be made to force the gubernatorial nomination upon the South; we declared that the purpose of this movement was to bring the Senatorship North. The first step in this program has been taken. The next step will be to bring out from North and South a multiplicity of candidates for the United States Senate. Legislative candidates will be pledged to favorite sons of circumscribed locality whose election would be impossible. On the surface the fight will be free for all, but understand that the conspirators will at a given sign center upon some one individual from the North and nomiuate him with a rush before protests can be heard.

The questiou Mr. Gage will be forced to meet and answer in this campaign is this. Is the program here outlined known to him? The question will come to him with a force from his home people, and he must answer it early. "Do you favor a Seuator from the South and will you untiriingly work to secure that end?" If he does not answer promptly and unequivocally, if he halts, if his answer is lacking in straight-forwardness, not only will he be unmercifully slaughtered at home, but the South will resent the wrong and send to the next Legislature a Democratic delegation, and Mr. White will succeed himself. They will do this, or they will insist that no candidate for the legislative office from the South shall be permitted to run, who does not openly and repeatedly pledge himself to vote first, last and all of the time for a Senator from the South. If Mr. Gage has no part in this scheme to defeat the wishes of his people then there can be no objection to him. Our past criticism of him sprang from no personal antagonism. His fitness, his honesty or his ability have never been questioned by The Wave. If, however, he has privity with the plot to take the Senatorship frou the South and give it to the North, that act alone would brand him as "unfit." With deep anxiety will we wait for Mr. Gage's first utterance on this subject. His home-people are waiting too. We have been peruiitted to examiue the postal cards obtained by a poll of the voters of Los Angeles. They offer mute but eloquent testiiuony on this subject. Over their owu signatures is recorded the verdict of Republican voters of Los Angeles on the Gubernatorial-Senatorial question. By a vote of five to one the Republicans of that county declared their prefereuce for a Senator. Over their owu signatures these Southern Republican's declared "*I protest against the nomination of any Southern man to the office of Governor at the coming Republican State Convention.*" The responses brought out by these postal cards demonstrate that ouly one Republicau in every six favored a Governor from the South. Taking into accouut the postals mailed without a signature the ratio is increased to eight to one. This is the condition of affairs Mr. Gage and the Republican party must face at Mr. Gage's own home. There is only one way to meet it. The Major McLaughlins and all other Republican leaders (?) who declare that the South cannot have the Senatorship, mnst be silenced and the party, and its standard bearer must purge itself and himself of all connection with a job will disrupt the organization. The question is broader than mere State politics. It is of National importance, for it puts in jeopardy the hope of the National Republican party of securing a Republican successor to Mr. White.

Perhaps it may be asked why it happened that the South at their primaries permitted the election of a delegation favoring Mr. Gage. No practical politician will put this question. In the South, as elsewhere, the active man in politics is he upon whose shoulders party principles and popular will weigh as nothing. One might as well charge the reputable voters of San Francisco with the selection of the unprincipled wretches who represent her in Legislatures and elsewhere iu political life. The Southern delegation favored a Governor because all of the political workers in the South were eulisted on that side; and let it be said with shame, because the great body of voters in Los Angeles county were not given an opportunity to vote without undergoing great trouble, expense and discomfort. A "rawer" piece of political work than that exhibited at the Los Angeles primaries was never conceived or put into execution, and strangely enough, without one dissenting voice, the infamous system in its entirety was fastened ou the Republican party at Sacramento this week by a vote of the convention, without deliberation or discussion. The Committee on Permanent Organization in its report, recommended that "all primary elections held for the election of delegates to State and district conventions shall be held by Assembly Districts," and placed irrevocably the manner of holding these primaries in the State Committee. That is just the sort of primary they held in Los Angeles county, and this is how it works. The 70th Assembly District of Los Angeles for the convenience of voters at general elections, contains some fourteen voting precincts. It is no part of these Assembly District primaries to add to the convenience of voters, however. For this purpose, all of the voting *precincts* were abolished and new voting *districts* created, and the number reduced. Polling places were selected adjacent to localities well under the coutrol of the boss, and distant from localities where lived any large nuuber of uncontrolled voters. Republicans in many instances to give voice to their views at this party caucus, to simply cast a ballot at their own primaries, were compelled to spend a day and a night away from home. Voters in Pasadena, North Pasadena and La Canyada were restricted to one solitary voting place iu Pasadena. In the newly created districts four and five, the Republican voters in what were formerly precincts 69 and 70 of Los Angeles City were compelled to traverse the city, take a train to Tropico, remain in Tropico all night, the uight on which the caucus was held, or hire a wagon and drive a distance of ten miles to and from Tropico. This same route the Republican was compelled to follow to attend his party primary.

In the cleverly devised district number five, under this beautiful plan which the Republican State Central Committee has fathered, the whole population of Newhall north and west to the county line, to vote and attend a caucus would have been compelled to sacrifice two full days in time and railroad fare for distances averaging fifty miles. Twelve and eighteen-mile drives, together with the necessity for remaining away from home over night, are samples of the disabilities and obstructions that were wilfully inflicted on Republican voters in Los Angeles to prevent a fair primary. It is already almost impossible to bring out the reputable element to vote at primaries. Taking the less... home, how many San Franciscans would cross the bay vote at their district priuaries if the voting booth were Oakland? Yet the journey to Oakland is trivial besi... those set for the thousands of the Republicans of Los A... geles county if they were to record their votes.

If the reader hears it stated that the people of the Sou... should not claim both offices—the Senator and the Go... ernor—let him make reply that the South did not and do... not claim them both. The North nominated Mr. Gag... The South desires to nominate the Senator. It is said ... behalf of Mr. Gage that he is an honest, independent ma... who will not be subject to any control but that of his ow... conscience, and that he was selected for this nomination ... the Northern politicians because of his honesty, his pop... larity and his ability to meet Mr. Maguire on the stum... Accept this as true; let the gentleman justify this faith ... him.

MILITARY MISMANAGEMENT.

The subject that appears of most interest to the public ... the preseut moment in connection with the late war is t... utter mismanagement of the Santiago campaign. Th... reports of intelligent and reliable press correspondents, ... well as private letters from men engaged on the groun... have created a decidedly angry feeling throughout t... country and a determination to have the whole matt... thoroughly sifted. The latest accounts from Washingt... state that the President has resolved to appoint a Comm... sion to investigate the conduct of the campaign by the W... Department. The inquiry, will no doubt, be made to cov... the distribution of contracts for supplies, as well as t... administration of the transport and medical branches of ... service. It is highly desirable that the results of the inv... tigatiou should be made known before the fall electior... inasmuch as Secretary Alger, on whose shoulders most ... the blame has been placed for the disastrous shortcoming... is said to be nursing extended political aubitions. If he ... responsible the electors should know it, and if he is not ... is entitled to have his character cleared. But whatev... happens the couutry will not accept any whitewashing pr... cess and will look to President McKinley, whose earn... and straightforward handling of the affairs of the natio... during a period of stress and anxiety has been beyond ... praise, to see that nothing of the sort is attempted. T... presumption is that he is already preparing himself to defe... any such scheme and for that reason has made up his mi... to take immediate executive action instead of waiting f... the meeting of Congress.

It is more than likely that but for the truly ghastly fa... ure of the medical department of the army in eastern Cu... the many deficiencies and breakdowns in army manag... ment would have been condoned by the public in view ... the remarkable successes achieved by our arms. But wh... it became known that hundreds and hundreds of brave m... were coming back sick of wouuds and broken iu health, f... the want of ordinary medical comforts at the time that m... fortune befell them and duriug their stay in camp and ... the returning transports, public indignation had no lim... And when, added to this, the Secretary of War had t... temerity to assure the public that nobody was to blame t... whole matter became past endurance. Everybody then b... came satisfied that something worse than ignorance a... inefficiency was at the bottom of the long string of failu... that have signalized army administratiou since the w... began and the country is now fully determined to know t... truth.

Fortunately for us here we have been removed from t... scenes of actual hostilities, but it has needed no great acu... ness of preception to discover a general laxness and go-a... you-please way of doing things in connection with the wo... of mobilization at this port. Without question the W... Department at Washington has been to blame for this co... ditiou of affairs; individual commanders and their subor... nates have done more than could have been expected fro... them, and have loyally striveu to overcome the difficult... created for them by the various army bureaus. It such ... condition of affairs can exist in the case of encampments ... home, and according to all accouuts it was even mo... serious at Tampa than here, how much worse it must nec... sarily be in a fever-stricken and inhospitable country li... that in the neighborhood of Santiago, with fighting going o...

In any investigation of the failure of the War Depa... ment and Secretary Alger, as its responsible head, the co... duct of the campaign by General Shafter will be an importa... issue, and it is more than probable that the reputation ... that officer will sustain a serious blow. A great victory f... American arms was accomplished by the Fifth Army Cor... at Santiago, under the command of General Shafter, b... everything points to the fact that it was won wholly a... solely by the heroic conduct of the individual officers a... men who suffered greater hardships and faced more seric... military obstacles than were ever before encountered by ... American army in the field. The battle of San Juan h... will be historical as an engagement where infautry met a... routed an enemy with the advautage of position and art... lery support, the victorious troops being moreover insu... ciently equipped and half fed. The rest of the campai... was endured under all sorts of privation that could eas... have been guarded against by a commander who was hi... self at the front and, realizing the needs of his troo... afforded the division commanders the comprehensive ... rection expected from hiu, and called for by his o... supremacy in rank. The "round robin" instigated ... Colonel Roosevelt, although a violation of military dis... pline, probably had the effect of saving General Shaf... from universal execratiun. An immediate remedy for t... partly developed consequeuces of his neglect was appl... and the full measure of the evil was never appareut. I... had it been necessary to pursue the campaign what wou... have been the position? Imagine the outcry then.

With a strong commission, that will thoroughly sift t... testimony that is forthcoming regarding the conduct of t... campaign in the field and the general administration ... army affairs by the Department at Washington, there shou... be no difficulty iu arriving at a conclusion, on the gene... question, decisively fixing the responsibility where ... belongs.

As we close these remarks, we observe that the last iss... of *Public Opinion* publishes no less than four pages of ... tracts from journals in all parts of the country expressi... an almost unanimous opinion on the necessity of probing ... the bottom the criminal blunders that have disgraced t... administration of the War Department.

THINGS AND PEOPLE

e restoration of cable communication with Manila has ed the suspense prevailing as to the doings of the army navy in that distant quarter of the globe. The plan of Government, announced at the end of last week, for ormation of an intermediate depot at Honolulu is now to be under reconsideration, and seeing that we are without cable facilities betweeu the mainland and the ds, it is not altogether clear what advantage is to be d by treating that point as a sort of half-way station. nobilization purposes San Francisco is a vastly more con- nt point of rendezvous than Honolulu, so long at least at is not to be reached by wire. There appears to be a iar lameness about the mauner in which the disposition e military forces is dealt with at Washington. The Wave onstantly pointed out the strange defections that have ed up in the piping times of peace. Stupidity and of ordinary military perception are not then so disas- in their consequences, but the requirements of a war g are not to be trifled with, and it has now long passed me when some kind of intelligent control should be ed to the various branches of the service. We are l upon to provide for the establishment of a very much r standing army than hitherto, and the country should fore insist upon having things carried out in such a as to remove the possibility of any repetition of the ious mistakes with which War Department adminis- n has abounded of late.

***

ce again the escutcheon of California is smirched with aces of a murder exceptionally sinful and revolting. ugust 11th there was received by mail at the house of ugressman Pennington, in Dover, Delaware, a parcel tched from this city and addressed to Mrs. John P. ning, his daughter aud the wife of a man who was for- Superintendent here of the Associated Press, in whose e the latter was at the time employed in Porto Rico. Dunning opened the package, which contained choco- creams, etc., and a slip in writing with the words, th love for yourself and baby. Mrs. C." She and her Mrs. Deane ate of the sweets and were taken very ill, dying within the third day thereafter. Several friends tasted the candy providentially escaped the conse- ces, for examination showed that arsenic had been d with the cream in sufficient quautity to kill a dozen e. With the report of the tragedy local curiosity was ce aroused, and the daily journals here soon ferreted he ways of the husband, Dunuing, while in San Fran- where he remained for some months afier his wife gone East last year. These proved to have been indis- if uot reckless, and his association with a married an, Ada Botkin, living apart from her husband and residing in Stockton, directed suspicion in that direc- She is now under arrest in accordance with the requi- of the Attorney-General of the State of Delaware, further investigation of the tragical affair seems likely use profound interest throughout the country.

***

w that the trick has been turned in the game of annex- politics, what is to be the next lead in Hawaiian s? Of course, the Commission has to investigate and rt, and Congress has to consider and determine the e political status. Meanwhile the local play will pro- aud by all accounts there are elements at work not ely to cause considerable friction. The purely native est is for the time being crushed and will need an rtunity to recover its wind. When its allegiance fol- as undoubtedly it will, its political education will pro- and a knowledge of the power at its disposal may e. The Portuguese section, being only partially alized already under Hawaiian auspices, will probably t Congressional action before deciding where its advant- ies. The real activity in the immediate future will be gst the Americans already established in the islands, now that the single motive which animated all of these no further existence, there will come a parting of the that will doubtless result in the grinding of many idual axes. Offices, likely to become a diminishing tity, will have to be struggled and intrigued for, after good old American fashion; private jealousies already sed will become more and more pronounced and a ral upheaval will be brought about before things finally e down. Altogether the outlook for island politics is nctly lively and will well pay for watching.

***

the Democracy one finds a certain satisfaction at the ts of the recent Convention. The Populists, it is true, had more than their share, but they had the first say, a united front is essential for the forthcoming cam- n to be conducted with any prospect of success. Mis- takes were made at Sacramento. The attempt of the San Francisco delegation to force Judge Coffey on the Convention was a grievous blunder, which, however, rebounded on its perpetrators. I aui sorry Mayor Phelan permitted himself to be led into a fight that, to the country delegates, savored of treachery. He lost through it some of the prestige his speech of the previous day had won him. This error was foreseen by Gavin McNab, who strenuously but unsuccessfully opposed the procedure of his colleagues. The worst feature of the perforuance was that Judge Coffey had actually forbidden the use of his name.

***

Thus far the Gallagher combine has not selected any one to take charge of Congressmau Maguire's fight. The candidate is one of the best campaigners in the country and a dangerous rather than eloquent speaker. His oratory is very much to the point, and he has the trick of sincerity aud clear statement. Considering the personality of Maguire, it is peculiar he should enjoy such a degree of popularity. He is a cold man, selfishly wrapped up in his own individuality, and without sense of obligation or gratitude. Only the Gallaghers and Tracys, his relations, have profited by his long base of political power. If elected, the members of these families will undoubtedly have the best offices in the Governor's gift. Candidate Gage belongs to the homely type of lawyer. His business is the trying of important criminal cases, and he is a master of the art of homely argument. He is not witty, nor polished, nor ornate, but he wins verdicts. He gets down to a jury's level and talks plainly and energetically to it, with a demonstration of great earnestness and violent gesticulation. His speech at the Convention represented the material of his oratory, but was no index of his force. He was worn out. It cannot be boasted that he is as good an orator as Congressman Maguire, but his effectiveness may be greater in campaigning.

***

The problem confronting the Democratic candidate is to find a competent manager for the campaign. Though Maguire is very effective on the stump, and has the advantage of the drouth and other adverse circumstances in the country, for all that this is naturally a Republican year and he has the prestige of the war to overcome. If W. P. Lawlor could be persuaded by the Maguires to give his services their cause would be strengthened for the "Judge" has executive ability of the character requisite in this place. The handling of the Silver party's campaign two years ago and the work he did during the Budd fight exhibited him possessed of excellent political intelligence and a sense of the proper manner of arousing enthusiasm. There is talk, also, of Seth Mann, who, however, has had no experience and is not especially gifted at political work. It is said that Mr. Wright, the irrigation lawyer and author of the Wright law, may be persuaded to take hold of the campaign for the fusion interest. He has good executive talent and would be a great assistance.

***

Naturally a Republican year the ticket of the late convention presents some names hard to swallow. The nomination of County Clerk Curry for Secretary of State was a gross error. Curry's administration of his office in San Francisco has been marked by reckless extravagance, and he has not the character, experience or executive capacity required for the post that Lou Brown will vacate in January. This office is by no means a sinecure and it is essential if its services are properly performed that a competent man be elected.

***

Frank Norris, so long connected with the editorial department of The Wave, has returned from Cuba, where he witnessed the Santiago campaign as correspondent for *McClure's Magazine*. He suffered under the hardships and rigors of the climate, had malarial fever, but saw all the fighting, including the great infantry charge at El Caney. Mr. Norris is by way of becoming a literary success, his story, *Moran of the Lady Letty*, which was written for The Wave, having since been used as a serial by the *Evening Sun*. It is about to appear in book form, from the press of Doubleday & McClure. His descriptions of the fighting, which ought to be first rate, will appear in due course in the magazine, illustrated by snap shot photographs. Mr. Norris tells me that he caught the only view of the surrender of General Toral, he being the one correspondent present armed with a camera. Another Californian, J. F. J. Archibald, of the *Evening Post*, captured the sole photo of the flag-raising over the Court-house at Santiago. Mr. Archibald has had four attacks of fever and is now laid up in the hospital.

***

Quite the finest picture Charles Rollo Peters has yet painted is the Moonlight at Camp Merritt, which is being exhibited at the Bohemian Club. It is a large canvas with tents and a sentry in the foreground and Lone Mountain with its solitary cross looming up against the dark blue of the summer sky. The scene is steeped in moonlight and the effect is both weird and beautiful. It is quite the most striking canvas the artist has yet painted and will undoubtedly attract attention. In a way it allegorizes the story of the war—the volunteer standing guard over the dying camp fire; the dim shadow of an officer at work poring over plans, shows through the tent. The cross over the mount and the rising star of glory shining behind the hill typify the ends of military adventure. The technical difficulties of the composition are immense, but Peters has attained a real simplicity and unity. The coloring is admirable. Stedd, the well known English artist who was here recently, saw the canvas aud complimented Peters on it, remarking it was "an unusual picture and a fine performance." It is the artist's intention to send the picture East, but it seems a pity so interesting a canvas commemorating an event so important in the history of San Francisco should not be purchased by public subscriptiou and presented to the city.

BOSWELL, JR.

MOONLIGHT AT CAMP MERRITT
By Charles Rollo Peters

THE NATION'S PROSPERITY

With the declaration of peace the mind of the nation turns to the question of our material welfare as determined by the course of trade. Bright, indeed, is the outlook, and, though on this coast we have to face a season by no means propitious for agriculture, there is little doubt the general prosperity will be reflected here. The report of the Department of Agriculture recently issued at Washington estimates the crops of the country at large on an almost unprecedented scale. Last year the Western farmer paid off his mortgages to a great extent, and with large yields this year of wheat, corn and cotton, he will be in a better position to buy necessaries and luxuries than he has been for many years past. It is said that the diamond-dealers are experiencing a rush of orders from the West, which is the surest sign that there is plenty of money on this side of the Mississippi. The demand in the iron and steel trade is heavy, especially in the latter, and prices have recently advanced considerably in Pittsburg. Immediately Spain evinced a desire for peace, jobbers and wholesalers were overwhelmed with orders for manufactures of every description; mills in working have consequently been running full time, aud idle concerns have started into life once more with the cessation of hostilities.

The one cloud that overhung the market in connection with domestic affairs — that is, the talk of free silver and dollar wheat — has been finally dispersed, and capital is no longer afraid. The stock market is firm in tone and prices advancing. Not since April, 1893, have the sixty most active railroad stocks reached so high a point — an average of $61.17 per share. The reports of earnings for half the mileage of the country shows 1.7 per cent larger than last year. Officials of railroads, in spite of rate wars, are in a happy frame of mind. Their properties are doing a large and profitable business, with an enormous traffic to come, already in sight. The rate-cutting feature is the one source of weakuess in the railroad situation, and militates greatly against foreign confidence in our railway securities. The Interstate Commerce Commission may be able to influence Congress in dealing with the trouble, but last session it failed in this respect.

All the leading industrial stocks have appreciated of late, and the volume of transactions under that head has been large. This class of securities is steadily growing in importance, and we have noticed recently some very significant observations made by Mr. James R. Keene on this subject, as follows:

Where we have one industrial corporation in this country, England has twenty, employing by far the larger part of the investing public there. Industrials of unquestioned value sell in England on a 3½ per cent. basis. In this country industrial stocks afford greater safety to capital than do railroad shares. They pay far more in dividends, are less liable to competition and have established an earning capacity during tremendous depression far beyond what was expected of them. Did you ever stop to think that if you would combine the surplus of the Sugar and Tobacco corporations you would have from those two industrials alone a greater cash surplus than have all the railroads of the United States put together? Remember, too, that they pay twice as much in dividends as any railroad. Of course there is no comparison to be made with Standard Oil. That stands by itself. It is *sui generis*. No other corporation the world over is its equal in management, resources or profits. There is a steadily increasing feeling of confidence in industrials that earn and pay good dividends, but they must establish their ability and purpose to do this before the public will put any money in them.

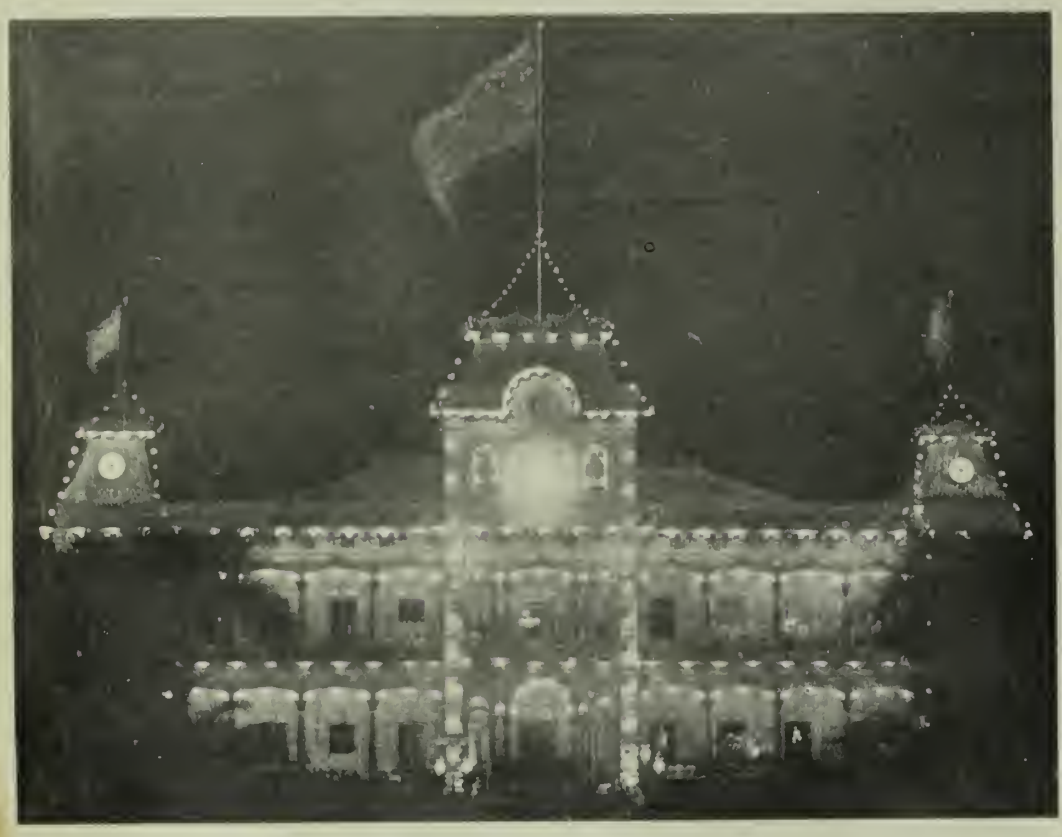
In shipping circles there seems to be a general feeling that the United States is about to move into the front rank of maritime nations. The acquisition of outlying territory in the Atlantic and Pacific oceans and the exhibition of naval power in the late war are proving strong incentives to American shipowners and shipbuilders. Already many new vessels are being built and still more arranged for that will fly the flag and so lead to a fuller recognition by foreign nations of our commercial prowess.

As to the general financial position, there is an increase of $250,000,000 in our circulatiug medium as compared with a year ago, and the statements of the New York banks show that loans outstanding have increased nearly $100,000,000 since May 1st, making altogether the highest total ever known. This one fact alone is sufficient to prove the advancing prosperity of the nation. Everybody needs money for trade development, the banks have plenty of it, aud there are no signs of any disturbance of the financial equilibrium.

The plans for Chicago's great peace carnival, which is to be beguu on October 3d, and which will last two weeks, are about completed, and will involve an expenditure of at least $700,000. Fourteen arches of triumph are to be erected across the streets. The first of these will represent Dewey's victory, and the other arches will be significant of naval and military victories. The most beautiful of the events will be a water carnival on the lake front, entitled "The Birth of the Sea Queen." At a signal the lake will be illumiuated, and there will be seen, far out, a fleet. When the fleet draws near the central figure will be seen to be Neptune, seated on his throne. In a pearl-white sea shell, surrounded by scores of naiads, will be the Sea Queen. A great balloon will be sent up carrying dazzling strings of lights hundreds of feet long, and written iu letters of light will be, "Welcome, Queen."

Among artists it has always been a subject of surprise that Sir Edward Burne-Jones should have accepted a baronetcy. When the official letter arrived containing the royal offer, the artist showed it to his wife. He said: "My dear, would you care to be known as Lady Burne-Jones?" Mrs. Burne-Jones did not care for the prospect held out to her, and Burne-Jones was about to decline the proffered distinction, when he bethought himself to ask his son if he attached any value to the title. It was in consequence of his son's wish that Burne-Jones consented to become a baronet.

Last Salute to the Hawaiian Flag



Executive Building Lighted for the Ball

Taking Down the Hawaiian Flag

THE ANNEXATION FESTIVAL AT HONOLULU

Courtesy of the Chronicle

HAWAIIAN ANNEXATION

The Ceremony of Raising the Stars a Stripes at Honolulu.

In a comparatively short lifetime the United States accepted the proferred allegiance of millions of individ of foreign birth, representing almost every nationality u the sun, hut now for the first time iu its history has the p cess of fusion been applied to a nation in its entirety. August 12, 1898, there passed under the folds of the Am can flag, with all due form and ceremony at Honolulu, whole Hawaiian people, whose country then became a of the American Union. The treaty providing for the p tical absorption of the Repuhlic of Hawaii hy the Un States was executed at Washington on June 16, 1897, ar has thus taken upwards of a year to complete the transf sovereignty. The final act consisted of a simple hut imp sive ceremony with Harold M. Sewall, Envoy Extraor ary and Minister Pleuipotentiary of the United State America, on the one side and Sanford B. Dole, Presiden the Republic of Hawaii, ou the other, acting as represe tivcs of the two nations.

Annexation Day broke with heavy showers and th clouds following a night of incessant rain. At ten o'c the Hawaiian National Guard formed into rank for the pose of escorting the men of the *U. S. S. Philadelphia* f the dock to the Executive building, the appointed plac the raising of the American flag. The guard was prec hy a squad of local police officers. The Executive huild originally the Iolani Palace of King Kalakaua, is a sta edifice set in the midst of beautiful tropical surroundi The platform erected in the front of the huilding was de ated with American and Hawaiian flags intertwined and front row of seats was reserved on one side for Presi Dole and his Cahinet and on the other for Minister Se Admiral Miller and his staff. All of these with their w the representatives of foreign nations, a few promi natives, such as Kouloukou, speaker of the last Hous Representatives, Concillor of State Kane and Circuit Ju Kalua, were conspicuous in the stand, while the seats in balconies were open to the public. The great bulk of people chose the grounds of the Government buildin their place of vantage and wonderful was the mixtu races to be seen.

At 11:30 the National Guard was heard and seen proaching with their hand playing Hawaiian airs, and lowing them were the blue jackets of the *Philadelp* three of the latter walking apart and bearing iu their a roll which contained the flag for the day. Shortly th after appeared President Dole and his retinue and, imm ately following, Minister Sewall, Admiral Miller and The rain still trickled gently, the atmosphere was close a general feeliug of depression seemed to prevade th semblage, which a prayer from the Rev. G. L. Pearso the First Methodist Church, failed to remove. This President Dole rose and Mr. Sewall, facing him, preseu document, which he explained was a copy of the resolu of Congress finally approving annexation. Mr. Dol plied in a few words, yielding up the sovereignty and p property of Hawaii to the United States "in the inter the Hawaiian hody politic and with full confidence i honor, justice and friendship of the American peo Mr. Sewall accepted the transfer and intimated that th miral commanding the United States naval forces in waters would proceed with the duty of raising the Ame flag entrusted to him. The band played "Hawaii Po sadly and feebly, and many a tear was shed and ma sigh was sobbed; but the sun broke through the cloud last salute of twenty-one guns was given to the Haw emblem as it disappeared and was reverently folded a "The Star-Spangled Banner" floated out on the hreeze the band of the *Philadelphia*, and the Stars and Stripes soon overshadowing the old palace, the salute of guns claiming the new sovereignty. From the assembled m tude there came cheers, hut it was painfully evident that there were hearts and lungs in the throng that to respond.

Minister Sewall then read the official proclamatio ting out the plans for the government of the islands i immediate future, supplementing this by an address o gratulation on the event at last consummated. The oa allegiance was then administered to the members c Hawaiian Government, who remain in their former c as representing the United States, and with the hand ing "Columhia, the Gem of the Ocean" the procee came to an end. Further formalities were gone thr elsewhere, including the swearing in of the National G and the presentation to the corps of the identical Ame flag that was raised hy the men of the U. S. S. *Bost* 1893, and suhsequently taken down by order of Co sioner Blount. In the evening a puhlic ball was given Executive building in honor of Annexation Day attended by all and sundry in true democratic fashion. building was richly illuminated and the sky blazed fireworks, while Governor Dole courteously receive motley crowd, who enjoyed the festivities until wel the small hours.

Ex-Queen Liliuokalani spent the day in retirement own residence, heing joined by her sister-in-law, the Dowagsr Kapiolani. The Princess Kaiulani also rem in seclusion, as did the rest of the royalist party. Res seats had been offered them to witness the ceremo raising the flag—by many it is thought in questio taste—but all's well that ends well. The inevitable ha pened, and there is now nothing left but to look forw an era of renewed peace and prosperity for the nation existence will in future form part of the great Am Union.

Prince Max of Saxony, who has just heen app Bishop of Kulm, is well known in England from his and teachings (in fluent English) in the East End o don during the last two years. Prince Max, who is o his twenty-eighth year, was formerly in the army, bu ing under the influence of the Jesuits, was persuad take holy orders, much against the wishes of his unc King; and after due novitiate was appointed chapl St. Walburg at Eichstatt, the very place where he w risoned, and where his conversion was effected. S afterwards he preached his first sermon at the Chapel Dresden, to the King and Queen, his parents, and his and brothers, a most eloquent and stirring discourse, moved all to tears.

IMPRESSIONS OF BISMARCK

›undant Reminiscences of the Great German Statesman.

ot even the death of Gladstone elicited such a flood of iniscences as the demise of Bismarck has evoked. ries of all kinds are finding their way into the papers; sonal estimates are being printed from eminent diplom- hands throughout Europe. All countries are paying rary tribute, are discussing him for the giant he was, gniziug in him the force that had re-shaped the des- es of Europe. Even in Paris, where Bismarck was ed, his genius for statecraft is admitted. Clemenceau des to him as "that incarnation of tumult of furious tality and of craft," but the others are more gentle. London papers have accorded to the German almost as ch space as they allotted to Gladstone, and in comparing two the verdict seems to be that, though the latter had been the most eminent of living Englishmen, Bismarck the greatest man of his race.

rom the stories and reminiscences one gathers the im- ssion of a man of giant mould, immense mental and phy- l capacity, indomitable energy and will power—a tem- tuous, positive man, whose violence and force were tralized by a fine broad sense of humor and a natural dliness of disposition. He loved his King and his coun- with almost as much devotion as he cared for his wife family. He loved dogs and the life of the country; he immensely and drank immoderately, but never so he his head or self-control. Though for years the most erful man in Europe, he was as domestic in his habits Gladstone. There is no denying his statecraft, yet no lomat was ever so frank. He was wise and far-seeing, l and relentless, and he accomplished his work in the e of those difficulties that ever assemble in opposition to eat purpose.

f the many impressions of Bismarck, the most intimate ns to be that of Sir William Richmoud, who went to edrichsruhe to paint his portrait, and embodied these in ers to his family:

have arrived. The house is a very ordinary one—no lux- comfortable, but quite unostentatious. Bismarck came up my bedroom while I was unpacking, welcomed me with a et, quite trustworthy manner; took me all over the house; Gladstone had the venom of oratory; pitied England that should allow herself to run into anarchy. He is quite un- the man I thought of—very gentle—fair as a Saxon—he is axon—high bred in manner, very courteous, a lovely voice charming. I was instantty at home with him. He reminds of Darwin in manners, and the simple manner of the house he same as I remember at "Down." Lunch was just as our ch at home, dogs fed, etc. He enters freely into conversa- . The household consists of Bismarck, Princess Bismarck, -in-law and daughter-in-law. To-morrow I shall begin and to make a swift and lifelike sketch. Both photographs and tures do not represent the man; they make him of iron. his face is gentle. A real friend and a real enemy! Great nor in a quiet way.

e is also charming, gentle, nervous, and a most perfectly ned man. I asked him if he really was the Iron Bismarck. o," he said; "all my endurance is learned. I am all nerves, much so that self-control has been and is the one effort of life." I told him a story I heard last night—that he had once been known to go into the Museum, and that was to lter himself from the rain because he had no umbrella. He it was quite true. "And I regret it. But," he said, "for nty-five years no moment of time has been my own, and I take no rest until my old King dies." Then I told him the vote of moneys yearly for the Museum was too small. said, "I know; but how can we vote more with two powers he right and left of us, threatening our very existence? next war will mean either extinction of Germany from the of Europe or the extinction of France." He said, "Why 't you have a Minister of War who does not change with Government? Why is everything in England, even war ters, governed by non-officials?"

t must have been deeply interesting listening to the old esman talk. He told Sir William of his drinking:

ow six bottles of strong wine would not tell on him. "Ah," said, "English politics have suffered since statesmen have onger strong heads for wine. They are too cautious; never e a bold stroke. My father would not let me go into the y, which I regret. If I had, the discipline would have t me out of riotous living, and now I should have been a nger man." "Yes, perhaps," I answered; "but you would have created an empire." "No, perhaps not, but my time ld have been more my own. To drill myself under all cir- stances to work has been a great object with me. Often as ung man, when drunkenness and all kinds of riotous ways e necessary, I used to test myself by trying if, while every d of disturbance was going on, I could find the cube root of d 5." He said: "I don't know that it was not a good g, after all, that I led a fast life. It burned out of me a lot e useless fire. Perhaps had I had that, in addition to what ve when my life came to be so responsible, I might have d it harder to restrain myself."

ife at Friedrichsruhe must have been very plain.

e dine at 6, no dressing. Bismarck does not possess a ss coat. He abhors society. He is a great admirer of rge Eliot, chiefly "Adam Bede." Of Victor Hugo his nch prejudice comes in. "He is too impossible for me." often quotes Shakespeare, but more often Horace. Moltke, ells me, is a very, very quiet man, very good, but very ricious, extremely fond of money. He lives, he said, like rgeant, that is his one fault.

rince Bismarck's appetite was almost as great as his acity for drinking. "All our family are great eaters!" exclaimed to a brother diplomat, who was watching him, h ill-disguised astonishment, eating the major portion of g of mutton at a meal. "It is fortunate there are not many Bismarcks, for if we all ate alike Prussia would be able to keep us. We should have to emigrate to erica."

n one of his letters to his wife, while he was Ambassador Paris, he complained that when he went out to dinner ple gave him such ridiculously small portions. "But," continued, "I generally manage to obtain a liberal sup- of bread, and I also eat all I can steal from my ghbors."

he characteristics of this vigorous palate are explained he Paris correspondence of the London *News:*

once talked with the *chef* who cooked for him at Versailles ut the meals he prepared for Prince Bismarck. He said he ld not spice too highly or use too much champagne and er wines or even brandy. The Prince complained if the hes were not toothsome. He once himself told the *chef* how make cold turkey eatable. The directions he gave must e been borrowed from the deviled turkey of an English cookery book. When at Versailles, Westphalian hams and smoked Pomeranian geese had to be sent to him regularly from Germany, and sauerkraut, pickled ox's muzzle and horseradish syrup. He did not think the smoked goose savory enough, and had it soused in a burning sauce of ketchup, red pepper and anchovy sauce with cold sliced potatoes and pickles. No French stomach could have stood such a dish. The *plus doux* of insipid dishes were mutton in a stew with pearl barley, roast beef with horseradish and fried potatoes and veal with stewed plums. He was a great beer drinker, and greatly missed in the early days at Versailles his German brew. His temper was often the worse for the exciting food he took, but this effect was not immediate, and after dinner he was at his best, and was hearty, humorous, hospitable and frank in confessing his own faults and shortcomings.

There were countless tales of Bismarckian humor, though many of them have a familiar flavor. This Sir Charles Dilke narrates as being told to him by the great statesman himself:

When Bismarck was in London in 1843, one of the places of interest he was invited to visit was the famous brewery of Barclay & Perkins, and his hosts, having heard of his reputation as a beer drinker of great prowess, presented to him an enormous tankard of old ale, in the confident expectation that he would have to admit himself vanquished by it. "I seized the tankard," Bismarck told Sir Charles," "and I thought of my country and drank to Prussia, and tilted it till it was empty. Then I thanked my entertainers—courteously, I hope—and succeeded in making my way as far as London Bridge. There I sat down in one of the stone recesses, and for hours the great bridge went round and round me."

Another good story is this:

Some time after his appointment as Imperial Chancellor the Berlin clergy began to notice that while in Berlin Bismarck seldom if ever attended church. One of them determined to speak to the Chancellor on this subject. He found easy access. "In your position," said the pastor, in effect, "you should show an example to those in less exalted spheres." "Ah, yes, Herr Pastor, I dare say; but I don't think ysu are right in thinking it serious. I'm sure God will not take it amiss, I have done so much for Him, and for the extension of His Kingdom, that He'll pardon my occasional absence from church."

SIR THOMAS LIPTON

The Remarkable Career of the Challenger for the America's Cup.

Sir Thomas Lipton, who receutly filed with the New York Yacht Club a challenge for the America's cup, has thereby become a person of interest on this side of the water. While his name has been prominent for the last ten years or so in trading circles in the United Kingdom, it was not until the Jubilee of Queen Victoria that he acquired any public reputation. At that time the Princess of Wales conceived the idea of giving a dinner to the poor of London and heading the subscription list herself with a handsome contribution; the duty of making further collections was intrusted to the Lord Mayor. The public response, however, proved small, there being unusual demands on everybody just at that time, and the affair seemed likely to fall through. One day a remittance of $125,000 came to hand with a special request that the name of the donor might be kept secret. Somehow or other it leaked out that Sir Thomas — or, as he was then, Mr. T. J. Lipton — was the benefactor. His fame was at once established, and upwards of 350,000 people were feasted under the direction of the Princess. Soon afterwards Lipton was knighted, and only recently he visited Marlborough House and handed the Princess of Wales a check for $500,000 to start dining-rooms in London where working people may obtain substantial meals at from 2 to 8 cents.

Sir Thomas Lipton has been in no way a yachtsman although a member of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club, of the north of Ireland, under whose auspices the challenge has been made. In yachting circles in the United Kingdom the action taken by Sir Thomas is not regarded with entire approval, as he is not a representative sportsman, but he can scarcely make such a mess of things as Lord Dunraven did, and his reception in this country will certainly be of the most agreeable character. His boat will be known as the *Shamrock*, and will be built at Belfast by Fife. She will be a 90-foot cutter-rigged yacht. People in England are disposed to attribute Lipton's sudden ambition to recover the America's cup to a desire to advertise himself, which has, without doubt, been his main policy through his business career. In so doing he has put together an enormous fortune and become the largest provision dealer in the world. Many are the stories told of his methods, which are not a little after the pattern that the great Barnum adopted. Sir Thomas is purely a merchant, wholesale and retail, seeking especially to supersede the middleman in all his dealings with the public, to whom he submits his motto, "Fair wares for a fair profit, and always remember Lipton."

Three or four years ago he was on his way to Ceylon, where he has extensive tea plantations and stores, and his steamer becoming disabled in the Red Sea, it was decided to lighten her by throwing part of her cargo overboard. Lipton secured a stencil plate, a brush and paint, and lettered each package that went overboard with the words, "Use Lipton's Teas." The jettisoned cargo floated away to the shores of Araby and spread the legend of his tea enterprise amongst the natives of her burniug sands. Abandoning the vessel subsequently the passengers took to the boats and Lipton, being the first to reach a telegraph station, wired a report of the loss of the steamer and the safety of those ou board, signing the message "Liptou." The cablegram was published in every English paper the next morning, and the sender was the best advertised man in the Kingdom. When he was in Chicago not long ago he noticed that while all the packing-houses were flying the Stars and Stripes, his was without pole or flag. Inquiring how this was, he was told by one of his employees that the expense account did not provide for flags. He at once jumped into a cab, procured the biggest American ensign he could find, and swung it out to the breeze in honor of our victory over Spain. His first attempt at popular advertising is said to have been sending two fat hogs through the streets of Glasgow labeled "Lipton's Orphans."

Sir Thomas Lipton is now 48 years of age and when only ten years old became a messenger boy iu a stationery store at Glasgow, in which city his father was a day laborer. When his work was done he attended a night school, and when about 18 ran away from home and shipped in the steerage of a steamer bound for New York. On the voyage he assisted fellow-passengers who were sick and made many friends. Directly he landed Lipton rushed to the nearest hotel and asked the proprietor whether he would board him for a mouth if he brought him forty guests. This was agreed to and the lad hurried back to the docks, gathered his friends together and completed his part of the contract, which the hotelman on his side duly honored.

After a short stay in New York young Lipton went to South Carolina and worked in the rice fields, then visited Texas, and finally returned to New York as a stowaway on a steamship. "At that time," he said, years afterwards, "my sole ambition was to make enough money to buy a barrel of American flour and an American rocking chair for my mother. I had the money in a year's time, and then I started back to Scotland with the flour and the rocking chair. I reached home in the night and waited until morning before going to my parents' house. I then took a cab, loaded myself, the flour and the chair into it, so that all the neighbors would see the collection, and I drove to the home of my mother."

He brought some little money back with him, which, with $400 advanced by his parents, enabled him to start a small provision store in Glasgow. From this beginning Lipton has developed immense interests, represented by upwards of one hundred stores in London and elsewhere; warehouses in India and Ceylon; stores in Hamburg and Berlin; packing houses in Chicago, killing as many as 3,000 hogs in a day; depot at Malta for supplying the British Army and Navy; large plantations in Ceylon; a printing office with two hundred hands; employees numbering 10,000 on his pay rolls.

A year ago his undertakings were incorporated under the style of "Lipton, Limited," he being paid $12,500,000 for his interest, and subscribing for one-third of the ordinary stock of the new company. The flotation of the new concern was a gigantic success and created immense excitement in the London money market. Altogether Sir Thomas Lipton is one of the most remarkable products in the way of self-made men that these modern times have seen, and he is certainly a striking instance of the truth of his assertion that London to-day is the best place in the world for an energetic man to make money. He is a forcible contrast to Hooley, who was merely a speculator and commercial parasite, whereas Lipton has gathered a fortune and established a reputation by carrying out the motto above quoted in all his dealings with the public. Such a man should be especially welcome to Americans in a fair sporting contest.

TROOPS FOR HONOLULU

An important event of the week has been the sailing of the Government transport *Arizona* with some 1,200 troops for Honolulu. This vessel is the largest steamer that has ever been in our docks, and formerly belonged to the Guion line of Atlantic steamships. She has been specially adapted for the purposes of a troopship, is roomy and fitted with patent berths, thus affording to Uncle Sam's soldiers a degree of comfort that has been sadly wanting on the transports that have been improvised for the Philippiue expeditions.

The troops who embarked on board the *Arizona* consisted of the Third Battalion of the Eighteenth Infantry, 470 men, in command of Major Charles R. Paul; 254 recruits for the Tenth Pennsylvania, Lieutenant-Colonel James E. Barnett commanding; 305 recruits for the First Nebraska, Captain Charles H. Goldman commanding, and 124 recruits for the First Colorado, Captain F. W. Carroll commanding. Brigadier-General King and staff, fifteen members of the Hospital Corps and six Red Cross nurses, including Dr. Mary A. Palm, embarked on the transport. Major-General Merriam and his Aide-de-camp, Lieutenaut Bennett, together with Lieutenant Graves, likewise proceeded to Honolulu on the *Arizona*. When these officers left they were instructed to make arrangements for the reception in the Hawaiian Islands of the remaining forces assigned to the Philippines expedition that are still quartered here, the War Department having decided that they should be transferred to Honolulu pending further developments. These plans have since been altered, however.

The scene at the embarkation on Saturday was very lively indeed, but there was a strange absence of system about getting the soldiers on board the troopship. The regulars began to step up the solitary gang-plauk single file about noon, and it was nearly eight o'clock in the evening before the last of the volunteers set foot on deck. The Red Cross Society. as usual, did excellent work in providing support for the famishing men during the long and weary delay, and furnished the biggest feed that coming or going soldiers have had since the society voluntarily undertook such work. To add to the general confusiou at the wharf the shipping of 1,000,000 rounds of ammunition, which had just arrived from the East, had to be provided for, and, what with the crowd of visitors on the decks of the vessel and passing up and down the gangplank, the whole business looked as if there was no organization at all.

Auiongst the troops that sailed on the *Arizona* the Nebraska recruits presented a striking appearance. Most of them are young men who had been engaged in business in the towns of that State, about one-third being from the farms. They arrived here May 19th fully equipped, and have made satisfactory progress in drill during their stay. They are big, well set-up men, and look already thoroughly seasoned. There has been little or no sickness amongst theui at Camp Merritt, wherc camp regulations were strictly enforced in their command. Amongst the Nebraska officers who sailed ou the *Arizona* was Captain J. M. Killian, County Judge of Platte County, Nebraska, who was last week selected by Colonel Funston, commanding the Kansas Volunteers, as a summary court to deal with all the cases relating to recruits. Like nearly all the officers in the Nebraska Volunteers Captain Killian served in the National Guard and was engaged in what is known as the Wounded Knee campaign.

A most amusing clopement took place in Paris recently. A man named Hainard, whose wife was fairly rich but very ugly, wished to keep the fortnne and get rid of the woman. Therefore he persuaded a friend of his to carry her off. Unfortunately the woman was so ugly that the abductor thought he ought to get something into the bargain and went off with 30,000f. The husband has gone after his cash-box, but seems to be prepared to stand the loss of his wife with philosophy.

THE MEN AT THE GUNS

A "Mulligan" with Religious Prejudices — Two Schools of Gunners.

The greatest revelation of the war has been the calibre of Uncle Sam's soldiers. Critics and and attachés agree that no other nation has such military material. Their strength and courage, endurance and intelligence have been proved in a manner to convince our friends and all possible enemies of the danger of attacking a country which can command such devotiou and audacity.

In the navy, the chorus of admiration for the men behind the guns has resounded throughout the land. Our tars are more individualized than the sailors of other nations, and the navy has its own standards and appreciations, its own conventions and mannerisms which no officer has ever disturbed or dares interfere with. Throughout the service it is customary to call an Irishman a Mulligan. This is a term of good nature, for the Mulligans of the navy are popular fore and aft and make excellent sailors. A thousand good srories are told in the navy of Mulligans. The New York *Sun*, whose war articles throughout the campaign have been the best published, has this yarn about one Denny Madigan:

On one of the big cruisers there served a fireman, Denny Madigan, by name, who had only been with the outfit a month, but he found time to declare himself about the American Protective Association, which was the object of his especial hatred. He dilated upon the awful fate he wished to overtake each and every member of the association. The old-time Mulligans in the service didn't care a rap whether the A. P. A. made its points stick or not, but they extracted a whole lot of fun in telling Madigan of the tremendous hold the organization was acquiring upon the Municipal, State and Federal governments in this country.

On the 17th of March Madigan's ship took on a new Chinese mess attendant. He was the blandest Chinaman in the world, just from Mott street, and he ached to do things to please all hands. A lot of Madigan's tormentors got together around the Chinaman and pointed out his duties for him. These had nothing whatever to do with the Chinaman's duties, but he didn't know that, and he was flattered over the attention they paid to him. Therefore, when they produced a ditty box (it happened to be Madigan's) together with a pot filled with a bright orange-hued paint, and told him to change the color of tne ditty box from its dun-brown hue to that of the contents of the paint pot, the Chinaman went at the job willingly. The howls of all hands assembled around diverted the Chinaman, and he thought he was doing just the right thing. When he had painted the ditty box orange the friends of Madigan iustructed the Chinaman, who had some little skill with the brush, to paint in large black letters on the four sides of the box the letters "A. P. A." The Chinaman did as he was told. He had finished lettering three of the sides of the ditty box and was just beginning upon the fourth "A. P. A." inscription when Madigan came above from the fireroom, where he had been on watch, and made immediately for his ditty box to get his pipe and tobacco. He didn't find the box, and he came to the break of the fo'c'sle on a hunt for it. Meantime his friends had scattered away from the Chinaman, who was industriously doing his "A. P. A." lettering.

When Madigan caught sight of the box the English language failed him. So he reverted to his vocabulary of Connemara Gaelic. The gist of his short address to all hands, who were assembled ou the fo'c'sle taking the thing in, was that the bland-faced Chinaman was a hired instrument of the American Protective Association, paid to insult man-o'-war's men of the American Navy in particular. The Chinaman regarded the wild Madigan with a look of stupor, but he went right on with the "A. P. A." lettering. He ouly knocked off when Madigan sailed up to him, gave him one hard poke under the left eye, and then, picking him up in his arms as a small boy handles a fox terrier, carried him to the starboard gangway and chucked him into the East River as a hod carrier relieves himself of a load of bricks. The Chinaman couldn't swim, but he had to swim. He was picked up by a ship's corporal, and the scene was funny when he stood at the mast before the commanding officer, accusiug the still red-hot Madigan. Madigan talked Irish to the skipper and the Chinaman sputtered Cantonese. The commanding officer couldn't make head or tail of what it was all about. Before him stood a very wet and dismal looking Celestial, on his left; and, collared by the master-at-arms, as mad an Irishman as ever sawed the atmosphere of a quarterdeck, on his right. The skipper got it all wrong at first as to the real culprit, and was for having the Chinaman double-ironed in the brig. Then the officer of the deck walked in and explained the thing properly, producing the orange-hued ditty box as a bit of evidence, and the skipper turned aft to hide his grins. In honor of the day Madigan was turned loose, but he regards all Chinese mess attendants in the Navy as hired spies of the American Protective Association down to the present time.

It was the marvelous skill of American gunners that destroyed the Spanish fleet iu Manila harbor and the squadron of Admial Cervera off Santiago. The men who handled the guns represented two elements in the service. There are the old gunners, who gained their skill by experience and practice, and the younger men, who have been educated at the Government gunnery school. Here are two shots fired by representatives of each element:

There is an old gunner's mate on the battleship *Oregon* who has been in the service for over thirty years. He polished aud cared for the 9-inch smooth-bore guns of the old navy, transferred his affections to the wicked 60-pounders when they were in vogue, and has finally adopted as his pet and pride one of the monster 13-inch beauties of the *Oregon*. He cannot read a word, and signs the paymaster's rolls with a cross, yet he knows the intricate mechanism of a breech-loader as a scholar does the alphabet, and he can hit a canvas bullseye 2,000 yards away with an 1100-pound shot as easily as an expert pool player can make a pocket.

When the ships of Admiral Cervera's fleet poked their noses past Morro Castle in their desperate and theatrical attempt to escape from Santiago harbor this grizzled old gunner's mate was engaged in his usual task, that of lovingly shining up the glossy coat of his 13-inch pride. When the cry went up that the enemy was escaping and the drums and bugles and gongs hastily sounded general quarters, he gave a few finishing touches to the muzzle, then quietly took his station in the turret. Presently turning to a young seaman gunner next to him, he said:

"Charley, I'll bet you a month's pay that I make a better shot at the Dago beggars than you. What d'ye say?"

"Done," was the prompt response. Ten minutes later the old gunner's mate squinted his eye aloug the sight, signalled the man at the training lever to ease off a little, took the range from the officer in charge of the division, then gave the firing lanyard a quick jerk. When the smoke lifted the eager watchers saw a great yawning hole in the port bow of the *Almirante Oquendo*. A cheer came from the men in the turret, and the veteran glanced triumphantly toward the seaman gunner. The latter's turn soon came. The *Oquendo*, battered and helpless, drifted ashore in flames. The *Oregon*, accompanied by the *Brooklyn*, sped on after the fleet-footed *Colon*. The rapid-fire batteries of both Americau ships rattled and shrieked after the fugitive. The 8-inch guns of the *Brooklyn* rumbled an unceasing chorus as they belched forth their shells, and occasionally a deeper roar from the 13-inch monsters of the *Oregon* would give a mightier volume to the din.

It was after one of the latter shots that the forward turret of the *Oregon* echoed with a rousing cheer. Charley, the young seaman gunner, had just dropped the firing lanyard from his hand and it was seen that the *Colon's* conning tower was hit. "He told me before he pulled the lanyard that he would fetch it," exclaimed one of the gun's crew admiringly, "and he did."

CASUALTIES IN WAR

Decreasing Loss of Life and Improved Methods of Surgery.

It is commonly believed that the system of modern warfare is attended with far more deadly results than those which accrued when long-range, rapid-firiug weapons were unknown. As a matter of fact, tne reverse is the case. Iu the old days of hand-to-hand fightiug with battleaxe and mace, sword, lance and blunderbuss, one side was pretty well cut to pieces before the combat terminated. At Cannae the Romans had 40,000 killed out of 80,000 in the field on their side; at Hastings the victorious Normans lost 10,000 out of an army of 60,000; the French at Crecy had 30,000 dead out of 100,000 engaged, and at Bannockburn, where 135,000 fighting men were in the field, 38,000 were killed. With the invention of gunpowder the proportion of killed was reduced from 33 to 22½ per cent, and the adoption of breech-loading rifles still further lowered the average to 11 per cent. In fact, so far from every bullet having its billet, it is found that it takes an expenditure of something like a ton of shot to destroy one life, at a cost of $7,000.

Nowadays comparatively few men are killed outright, and the wounded generally recover. It has been proved that the loss of life caused by bullets is instantaneous, and that when soldiers die of their wounds it has usually been only indirectly due to the bullets and actually to conditions that might have been overcome with proper surgical treatment. Under these circumstances the important part played by modern surgery in war is easily understood. And surgery to-day, thanks to Lister, Schwann, and others who contributed to the discovery and perfecting of the antiseptic treatment, has vastly improved the chances of the wounded. In the Cuban campaign the present system of army medical service will not appear to the best advantage, but this is for reasons entirely beyond the control of the medical officers employed in the field. The plan devised by the authorities at Washington was deemed excellent by competent judges, but, unfortunately,it failed to work.

In former campaigns surgery was practiced on the actual field of battle, and often under fire, but present arrangements have altered this entirely. According to the dictum of Nussbaum, "the fate of the wounded rests in the hands of the one who applies the first dressing," and nowadays only the utmost care and absolute perfection of work will do in the initial stage of treatment by the surgeons. The plan followed, therefore, is to leave the entire charge of the wounded to the litter-bearers until the sufferers can be taken to the rear and placed in the division hospital, where the work of the surgeons begins. The ambulances are kept close on the heels of the advancing line to pick up the wounded, who are protected from the danger of hemorrhage by the wiudlass or circular bandage, which every litter-bearer carries and knows how to apply. It is safe to trust to this alone for four or five hours, but not louger, for, as it completely stops the flow of blood to the injured part, serious consequences, including gangrene, might set in if the bandage continued too long in place. The soldier of to-day is himself provided with a first-aid package, consisting of a powder composed of boracic and salicylic acid, a roll of absorbent cotton and sterilized gauze, with a few safety pins. To give an idea of the value of this addition to the modern fighting man's kit, au army surgeon recently told of a talk he had with a volunteer who was wounded in the battle of July 1. He was a Harvard man and obviously trustworthy. In a long and tedious and very painful walk, sometimes a crawl, in search of a hospital, he and several other wounded men sat down by a little stream to attend to their injuries. "Here we found our first-help packages most useful," he said. "After binding up one another's wounds with the baudages, using the disinfecting powder as directed, many of us no longer needed the hospital. But we saw no persons who represented the hospital. As we were still under fire and had to keep behind the bank of the stream to escape the bullets that struck all about us, perhaps we should not have expected them to be in the vicinity."

Lieutenant-Colonel Senn, chief of the operating staff with the army in the field at Santiago, where the engagement resulted in 157 killed and over 1,300 wounded on our side, states that "iuadequate preparations had been made for casualties on such a large scale," and there is abundant independent testimony to show that the hospital arrraugements generally fell altogether short of what were needed for an army of the size, engaged in hazardous operations on inhospitable ground and in a trying climate. The complaint, however, so generally put forward that there was an entire absence of surgical aid on the field is based on a misunderstanding. As has already been explained, the work of the surgeon does not begin until the wounded reach the field hospital, which, for obvious reasons must be located in the rear, beyond the range of shot and shell, and far enough behind to be safe in case of a temporary retreat. To any one who knows the requirements of aseptic or antiseptic surgery, it must be obvious that the battlefield is no place for the first dressing. It is far better that a wounded man should wait three or four hours, if necessary, protected by the circular bandage, than that his life should be risked in a first dressing that leaves anything to be desired. As a rule the soldier who is not killed outright will have life and limbs saved if the first dressing is perfect. Think of what a revolntion that suggests. The late Mr. Charles A. Dana in his *Reminiscences* says that nothing impressed him so deeply as the spectacle of amputated limbs, table high, at Vicksburg. No such hideous piles are seen in modern war.

Only lately, at a reunion of surviving Confederate veterans at Atlanta, the great number of men in the parade who lacked au arm or a God-given leg was very noticeable. When the veterans of the present war assemble together there will be no such display of cripples. Only in exceptional instances is amputation now resorted to, that is, in cases where the soft parts, involving also the vessels and the nerves, are so lascerated as to render nutrition of the limb impossible. In the Civil War it was the exception to save an injured member, the idea then beiug that a stump was less dangerous than a wound. It is even possible to save the lives of persons whose intestines have been perforated many times by a bullet.

COST OF THE WAR

With the termination of hostilities there has come a desire to ascertain the money cost of our difference with Spain. To arrive at auything like a reliable estimate of the ultimate total is obviously impossible at this early stage, for let it be remembered we are even now unable to say what was the actual expense of the great war that ended thirty-four years ago. We can, however, form some idea of the final cost of the Spanish war and it is not wasting time and trouble to make the attempt, because this consideration must enter into the final settlement to be arrived at by the peace commissioners. The recovery of any portion of our outlay from the vanquished nation iu the shape of hard cash is plainly out of the question and the only compensation we can hope to obtain will be in the form of territory. Our final demauds in this respect will of course be based upon the apparent sum of our sacrifices.

Under the resolution of Congress the war actually began on April 21, and we may fairly reckon expenditure from the beginning of that month. For April, May, June and July the Treasury reports exhibit a total military and naval charge of $117,121,000, which of course includes the ordinary cost of maintenance in time of peace. According to the accounts of 1897 the expenditure for the corresponding four months amounted to $33,766,000. This would leave $83,355,000 for the four months or $250,000,000 for a period of one year for extraordinary or war service. These figures, however, do not represent the actual cost of war operations, for there are many classes of expenditure and direct loss which remain to be taken into account.

It is not unreasonable to assume that in the war with Spain we shall have employed an average of 250,000 men during a period of twelve months. In the Civil War the average number of men in service was about 850,000 and the average annual cost of the army during the four years was $678,000,000. In connection with the late struggle different geographical conditions, involving increased transportation and maintenance expenses, have greatly added to the demands upon the national exchequer as compared with previous experience. Under these circumstances it will not be over-stepping the mark to calculate the outlay for the twelve months at $1,000 per man, or $250,000,000 for army expenditure alone. To suppose that war charges will cease with the declaration of peace would be an entire mistake, and we may therefore state the total current war expenses at $400,000,000.

In the next place the several States have incurred considerable expense for the equipment and support of their respective corps, and, though there is no data available to enable us to ascertain exactly what this total will be, at least $15,000,000 must have gone in that direction. The contributions raised under the auspices of the Red Cross Society and other organizations, as well as those of individual patriots, represent an important item, which we may safely put down at another $15,000,000. War claims for property belonging to our own citizens and to foreigners may moderately be assessed at $20,000,000, for Congress will be called upon to deal with these liabilities in due course. The direct loss to the wealth of the nation by the withdrawal of 250,000 able-bodied citizens from the work of productiou and the pursuits of peaceful industry is clearly chargeable to the war, and reckoning the average earning capacity of each man, over and above the cost of subsistence, at $300 only, we get a total of $75,000,000. The bonded indebtedness of the country arising out of the war already amounts to $200,000,000 and will probably be increased by at least another $100,000,000. If the nation is fortunate enough to redeem these bonds within the next ten years, without refunding, the charge for interest will amount to $90,000,000. Pensions are likely to prove the heaviest outgoing of all, and though hostilities have extended over a comparatively short period, and the number of killed and wounded has been marvellously light, all things considered, the sick list has assumed serious proportions. No one can pretend to gnage with any accuracy the final liability under this head, but as the couutry will not be less generous in the present instance than in the case of the Civil War, we may on the same lines have to face an ultimate total of $250,000,000 for Spanish war pensions. Last of all there is the sum of $3,000,000 to be included for the destruction of the *Maine*.

Summarizing the foregoing items, the United States would have the following bill to present to Spain:

Current war expenses	$400,000,000
State expenses	15,000,000
Private contributions	15,000,000
War claims	20,000,000
Non-productive labor	75,000,000
Interest on Bonded Debt	90,000,000
Pensions	250,000,000
"Maine"	3,000,000
	$868,000,000

or say $800,000,000.

If the foregoing calculation is anything like a correct estimate of our rightful claim upon the Spanish nation (and it is certainly stated with moderation) it is difficult to conceive that any sufficient equivalent can be obtained even with possession of the Philippines included.

At Folsom-Street Wharf

Going Down the Bay

THE TRANSPORT "ARIZONA"

With the Third Battalion, Eighteenth U. S. Infantry, and Pennsylvania, Colorado and Nebraska Recruits, Brigadier-General King in command. General Merriam and Staff were also on board.

"St. Paul" Entering the Harbor

Crowds on the Wharf

Going Out to Extend Houolulu's Greeting

Wharves at Honolulu

Posing for the "Altogether"

TRANSPORT "ST. PAUL" AT HONOLULU

1. Mayor Thomas of Oakland. 2. Truman Reeves. 3. Warhorse. 4. Surveyor-General Wright. 5. W. R. Guy. 6. R. J. Waters of Los Angeles, 7. Red Nose. 8. Major McLaughlin. 9. Charles Shortridge. 10. Paul Austin. 11. Deputy Attorney-General Jackson. 12. C. N. Post. 13. Thomas Kirk and Ira G. Hoit. 14. Scipio Craig Lays Down the Law. 15. County Clerk Curry at Ease. 16. R. A. Crothers of the *Bulletin*.

SNAPSHOTS AT THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION

3

5

6

7

8

9

10

11

12

13

14

15

16

1. A. Cheeseborough and W. W. Cole. 2. Dan Cole. 3. Judge Williams of Ventura. 4. Judge McFarland. 5. Ex-Governor Salomon of Wasington, Ex-Governor Beveridge of Illinois, and D. H. Burke. 6. Supreme Justice Henshaw Doing Politics. 7. Jake Neff, Nominee for Lieutenant-Governor. 8. Any Old Thing. 10. Senator Flint. 11. Timothy Guy Phelps and H. P. Sountag. 12. Senator Guy Earl and George Squires. 13. U. S. Marshal Shine. 14. The Only Colored Delegate. 15. U. S. Grant Jr. and Sou. 16. Buyiug Tickets for Home.

SNAPSHOTS AT THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION

MINISTER SEWALL PRESENTING PRESIDENT DOLE WITH THE OFFICIAL ACT OF ANNEXATION

THE AMERICAN FLAG BEING RAISED OVER THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING AT HONOLULU

Courtesy of the Examiner

Photos by Davey

OLD GLORY AT THE PEAK

1. Andrin Brown, 2. Capt. Zeigler. 3. Lieut.-Col. Soper. 4 Mr. Hatch. 5. Capt. Paul Smith. 6. President Dole. 7. Major McCarthy. 8. W. O, Smith. 9. Lieut.-Col. McCloud. 10. Captain Camara. 11. Mascot.

PRESIDENT DOLE, AMERICAN OFFICERS, AND OFFICERS OF THE HAWAIIAN NATIONAL GUARD

Photos by Davey

Aguinaldo and a Group of His Followers

Going Ashore

A Primitive Steamer

Beaching a Canoe

Soldiers Disembarking

Transports and Warshsps at Anchor

Soldiers on the Beach

A View of Cavite

DISEMARKATION OF THE CALIFORNIA REGIMENT AT CAVITE

Courtesy of the *Chronicle*

WAGNER THE MAN

His Ingratitude and Egotism Revealed in Weissheimer's Reminiscences.

Great men are only good at a distanee. ntercourse with a genius is apt to make the rdinary man think ill of his race, to reveal nsuspected depths of ingratitude, selfishness nd indifference. That Richard Wagner was genius the world well knows, but it is less miliar with the difficulties of his career than ith its triumphs. The type of man this reat composer was is revealed in a book of eminiscences by the conductor, Weissheimer, ho was intimately connected with the cre- tor of "Niblungen Lied" during the most in- eresting part of his life. He reveals the re- harkable talent for financiering the Maestro ossessed and his superb forgetfulness of onetary obligation.

Weissheimer visited Wagner in Switzerland the fifties, and subsequently became more ntimate with him in Bierbeich on the Rhine 1862, when the composer was writing "The leistersinger." He used to rehearse the text a company of friends:

"His power of voice modulation was so reat that in a short time it was unnecessary give the names of the characters. Every- ody knew at once that Eva, Stolzing, Sachs r Pogner was speaking, and particularly in he cases of David and Beckmesser the ring of is voice rendered a confusion of these per- ons absolutely impossible. Even in the most nimated dialogue of the master-singers each haracter was so distinctly individualistic rom the others that we seemed already to ave a regular ensemble before us; such read- ng fascinated the hearers and called forth torms of applause. At the close of this ever-to-be-forgotten performance it was clear o everybody present that we were standing y the cradle of a mighty, epoch-making work f art."

During this period Wagner was in serious nancial straits. His publisher, Schott, had efused further advances, and the sums he vas able to borrow from his friends he squan- ered with the indifference of a spendthrift. Yet he always had someone on whom he could all for funds at the moment his necessities were fiercest. Indeed, Below said of him that his genius as a fiuancier was greater than his musical talent. Once, when at his wits' end for coin in Vienna where "Tristan" was to be produced, a draft of 1000 florins from the Em- press tided over his difficulty. Indeed, this was the most unfortunate period of his life. Subsequently he fled to Zurich, where he lived in dread of arrest for debt. At this time he wrote to Weissheimer:

"Things are in a peculiar plight with me! Things will no longer go. My fiftieth birthday, which I spent in complete retirement—alone, without a soul belonging to me—made a deep impression upon me, the consequence of which will form a sadly decisive turning-point in my life's courage. Things will no longer go, and I feel myself completely balked in everything —in art and life, in will and mind. I have no longer any joy; the revulsions of feeling and the recognition of the impotency of the indi- vidual are too sharp and definite. At your age you will not understand this. For me the only words are: "Tired—of life!" I lack nothing less than everything in order to live in human fashion."

It was at this period that fortune smiled on the great composer's career. He and Weiss- heimer, fearing trouble, had decided to go to a place of retirement where Wagner might fin- ish the piano score of the "Meistersinger." Just as they were about to separate, in order to pack their belongings, a carriage dashed up to the hotel, and a servant brought a visiting card inscribed *"V. Pfistermeister, secretaire aulique de S. M. le roi de Baviere"* to Wagner. At first he refused to see the emissary, but the latter sent explaining he came with an impor- tant message which must be delivered to Wag- ner in person. Herr Von Pfistermeister was ushered into the dingy apartment and Weiss- heimer withdrew. When he returned he found a changed Wagner, who wore on his finger a costly diamond ring, the King's gift, while on the table, in a costly frame, glistened a superb photograph of his Majesty. He kept repeat- ing, "That this should happen to me just at this time." Beside himself with joy he threw himself on Weissheimer's neck and wept. Then condescending to details he informed his friend that the King had said he was Wagner's most passionate admirer, and if he came to Munich everything would be done to aid the production of the Nibelung drama. Weiss- heimer writes:

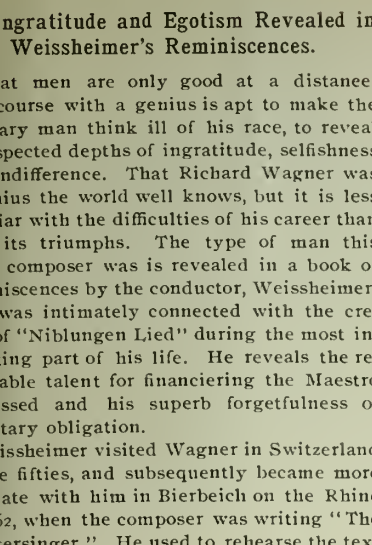
"After a sleepless night Wagner was up bright and early and went to packing. Every now and then tears still ran down his cheeks, as he thought during his prosaic work of his happiness, and again he repeatedly ut- tered the words: 'That this should happen to me, and should happen just at this time!' And then he would embrace me again, then press his green silk dressing gown into his trunk, only to see it bulge out again, and then he would weep some more—for me, truly, a never-to-be-forgotten trunk packing!'

That was the end of Wagner's friendships. The bodyguard of admirers, who had so freely shared their purses with him, were made to feel that they were no longer of use and hence, not wanted. Later, in Munich, Weissheimer tried to interest Wagner in a new opera he had written. He wrote to his fiance:

"I think you know how hard it is to get Wagner interested in another man's works. He is just the opposite of Liszt. * * Bulow recently showed him in my presence his music to "Julius Cæsar" and swore never to do the like again. When, at Bulow's wish, I was at length about to play my opera before him alone (without Wagner), the servant girl came in at once with the commission to say we should stop playing, as the master wanted to sleep. It was 11 o'clock a. m.! Bulow slammed the piano shut with the words: 'It is a high honor for me to live in the same house with the great master, but often it is unendurable!' Thus, all complain of him."

Soon afterwards the end came. Not content with accepting the money of Bulow, Wagner ended by appropriating Frau Cosima, his wife, and her imperious jealousy would brook no intimate friendships on the part of the man she had singled out for herself. As Weiss- heimer wrote of their final interview:

"Wagner is already living, as artist and man, in those remote regions where one ad- mires the artist, but can no longer enjoy the man."



"Why Women Cannot Sleep."

The highly organized, finely-strung nervous system of women sub- jects them to terrors of nervous apprehen- sion which no man can ever appreciate.

The peace of mind, the mental poise and calmness under difficulties, which is neces- sary for happy womanhood is only possible when the sensitive feminine organism is in a perfectly healthy condition. If there be any weakness or derangement in this re- spect no remedy in the world so com- pletely restores womanly health, nervous vigor and capability as the wonderful "Favorite Prescription" invented by Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute of Buffalo, N. Y. It purifies, heals and strengthens; insures functional regularity; provides physical reinforcement and sus- taining power at periods of special weak- ness and depression.

It is the only medicine which makes the coming of baby safe and comparatively easy. In a personal letter to Dr. Pierce, Mrs. Marguerite Collin, of Cutler, Algoma Co., Ont., says:

"I was a sufferer and was cured by Dr. Pierce's wonderful medicine. When I com- menced the medicine I could neither eat nor sleep. My hands and feet were constantly cold; I had a wasting, troublesome drain for three months and my monthly periods were never regular. I took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescrip- tion and it cured me. I feel well. I thank the World's Dispensary Medical Association."

After the Day's Business.

When I sit down with thee at last alone,
Shut out the wrangle of the clashing day,
The scrape of petty jars that fret and fray,
The snarl and yelp of brute beasts for a bone—
When thou and I sit down at last alone,
And through the dusk of rooms divinely gray
Spirit to spirit finds its voiceless way
As tone melts meeting in accordant tone,
Oh, then our souls far in the vast of sky
Look from a tower too high for sound of strife
Or any violation of the town,
Where the great vacant winds of God go by,
And over the huge misshapen city of life
Love pours his silence and his moonlight down.

—*Richard Hovey in Atlantic Monthly.*

How's This?

We offer one hundred dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him per- fectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obliga- tions made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo.
Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Drug- gists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, act- ing directly upon the blood and mucous sur- faces of the system. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free

Clothing, curtains, blankets, etc., cleaned or dyed. Pacific Cleaning and Dyeing Works, 353-357 Tehama street. Telephone South 40. J. Spaulding & Co.

"THE MONSTER"

Stephen Crane's Story a Theme of Controversy.

The capacity to precipitate controversies is certainly an adjunct of the genius of Stephen Crane. Not since *The Red Badge of Courage* has there been so much talk about a story as that which now rages over *The Monster* the liter ary *piece de resistance* of the August *Harper's*. The problem defined is horrifying, and one is left with that chilled impression which unde- served misfortune and unrequited virtue in- evitably produce when met face to face in print. The objectors ask, Is it conceivable that the inhabitants of Whilolmville or any other American town would have so treated Dr. Trescott for what was, at the worst, mis- taken kindliness? He was guilty of pre- serving the life of the man who had just escaped death rescuing his son from fire. What is more natural than that the physician should exhaust the resources of his skill to keep him alive (assuming that life is the one tangible blessing)? Henry Johnson, his face and body burned, should have died. He lives, but in such a state of deformity that he is a a horror. For a time the Doctor keeps the un- fortunate at the home of a colored man, but finally is compelled to have him in his own grounds. Gradually, because of the Monster, Trescott loses his practice, and a deputation of his fellow-townsmen come to ask that he send the Monster away. He refuses. Would Americans desert and practically boycott a man who had done his duty? Is it conceiva- ble that Henry Johnson could have been the horror described and yet live? We all know men whose faces and features have been dis- torted by fire or accident, who move and have their being among us, unobstructed and un- checked.

It may be replied that it is erroneous to de- clare that a given sequence of events is impos- sible, because never a day passes but the most improbable things happen. The concern of the writer is with the reality of his atmos- phere and characters — with the truth and accuracy of his rendering. Accepting the facts of the plot, and it is fair to do so, con- sider the modeling of the story). The life of the country town which forms the back- ground for the tragedy is pictured with a fine blending of art and realism. The coloring is true and the composition simple, and it is this simplicity, this literalness, that impress the reader. Until one thinks over the tale, the excellence of the literary workmanship is forgotten in the interest of the narrative. But it is admirable the description of the fire is finely done; the horror of the unfor- tunate negro's face is absolutely realized, and yet there is no attempt at stating the shape and form of the deformity. So the imagina- tion is free to supply its darkest tints.

$200 will buy a fine Decker & Son Piano at Mauvais', 769 Market street, if you go after it soon. It is as good as new and warranted for five years.

For health and strength: Damiana Bitters.

A word to the connoisseurs of the fragrant weed. Through the courtesy of Mr. George Marks, agent for Messrs. F. W. Felgner & Son Co., Baltimore, Md., we are able to announce that for a limited time each new and renewing subscriber to The Wave will receive free, post paid, from the well known firm of Goldberg, Bowen & Co. of this city, one two-ounce tin of Herbe de la Reine smoking tobacco. This tobacco is what is known in the tobacco world as bright cut Cavendish. It is made of care- fully selected Virginia leaf—is entirely free from stalks or stems. Its bouquet and fra grant smoking qualities leave nothing to be desired.

THE NEW BOOKS
AS ISSUED
AT
ROBERTSON'S
126 POST ST.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes, Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

Byron Hot Springs

with its latest additions, is now the most complete sani- tarium and perfect summer resort on the Pacific Coast. The hotel has been entirely remodeled, with new dining- room, office and sleeping rooms—the entire building is now lighted with acetelyne gas—a new swimming tank of warm mineral water, and all the modern comforts. A good place for the well or ailing. Rates low. Only three hours' rail from San Francisco.

Address ALBERT BETTONS, Manager,
Byron Hot Springs, Contra Costa County, California.

Louis Roederer Champagne

HIGHEST GRADE IN THE WORLD

E. LA MONTAGNE & SONS
Sole Agents
45 Beaver St., New York

LOUIS ROEDERER UNITED STATES Champagne

Three kinds, all of equal excellence:

BRUT
GOLD SEAL
A Perfectly Dry Wine

GRAND VIN SEC
BROWN SEAL
The Perfection of a Dry Wine

CARTE BLANCHE
WHITE SEAL
A Rich Wine

MACONDRAY & CO.
Sole Agents Pacific Coast
116 California Street

573-579 Market Street, San Francisco | R. H. PEASE, Vice-President and Manager | 73 and 75 First Street, Portland, Ore.

SOHMER PIANOS ARE THE BEST
BYRON MAUZY
308-314 Post Street

Folger Leaving No. 5

Folger Putting

Mrs. H. T. Scott and Miss Champion
Putting—Position in Form. It looks as though Miss C. would be a sure winner.

Payson contemplating 1 superb drive

J. A. Folger, A. H. Payson and C. C. Worden at No. 2

Teeing—Getting ready for a drive

A. H. Payson Leaving No. 1

Getting Ready to Put

F. H. Ryer Starting

Putting—Good Form

A Delicate Stroke

SUMMER SPORT AT DEL MONTE: THE GOLF LINKS

Photos by J. H. Bratt

A DEBUTANTE'S DIARY

ıtertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

My own dear Diary: What confidences shall irst pour on to your placid pages this week? ıall I make the ink run riot with tales of ru-ored and announced engagements, or shall I st discuss the merits of the various players the Golf Tournament? I believe affairs atrimonial are always nearest the end of my -n, Diary dear, so I shall tell you something the gossip about these affairs, which is of tal interest to a couple or so at the least. ou remember, not many aeons ago I pre-cted the engagement of one of the 'Varsity ubmen and a maid who did not hail from e Golden West. Well, I understand that my ophecy has been verified and that the young eople contemplate announcing their inten-ons in the near future. At present every-dy whispers it, but thus far no one has gone far as to congratulate them. The other is a well known lawyer and a belle of two win-rs. He has been most devoted ever since is maiden made her debut, but it was be-ved her affections were otherwise fixed. nd now for the announced engagement, hich, by the way, I heard through the tele-hone on Monday last; and you know, Diary, y dear, as a method of distributing news a lephone is better than even a confidential iend. Muriel Atherton is the maiden in uestion ahd Al. Russell the man. They have en betrothed ever since Christmas, I be-eve. They are both to be congratulated. uriel is a charming girl and possesses that race of manner which distinguishes the her-nes of some of her mother's best stories. he is bright, too, and has a pleasing person-ity. She is not what one would term a auty, but has a piquant charm and an agree-ble voice that are together much more be-itching. Al. Russell is tall, fair and slender, nd is a smart young fellow and quite popu-r. He was devoted to me for a short time st season, but after he once met Muriel I as no longer even a minor luminary on his rizon. Among the other buds and belles ere are very few of even what might be rmed great crushes. The war broke up a mber of interesting episodes that might nder more favorable circumstances have de-eloped into something tangible. And the okout for next winter is not wildly hopeful. everal of the more popular girls are going ast. Helen Thornton is to spend the winter Washington with her grandmother, Mrs. olton. Helen anticipates considerable pleas-re, as she knows the diplomatic representa-ves of most of the European countries. thel Keeney and Leontine Blakeman are to to St. Louis and Louisville to visit their other's relatives; later they anticipate pro-eeding to New York. Charlotte Ellinwood ay also go East if her mother's health con-nues to improve. That will leave but few of e Terpsichoreans here for the winter.

No one seems to know how many clubs and ancing classes we are ro have next season. hear that several will be quietly dropped and nly the more popular resumed. The patron-sses say that the dancing classes are almost much trouble as private entertainments, nd that they get merely hard words for their ouble. But perhaps when the season arrives ey will show more enthusiasm; otherwise e very thought of the winter will be too dis-al to contemplate.

Cousin Percy came up from Monterey on aturday to see the Golf Tournament and crit-ise our efforts. He told me that Del Monte gradually thinning out and many of the oung people have left. The Brugieres were till there and Mrs. Payson, Mrs. Dan Murphy nd her sister Mrs. Frank. Hugh Tevis and is little daughter and Mrs. Perry Eyre and ary Eyre were among the latest arrivals. he Downey Harveys returned to town on onday and Mrs. Alvord is to be back toward he end of this week. Percy says that Mrs. lvord's improvement is little short of mirac-lous, and she is now able to take short drives very day. They had a glorious time while it asted, Percy said, what with playing golf, ding, driving, and having the jolliest kind f picnics and parties. Much of the gayety as due to the efforts of Mr. Oelrichs, who as tireless in arranging different excursions nd affairs for the young people. There was a ery attractive young Englishman down there, Mr. Smith, with whom Percy was very hummy. He was quite devoted to one of the ebutantes who was there, and accompanied er home. The Golf Club was a great success, nd some of the girls made giant strides with heir scores. Ethel Keeney was about the est of the younger players and had the pret-iest suit. An attractive couple who spent the ummer at Del Monte were Mr. and Mrs. Scudder of St. Louis. They are well endowed with this world's goods and very jolly. Mrs. Scudder is quite a stylish looking woman and er husband an unusually handsome man.

And now to tell you of our tournament at San Rafael.

I never realized how desirable a situation we had for the links in San Rafael until Sat-rday. The course is rather more difficult han the ordinary, but the pleasure one has in naking a good drive repays one for the dif-ficulty—and it certainly increases the sport. You know the links extend over a rather flat ield up through a sort of ravine, then over a small knoll through another ravine to the goal. The grounds are in excellent condition nd the day was not too warm. Early in the morning we were all at the starting place—where there was a canvas tent in which re-freshments were served. The first on the pro-gram was the children's handicap for a box of golf balls. The youngsters looked ever so bonny as they handled their sticks in quite professional fashion. The little de Youngs, Von Schroeders, Frank Johnson, Barton Parker and Roma Paxton played. Roma won every-thing and made a score of 102. Then followed the ladies' tournament which to us was the event of the day. The players were Gertie Carroll, Celia O'Connor, Miss Brown, Mrs. Bush, Mrs. J. J. Crooks, Mrs. Schloss, Miss Landen, Maud O'Connor, Belle Mhoon, Edith McBean, the Misses Hecht and Miss Alman. Mrs. Schloss won the prize, a darling little pin, which I should have loved to have had. It was in the design of two golf sticks crossed with a heart. Some of the girls scored splend-idly. Belle Mhoon was particularly clever in her drives. Mrs. Schloss plays an admirable game, is cautious and never makes a miscal-culation. Edith McBean made a very decent score too.

The men's tournament was the most exciting for they do play well. Mr. Parker carried off the laurel, a gold medal in an unusual de-sign. Of the other players Mr. Orestes Pierce of Oakland made a fine score, which was note-worthy as he plays entirely with his left hand. Judge Morrow awarded the prizes and made quite a pretty speech. All the hotel people turned out in their best bibs and tuckers, and when any of us girls made an especially long drive applauded us most vigorously.

On Sunday, although I was slightly fatigued after the excitement of Saturday, I went to see the *Arizona* set sail. We went out on the tng *McDowell* and saw the men off. You know Allen Wright left—he is now in the regular army, has a commission in the 14th Regiment and is the happiest fellow in the United States. I don't know how the Friday Fort-nightlys will get on without him, for he prac-tically engineered all the germans last winter. Walter Martin was also on board looking bright and jolly. But, Diary dear, I should have done better had I remained home, for little Miss Cricket can no longer say she is heart whole. There was a very handsome doctor on board—a Belgian, and so aristocratic looking, with one of those foreign looking moustaches with their ends pointing heavenwards, like the German Emperor's, you know. Well, he was introduced to me and proved even more attractive than his appearance suggested. His name is Dr. de Maine, and I, for one, need never be told to "remember the Maine" again. It, or he, is indelibly printed on my memory. There was not much of a crowd on the *McDowell*—Mrs. Oscar Long, Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. Beatty, Mrs. Evans, Mabel Reed, Julia Reed and Miss Sharp, of the Presidio, were the only other ladies on board beside Aunt Sybil and me.

We are all feeling so distressed about the death of poor Ella Adams, which occurred last week. She was a very sweet girl and none of us had any idea she was ill until we received the news of her death. She was a daughter of Mr. L. S. Adams and a sister of Larry Adams, who is at the Klondike. It is too sad; she was quite young and to be taken off so suddenly seems too dreadful. I believe it was a case of heart failure. I feel doubly sorry for poor Larry, as death always seems harder to bear when you have to be away from your loved ones.

I heard from Major Sidney Cloman from Manila the other day. He seems quite enthu-siastic over the islands and finds the climate not nearly so bad as it has been painted. Major Cloman says Arizona in the warm season is far more disagreeable and has not the extenuating circumstances that make Manila bearable. He has found some charm-ng spots around the town and quite enjoys it. He writes very modestly about his own achievements, but states that many of the men have behaved splendidly and done great things.

On Tuesday night I went to a theatre party given by Mrs. Eleanor Martin to several of us. We went to the Baldwin to see "Heartsease," which is a perfectly charming play. I found Henry Miller as attractive as John Drew, which is about the highest praise I can be-stow, for naturally I adore John Drew. The theater has all been re-decorated and looks clean and fresh. I can't say I particularly ad-mire the pale blue, as I think it rather a try-ing background, but it is beautifully clean. Let me see who were in our party—Josie Loughborough, Ethel Keeney, Fanny Lough-borough, Walter Dean, Mr. Herman Oelrichs and Peter Martin. Afterwards we had a very swell supper. There were numbers I knew in the theatre. Mrs. Ira Pierce with Sophy and Susie Blanding and Henry Dutton. Then Knox Maddox, of San Jose, who was with the Pillsburys and several others. The audience was delightfully appreciative and I enjoyed the play so much that I failed to pay much attention to my escort.

San Rafael still manages to keep up its gaiety and the hotel is delightfully full. Par-ties to Fairfax Villa continues to be a most popular form of amusement and two or three are given every week. Mrs. Billie Whittier has been the most enthusiastic of the enter-tainers and has given some charming little feasts there to some few choice spirits. The paper chases continue to retain their admirers and there is the usual number of wheeling parties. Therese Morgan has gone to Santa Barbara to be bridesmaid to Nellie Hamilton, who is to be married in the immediate future. Nellie Hamilton is a cousin to Marion Jones, who was here for some little time last winter.

Nearly everybody has returned, or will be back from the summer junketings by Septem-ber 1st. Of those who are still away are Mr. and Mrs. Paul Jarboe, who are in Santa Cruz; Mrs. Homer King and her two daughters, who are visiting Mrs. John P. Jones in Santa Monica; Charlotte Ellinwood and Leontine Blakeman, who are at the Geysers, and Ethel Patten, who is at her cottage in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

And now, Diary dear, if you are not tired of these confidences I am, and so I shall bid you adieu for another week.

Your own MISS CRICKET.

P. S. I forgot to mention that Lieutenant Bent is ill with yellow fever at Fortress Mun-roe, and that Ethel has started to join him there.

* *

An interesting wedding that is to take place in the near future is that of Mark Hellman ane Miss Frances Jacobi. The ceremony is to be celebrated at the home of the bride's grand-parents, Mr. and Mrs. Brandenstein. Owing to a recent bereavement in the Jacobi family, only the immediate friends and kinsfolk of the young people will be invited.

The nuptials of Miss Gertrude Pease and John Berkeley Hays are to be celebrated at the home of the bride on Saturday, September 27th, at noon. The wedding is to be a small one.

The marriage is announced of Miss Stella Locan and Mr. Fritz Denicke. The ceremony, which was performed by Judge Seawell, was quietly celebrated at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Denicke on Friday evening, August 26th, at eight o'clock.

Miss Annie Frances Briggs, one of the most talented members of the Sketch Club, is to leave for Europe about September 7th. Pre-vious to her departure Miss Briggs will hold an exhibition and sale of her pictures at the Sketch Club, 723 Sutter street, on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, September 1st., 2nd. and 3d., from 10 a. m. to 5 p. m.

The Pacific States Lawn Tennis Association will hold its annual fall tournament for gentle-man's doubles and ladies' singles, on the courts of the Hotel Rafael, on Friday and Sat-urday, September 9th and 10th. Invitations have been issued to the members of the Southern California tennis clubs, and it is hoped they will send some of their strongest players to participate. A handsome prize has been donated by the California Lawn Tennis Club for the ladies' event, and by the Hotel Rafael for the gentlemen's doubles. Great preparations are being made for the comfort of both spectators and players, and everything possible is being done to ensure the success of the meeting.

* *

Everything in Oakland has been very quiet recently, but on Saturday the Military Fete given by the Young Ladies' Relief Society roused people in general from their apathy. It was a charming affair and apart from the charitable side of it quite an important social function. It took place in the grounds at the Piedmont Club which were gaily decorated in the national colors. The Piedmont grounds are peculiarly adapted for garden parties of every description. There is a pretty canyon in the centre with a stream roving through it. Over this are rustic bridges and paths leading to sheltered nooks. Myriads of incandescent lights gleam among the trees, sparkle beneath the waterfalls and shine brightly above the darkest spots. There is a sulphur spring in a grotto at the bottom of the grounds as well as a very fine iron spring. The girls who partici-pated belong to the Saturday Forthnightly Cotillion Club and are some of the pretties of the Oakland maidens. All wore light organdie frocks and picture hats. The Iowa band played during the afternoon and the Tennessee men gave their zouave drill. In the evening there was a big camp fire and a number of soldiers from the Eighth California Regiment entertained the guests with songs. Of the girls who took part were Miss Jean Howard, Miss Pauline Fore, Miss Mary Randall, Miss Helen Bell and several others. Miss Bertha McElrath assisted by Misses Merle Morrison, Imogen Hawley and Florence Louden had charge of the candy booth. The tea booth, which was the most attractive in the rows, was under the charge of Miss Florence Sharon, Miss Marion Raudall, Miss Evelyn Craig and Miss Sallie Quinan. There were also a graph-ophone, a lemonade, and a fortune-telling booth. The place was crowded during both afternoon and evening, and the receipts were very satisfactory.

An engagement of more than usual interest is that of Miss Grace Gorrill and Mr. Oscar Gowing. Both of the young people are as yet in their early twenties and it will be sometime before the marriage will be celebrated. Miss Gorrill is a bright, lively girl and one of the most universally liked of the younger set. Mr. Gowing is a bright young man who shows much promise.

A very pretty home wedding was that of Miss Margaret Fitzgerald, sister to Mr. Robert Fitzgerald the Labor Commissioner, and Mr. Alex Marx of East Okland. The bride wore a very effective gown of white silk covered in innumerable ruffles of illusion. Around her shoulders was a bertha of Brussels point lace. Miss Kate Chabot, who was the only brides-maid, was gowned in pink silk. Mr. Robert Fitzgerald was best man. The decorations of the house were in admirable taste and the young people plighted their troth beneath a bower of pink roses. Only the immediate friends and relatives were invited to the cere-mony. Afterwards Mr. and Mrs. Marx left for San Jose where they will spend their honey-moon.

Few and far between were the dinners given during the past week; the only one of any im-portance being the military affair which Miss Florence Sharon gave at her house in Pied-mont on Saturday evening.

Marchand's.

The re-opening of Marchand's restaurant is something of an event. The old place on Grant Avenue had grown into an institution and the months it has been closed have been lost to the epicures. However, Marchand's begins its new career under very different auspices. Its new home, on the corner of Geary and Stockton streets, is really palatial, being without doubt one of the handsomest buildings in town. It is a fine structure of gray stone, elegant in design and admirably furnished throughout. There is a large ban-quet hall, private dining-rooms and apart-ments especially designed for bachelors. As for the cuisine, the reputation of Marchand's is beyond cavil. The gourmet knows it is the best place in town, and, while there may be competitors, it has no rivals. The new dining-room on the first floor is a comfortable and beautifully-decorated apartment, and will un-doubtedly have a gay appearance to-night when the restaurant opens for dinner. All the friendly faces will be back in their places and a menu fit for the gods and goddesses is promised.

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

MOORE'S POISON OAK REMEDY
Cures Poison Oak and all Skin Diseases. Sold by all Druggists.

IMPORTANT!

GREAT NOVELTIES
IN
French Drapery
Lace Curtains
Artistic Furniture
In French, Italian and Colonial Styles
Special Designs.

Estimates for Interior Decoration Furnished Free. Get our figures before entrusting your orders with other concerns.

THE P. ROSSI CO.
117 Sutter Street
Bet. Kearny and Montgomery, San Francisco

Bartholomay
BREWERY CO. ROCHESTER, N.Y.
The "Knickerbocker"
is universally acknowledged the Finest Beer pro-duced in this coontry.
WILLIAM WOLFF & CO.
Pacific Coast Agents San Francisco

THE GREAT LEADER
OF CHAMPAGNES!
G. H. Mumm & Co's EXTRA DRY

While words tell, statistics prove. The importa-tion of G. H. MUMM & CO'S EXTRA DRY in 1897, aggregating 72,775 cases, or 42,293 cases more than of any other brand, is certainly the most striking evi-dence of the great popularity of this famous brand of champagne, and particular attention is called to the fine quality, purity, and natural dryness of the wine now coming to this market.
Used at almost all notable banquets, balls, wed-dings, etc.

From Nature's Laboratory

California Cream of Lemon is a toilet prepara-tion made entirely from the soluble substance of the whole lemon. The lemon is a natural skin food, cleanser and beautifier. Used in the bath, **Cream of Lemon** cleanses the skin quickly and thoroughly, and gives it a delightful clearness, velvety softness and suppleness. A natural skin-builder, it restores faded complexions, cures pimples and all other skin blemishes, prevents and cures tan and sunburn, as well as chapped lips and hands. Used after shaving it immediately allays all irritation of the skin, pre-vents roughness and disease, and obviates the possi-bility of catching cold.
It retails at 15 cents. Ask your druggist for it. If he will not supply you, send 20 cents and we will send a three-ounce collapsible tube of Cream of Lemon prepaid to any address in the United States.
BALLOU & COSGROVE
Sole Agents for the United States, San Diego, Cal
Most druggists sell it—all druggists should.

Mrs. Anna Von Meyerinck
HAS REOPENED HER
SCHOOL OF MUSIC
For Voice Culture and Piano.

Complete Conservatory Courses, including In-struction in Harmony, Theory, Chorus and Sight Singing, Ensemble Playing, Languages and Physi-cal Culture. Special Preparation for Church Choir Work (weekly rehearsals with the choir of Park Congregational Church)
Lectures on Musical Topics.
Terms for Full Course of Fifty Weeks, $75, (payable in monthly installments of $6.25).
Private Instruction, $15 and $20 per month.
Special Seminary Courses for Teachers.
Coaching for Lighter and Grand Opera by Mrs. Henri Fairweather.
Further particulars may be obtained at the School 841 Fulton street, San Francisco. Reception hours, 12 to 2 daily.

If we made it, it's proper!
We are giving
demonstrations daily in the art of correct tailor-ing. Our customers are models of neatness and fashion, and we take pride in having them such. If you are particular—if your clothes must be just so—then we want you for a customer. Won't you let us demonstrate this with you?
GRENNAN BROS. Telephone Black 2465 **850 Market St.**

The Royal is the highest grade baking powder known. Actual tests show it goes one-third further than any other brand.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

LONDON

London, August 6th.—Now that the London season is practically over, and those "in the know" are yachting at Cowes, it seems a fitting time to review affairs social and otherwise. Were quantity the desirable quality of a London season, then the one that has just passed might be considered unduly brilliant. There were countless small parties, but no State functions of extraordiuary brilliancy, no garden parties at any of the Royal residences, and no; receptions by the Foreign Office. Cold interfered with the success of Ascot, rain with that of Goodwood—at the latter many of the smartest costumes of the ladies were ruined by unexpected torrents. The racecourse at Goodwood is in a way more beautiful than that of Ascot. It has a belt of trees and woodland for a background, and the green lawns slope gently to the course. Along these lawns wicker arm chairs, seats and benches are placed, and above them signs setting forth to whom they belong. One feels that Goodwood is essentially a private place—it belongs to the Duke of Richmond, you know—and there is an atmosphere of conservatism that one quite loses at Ascot. Goodwood House, the seat of the Duke of Richmond, is a fine greystone mansion and has grassy lawns surrounding it. Beyond these lie the woods, which are exceedingly beautiful, with some magnificent trees. Regular timber land, with innumerable stately oaks, that seem to be the family trees of the English aristocracy.

The Duke usually has the Prince and Princess of Wales as his guests, but this year was obliged to be content with Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Prince Christian and the Duke of Cambridge. When the Prince of Wales honors Goodwood with his presence "tall hats" are worn, but his absence admitted a delightful easiness to the meeting aud every one appeared in white straws, round jackets and an occasional set of flannels. The ladies' dresses on the first day were very stunning. The Duchess of Devonshire wore white covered with white lace, and a black hat with flowers. Lady Cadogan was in mauve silk with a white toque trimmed in wisteria. Lady Sophie Scott was in pearl gray with a jaunty hat trimmed in blue cornflowers. Lady Randolph Churchill wore a cool looking cream frock with a black hat. It was amusing to the onlooker, who had come prepared for showery weather, to see these smartly dressed women huddling and cowering under shelter and getting thoroughly drenched by the dripping from the trees. Poor Mrs. Arthur Paget was soaked, and presented rather a bedraggled appearance in her white muslin frock with black spots that looked so pretty and dainty before the heavy downpour. Mrs. George Curzon was more fortunate, having provided herself with a mackintosh. She looked very well in white with a big hat trimmed with blue and purple. She is not a pretty woman, but is smart looking and dresses in admirable taste. To my mind that is the secret of our compatriots' success in England—it is not that we are prettier or better dressed than the English women, but we know how to wear our clothes, which is the greatest of all arts feminine.

Speaking of dress, reminds me what a talent the Princess of Wales has in that line. She is always so happy in her choice of clothes and makes most of the other royal ladies look dowdy. The contrast between her and the Princess Christian is positively ludicrous. Poor Princess Christian—she is not a beauty, and accentuates her plainess by piling on the most unbecoming hues. Princess Victoria of Wales has not inherited her mother's talent, and her clothes usually look as if she were her own modiste. Unfortunately she is in wretched health at present and the last night I saw her at the opera she looked miserably—plain and delicate, and seems to have lost all youthfulness. By the way, there is another rumor of her engagment, this time to a young, handsome and steady foreign prince—a most unusual combination. He is a desirable *parti* in every respect save that he is a near relative. Princess Victoria is now in her thirtieth year, so it is high time she changed her state. Of course, Princess Beatrice proved that old-maiddom could be extended in the case of a princess, but Princess Victoria has neither the youthful appearance uor the charm that distinguished her aunt.

It is curious what an amount of gossip comes to light at the end of a season—little scraps that have been passed from lip to lip until their importance has been magnified to an undue extent. The Princess of Wales and the Duchess of York have been passed from post to pillar by the tongues of the gossips, and no motion or turn has escaped them. Princess Henry of Pless, who caused the Duchess of York so mauy bad quarters of an hour, is said to be the most beautiful woman in the British Empire. She is a daughter of Mrs. Cornwallis West, who at one time was greatly admired by the Prince of Wales. Princess Henry made her debut at seventeen and was married the next year to his Highness of Pless, a nobleman of high social prestige and one of the richest landowners in Germany. They spend much of their time in London, and Princess Henry's jewels and gowns cause a new sensation with each succeeding season. She is part Irish, and has all of the deviltry of the race. She adores her husband, and siuply flirts with the Duke of York for pure mischief. That, however, does not lessen the uneasiness of poor Princess May, who is not assured of her husband's devotion and is frightfully jealous.

The Princess of Wales has been most devoted to her capricious spouse since his accident, but she has now left his side and given the busybodies food for gossip. Some say the Prince became rather bored with her attentions and invited a gay crowd to Cowes to amuse him, among them Lily Langtry. When he informed his royal spouse that the Lily was to visit him, she speedily left Cowes and went off to Denmark to visit her mother. Others say the Prince was most attentive to his wife during her stay, and that it was only after she was obliged to go to Denmark to see the Queen, who is really seriously ill, that he invited other if more lively people to amuse him during his enforced rest. He seems pretty cheerful and is wheeled round in his bath chair everywhere.

At Cowes you have an opportunity of finding out who are really admitted into the inner sanctuary, for society is in its most conservative state at this yachting resort. At Ascot the Royal Enclosure, in former times, was considered a hallmark of social prestige, but of late all sorts and conditions of people have found an entry, but at Cowes the Royal Yacht Squadron is the desideratum of those seeking admittance into the inner mazes of society. Every year the Cowes Regatta becomes more and more a social function and admission into the Royal Yacht Squadron a more difficult matter. Very few Americans have the entry of this extra exclusive enclosure, and the *noveau riche* of every class sit like unhappy Peris without the gate. A good yacht and a country seat would appear to be the "open sesame," but, so far, neither money nor its accessories have been sufficiently powerful to open this door. Each year or two adds a new face to the happy Peris, who in their turn become as conservative as their predecessors.

At a little dinner party recently I met one of the under secretaries of our Embassy aud the conversation turned on points of diplomatic precedence. I was particularly anxious to know what was the rule of conduct for diplomats in a foreign capital whose respective countries happened to be at war. He told me that this question was mooted on the outbreak of war between the United States and Spain. "You see," he said, "all diplomats belong to the same clubs and are likely to meet daily, and it would be decidedly awkward for us not to recognize one another. Again it would be obviously out of the question for us to maintain our ordinarily friendly relations. The thing was discussed at length and finally it was decided to submit the question to the Prince of Wales. After due consideration, His Royal Highness has issued his dictum that the etiquette for diplomatic representatives of uations at war is to salute each other, but not to converse." That settled the question for all time, for in matters of this sort the Prince is recognized universally as the *arbiter elegantiarum*.

The stir created in Russian Court circles by the edict against smoking of the Czarina has caused considerable talk here. Some of the ladies of the Russian Court accused the Princess of Wales of indulging in the tobacco habit. The English papers are quite indignant, for the future Queen of England is to them a person absolutely above reproach. Princess Maud, however, who married Prince Charles of Denmark, used to smoke cigarettes, but since her marrige has ceased, for the court of Denmark would look with horror on a nicotine-loving princess, as it is very stiff and puritanical.

Before I close I must tell you of the most eligible of the London noblemen now in society. He is Lord Yarmouth, heir to the Marquis of Hertford. He is a very charming man and quite handsome—tall and slight with remarkably large brown eyes and thick black hair. He is an excellent horseman and a splendid dancer. At the piano very few amateurs can equal him. The strange part of it is that he does not know how to read one note of music, but has so correct an ear that he can reproduce any air he has once heard. Added to this, he has recently illustrated a book by Cosmo Hamilton called *Through a Keyhole*. This "Admirable Crichton" is rich, too, has travelled everywhere and seems to be faultless. All the London society belles have courted him, but so far he has managed to elude them, and is heart whole and fancy free.

KATRIONA.

Pears'

Pretty boxes and odors are used to sell such soaps as no one would touch if he saw them undisguised. Beware of a soap that depends on something outside of it.

Pears', the finest soap in the world is scented or not, as you wish; and the money is in the merchandise, not in the box.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people are using it.

PARIS

Paris, August 10th.—I met Coquelin the other day. He is full of the great success of his visit to London. "Cyrano de Bergerac" was acclaimed by the English critics, he says, who were more enthusiastic even than their French compatriots. He told me of a delightful dinner given him by an old friend of his, M. Joseph, the famous *chef*, who now presides over the cuisine of the Savoy Hotel. You may remember him as Vanderbilt's $10,000 a year cook. It seems that, like all the other Frenchmen in London, M. Joseph went to see "Cyrano." So delighted was he with the exquisite treat he had enjoyed that he wrote to Coquelin, thanking him and offering him, by way of requital, the most exquisite dinner known to culinary art. The artist was requested to bring two friends.

Coquelin was charmed, of course. He invited Paul Renouard, the artist, and his favorite beauty, Mrs. James Brown Potter. The dinner was served in one of the private dining-rooms of the hotel and was indeed a success. The menu was comparatively brief. I copied it from the hand-painted card which Coquelin produced from a recess of his pocketbook:

Pas de Hors d'oeuvre.
Potage creme a la Bergerac,
Soles a la Reichemberg.
Poularde Marivaux.
Cotelettes d'Agneau de Gascogne a la Roxane.
Canetons a la Presse.
Salade des Tetes d'Asperges
Peches a la Cardinal.
Feuilletages a la Regueneau.
Vins
Haut Sauterue '74.
Cantenac Brown '84.
Chateau Pape Clement '75.
St. Marceaux Brut '84.

Coquelin said that the wines were Joseph's own—all rare vintages and out of the market. The great *chef* served and carved himself. The *peches a la Cardinal* were brought in in a cut-crystal bowl, which proved to be of solid ice with a silver rim frozen on. Beneath the ice was a spirit lamp, whose flame kept the peaches from freezing. The fowl was steamed in the fumes of old port, and three ducklings were crushed in a press to make a sauce for a fourth. It is not necessary to be a gourmet to realize how exquisite this dinner must have been.

Paris becomes drier and dustier, as each succeeding day fails to bring the much wished for summer showers. The heat has been quite distressing and the sun seems to burn down with an almost relentless zeal. But even a dry and dusty Paris is, to the lovers of this gay capital, preferable to the most desirable weather at the seaside.

The man who stands highest in French favor at the present moment is M. Cambon, the French Ambassador to the United States. They are all delighted with his diplomatic achievements in connection with the Spanish war, and we think here they have some reason. M. Cambon is one of the ablest embassadors in the service and up to date in every way. He seems to have a better realization of modern methods of diplomacy than most Frenchmen, who consider negotiations must necessarily be conducted with Machiavellian cunning and subtlety. Some regret is expressed here over the recall of Sir Martin Gosselin, the English Ambassador to Paris. He was a very charming man and a general favorite with the other representatives, as well as with the Government. His successor, Lord Monson, is but generally known to Parisians, although his sister, Lady de Grey, is a resident of Paris and has a jolly little flat in the Champs Elysees.

The new Russian Ambassadress, Princess Ouroussof, is a very beautiful woman and has admirable taste in the selection of her gowns. She recently gave a receptiou at the Embassy, and wore a pearl gray satin embroidered with orchids, the body of the flower was made of mousseline de soie appliqued with embroidery of silk in natural colors. But few of the embassadresses really dress well, until they have been some time here. After that their frocks show the *chic* that distinguishes the Parisians.

Apropos of *chic*, few grandes dames wear their clothes with as much style as that little peasant washer-maiden, Ernestine Curot, who was crowned as "Muse" last week. She interested me very much and I decided to call on her, in order to find out what were her sensations on that memorable occasion when she was taken in triumph through the streets of Paris. She is charming, even in her everyday frocks, and was delightfully simple and ingenuous.

"It seems to me," said she, "that I have had a beautiful day dream, that was, alas, all too short! But don't unisunderstand me. The glories of Sunday have not turned my head, and I don't mind a bit returning to my humdrum life, after being worshipped for hours by the crowd. It was glorious though, and I only wish it could have lasted a little longer. I was so happy, so happy, from the moment I put on my gorgeous gown that M. Worth gave me till the moment when the carriage brought me from the Folies Dramatiques to our home. That day will never be forgotten, and you know, madame, that my day's adventures will get me a better situation."

The "Muse," in addition to the handsome gown presented by Worth, had besides a number of costly gifts. The Municipal Council gave her some handsome jewelry and the committee a gold watch. The day I called she was just preparing to start for the Elysee, where she was to leave her card and photograph, by special request, for the President.

In spite of the fact that it is midsummer a few parties continue to be given. Last week Madame Aubernon de Neuville gave a comedy in her little private theatre. She is a most interesting person and has a salon in which she entertains Academicians and other great literary lights. A decided original, when at her dinners she wishes to let every one hear her especial lion speak it is her custom to ring a little bell to enjoin sileuce, and then gaze rapturously at the great man in question, whose remark might be of the most simple and comuonplace nature. At the comedy some very pretty gowns were worn. One of white *crepe de chine*, embroidered in shaded flowers, was made over a rich rose colored silk. At the corsage were choux of violet tulle united with a band of the rose ribbon. Another gown was of white *mousseline de soie* embroidered in sweet peas and trimmed with black velvet and diamonds. The sweet peas zigzagged across the bodice of *mousseline de soie*. Little straps of velvet were arranged over the shoulder, on which were diamond buckles. A velvet dog collar overlaid with diamonds finished the neck. I saw numberless Marie Antoinette fichus and really very few summer frocks are made without them. A well cut fichu lends grace and style to every gown and makes the simplest cotton dress charming.

Everyone here is going in for *automobile* frocks, and some very chic designs are being contrived by the dressmakers. They are generally made of gray, dark blue or green covert cloth. The coats are smart with many pockets and large handsome buttons. Nearly every *chaffeuse* or engineer is provided with a long redingote The hats are simple felt hats for the most part. The latest enthusiast among the smart Parisians is Baroness von Zuylen, who took part iu the race to Amsterdam and back. She wore a gown of gray mixed goods with a dark blue jacket. She looked very well save that she wore dark blue goggles, which would have even disfigured Helen of Troy. But *automobiles* are not a source of unmixed pleasure, and every day one hears of a shocking accident caused through their agency. Trouville, the other day, was the scene of a dreadful tragedy, in which a lady named Bonnevaux and her family were severely injured and Mme. Bonnevaux killed. They were out driving in their phaeton when their horse, frightened by an *automobile*, bolted and threw them all out. Madame Bonnevaux was killed almost instantly and the rest of the occupants severely hurt. M. Bizet, the son of the composer of "Carmen," was driving the *automobile* which was the cause of the accident, but it does not appear that he was in any way to blame.

BABETTE.

BLUE LABEL KETCHUP

makes a meal taste good and helps it to digest.
Made with ripe tomatoes and pure spices.

Pacific Coast Agents
Sherwood & Sherwood
SAN FRANCISCO
LOS ANGELES
PORTLAND

For fine custom-made Footwear, go to Dietle's, 235 Bush street.

GERMEA

The Ideal Breakfast Dish

Dr. G. A. Danziger, Dentist, 22 Geary street

Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist, 806 Market Street

SUMMER QUARTERS

Highland Springs

LAKE COUNTY, CAL.

San Francisco Office, 316 Montgomery Street

Lytton Springs

HOTEL AND COTTAGES

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

Thoroughly renovated and will be kept as a first-class resort. Accommodations for 150 guests. Located seventy miles north of San Francisco, in Sonoma County, on S. F. and N. P. R. R., one-half mile from depot. Cement walk to hotel. Bus meets all trains. Fine scenery, ample grounds, nice walks and drives, with shady nooks and dales. We have our own milk, butter, fruit and vegetables. Lytton (Cal.) Seltzer and Soda near the Hotel, Free to Guests. Open Summer and Winter. Rates, $2 per day and $8 to $12.50 per week. W. M. WARD, Manager.

HOTEL VENDOME

SAN JOSE CAL.

This beautiful home (open all the year) is only fifty miles from San Francisco. Twenty trains daily via three routes. Picturesque grounds, delightful drives, and balmy climate.

Just the Place for Your Family

for a real good time and refined surroundings

Headquarters for Lick Observatory

Address GEORGE P. SNELL, Manager

Illustrated Souvenir Free

Hotel Belvedere

Opened for the Season May 1st

Belvedere, Cal. MRS. A. T. MOORE.

September in the Sierras!

DEER PARK INN, Lake Tahoe, Cal., is located in the midst of the trouting, grouse, quail and deer region of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Comfortable, hospitable, **admirably kept.**

City office, room 1, Flood Building.

THE GEYSERS SONOMA COUNTY

Six hours from San Francisco. One of Nature's wonders. Grandest scenery. The Hotel an enchanting, embowered home. Croquet ground, tennis court, etc. Natural steam and mineral baths. Bathhouse remodeled—elegant porcelain tubs. Tepid swimming lake. New and inviting trails to interesting points. Table unsurpassed. Terms $10 to $15 per week; $2 and $2.50 per day. Long distance telephone, daily mail, and telegraph.

R. M. HORTON, Manager.

Dr. C. C. O'Donnell's Mineral Springs

Twenty completely-furnished five-room cottages in Glen Ellen, Sonoma Co.; good boating, fishing and hunting; finest summer resort and mineral water for all diseases in America; camping ground and mineral water free. Apply to DR. C. C. O'DONNELL, 1206 Market street, San Francisco.

We will send "The Wave" for Four Months to any address in the United States

For One Dollar

The Best Illustrated Paper West of New York

"The Wave"

Topics of the Day Ably Discussed

Subscribe Now

Address
Subscription Dept. "The Wave"
24 Montgomery St.

For those who appreciate Comfort and Attention

A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL

SAN FRANCISCO

WM. B. HOOPER, MANAGER

Golden Eagle Hotel

Seventh and K Sts., Sacramento

First-class in every respect. All modern conveniences. Bus at every train. GRAY & TITUS, Props.

WHEN LEAVING THE THE CITY PLACE YOUR VALUABLES IN THE

Safe Deposit Vaults

OF THE

First National Bank

N. W. Cor. Bush and Sansome Sts.

Office Hours: 8 a.m. to 6 p.m.

EVERY POSSIBLE SAFEGUARD TO PROPERTY

REASONABLE RATES

PROMPT ATTENTION

LEGAL NOTICES

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES in and for the Northern District of California.

IN THE MATTER OF WILLIAM KELDAY TULLOCH, Bankrupt.

Take notice, that William Kelday Tulloch, Bankrupt above named, has been duly adjudicated a bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, and that the first meeting of the creditors has been called to meet at the office of the undersigned, at room 185, Crocker Building, San Francisco, California, on Saturday the 10th day of September, 1898, at the hour of 10 a.m., for the purpose of proving their claims against the estate of said bankrupt; and that at the same time and place all creditors whose claims have been duly proven and allowed shall appoint one or three trustees of said estate.

Dated San Francisco, August 17, 1898

MILTON J. GREEN,
Referee in Bankruptcy
in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES in and for the Northern District of California.

IN THE MATTER OF CHARLES J. SIMON, Bankrupt.

Take notice, that Charles J. Simon, bankrupt above named, has been duly adjudicated a bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, and that the first meeting of the creditors has been called to meet at the office of the undersigned, at room 185, Crocker Building, San Francisco, California, on Monday the 5th day of September, 1898, at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of proving their claims against the estate of said bankrupt; and that at the same time and place all creditors whose claims have been duly proven and allowed shall appoint one or three trustees of said estate.

Dated San Francisco, August 12, 1898.

MILTON J. GREEN,
Referee in Bankruptcy
in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE—ANDES SILVER MINING CO.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia City, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 28th day of July, 1898, an assessment (No. 46) of five (5) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, rooms 20-22, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 2d day of September, 1898, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on Monnay, 11 a.m. the 26th day of September, 1898, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors,

JOHN W. TWIGGS, Secretary.

Office, rooms 20-22, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES in and for the Northern District of California.

IN THE MATTER OF JOSEPH H. MORTON, Bankrupt.

Take notice, that Joseph H. Morton, bankrupt above named, has been duly adjudicated a bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, and that the first meeting of the creditors has been called to meet at the office of the undersigned, at room 185, Crocker Building, San Francisco, California, on Wednesday the 14th day of September, 1898, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of proving their claims against the estate of said bankrupt; and that at the same time and place all creditors whose claims have been duly proven and allowed shall appoint one or three trustees of said estate.

Dated San Francisco, August 20, 1898.

MILTON J. GREEN,
Referee in Bankruptcy
in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

CUTS

YOSEMITE ENGRAVING COMPANY

FOR THE CAMPAIGN AT SPECIAL PRICES

24 MONTGOMERY ST. TELEPHONE MAIN 5806 SAN FRANCISCO CAL

ELECTRIC..

Supplies
Construction
Repairs

CALIFORNIA ELECTRICAL WORKS

409 MARKET STREET

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California St., S. F.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....$2,135,820 60
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash..... 1,000,000 00
Deposits June 30, 1898.....26,486,987 06

OFFICERS

President, B. A. BECKER
First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER
Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN
Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT
Assistant Cashier, WM. HERRMANN
Secretary, GEORGE TOURNY
Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann, Ign. Steinhart, N. Van Bergen, E. Rhote, H. B. Russ, D. N. Walter and N. Ohlandt.

Attorney - W. S. Goodfellow

San Francisco Savings Union

532 CALIFORNIA ST.

Deposits July 1, 1898.....$23,356,130
Paid Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Reserve Fund..... 182,009
Contingent Fund..... 435,515

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

DIRECTORS

George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, George Tasheira, E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate, and Farms and Farming Lands in the country.

Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.

No charge is made for pass book or entrance fee.

Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco

33 POST STREET

Below Kearny Mechanics' Institute Buildin

Guaranteed Capital, $1,000,000
Paid Up Capital, $300,000

JAMES D. PHELAN, President
S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-President
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier
C. B. HOBSON, Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS—James D. Phelan, S. G. Murphy, John A. Hooper, James Moffitt, C. G. Hooker, Frank J. Sullivan, L. P. Drexler, Robt. McElroy, Jos. D. Grant.

Interest paid on deposits.

Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks.

When opening accounts, send signature.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO

Capital and Surplus . Six Million Dollars

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON.....Second Assistant Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

CORRESPONDENTS

New York..... Messrs. Laidlaw & Co. / The Bank of New York, N. B. A.
Baltimore.....The National Exchange Bank
Boston.....The Tremont National Bank
Chicago..... Illinois Trust and Savings Bank / Union National Bank
Philadelphia.....Philadelphia National Bank
St. Louis.....Boatmen's Bank
Virginia City, Nev...Agency of the Bank of California
London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
Paris.....Messrs. De Rothschild Freres
Berlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft
China, Japan and East Indies.....Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China
Australia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

CONNECTICUT

FIRE INS. CO.

OF HARTFORD

Assets. $3,300,000. BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.

COLIN M. BOYD,
Agent for San Francisco
501 Montgomery Street

Thuringia Insurance Co.

OF ERFURT, GERMANY

Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248

PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT
204-208 Sansome Street, San Francisco

VOSS, CONRAD & CO,, General Managers

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL Building and Loan Ass'n of California

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and Gen. Manager.

Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

FRANKLIN K. LANE G. WHITFIELD LANE

LANE & LANE

Attorneys and Counselors

Removed to

1409-1412-1413 Claus Spreckels Building

Everybody Goes Where the Shamrock Grows

THE IRISH FAIR

Saturday, Aug. 20th, to Saturday, Sept. 10th

AT

MECHANICS' PAVILION

The Most Original and Beautiful Exposition ever held on the Pacific Coast. Doors open 1 to 5:30, 7 to 10:30 p.m. daily (Sundays excepted).

Admission 25c. Children 10c.

Baldwin Theatre

FRIEDLANDER, GOTTLOB & Co., Lessess and Mgrs.

Beginning Next Mouday, August 29th
Second Week

HENRY MILLER

Presenting for the first time here
G. Stnart Ogilvie's Comedy

"THE MASTER"

Columbia Theatre

FRIEDLANDER, GOTTLOB & Co., Lessees and Mgrs.

Beginning Next Monday, August 29th
Last Week But One

THE FRAWLEY CO.

Seven Nights and Saturday Matinee

Revival of Charles Young's Comedy-Drama

"THE RAJAH"

Orpheum

Week commencing . . . . Monday, August 29th
Barney Fagan and Henrietta Byron, in a clever sketch, introducing their famous specialties
Charles T. Aldrich, Eccentric Comedian and Juggler direct from his London Successes
Signor and Signora Pasquali, Operatic Stars
The Marvelous Sadi, Russian Gymnast
Chas. Baron and his Troupe of Trained Great Danes
Chas. Case, Monologuist
The Hegelmanns, World's Greatest Aerialists
McBride & Goodrich, Clog Dances and Songs
Biograph—New War Sceues

Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c.

Tivoli Opera House

MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING, Proprietor and Manager
Fifth Week of the Grand Opera Season!
Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday Evenings
Thomas' Romantic Opera, MIGNON
Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday Evenings and Special Saturday Matinee—Grand Double Bill
PAGLIACCI and CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA
Great Casts, New Scenery, Etc.
In preparation—"Lucretia Borgia" and "Rigoletto"

Popular Prices : : 25 and 50 cts.

Matinee Reserved Seats 25c. Tele. Bush 9

Alcazar Theatre

FRED BELASCO, Lessee : MARK THALL, Manager
Telephone Maiu 254

Beginning Monday, August 29th
Openiug of the Fall Seasou — Henry Guy Carleton's Comedy

THE BUTTERFLIES

Was presented at Palmer's Theatre, New York, for One Hundred and Fifty Nights
First appearance at this theatre of Mr. Ernest Hastings, Miss Gretchen Lyons, Miss Etta Ewen.
Popular Prices Maintained — 15c., 25c., 35c. and 50c.
Saturday Matinee.

New Comedy Theatre

(Formerly the Popular Bush)
Direction, M. B. Leavitt. Alf Ellinghouse, Res. Man.
Grand Opening Friday Eve., Sept. 2d

Handsomest Playhouse in the City!
Luxnrious, Comfortable and Attractive!
Involving an Expenditure of $10,000!
Mr. Leavitt presents as the inaugural attraction the first appearance of the

PACHECO IDEAL COMEDY CO.

Under personal direction of Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco
Presenting for the first time her Langhable Comedy

THE LEADING MAN

Introducing a Company of Superior Excellence

Evening Prices 15c, 25c, 35c. 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1. Boxes Seating Six $4 and $5. Mat. Prices 25c, 50c, 75c. Sale of seats commences Tuesday, Aug. 30th, 10 a.m. New Comedy Theatre, and branch ticket office, Wonder Drug Co., 710 Market st., opp. *Call* Bldg. Seats can be secured by telephone. 'Phone 939 Main, Wonder Drug Co. 'Phone 328 Main New Comedy Theatre

EXTRA—Alhambra—EXTRA

Eddy and Jones Streets
The Most Beautiful Vaudeville Theatre in America!
Opening Saturday Eve., Sept. 3d

First Vaudeville Appearance of America's Foremost Artists, Mr. & Mrs. Sidney Drew
World's Greatest Operatic Baritone, Sig. Del Puente
The Peerless Queen of Burlesque, Charming Corinne
In conjunction with the greatest aggregation of star attractions in the history of vaudeville.

Popular Prices: Reserved Seats 25c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c.; Belle Etage Boxes holding six persons $4; single seats 75c. Sale of seats begins Saturday, August 27th. Box office open from 9 a. m. to 10 p. m. Telephone South 435.

THE THEATRES

Passing Comment on Contemporary Performances.

Mr. Chas. Frohman his reconsidered his determination not to again venture westward with any of his theatrical attractions and has sent us Henry Miller and company, who opened at the Baldwin last Monday. A remarkable collection of bright, brown eyes and acting capacity high above the average characterize the members of this troupe, and San Francisco may feel complimented that Manager Frohman in his renewed suit for favor has measured our public taste at something like its proper standard.

In the play they present, "Heartsease" is told a clever little story of love and intrigue—and right well is it presented. I am not personally familiar with Mr. Miller's art, but will hereafter remember him with some pleasure. He is a tender lover—and there he differs from Mantell—and he rises to a dramatic situation as gracefully and as forcefully as any of the set of young romantic actors we have had. A strong scene is that where the broken-down and misused genius enters the lobby of Covent Garden Theatre. Here is afforded an opportunity seldom vouchsafed an actor. To relate the story leading up to this scene would consume more than my allotment of space, and even then would fail to do the subject justice. Here he finds his old love still true, still loving, although betrothed to another; here, too, he hears floating from the stage of Covent Garden the strains of his opera, the work of his lifetime, long ago stolen from him by his rival. The divided emotions, the joy, the eagerness of love suddenly brought to a stop by the sound of a vagrant strain of familiar melody, were well done. Mr. Miller and his company ought to fill the Baldwin. His support is about perfect, and pleasing to look upon. The Lord Neville of Augustus Cook was especially clever. The ladies include Misses Mabel Bert, Margaret Dale, Ellen Mortimer and Laura Clement, all of whom are entitled to high consideration for careful work.

B.

* *

The Shylock of Louis Morrison's conception aud presentation is unconventional, and as untraditional as the text will allow. There is more dignity, more spirit and more manliness to his Shylock than to any other we have seen. The Merchant is a man of wealth, not a mere miser—a man who takes pride in himself, not a mere slovenly money-lender. And this is the Shylock of Morrison—richly dressed, proud in bearing, scornful of the unjust Christian, full of contempt for the brutality of those whose superior members gave them the opportunity to let loose their prejudices upon his old head. Shakespeare's Jew is not a man most lovable, though he is most keen. There is buffoonery in the part, and meanness. But all the chances Shakespeare left to dignify the Jew, Morrison takes advantage of. There is something else than money, money, money, in Shylock's mind. He was a philosopher. He saw things clearly and knew men thoroughly. He had passion of the intellect, and the centuries of spurning his people had received raised the fine fire of his unbroken spirit. The Christian had left him but two things in the world—his ducats and his daughter—and of these he had now been robbed. No country was his, no lands were his, no civic rights, no privileges, none of the advantages that came to men of other races with wealth and wisdom. The one weapon left was the power of his money. This made the Christian sometimes fawn and cringe and beg. Is it cause for wonder that the wise old man used this weapon, and in the very using made his victims feel the contempt that he had for their low natures? The great playright knew his market — he gave London the kind of Ghetto Jew she wanted to see. But he could not allow himself to so distort fact that there would not be greatness left in the man, though the audience might not see it or believe it honestly meant. And Morrison's part has been to emphasize these features so generally ignored and bring to their proper and more subordinate place those characteristics which to-day make fun on the variety stage.

F. K. L.

* *

"On Probation" is one of the brightest and cleverest entertainments the Frawley Company has given this season. It is a good piece of comedy work with several well-marked characters in the dramatis personae and is admirably acted throughout. Those of us who sat through performances of this company last year cannot but remark the immense improvement wrought by competent stage management. One would ask rather more distinction in the women composing the troupe, but technically the performance was complete. It had swing and snap and finish. The work of Theodore Roberts was as usual fully individualized and Miss Fanchon Campbell was at least agreeable. Miss Andrews, as Senora Olivera, was decidedly chic. The other roles were proportionately well rendered.

* *

The bill at the Orpheum this week lacks the persistent merit that has permeated the performances at that house for some weeks past. One or two of the turns, such as Grant and Nortou and McBride and Goodrich, are altogether below the standard of the theatre and are drawn out in a painful and wearisome manner. Lillian Burkhart is again very clever in a new piece entitled "The Salt Cellar," and is well supported by Carl Wilbur. Madame Tavary's singing is greatly enjoyed by lovers of high class vocalism, and is more fully appreciated than at the beginning of her engagement. The three Hegelmans are amazing performers. The smallest man of the trio is the most daring and agile aerial gymnast ever seen here, and should on no account be missed by any one interested in that kind of work. Charles Case is a droll individual, whose monologue efforts repay one for listening. The Biograph views, which are new and up to date, could well be extended, and are not the least interesting part of the show.

* *

DRAMATIC NOTES

Hoyt's "A Milk White Flag," with new costumes and the latest catchy music, comes to the Columbia Theatre for the week beginning September 12th.

"The Master" will supersede "Heartsease" at the Baldwin on Monday next. It is said to be a very good play, in which both Henry Miller and the troupe have opportunity to show their ability.

Only two weeks more of the Frawley Company at the Columbia. On Monday night next "The Rajah" will be produced. This is the revival of an old Madison Square Theatre success and it is a capital piece of work. Mr. Frawley enacts the Rajah.

Commencing with to-morrow evening the Alcazar management will revive its stock season and present a thoroughly reorganized company. The opening play will be Henry Guy Carleton's comedy, "The Butterflies." Ernest Hastings will play Fred and Miss Gretchen Lyons, Merriam. The latter was Richard Mansfield's leading woman and the former was leading man at the Lyceum, New York.

The New Comedy Theatre is fast approaching completion, and the inaugural performance will be given on Friday evening, Sept. 2d, when Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco's original comedy, "The Leading Man," will be presented. The members of the Pacheco Ideal Comedy Company have been personally selected by Mrs. Pacheco and include the following: Miss Hattie Schell, Miss Carina Jordan, Miss Kate Vendenhoff, Miss Isabel Garrison, Mr. Brigham Royce, Harry St. Maur, Thomas M. Hunter, George S. Probert, Mr. Hol. Clarendon, Stewart Allen, and others.

Five new acts are announced at the Orpheum for next week. Mr. Fagan, the well-known comedian, author and dancer, will appear in his specialties assisted by Miss Byron in specialties. The Pasqualis, who have been with the Damrosch Symphony Orchestra and the Scalchi Opera Company, appear at the Orpheum in operatic song recitals. Chas. Baron and his dogs appear in their imitation lion-taming act, and Charles T. Aldrich, the juggler, comes with a new line of work. He is credited with being about the best in his line that has ever been seen in the Orpheum.

At the Tivoli next week "Mignon" will be rendered on Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evenings with an exceptional cast. Mary Linck will be the gypsy dancing girl; Anna Lichter, Felma the actress, and Elvia Crox, Frederic. Edgardo Zerni will be Wilhelm Maester; Wm. Schuster, Lothario, and W. H. West, Laertes. On Tuesday, Thursday, Sunday evenings and at the Saturday matinee "Cavalleria Rusticana" will be given, with Fraulein Marie Brandis as Santuzza; Helen Merrill as Lola; Rhys Thomas as Turiddu, and Wm. Pruette as Alfio, in conjunction with "Il Pagliacci," in which Sig. Maurice de Vries appears as Tonio, the clown; Rhys Thomas as Canio; W. H. West as Silvio, and Arthur Boyce as Beppo.

Since the famous fire which so nearly threatened the existence of the Phelan Building some months ago, a corps of workmen have been engaged fitting up a new photographic gallery to replace that which the flames so thoroughly destroyed. Instead, however, of reverting to Marceau (the former occupant), the new gallery is occupied by the well known photographer, Thors, who decided some time ago that a change to Market street was in the line of progress. Thors' ability is so well understood locally that it is hardly necessary to comment on the fact that he has for years been the artistic photographer of San Francisco. His portraits have gone all over the world, and have won admiring recognition for superb pose and beautiful effects in printing. The new gallery is designed and built especially for the purpose, and is the best and most convenient of its kind in the country. There is a large reception room, with charmingly tinted walls and a lofty, dome-like roof, through which the light pours softened by opalescent glass. Close at hand is the operating room—a magnigcently lighted apartment with every imaginable facility and convenience. This room Thors had designed specially after his own ideas, and he should be able to obtaiu fine results. There are a number of comfortably furnished dressing and waiting rooms. Upstairs are the printing and retouching rooms, remarkably commodious and well arranged for the purpose. Indeed, it would be impossible to excel the comfort and convenience of this establishment.

Insist Upon Having Your Ticket to New York, Boston, or Other Eastern Cities

Read over the Nickel Plate (N. Y. C. & St. L. R. R.), the popular low-rate short line. Quick time, unexcelled accommodations, and no extra fares charged. Jay W. Adams, Pacific Coast Passenger Agent, 37 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal.

California College of Osteopathy

Rooms 607-608-609 : : Emporium Building
Market Street, San Francisco

We permanently cure Constipation, Nervous Prostration, Rheumatism, Diabetes, Locomo or Ataxia and other so-called incurable diseases. Those suffering from troubles pronounced incurable by doctors of medicine should investigate. Consultation Free. Write for Literature.

Poodle Dog Restaurant, southeast corner of Grant avenue and Bush street. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone 429. Blanco & Bruno, proprietors.

J. J. GILDEA

CLOTHIER

OVERCOATS

From $7.50 Upwards

Kerseys, Meltons, in any shades, Coverts and Vicuna, Silk-Lined and Faced to the edge.

SUITS

From $7.50 Upwards

Cheviots and Worsteds, in plain or fancy shades, Imported Clay Worsteds, Vicuna and Unfinished Worsteds in Cutaway Frocks, Prince Alberts and Full Dress.

Our Boys' and Children's Department our Specialty.

J. J. GILDEA

756 Market St., cor. Grant Ave.

Formerly "Examiner" Office.

WE PRINT THE WAVE

AND CAN GIVE YOU THE SAME RESULTS

BROWN, MEESE & CRADDOCK
INCORPORATED

ADOLPH MEESE, PRESIDENT — GEO. W. CRADDOCK, VICE-PRES.

419 Sacramento Street

TELEPHONE MAIN 530

A. O. LINDSTROM — AL. JOHNSON
Phone Main 5178

Sutter Street Hammam

TURKISH AND RUSSIAN BATHS

415 Sutter Street, between Stockton and Powell

Open Day and Night for Gentlemen
For Ladies, from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

400 GRADUATES SECURED POSITIONS IN PAST TWO YEARS

LOW RATES!

San Francisco Business College

Only Experienced Bookkeepers and Reporters Employed as Teachers. Send for Catalogue.

1236 MARKET STREET, S. F.

Irving Institute — Select Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies

2126 California St., San Francisco

Accredited to the Universities. Seminary and Full Conservatory of Music. Primary Department for Children. A carriage will call. For further information, address the Principal,

REV. EDWARD B. CHURCH, A.M.

Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson's Academy

1427 Franklin St., near Post

Reopens August 1, 1898. English, French, German and Spanish Boarding and Day School. Begins with kindergarten and prepares for universities, business and society. Drawing and painting. Cultured home training. Excellent table. $30.00 per month. Music in all its branches, if desired, extra.

Lyceum Preparatory School

For the University, Law and Medical Colleges. Accredited with Stanford University and Cooper College. References—President Jordan or any Stanford Professor.

PHELAN BUILDING.

Los Angeles Military Academy

A Classical and English Boarding School
Re-opens Sept. 14th. Catalogue on application

Miss Adie's School

2117 California Street

Reopens August 1st. Bet. Laguna and Buchanan

Two Famous Summer Resorts

Representing the Mountains, Interior and Seashore

OF CENTRAL CALIFORNIA

BOTH UNDER ONE MANAGEMENT, NOTED FOR ITS EFFICIENCY

HOTEL DEL MONTE

MONTEREY, CAL.

MAGNIFICENT SURROUNDINGS
WARM SALT WATER BATHING
EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN PLANS

FINE SERVICE
MODERATE CHARGES

TAVERN OF CASTLE CRAG

AND SODA SPRINGS

Located in the Heart of the Famous Shasta Region, 320 miles from San Francisco — Elevation 2100 feet

REASONABLE RATES .·. SUPERIOR ACCOMMODATIONS

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION, ADDRESS

GEORGE SCHONEWALD, MANAGER

HOTEL DEL MONTE, Monterey, Cal. TAVERN OF CASTLE CRAG, Castle Crag, Shasta Co., Cal.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway wharf San Francisco.

For Alaskan ports, 10 a.m. Aug. 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29; Sept. 3; transfer at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports 10 a.m. August 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, Sept. 3, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka, Humholdt Bay, 10 a.m. Aug. 6, 12, 18, 30, Sept. 5, and every sixth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a. m. Aug. 1, 5, 9, 13. 17, 21, 25, 29, Sept. 2 and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), at 11 a.m. Aug. 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 31, Sept. 4 and every fourth day thereafter.

For Mexican ports, 10 a. m. 18th of every month.

For further information, obtain folder.

The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing.

Ticket Office: 4 New Montgomery St (Palace Hotel)

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen. Agts.

10 Market Street, - San Francisco, Cal.

OCEANIC Steamship Company

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S. Ventura, for Australia, Wednesday, Sept. 7th, at 2 p.m. Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.
Freight Office 327 Market St.

J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO General Agents

Santa Fe Route

The Most Comfortable Way to Travel Across the Continent!

Through Pullman Parlor and Tourist Cars Every Day

Meals at Harvey's Famous Dining-Rooms

Get full particulars at Ticket Office

628 MARKET STREET

SAN FRANCISCO

1118 Broadway, OAKLAND

A. K. DAGGETT

Drawing of Deeds and all Legal Papers a Specialty

NOTARY PUBLIC
14 Montgomery St., S. F.
Telephone 305

"Remember the Name!"

Certain individuals who do not patronize American industries
Run off with an idea that in order to get good wines they must use
European products, when there is no necessity for
So doing, and in these stirring and patriotic times of
To-day everybody should feel a keen interest in
American products which are of deserving merit,

Both for the reason that they are used
Largely among American citizens, and made by
Americans for American people in America
Now and always, and therefore we ask you to give the
CRESTA BLANCA California Wines
Fair and impartial trial at your club or home

With anything of like cost from France.
Inasmuch as these wines have been acknowledged second to
None in comparison with goods from the
European countries, wherever exhibited, you
Surely are in favor of American goods.

WETMORE - BOWEN CO,
140 Montgomery Street San Francisco, Cal.

MRS. M. E. PERLEY MRS. S. V. CULP

DECORATIVE KERAMIC ART STUDIO

215 Post Street

All Branches of China Painting Taught
Morning Class: Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, from 9 a. m. to 12 m. Afternoon Class: Daily, from 1:30 to 4:30. Lessons $1 each. Private Lessons $1.50 each. TRY OUR ROMAN GOLD.
Telephone Grant 43

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

Main Office, 510 Montgomery St.
SAN FRANCISCO

Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper Information
Advance Reports on all Contract Work
Telephone Main 1042

Brushes

For barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bathhouses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candymakers, canners, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paperhangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

BUCHANAN BROS.

TEL. 5610 609 SACRAMENTO ST

BRUSH MANUFACTURERS

REMEMBER THE 18 STATE FAIR AT SACRAMENTO

SEPT. 5TH TO 17TH

HELD UNDER CALIFORNIA STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY

THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF CALIFORNIA RESOURCES

EXCURSION RATES ON RAIL ROADS

DON'T FAIL TO EXHIBIT
TO ATTEND

Edwin F. Smith, SECRETARY. A. B. Spreckels, PRES.

GREENBAUM'S

White and Dark Violet

The Most Fashionable Perfume
Possesses the Odor of Fresh Violets

128 POST ST. UNDER BOHEMIAN CLUB

THE LATEST STYLES IN

CHOICE WOOLENS

H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors

622 Market St. (up stairs) opp. Palace Hote

Bicycle and Golf Suits

BONESTELL & CO.

Dealers in PAPER

Fine Coated Papers a Specialty

401-403 SANSOME ST.,
San Francisco, Cal.

JOE POHEIM, THE TAILOR

Makes the best fitting clothes at 25 per cent less than any other house on the Pacific Coast. See Prices:

PANTS TO ORDER	SUITS TO ORDER
$3.50	$10.00
4.50	13.50
5.00	15.50
6.00	17.50
7.00	20.00
8.00	25.00
9.00	30.00

The firm of JOE POHEIM is the largest in the United States. Rules for self-measurement and samples of cloth sent free.

201 and 203 Monigomery St., cor. Bush.
844 & 846 Market St. 1110 & 1112 Market St.
SAN FRANCISCO.
485 Fourteenth St., Oakland. 603 & 605 K St., Sacramento.
143 South Spring St., Los Angeles.

BAJA CALIFORNIA

DAMIANA BITTERS

"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known Long-winded testimonials are not necessary "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. (Send for Circular.)

NABER, ALFS & BRUNE, Agents
323-325 Market St., S. F.

Naglee Brandy....

Vintage 1872
26 Years Old

PURITY GUARANTEED

In the original 25-gallon package, $87.50
Per case . . $18.00

Naglee Brandy Agency
Room 56
Crocker Building
San Francisco

THE UNAPPROACHABLE COLDNESS
...OF...
THE Alaska REFRIGERATORS
HAS WON FOR THEM
MANY WARM FRIENDS!
W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.
Pacific Coast Agents
309 to 317 Market Street, San Francisco

COTTON SAIL DUCKS
22-inch, in all numbers. Medium, Soft and Hard
. . ALSO . .
Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks
From 30 to 120 inches wide
Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks
Manufactured by Murphy, Grant & Co.
Mount Vernon Company . . Pacific Coast
Baltimore Sole Agents

Beware of Imitations
This is a fac simile of the package
Genuine Diamond "L" Tea
Pure and Uncolored
GEO. A. MOORE & CO.
208 California St., S. F.
For sale by all grocers

Centennial Stable
Boarding and Livery
Carriages, Broughams, Victorias, etc. First-Class in every respect
1521-1523-1525 California Street
Bet. Polk and Larkin
Telephone East 378 M. CONLON, Proprietor

United States Laundry
Office 1004 Market St.
TELEPHONE SOUTH 420

NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

A well-to-do Georgia farmer invited a merchant friend to dine with him. The merchant was known for his crankiness, and had once or twice tried to shoot people for imagined wrongs. The farmer had considerable business dealings with him, and they were on the best of terms. However, the farmer always kept a wary eye on him. Several days after the dinner at the farmer's house the merchant said to him: "I can't account for the queer feelings and impulses I have occasionally. For instance, the other day, when I was dining at your table, it suddenly came into my mind to kill you, though I had nothing in the world against you. I had a pistol in my pocket at the time, and once I had my hand on it, when the strange feeling passed from me." "Don't let that bother you," said the farmer. "I knowed all about yer failin's in that line, an' I wuzn't asleep when I saw your hand to your hip. My son John wuz standin' in the hallway back of you with a shot-gun levelled at you, an' you jist did save your bacon by changing your mind. Ef you hadn't, he'd er blowed daylight through you!"

The business manager of a certain New York weekly is noted for commercial acumen rather than for scholarship. He presented himself recently to the head of Appleton's publishing house and demanded a column advertisement. The publisher, who is fond of a joke, knew Business Manager Blank by reputation, and the dialogue between them ran something like this: "What's in the next number?" asked the publisher. Mr. Blank rattled off a list of well-known names—a list long enough and costly enough to ruin the richest exchequer in town. "Anything by John Bunyan?" asked the publisher. "He's our dramatic critic; comes in every week," replied Mr. Blank, unabashed. "Anything by Homer?" asked the bookseller. "He does our pigeon articles." Mr. Blank got his column.

General Grant, when in Scotland, heard a great deal about golf, and, being a guest at a country house, expressed a wish to see how it was played. Accordingly his host went out with him into the park. The host "teed" the ball and "waggled" the club with all due solemnity, and the General's expectations ran high as he observed these impressive preliminaries. Presently there was a heavy thud, a flight of turf, and a little ball still sat on the tee. Again, and yet again a thud, heavier than before, with turf still flying, with ball unmoved, with the golfer perspiring and perplexed! Thereupon General Grant gently remarked: "There seems to be a fair amount of exercise in the game, but I fail to see the use of the ball."

When the Kansas regiment was first organized a young man, who had been a week in the militia at ————, was made sergeant on the strength of this experience. The day after his appointment he had the company out for target practice and lined them up in regular formation, he standing in front. From that post he gave orders to load and then, with proper emphasis, to fire. There was a burst of laughter from the troop. "Obey orders," cried the sergeant, wrathfully. "Yes, sir," said one of the men, "but the boys want you to get out of the way a minute." The sergeant got out of the way.

When *The Christian* appeared in print, a member of the London *Sun* staff wrote a favorable review of the book, which was, in due course, placed before the editor, who is given to the methods of yellow journalism. "This will never do!" exclaimed he. So another member of the staff was ordered to write a slashing review, and this was printed. On the morning of its appearance the editor wired to Mr. Caine; "Now is your chance; send us a letter in reply." The answer of the sage of the Isle of Man was; "My price for replying to unfavorable criticisms is £25. If terms suit telegraph."

Captain Trevor, writing on the Catholicism of the British Army, tells of the religious examination of a recruit: "What's yer religious persuasion?" said the sergeant. "My what?" "Yer what? Why, what I said! What's yer after o' Sundays?" "Rabbits mostly." "'Ere, stop that lip! Come, now—Chu'ch, Chapel or'oly Roman?" And, after explanation from his questioner, the recruit replied: "I ain't nowise pertickler. Put me down Chu'ch of England, sergeant. I'll go with the band."

The prisoner, rather the worse for wear, his expression woebegone, stood up in the dock at the Police Court. Being asked his name, he began something like this: "S-s—s-s-s—sp—s-sp——" "Don't get flurried," said the magistrate kindly, "take your time." The man began again: "S-s-sp-s—sp-s-s—s-spw-s-s-sw-s." "Oh, this will never do!" cried the magistrate, getting impatient, and turning to the policeman. "What is he *charged* with?" "Please, sir, I think it must be soda water," was the grave reply.

"Are you a native of this town?" asked a traveler of a resident of a sleepy little Southern hamlet. "Am I a what?" "Are you a native of this town?" "Hey?" "I asked if you were a native of this place." At that moment the resident's wife, tall and sallow and gaunt, appeared at the open door of the cottage, and said acridly: "Ain't ye got no sense, Jim? He means wuz ye livin' here when you was born, or wuz ye born before you begun livin' here? Now answer him."

Just after the Russo-Turkish War, the author of *An Englishman in Paris* happened to have some business to transact with a well-known maker of surgical appliances; and, while he was talking to one of the members of the firm, a number of wooden legs were being packed for consignment to Constantinople. "Rather an eloquent protestation against the war," said the member of the firm, pointing to the cases. "Yes," replied Vandam, "they're what one might call stump speeches."

PALACE AND GRAND HOTELS
Now Under One Management
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
1400 rooms—900 with bath
Rooms, $1.00 and upward Room and Meals, $3.00 and upward
A beautifully illustrated book, containing floor plans and rate card can be had for the asking. JOHN C. KIRKPATRICK, Manager.

HOTEL WESTMINSTER
AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLANS
LOS ANGELES, CAL.
The Finest and Most Complete Hotel in the City. Everything New.
The Highest Standard of Perfection Maintained in all Departments.
F. O. JOHNSON, Proprietor.

REPSOLD SELECT VINTAGE
OF ALL OLD WINES
REPSOLD'S OUTSHINES
WHEN AN EPICURE DINE
THIS BRAND OF WINE IS SOLD AT ALL FIRST CLASS HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS
Office, 416 Pine Street

Professional and Amateur Photographers of the Pacific Coast will please remember that we carry the
LARGEST AND FINEST STOCK OF
Cameras and Photo Goods
IN THIS MARKET
Headquarters for VELOX PAPER
Send stamp for New Price List.
CALIFORNIA CAMERA CO.
22 GEARY ST., SAN FRANCISCO
When you write, please mention "The Wave"

Columbus discovered America—but I have discovered BATTLE AX!

There is a satisfied—glad I've got it—expression on the faces of all who discover the rich quality of

BattleAx PLUG

It is an admirable chew fit for an Admiral.

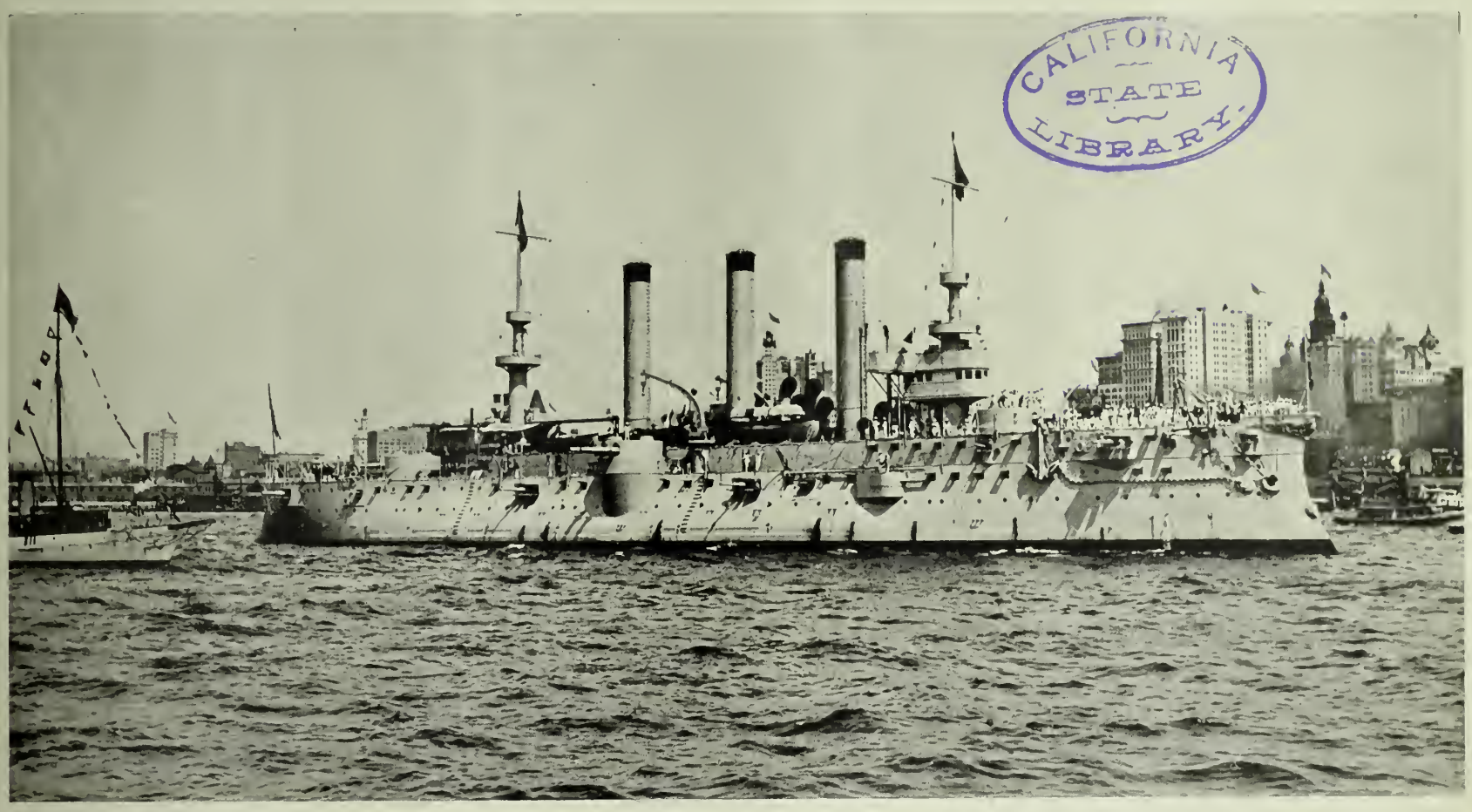
In no other way can you get as large a piece of as good tobacco—for 10 cents.

Remember the name when you buy again.

THE WAVE

VOL. XVIII. No. 10 SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 3, 1898 PRICE 10 CENTS

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY.



FLAGSHIP "BROOKLYN"

This Paper not to be taken from the Library.

BATTLESHIP "IOWA"

THE NAVAL PARADE AT NEW YORK

Copyrighted Photos by C. E. Bolles

THE WAVE

Is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $5.00 per year. Sample copies free on application.

The trade is supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 342 Geary street; east of the Rocky Mountains by the American News Company, New York.

The Wave is kept on file and is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France; 31 Union Square, New York City; 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 206 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

For advertising rates and on all other matters pertaining to city business, address Trevor Cory, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Eastern representative, D. M. Foltz, 34 Park Row, New York.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 3, 1898

CONTENTS

Editorials 2
Things and People; by Boswell Jr. 3
Battleship "Texas" at the Brooklyn Navy Yard 4
Some Colossal Estates 5
Blackmailing in London 5
"Dave": a Story from *Life is Life* 6
The Naval Parade 6
Scenes on Kusaie Island 7
Incidents of the Flag-Raising at Honolulu 8
Uncle Sam's Floating Hospitals 9
Native Life in the Southern Philippines 10
The Naval Parade at New York 11
Some Local Thebtrical Stars 12
The Theatres 13
The Golf Tournament at San Rafael 14
A Debutante's Diary 15
London Letter 16
Paris Letter 16
Boley Jim and His Boss: a Story 17
The New Queen of Holland 18
New Stories Re-Told 20

"HOW STANDS THE SENATORIAL QUESTION?"

A correspondent from the South asks:

"How stands the Senatorial question, now that Mr. Gage is the nominee for Governor? Is it a part of the machine programme that the people down here are to be cheated of the Senator because the North took up with a Southern Governor?"

We fear that so far as the practical politicians go, their influence will be wielded in favor of a Senator from the North, and a good many very decent Republicans in the North, who do not understand the true situation, are inclined to favor a Senator from the North in the belief that the people of the South demanded the nomination of a Governor. The Senatorial controversy has apparently narrowed down to a contest between Ulysses S. Grant, Jr., of San Diego, and Hon. M. H. De Young, of San Francisco, and it must be admitted that Mr. De Young has the active support of the gentlemen who are presumed to "make" politics. Among politicians it is generally conceded that Los Angeles will nominate friends of Mr. De Young to the Legislature, unless, of course, an opposition should develop, which seems improbable just now. Several other counties in the South are conceded to Mr. Grant, who has developed a surprising strength, even to the northernmost limits of the State. Indeed, no other candidate from the South is mentioned in the North.

If our correspondent would know the plain facts, the South, to have the next Senator, should rally around the standard of the son of the great General. Mr. De Young's friends urge that he is of right entitled to this recognition—long and loyal party service being taken into consideration, while his fine executive ability would insure to the State and its interests intelligent and persistent attention. Mr. De Young's friends and agents are in every county in the State, notably numerous are they in Alameda and Los Angeles. He is expected to develop great strength in these two counties and to be backed besides by a solid San Francisco delegation. While it is true that General Barnes, Mr. Scott, Senator Felton and others have been mentioned, neither of these gentlemen is in the race. The fight has resolved itself down to one between Mr. Grant and Mr. De Young. Political dreams are pleasing to some people, but the day has passed when candidates for the United States Senate can go into hiding and await the election and convening of the Legislature before making their fight. Every candidate for the United States Senate from this State must from this time forth stand out in the open and submit his claims to the votes of the people, as these gentlemen have done. While contests before the Legislature will not disappear entirely, yet the great battle will have been fought at the polls before the Legislature convenes. If Republican voters have any preference in the matter of the United States Senatorship, the time to exercise that preference is now, at the party primaries and conventions where Legislative nominees are named. If the community favors the election of Mr. De Young, it should instruct its nominees to the Legislature to vote for their favorite, or procure that nominee to publicly pledge himself to vote for Mr. De Young for the United States Senate and use all honorable means to secure his election. If the community favors Mr. Grant it should follow a similar course. It is claimed for Mr. Grant that his power in Washington would be great among the leaders of the National party, and, on account of his wide acquaintance among Senators and Congressmen he would at once step into a position ordinarily reached only by almost a lifetime of service at the capital. Mr. Grant has the respect of all who know him. He seeks the honor for honor's sake. Every nerve, every fibre and impulse of the man would be directed to one great and honorable end, to serve his State with such distinction as to bring added honors to the name he bears. The ambition is noble, and the man, for he possesses the sturdy ruggedness of his father, is capable of filling out this destiny.

In answer to our correspondent's query as to "How stands the Senatorial question now?" we would say, and say it with an emphasis not to be conveyed by mere type, that if the South would have the Senator it must be up and doing. It must have a care who it nominates for legislative office and must pledge that candidate to vote first, last and all of the time for the Senatorial candidate from the South who develops the most strength, and never to swerve from that course. But one member of the Legislature has been known to break such a pledge, or go contrary to the instructions of his county.

Friends of State Senator Bulla may indiscreetly urge him into the fight again. Mr. Bulla's opportunity has passed. He is a clever gentleman, but to a man of political experience it is plainly apparent that his further continuance in this contest would be fruitless of everything but harm to himself, and he is too good a man to injure his political future by such a procedure.

The question which the gentleman in the South asks, must be answered by the South itself. If from the South there comes a united delegation pledged to and favoring a Senator from the South—no power in politics can deny it to them, but there must be no dilly-dallying, no half-heartedness behind the movement.

What is the voter to do at the coming election, who is a Democrat by principle? While the motives moving men to attach themselves to political parties are various and often contradictory, yet to each party there is a following made up of men who think, and who with deliberation attach themselves to parties because of the principles enunciated in their platform. How are such Democrats to vote during the coming election? Practically there is no Democratic party left in the State. What was once Democracy in California is now Populism of a most virulent type. No Democrat who is such from principle can from principle excuse his support of Mr. Maguire. No man whose Democracy rises out of a thoughtful adherence to the principles of Democracy will attempt to excuse himself for rejecting the ticket that is masquerading under the name of Democracy. There is but one course open to Democrats who love their party—they must chasten it. One rebuke of this character would teach the lesson that a great national party could not be ruined by hot-heads and irrresponsibles, who imagine that "anything goes" with a Democrat so long as the platform approves.

TERRITORIAL EXPANSION.

It will be noticed that the main argument put forward by the opponents of expansion is the unsuitability of the people occupying the territory to be acquired for the task of self-government in accordance with the republican idea. There is also some attempt to lead us to believe that the policy ef annexation is a new departure, though we have already grown to greatness thereby, and many parts of our present country were once remote colonies. Nothing is said of our commercial destiny or the manifest advantage to the inhabitants of the territories in question of being placed in the enjoyment of civil and religious liberty. In the past every step of the kind, when proposed, was opposed; and, if the advocates of a policy of contented isolation had prevailed, instead of the America of to-day the country would have consisted of the original thirteen colonies. This is not in the plan of the Anglo-Saxon race.

The plea is also urged that Congress distinctly laid down the principle that the war with Spain was undertaken to free Cuba, and not for the purpose of conquest. The anti-expansionists now urge that if we annex other Spanish possessions, which have fallen under our control, we shall be guilty of a breach of good faith. But when Congress propounded the basis of our actions, it laid down the rule of our conduct in view of existing conditions and not for a state of things in the womb of the future. It was powerless to foresee what has happened, and it is absurd to suppose that it was intended to give Spain an assurance that, with the possible exception of Cuba, she should suffer no loss in the war. The original movement of the United States was for the independence of Cuba, and this as a pacific demand. When, however, by the refusal of Spain to meet this requirement, added to the destruction of the *Maine*, this country was forced into hostilities, a state of war arose, inseparable from conquest by one side or the other. The resolution of Congress was no bar to the acquisition of Spanish possessions, outside of Cuba, in case of our proving successful. Such is nothing more nor less than the common result of success in war.

As to the islands in the West Indies, the protocol may be taken as disposing of all question of right, and therefore the only point really open for discussion is the fate of the Philippines. And yet the difficulty here, if our duty to civilization is borne in mind, is not as great as at first sight might appear. Leaving aside altogether for the present the commercial advantages to be gained by the acquisition of these islands, there would appear to be several ways of solving the question: (1) We might restore them to Spain conditionally. (2) We might sell them to the highest bidder or privately to some one or more powers for political considerations. (3) We might assume a protectorate pending self-government under an established republic. (4) We might retain the islands. No suggestion is made that we should merely retain Manila or the whole island of Luzon, for the reason that we do not believe that this plan, on full consideration, will be in any case acceptable to this country.

The first hypothesis is inadmissible, because we know that the Filippinos will never again submit to be governed by Spain. Moreover, there would be nothing to prevent Spain selling the islands to some other power or powers, which would surely lead to serious international disturbances. For the latter reason the second suggestion is equally abortive. Under the third hypothesis it is not possible to produce any evidence that the natives are likely to able to govern themselves within any reasonable period in the future. We are thus left with the final alternative, which, in the interest of humanity and of this country's welfare, we seem bound to adopt. There is nothing in the history of the United States to justify the fear that the Spanish territory now under our protection cannot be quietly and successfully administered by our government. That there are difficulties to be encountered cannot be gainsaid, but none that cannot be met and overcome, and we shall be fortified in the steps we may take by knowing that in extending our dominion we are conferring liberty upon millions of our fellow creatures and adding strength to our own. As was said by Chancellor MacCracken of the University of New York, in speaking at the recent National Conference on the Foreign Policy of the United States held at Saratoga:

> We will, as much as in us lies, become the elder brother and tutor of the millions who are left upon our hands, as surely as if they had drifted to our shores upon the broken fragments of the shot-riddled Spanish ships of war.

It is to the moral side of the problem that the anti-expansionists address themselves, and we therefore content ourselves now by treating the subject from that standpoint alone. The conquest of the Philippines was never contemplated by the nation when we went to war, but, having fallen to us, we should fulfil our destiny and round off the work begun by Admiral Dewey the day he left Hong Kong.

A VOICE FROM PENNSYLVANIA.

While we are rejoicing over our victory in the Orient, our hearts are bleeding over the loss of many of our brave boys, who fell in the battle of Malate, on the night of July 31st. They left us full of hope, with words of encouragement on their lips—lips to-day cold and silent in death. How our hearts go out to the brave boys of California and Utah who went to their aid on that awful night! Words are feeble—we cannot express our gratitude; we can only attempt it, knowing how empty words sometimes seem. God bless these brave boys and bring them safely home again without further loss of life. How nobly they stood by the side of our loved ones, regardless of their own lives! We, the people of Pennsylvania thank them for what they have done. What heroes to face death so fearlessly in the midst of a raging typhoon, the booming of artillery, and the rattle of musketry! How proudly we shall welcome them home again! Then the sorrowful thought comes to us, their ranks will be broken, some of their number will be left sleeping in the far-off Philippines. We shall await their return in vain. They have gone out from homes never to come again. May God heal these broken-hearted ones who weep over their dead. Among these fallen ones was one who had endeared himself to us, Walter E. Brown, who was the light of the home from which he went out forever. Only yesterday came a letter written July 20th, saying he expected to return home within six months to give us an account of the fall of Manila. The hand that penned the letter had been mouldering in the grave for almost three weeks when the letter was received. May God bind up the broken hearts left to mourn his untimely end. Many heroes fell from other States—we love and revere them all. Some from the Golden State—the State about which our our boys wrote so much—found a last resting place in that distant land. We love the people of California, who accorded our Pennsylvania boys so royal a reception on their way to the Philippines. May God reward them. M. S.

How long can can a man work without sleep, and how long can he endure days in which twenty hours are given to wakefulness, if not to work? One learned doctor solemnly states that no healthy man could overwork; after a certain time he would fall asleep at his task. The general opinion is not in harmony with this theory, doctors being generally agreed that man's inclination is prone to forget all natural limitations. During the past week two journalists of the hard-working species have given their views. One claims to have worked for seventy-two hours, with three intervals of two hours for repose; the other claims to be content with four or five hours' sleep out of the twenty-four. The only statistics as to limits of endurance come from China, where a form of torture is to keep the victims from sleeping. They die on or before the fifth day.

THINGS AND PEOPLE

Notwithstanding the volume of "arm-chair philosophy" which seems steadily increasing in opposition to territorial extension, there need be no great alarm as to our ability to absorb and administer possessions that have been under the Spanish flag. What we have done we can still do. A man can travel to-day from San Diego to St. Augustine, thence along the Gulf to New Orleans, from the last named to Omaha, on to Tacoma and back to San Diego, without ever getting off territory that once belonged to Spain. In point of time required to reach this territory it was far more remote than Manila is to day and there was no telegraphic communication with Washington. The main part was unexplored and inhabited by barbarous and hostile tribes, who had been subject to Spanish law, Spanish judges and Spanish ways. Our first great experiment in national expansion was made in the Louisiana purchase by Jefferson in 1803. We bought the territory directly from France, but it had beeu a Spanish possession shortly before and the laws prevailing in it at the time of our acquisition were Spanish and administered by Spanish officials. It is notable that all of our territorial acquisitions, or two-thirds of our present area, with the single exception of Alaska, have been Spanish. It would almost seem that the necessary probation for any territory, on this side of the world, before becoming American, is that it should have been under Spanish control.

***

The desecration of the flag is ever before our eyes and though patriotic Americans have made numerous attempts to get a law passed by Congress to put a stop to the evil, their efforts have been unavailing. Now that fresh honor has been added to the national emblem the time has surely arrived for some concerted plan whereby pressure can be brought to bear upon our law-makers with the object of preventing the abuses that exist. The American Daughters of the Revolution have announced their intention to deal with the matter at their next annual session in February, 1899, and, if the descendants of the men, who gave the flag its being and helped to cover it with glory, will devote themselves heartily to the work of bringing the question seriously before Congress with the full weight of their influence, the result so much desired should be accomplished. That every avaricious trader should enjoy the right to incorporate our beautiful national emblem into his loathsome designs for attracting public attention to his generally inferior wares, can no longer be endured. What is most noticeable in the prevailing tendency, which, by the way, has increased amazingly since the clash with Spain, is that those who are the worst offenders are of foreign birth. They realize that patriotism is a vital spark of the national life, and they think that customers can be caught by displaying unsightly advertisements and signs, into which they somehow or other import their bastard conceptions of patriotic feeling and the Stars and Stripes. The flag is thereby degraded, but what is that to them if they can add to their takings in the process? Let us have the most stringent possible statute against such practices.

***

The steamer *Scandia* left this port on August 27th for Manila, having on board a further detachment of the First New York Regiment of Volunteers, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Stackpole, to be disembarked at Honolulu, and about 150 members of the Hospital Corps and four Red Cross nurses for Manila. Consigned to the Paymaster's Department at the latter point was the sum of $1,000,000 under a special military guard, the money to be used for paying the troops now in the Philippines. It is intended to use the *Scandia* as a hospital ship as soon as she has been discharged after her arrival in Manila.

***

The outcry so general throughout the country regarding army mismanagement has unfortunately assumed a bitterly personal tone. It is, of course, only natural that the public should be anxious to secure the punishment of the individuals who may be responsible for all the trouble, but a strenuous effort should be made by thinking people to prevent the national indignation sinking to the level of vengeance. One of the first things to remember is that what has happened, terribly bad as it all is, was expected, more or less, by sober-minded people, who realized the fearful responsibility of going to war without being prepared. Of course, it may be said that we were forced to take up the sword, an assertion that it would be difficult to contradict successfully, but we are none the less to blame for not being ready for an eventuality that had been staring us in the face for fully twelve months before we reached the actual point of rupture. The real value of an investigation will be the guidance it will afford the War Department in the future. Now that the truth is becoming apparent, on the return of the ill-used but uncomplaining rank and file of the army, it looks very much as if actual starvation had been causing more than half the sickness among the troops. Even assuming that incompetency has prevailed to a large extent in the departments, from the Secretary of War down, is not the system upon which the officials are chosen and appointed really to blame for the breakdowns that have occurred in practically every branch of army organization? Politics in military matters will always cause internal disaster, and now the greatest care will be needed to frustrate the attempts that will be made by politiciaus to use the investigation for their own ends.

***

There is an extraordinary dearth of news from Havana. Have the leading Eastern journals found it impracticable to re-establish their correspondents at that capital? It would seem that the Spanish military authorities are keeping a very strong hand on the city, and in their refusal to allow supplies to be landed, as in the case of the vessel that arrived at that port recently from Santiago, or to permit Miss Barton and her assistants of the Red Cross Society to approach that part of the island, they seem wholly indifferent to the dictates of humanity. It uight be retorted that our own military authorities are not endowed with much more consideration for the suffering soldiers of the United States, but at least what is done or not done by our people arises from ignorance and general incompetency and not from the unfeeling spirit that is peculiar to Spanish commanders. The condition of affairs in Havana is no doubt very serious, but how it can be made better by keeping the city shut off any longer from the outside world is difficult to understand.

***

In view of the probable detention of the First California Regiment in the Philippine Islands for some considerable time, it is proposed to reorganize the National Guard. A new regiment of State militia consisting of twelve companies is to be formed, and in order that there may be room for those uow serving in Manila to join the corps, if they desire to do so on their return, each company will have a minimum strength of fifty men for the time being. The officers will probably be appointed with the proviso that they shall give way to any of those belonging to the First California who may wish to resume their former duties. The State has a claim upon the Federal Government to the extent of $100,000 for the equipment of the volunteers enlisted into the local regiments, aud this amount will be collected and applied to the purchase of new materirl for the National Guard. Measures should be taken to secure the benefit of this expenditure at home. When the last contract for military uniforms was given out it was let to contractors who furnished shoddy material put together in the sweat shops of Cincinnati, and it is quite possible the same thing may happen again unless timely steps are taken to prevent it.

***

The Emperor of all the Russias has indeed taken the wind out of the sails of his brother potentate William of Germany. The latter has sprang many surpriscs on the world in his time, but nothing approaching the diplomatic note issued by order of the Czar on August 24th in its power of causing wonderment. All honor to the Russian Emperor for his sentiments. The conspicuous novelty of his action is apt to render one oblivious of the fact that it is strictly in line with the views and motives which have actuated him, not only since he ascended the throne, but even before he assumed his present exalted station. Of all the monarchs of Europe a Czar of Rusiia is the last from whom the spontaneous expression of his willingness to lay down the sword would have been looked for. Utopian as the suggestion may seem, it is too beautiful in its conception to be disregarded, and the unquestioned sincerity which prompted it will ensure its cordial reception by the other great powers. It is but reasonable to conclude that the more important of these had already privately signified their readiness to take part in a conference to deal with the problem of international disarmament. Unhappily it is not possible to indulge the dream that the proposal will have a practical issue, but it says much for advancing civilization that it should have had its origin in the mind of the very ruler of all others who would have been considered the least likcly to father it. Had Gladstone been living he might have felt it was time to withdraw the reflections he cast not long ago upon the youthful autocrats of Europe, at all events so far as His Majesty of Russia is concerned.

***

The most emphatic exhibition of journalistic vanity in the country is not given by either the New York *World* or W. R. Hearst's *Journal*, but by our neighbor, the highly-respectable *Argonaut*. Its editorials overflow with complacence. It is "the *Argonaut* predicted this" and the *Argonaut* "plainly pointed out that," till the ordinary reader gasps at the marvellous prescience of the editor, but wishes he would not be so insistent about it. In its editorial department last week, the *Argonaut* alluded to itself twenty-seven times, and in the issue of August 15th thirteen times. Such bumptious egotism would be irritable, if it were not so childish. Whenever Mr. de Young, of the *Chronicle*, or Mr. Leake, of the *Call*, lose their heads in enthusiastic admiration of their own achievements, the *Argonaut* is wont to rebuke their arrogance with most unfeeling candor, but it is actually proud of its own attitude, and considers its pretentions justified. I refuse to permit this foolish braggart to persist any longer in its fatuity without an objection. To my mind this fanfaronnade of puffery is designed to hide the waning of the *Argonaut's* prestige. In the days of Pixley the journal wielded political influence, and its *dicta* were of importance to the party. Nowadays its utterances are without weight or consideration. Fume and froth as it may, there is no force, no knowledge or intelligence behind its phrases. It is veritably a "has been."

***

The loss of its editorial value was inevitable after the passing of Pixley, but why has the *Argonaut* also sacrificed its literary characteristics? The correspondence from London, Paris and New York has no longer the smartness or vivacity that once attached to it. The critical notes about books are both stupid and commonplace. Indeed there has been a painful subsidence in the tone of the paper throughout. The news intelligence that used to distinguish the choice of topics for its pages seems to have disappeared, and one is impressed with the idea that senility as well as decay is fast creeping over the institution. As an old reader of the *Argonaut*, I protest at the negligence of the editors and demand that they attend once again to business. The journal used to make capital Sunday reading and it does not any more. I dislike seeing the good reasons for the *Argonaut's* existence disappear one by one, and I trust this will be accepted as a warning. Apropos of weeklies, I may be forgiven a certain pride in observing the substantial progress made by The Wave, during the past six months at least. The average reader is prone to accept without consideration whatever comes to him in the literary or pictorial way, but in looking over The Wave it should be remembered we are far away from headquarters and that this journal is to-day the only illustrated weekly in America published outside New York. There are no successful pictorial papers in Boston, in Chicago or in Philadelphia. The eastern metropolis has *Harper's*, *Leslie's* and *Collier's*—all excellent publications backed by millions of capital and enormous resources. There is no reason why a journal published in the western metropolis should uot have as broad a circulation as its Atlantic conteuiporaries and no effort will be spared by the editors of The Wave to make the journal worthy of its ambitions.

***

We have been hearing a good deal for some time past about the suggested Anglo-American alliance — too much, perhaps, looking to the probabilities. Good feeling between the two nations has, however, shown considerable development since the trouble with Spain began. Only a few days ago the British ship *Lord Cairns*, from Swansea, arrived here, and on her log-book appeared the following entry: "In 18 south, 36 west, met an American man-of-war. He signaled, 'Did you see any warships?' We then learned that the United States was at war with Spain. Called all hands aft and we gave the Stars and Stripes three rousing British cheers." The results of our naval tactics were such that we are not likely to discover any record of what a British skipper did when he sighted a Spanish war vessel.

***

In Klondike affairs the most important item of the week is the arrival at Seattle of the steamer *Roanoke* from St. Michael with a large amount of treasure. The estimates of the total vary strangely from $1,500,000 to $4,000,000. There were 458 passengers on board, the majority being men who went to Dawson last year and have returned with little beyond experience. About 75 of the passengers are said to have been fortunate, amongst them being George W. Carmack, who located the first claim in the Klondike district. Carmack was born in Contra Costa county, Califarnia, in 1860, and has been in the Yukon river region for the last fourteen years and there uarried a native woman. With two of his Indian brothers-in-law he made his discovery on Bonanza creek and filed his claim on September 24, 1896, his thirty-sixth birthday. A few women landed from the vessel, and some of them are said to have been very successful in mining speculations. As hitherto, not only in the Klondike district but wherever gold has been found throughout the world, the iudividual successes are few and far between. Conditions at St. Michael and Dawson are reported by the passengers of the *Roanoke* as without change, numbers of people are still coming down the river and the congestion at the former place hrs been relieved to a slight extent by the embarkation of about onc hundred stranded adventurers ou the steamer *Noyo* for Seattle. The steamer *Portland* was to leave St. Michael on August 22d with the largest amount of treasure that has yet come from the Northwest in any one bottom. A number of fortunate miners will return by the same opportunity, and the arrival of this vessel is likely to renew the excitement witnessed here last year when the first arrivals of successful gold-hunters took place.

BOSWELL JR.

It is reported that Mr. H. M. Stanley will leave England in September for another visit to Bulawayo, South Africa. This time he is to be accompanied by Mrs. Stanley, whose artistic instincts should find abundant material for pencil and brush in South Africa.

Mrs. E. W. Hornung, the clever novelist, is living—and writing—in a charming villa with a vineyard at Posilippo—one of the most delightful spots in Italy. Mrs. Hornung, by the way, is the sister of Dr. Conan Doyle.

SAILING OF THE TRANSPORT "SCANDIA"

With companies of New York Volunteers, detachment of California Heavy Artillery guarding one million dollars consigned to the Paymaster's Department at Manila. There is also on board a detachment of the Hospital Corps and several officers who are going to join their commands

In the Dry Dock

Some of the Crew

Effect of a Spanish Shell

Mine Pulled Up by the "Texas"

BATTLESHIP "TEXAS" AFTER HER RETURN FROM SANTIAGO

SOME COLOSSAL ESTATES

Distribution of the Gould Millions—A Philanthropic Astor.

New York, August 23d.—At last the great Gould fortune is to be divided. The will of the millionaire provided that the estate should remain in trust until his youngest son, Frank, came of age and that then each heir should be apportioned his or her part of the property. On September 8th Frank Jay Gould, who was a child on the father's death, will be twenty-one, and there will at once follow a meeting of the family, at which the future of certain of the biggest American corporations will be settled. The "Wizard of Wall street" left a fortune of eighty millions. He was the biggest individual stockholder in the Manhattan Elevated Railway system, the Missouri Pacific and the Western Union. He was also in the Pacific Mail and the Union Pacific, but the bulk of his accumulations was in the other institutions. That the individual shares of the members of the family will be thrown on the market in an effort to realize cash must not be expected, of course, though it is likely the Castellanes will be compelled to cash up at least a third of their sixth. A new corporation will be formed, doubtless, like your own Crocker Estate, and George Gould will look after its interest on the Stock Exchauge. I imagine, however, that Countess Anna and Howard will handle their own affairs, if things happen as predicted.

Except for the freakish Castellane *affaire* the Goulds have conducted themselves with considerable discretion. This is due to the practical guardianship with which the terms of the Wizard's will invested George and Helen Gould. Edwin married a daughter of the eminent physician, Dr. Shrady, a very handsome and charming woman, and had no difficulty about obtaining the family consent to his ambition. It is said, however, that Howard Gould's matrimonial aspirations, which had Katherine Clemmons for their object, have hitherto been retarded. This veto comes to an end next month, when the owner of the *Niagara* will be at liberty to marry whomsoever he choses without interference. It is said that his wedding will follow close upon the heels of his brother's birthday. As for Helen Gould, it seems she is destined to obtain eminence in philanthropy rather than in social diversion. She is a woman of fine character and sound intelligence, whose excellent common sense is esteemed both by her brothers and by Russell Sage, who is her close friend and adviser. The younger members of the family, even Howard, abide by her ideas about financial affairs, and Frank, the youngest, lives with her in Lyndhurst, at Irvington-on-the-Hudson, the magnificent summer home of the family. The newspapers had it some time ago that she was engaged to a member of Bishop Potter's family, but there was not a word of truth in the statement. She will marry some day, doubtless, but it will be to a man of character and capacity, who will care for her and not for her millions.

Thus far the Castellane *affaire* has been the only great trouble in this family. There was nothing George and his sister could think of that they did not urge against that marriage. The career of Count Boni was exposed to Anna Gould with the fullest details, but to no avail. She was determined and they succumbed. Since then the poor child has been sadly disillusionized. The count is a little cad, a gambler and a *roué*, who is a very parvenu at display, and is never happy unless engaged in some expensive dissipation. The magnificent palace they built in Paris. the superb fetes with which they startled the Parisian world, the youth the Count passed, must, ere this, have made a hole in the fortune. George Gould expostulated time and again at the drain these expenditures have made, but to no purpose, though the gossip goes that the Countess has at last been persuaded to assert herself. She is plain and physically unattractive, though her appearance has improved enormously under the tuition of her husband. Her unaffected good nature, however, has won her a place in the exclusive society of the Faubourg St. Germaine, which even the Castellane name would not confer. She devotes her time to charitable enterprises, while Count Boni is a figure at the race tracks and in the gambling clubs. Howard Gould, though he may marry Miss Clemmons, will never be guilty of wild extravagance. He can afford to own as fine a yacht as his contemporaries, especially as he has not made a fad of pictures or country houses. He is headstrong and determined and has a taste for actresses. Indeed, Odette Tyler flourished a magnificent ruby, which she declared represented a proposal, though she is now Mrs. Someoneelse. He is no fool, and whatever he does it will not be because he is in the dark.

Frank Gould has been well educated and is a pleasant, intelligent young fellow whose tastes run to bicycling and dogs. A good deal of talk was made over his establishing great kennels at Lyndhurst some time ago. He has some superb St. Bernards in which he takes a great pride. He has ridden on a wheel to Philadelphia and back (200 miles) in ten hours, which beats the record among the millionaire wheelmen.

Rumor has it that the first result of the settlement of the estate will be the consolidatton of the Manhattan Elevated and the Metropolitan Traction Companies. Owing to the opposition of the Metropolitan the profits of the Elevated lines have fallen, and the quarterly report announed June 30th this year showed a deficit of $16,000 as against a profit of $89,000 for the corresponding months of '97. Only by the introduction of electricity can the great property be made profitable again, and this would cost some eight millions of dollars. There are legal difficulties in the way of raising the money by issuing bonds, and it is thought that the interests of both corporations will best be subserved by consolidation, the Metropolitan's charter being more flexible than that of its rival.

Another millionaire who is before the public in an interesting connection is Colonel John Jacob Astor, who has suddenly become a philanthropist, and proposes to devote himself to being prominent in public life rather than a leader in society. His few months of service in the army, it is said, have opened his eyes to the obligations of his position, and he proposes among other things to emulate in New York the cheap restaurant scheme which the Princess of Wales inaugurated in London. There is not in Gotham any place save the Mills Hotel where a decent meal may be had except for a substantial consideration. The stuff served is poor of its kind and is badly prepared. Colonel Astor's idea is to establish a number of eating houses in the metropolis in which a decent slice of meat and good vegetables, together with tea or coffee, may be had for the smallest consideration. No attempt at a profit will be made; the bare cost will alone be exacted. In addition he has asked of his agents an exact estimate of the value of the Astor estate, and proposes henceforth to pay taxes on the full market valuation both of the realty and personal properties. The Astor realty in New York is estimated at one hundred million of dollars, of which the Colonel owns forty per cent. The resources of the property net the owners four millions a year, two of which are William Waldorf Astor's, but these sums by no means represent the total of the fortune. There are stocks and bonds, and houses and lands out of New York, which swell the figures enormously. The story goes that the Colonel's philanthropic freak is based on a certain infelicity in his matrimonial relationship. He is not a man of strong intellect and he has a bad habit of paying extravagant attentions to young women whose beauty attracts him. His wife has long been regarded as one of the handsomest women in New York society, and is a superb creature, whose splendid figure and face make the Colonel's lack of physical interest the more conspicuous. However, rumor is often euough a lying dame, and it may be that society errs and that this twain's relationship is that of the turtle dove to his mate.

DALTON.

BLACKMAILING IN LONDON

Light on Hooley and His Dealings With the Financial Press.

London, August 15th.—While the majority of people who are of importance in the the world of finance and in society are away on the moors or anywhere out of town, there is little dimunition of the gossip which burst into life when Hooley went to the wall. The tales which are going the round pertain to two different phases of the scheming promoter's art. In the one case we have set forth the manner of securing decoy ducks in the shape of distinguished names for company directors, and in the other the plans adopted for obtaining the favor, or at all events the neutrality, of the press. You will have gathered from your enterprising dailies the stories under the former head of both Hooley and the noble decoys, but as his relations with the press have not been so fully exploited, althoueh immediately on his collapse he promised to make some astonishing revelations, a little light thrown thereon may be interesting.

The curious part of the whole business is that the general pnblic seems to have got the idea that the art of "blackmailing" company promoters is a new development. Mr. Hooley is responsible for the application of the term "blackmailing" to the various processes by which unscrupulous newspaper proprietors or editors and their minions prey upon the promoters. The most insidious form of the evil, however, does not consist in attempting to obtain hush money for foregoing criticism calculated to influence the public against a new undertaking offered to them for subscription, but rather in giving bribes for the purpose of procuring favorable criticism. The paper that can be bought off is usually a sheet that has no real weight, but is merely some low class financial organ, published weekly, that never finds its way into the hands of the simple minded private investor for whom the shrewd and diligent promoter sets his net. What this last named individual needs in his business is the commendation of the reputable weekly and daily, for if he can count on this he knows his scheme has an excellent chance of going through. He is quite well aware that he will not be solicited by anyone representing such a journal to purchase its favor, but there is no reason why he should not himself move to get what he wants. Old City men have not forgotten that a former editor of the financial column of the *Times*, who had been in that position for very many years and stood remarkably high, was detected in feathering his nest with the contributions of promoters, given for services rendered, while the promoter's intercourse with human nature has taught him to believe that most men have their price. At all events he knows, as nearly everyone else does in London, that there are powerful writers on money topics that have to be included in that category.

Well, at all events, Mr. Hooley, with the assistance of the courts, has exposed one such individual in a pretty naked fashion. I refer to Mr. Harry H. Marks, M. P., founder, editor and part proprietor of the *Financial News*, the leading City daily. This man has consistently boomed the Hooley flotations, under contract for largesse, and has thereby pocketed enormous sums of money. Strange as it may appear, while no one believes Marks at any time in his career to have been possessed of a shadow of integrity or principle, his paper is so cleverly edited and so full of information that it is widely read and by many believed when it makes a statement. Not very long after it first started, which was rather more than a dozen years ago, Mr. Mark Collet, of the well known Anglo-American firm of Brown, Shipley & Co., and then Governor of the Bank of England, was aspersed in its columns and on one of his friends alluding to the circumstance Mr. Collet observed, "Oh! that is only that blackguard Marks, who was in jail in America (I believe he specified Sing Sing) for blackmailing, and nobody pays any attention to him." Marks got to hear of the remark, instituted an action for libel and recovered nominal damages from Mr. Collet. The latter's assertion was perfectly correct, but under the law of libel he was mulcted. The *Financial News* has since continued to flourish and pursue the even tenor of its way, which includes the acceptance by its editor-in-chief of such bribes as promoters find necessary to offer for its support of the undertakings they bring before the public. Marks soon became a wealthy man, and, being able and smart, has been elected and now sits as a member of the London County Council and the House of Commons.

There are more ways than one of suborning an editor, and there are others besides Mr. H. H. Marks, M. P. Mr. Waldorf Astor, proprietor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, found it necessary to charge Mr. Hooley with having corrupted his city editor. Hooley admitted it, and now the *Pall Mall Gazette* is urging special legislation to meet such cases. Hooley has probably bribed a good deal more than he has been "blackmailed," and the *Gazette* transaction comes under the former description. The "blackmailing" art was some years ago proved to be very dangerous to the operator. It was another member of the Marks family, a brother of the redoubtable Harry, who pointed the m[illegible] and "did time" for his pains. A very shady individual of the genus promoter was engaged in a certain transact[illegible] devised for swindling the public and brother Marks, who was running a dirty rag more or less on the lines of his relative's journal, intimated that unless he were paid to stay his pen some awkward disclosures would be made in his columns. After some negotiations a bargain was struck and an appointment made for transferring the plunder, whiich Marks frère stipulated should be in coin, as checks were not negotiable in "blackmail" dealings, being liable to tell tales. The victim took the precaution to have a detective in an adjoining room of his office when Marks put in appearance, and as the gold was being taken in hand by the latter (to the best of my recollection it represented one thousand dollars) a signal was given, the officer stepped into the apartment and Marks was taken in charge as a "blackmailer" caught in the act. It is needless to say that there was no difficulty in securing his conviction at the Old Bailey.

What has been happening in the Hooley affair shows that history is repeating itself and, though he has not so far made things as warm for the jackals of the financial press as he hinted he would do, nobody doubts that he has further justification than has yet been shown for saying that they plundered him freely. It must not be supposed, however, that this is the only city in the world where such things be, for in Paris there is infinitely more "blackmailing" and bribery going on in financial journalism, and favorable "publicity" is contracted for systematically in connection with all new incorporations and stockjobbing operations to a degree that is unknown here.

AMOS SHELDON.

THE CAROLINE ISLANDS

Contrary to general expectation, no attempt has been made by the United States to raise the flag in the Caroline Islands, the only American connection with which has been in the shape of missionary effort extending over many years. This group of tropical islands extends over a wide area of the Pacific, in latitude 4 degrees 5 minutes north of the equator, to the southwest of the Philippines, the principal of them being Pouape, which is twenty miles or so in diameter and of circular formation. With the exception of three other islands of smaller size, the rest of the group is composed of mere islets of coral formation. Ponape, evidently of volcanic origin, is densely wooded, and the greater part of its surface consists of mountains, the highest peak of which reaches an altitude of 3000 feet. The climate is very warm and humid, with au annual rainfall of at least 280 inches and a temperature which varies from 80 to 90 degrees. With such excessive moisture malaria is, of course, very prevalent, and the climatic conditions are most enervating. The total population of the islands is about 100,000 and consists almost entirely of Malay tribes. The natives exist under the most primitive conditions, and though much given to quarrelling amongst themselves, are inoffensive in their manner towards white people.

The Spanish Government has headquarters at Ponape, with another station on the island of Yap. Besides the native dialects, English is the only language spoken, owing to its being taught in the schools established by the missionaries. Recent exploration by an Englishman has developed the existence of ancient temples of Japanese architecture, which, with his study of the native language, has led him to the conviction that in ages past the people of Japan have mingled their blood with the aborigines. The cocoanut, bread-fruit, bananas and other tropical fruits grow in profusion and furnish the population with the means of subsistence, all the covering they use being a fringe of grasses hung around the loins. There are many superb kinds of timber in the forests that have never been touched, and in fact no attempt whatever has been made by the white man to turn the islands to account. The pearl-bearing oyster is found in the surrounding waters of the ocean, while tortoise shell and coral can be collected in abundance and of the finest quality. The only means of travel is by canoe from island to island and along their shores, and the natives are all skillful boatmen and swimmers. Both men and women are clever weavers of fibre and grasses into mats, cloth and baskets, using an ingenious loom peculiar to the islands. The christianized members of the community are taught something beyond this, and are becomingly dressed. The fauna of the islands shows a complete absence of indigenous four-footed creatures and little variety amongst the feathered tribes. There are no snakes, but the ordinary insect pests of tropical climes are present in the usual variety.

From the foregoing it will be gathered that the islands are hardly an attractive place as a settlement for white people, although possessed of some resources that might perhaps prove profitable to exploit.

Any tired editor, uncertain as to the politest method of returning a contribution, might take a lesson from a Chinese brother. This gentleman is mentioned as suavely sending back an article on the ground that, if he printed it, the Emperor of China would insist upon everything in the paper being maintained at the same high standard, "this being manifestly impossible in the present low state of literary ability." Much the same policy was adopted by Mr. Garrett on one occasion, when City Editor of the San Francisco *Chronicle*. A gentleman, who had been President of the Oxford University Athletic Club, submitted to him a contribution on athletic subjects, only to be met with the intimation that it was "too scholarly" for the sporting readers of the paper. Mr. Garrett, being himself a member of the sister university of Cambridge, no doubt sympathized with the writer of the article, but, nevertheless, felt called upon to do what he considered his duty to the patrons of his journal.

When six years old Melba, who was rather a prodigy, sang at a concert in Richmond, Australia, and was tremendously proud of herself. Next day she was playing about with a little girl who lived near the Mitchell's, for that is Melba's maiden name, and waited to hear what her friend had to say. Not a word came until the future prima donna blurted out, "Well, the concert; I sang at the concert, you know." The other little girl bent over and whispered, "Nellie Mitchell, I saw your drawers."

"Dave."

Someth'ng of a mild literery sensation has been created by a volume of short stories, *Life is Life*, by Zack, which is published in America by Charles Scribner's Sons. The stories are remarkable for simplicity of statement and intense human feeling. A too liberal use of Devonshire dialect is a drawback, but the patois does not detract from the singular force and directness of the narrative, and is in no sense an affectation. The story we reproduce is one of the most powerful and dramatic in the volume.

Sprawling down one hill and half-way up another was a little village; at the coruer of its main street stood the White Lion Inn. The sun poured yellow light through the bar windows on to the sanded fioor, and on the figures of two men who sat talking at a table.

"I tell you he's sweet on my cousin Phœbe, daun him," exclaimed the younger man, hringing his fist down on the table.

"And what's that got to say to it?" replied the other, in a slow, heavy voice. "Josh Tuckett 'ull never see no darter o' his married to a drunkard."

"Dave ain't no drunkard; he takes his glass and goes out. Daug him, I wish he wor."

The elder man leant forward and caught hold of the button on his companion's coat.

"Answer me this, Tummas Rod," he said, "didn't his father die o' drink?"

"Ay, sure."

"And his grandfather afore him?"

"Ay, certain."

"Bain't his three brothers lying iu the churchyard at this very minnit reg'lar soaking the place wi' spirits; the grass never growed casual over their graves the same as it did over t'other folks."

"What's that got to do wi' Dave?"

"Why, begore, he'll come to the like sooner or later, mark my words if he don't. He's a drunkard now—at heart. Scores o' times I've reckoned to hear his throat split and crack when the drink dizzles down it."

A heavy flush rose to Rod's face. "And may it; the sooner the better," he said.

"You and he were thick anuff as boys," replied the old mau, rising, and regarding him curiously.

"Rod turned away and went back to the bar. "Didn't I tell 'ee that he be sweet on my cousin and her ou him," he answered, in a sullen voice.

There was a sound of footsteps, aud Dave entered, the old man taking his departure at the same time. Rod glanced with qnick scrutiny at the newcomer's gaunt but boyish face, as, dropping his bag of tools, he flung sixpence on the counter.

"A half-and-half, Tom," he said. "My throat ba reg'lar dring'd wi' thirst."

"The flush on Rod's face receded, leaving it ash-grey He filled a small glass to the brim with spirits, and pushed it across the bar. Dave swallowed the contents at a gulp, and stood, fingering the glass nervously.

"Take another nip," said Rod.

"Naw, wan ba anuff, thank 'ee.

"Come, I'll stand yer."

Dave's thin white face reddened. "I dnrsn't," he said, turning away and picking up his bag of tools.

The innkeeper burst into a rough laugh. "You puts me in mind of a maid before her first kiss, terrible afraid, but wonderful willing," he replied. "Come," he urged, unsteadily, "drink me success to something I've set my mind on."

There was silence a moment. "Ba it zuumat pertikler speshil?" Dave asked at length.

"I told 'ee I'd set my mind on it."

"Drink ba kindiddling temptsome," Dave muttered, half to himself, as he watched Rod fill two glasses with spirits. "Wull," he added, gulping down the spirits with feverish impatience, "may 'ee git what 'ee want and more."

Rod looked at him a moment, his lips twitching: "To the damnation of Dave Vlint, body and soul!" he exclaimed, and draining the glass, flung it across the bar at the wall opposite. For a moment the two men regarded each other in silence; then Dave turned on his heel, halted a moment at the door, and glanced back: "Did 'ee mean they wuds?" he said.

"Twor nort but a bit o' fun," Rod answered, forcing a laugh.

"Ther ain't nort speshil vantysheeney in sich jokes," replied Dave, and going out he left Rod alone. He made his way through the street, and up the hill behind the village, where the pine-trees stood massing themselves against the blue sky, like heavy blue-green clouds. Leaving the road, he entered the wood by a footpath. It was autumn; the ground was strewn with coues; overhead the wind soughed with the sound of the sea. Standing beside a broken stile was a girl; her chestnut hair, escaping from the kerchief that bound it, rippled and curled about her neck and forehead. Dave started when he saw her, and advanced more slowly. She came towards him, and they stood together; she was not tall, "about as high as his heart."

"What's come to 'ee, Dave!" she exclaimed, in a soft, guttural voice; "it's dree weeks since you've been a-nigh me."

He was silent, averting his eyes as if he were afraid to look into hers.

"You made me love 'ee, you made me love 'ee," she burst out, her voice trembling; "and now———"

"Phœbe, lass, 'tis better that I bide away."

"You shud 'ave thought o' that afore," she said, bitterly.

"Ay, sartin I shnd."

She caught hold of the two lapels of his coat—"Dave, Dave," she cried, "you don't love me arter all; aud you swore me true down by the Wishing Well."

"I didn't love 'ee then the zame as I do now by a deal," he answered, taking her hands in his.

"Oh, lad, I can't fathom 'ee," she said, with a sob.

"Sweetheart, 'tis the drink I'm afeard of; 'twull have me wan day like my vather and brothers afore me."

"But I bain't afeard."

"I might he cruel hard on 'ee, lass," he said, pressing her hands tight against his broad chest. "A man can't answer for h'ssulf when the drink's upon him."

Her dark grey eyes filled with tears. "But I hain't afeard, Dave, she reiterated. "I bain't afeard."

He looked at her with great tenderness. "I dursnt't, dear heart; I dursn't," he said, and his voice shook.

"Ther wud ba the times atween whiles," she urged.

Turning from her, he caught hold of a tree-bough and steadied himself. "Lass, lass, don't put me in mind o' em."

"You ain't loving me the zame as you did, or 'ee wudn't need no minding," she exclaimed, brokenly. "And I ain't fallen off in looks." She came round the tree, stood in front of him, and unbinding her kerchief, shook her thick chestnut hair about her shoulders. "See, Dave," she continued, "it's vine and long for all it loses in the curl; and my voot, too, Dave,"—she kicked off her shoe—"'tis wonderful arched, and a deal smaller than the young ladies' up to the great House. My arms, Dave,"—she slipped back her sleeve—"they might be a chile's, they're that bedimpled."

Stopping abruptly, she burst into tears. "Oh, lad, lad," she sobbed, "you bain't looking, you bain't looking."

He let go the branch of the tree, took her in his arms, and drew her close up against his breast. He put back her head with gentle force, and kissed her mouth and eyes, her throat and bosom. As they stood molten in one mould, there came down the wind the sound of children's laughter; heariug it, the man and woman fell trembling, then apart.

They stood staring at each other like two people gnilty of a crime.

"There ba them that might ba born arter us," he said, hoarsely.

She watched the sudden hardening of his mouth. "Must us mind on 'em?" she pleaded—"must us miud on 'em?"

"I cud never fo'ce no child o' ours to bear w'at I've bin fo'ced to bear," he answered; "'twad ba devil's wark—I cudn't do it."

Her face grew white and hopeless. "I can't feel for the childer, I ain't no mother yet," she said, brokenly.

Desire shook him; he looked at her slight form that seemed to tremble into womanhood before his eyes, then, with an abrupt cry, he turned aud left her.

She flung herself down and wept—through the trees her wailing followed him, yet his heart cried out so loudly that he knew not if the wailing came from her lips or his own. Long he wandered in the wood, but when night fell returned again to his cottage. Pushing open the door, the moonlight streaming in after him, he entered the small kitchen. On the table, the cork withdrawn, was a bottle of spirits—the air reeked with the smell of it. He did not know whose hand had placed the bottle there, but his harsh thirst demanded slaking, and forced him forward. Clutchiug at his throat, striviug to tear the thirst from it, he advanced—the bottle glisteuing in the moonlight, looking as if it were alive. He cast an agonized glance round the walls, seeking help from familiar things, and his eyes fell on his gun. A sob of relief broke from him; he took down the gun, loaded it hurriedly, the smell of the spirits dripping on to his lips, he licking it down. He snatched the bottle from the table, shouldered his gun, and went out—up through the woods, past the broken stile' where the coarse grass lay pressed close to the earth and Phœbe had flung herself down and wept. With averted face he passed the spot, and entered deep into the heart of the wood. At last he stopped; about him the trees grew close and thick, no eye but God's could see his shame. He leant his gun up against a branch; the moonlight edged itself between the trees, and he held the bottle up to it.

"So yer have got the hest o' me at last," he said, "yer have got the best o' me at last."

The bottle glistened; he brought it nearer his lips, his thirst pressed for quenching, the thirst that he would slake before he shot himself.

"Yer smiling devil," he burst out, with sudden fierceness, "yer reckon to catch me, do 'ee. No, by hell! yer don't; I'll die wi'out tasting 'ee," and he dashed the bottle into fragments at his feet. A moment later he had flung himself upon the ground, striving to lick up the spirits with his tongue.

"Dog that I be, dog that I be," he sobbed. "No better than a dog—no better than a dog."

Sick with shame and horror, he regained his feet; he took a piece of cord from his pocket, made a loop iu it, attaching one end to the trigger of the gun. He pressed the cold steel barrel up against his hot beating heart, and placed his foot in the loop. "A dog's death for a dog," he muttered.

The moonlight shone on him, on the gun, and on the broken bottle at his feet; the glistening glass attracted him and he stared at it, fresh thoughts crowding his brain. A tremor ran through him; raising his eyes, he fixed them on the moonlit heavens and grey wind-spun clonds. "Ther ba zommat in me azide the dog," he said, slowly. "Ay, begore, I'll live game, I'll zee it droo," and drawing himself together, he turned his face once more on life.

THE NAVAL PARADE

Enthusiastic Reception of Sampson's Fleet in New York Harbor.

One of the most inspiring spectacles ever seen by the people of New York was the great marine procession on August 20th, in which the grim fighting ships of Admiral Sampson's fleet steamed up the North River to Grant's Tomb and there fired a salute to the remains of the mighty warrior. As a mere naval parade the pageant was insignificant, but as an occasion of sentiment the event has never been surpassed. In the parade there were seven vessels. First came the flagship *New York*, on the mainmast of which Admiral Sampson's flag of blue was flying, the ship being under the command of Captain F. E. Chadwick. And then came the *Iowa*, under the command of Captain Robley D. Evans, and she was followed by the *Indiana*, under the command of Captain Henry C. Taylor. These formed the first division of the fleet. The *Brooklyn*, bearing Admiral Schley's blue flag of two stars, was next in line, under the command of Captain F. A. Cook, and she was followed by the *Massachusetts*, under the command of Captain F. J. Higginsou. The famous *Oregon* was next in liue, under the command of Captain Albert S. Barker, and she was followed by the *Texas*, which flew the new Commodore's flag of "Jack" Philip, who seemed to be in a division all by hiuself.

The flags of two Admirals and one Commodore were flying from the trucks, and those three flags were placed there directly as a result of bravery in action in destroying Cervera's fleet and in conducting the naval campaign against the enemy in Cuban waters. With the exception of the *Massachusetts* all the ships seemed to have been recently painted, and saving a hole in the center smokestack of the *Brooklyn* no wounds were visible. Stanchions were up, guard lines and rails in place, the guns of the first division were all polished and those of the second were painted the same dull gray color as the ships themselves. The fleet was first sighted from the Highlands at 5:40 a. m. and passed Sandy Hook at 8 a. m.

The steamer *Glen Island*, which carried Mayor Van Wyck, the general committee of citizens in charge of the celebration and a crowd of their friends, left her pier at the foot of Cortland street for the Tompkinsville anchorage at 9:16 o'clock in the morning, flying the municipal flag.

Admiral Sampson slowed down the fleet as he came opposite Tompkinsville, and interest on board the flagship was plainly centered on two tugs that were off her starboard bow. One of these tugs was the navy yard boat *Narkeeta*. It gradually approached the starboard quarter of the *New York*, and Secretaries, Gage, Alger and Wilson, with Attorney-General Griggs and Postmaster-General Smith, clambered up the gangplank to the deck.

Admiral Sampson and his aides had left the after bridge of the *New York*, and when Secretary Gage, the ranking member of the President's Cabinet, appeared at the head of the steps, there was a warm greeting between him and the Admiral. The other members of the Cabinet were greeted heartily by the Admiral. The mariues and the baud were drawn up on deck; there was a flourish of drums, and patriotic tunes were played to mark the arrival of the representatives of the President.

The tug *Mutual* then drew up to the gangplank, down the steps of which went the Admiral to the first landing, where he had the pleasure of meeting his wife and childreu, who had come from their home in Montclair and sailed down with friends to meet the fleet at the Narrows.

As the fleet drifted slowly up to the Statue of Liberty it was surrounded by some two hundred vessels of all sorts. Mayor Van Wyck, who had been transferred to the police boat *Patrol*, drew up alongside the *New York*, and with his committee was received on board. As the crowds on shore, which were greatest in Riverside Park, got a sight of the ships the excitement was intense and the cheering deafening. The keenest wish of all assembled was to see the *Oregon*, and when her place in the line had been fixed the greeting that broke forth was tremendous in its enthusiasm. As the *New York* swung abreast of Grant's tomb exactly at 11 a. m. the sharp crack of a small gun in her bows was heard and instantly answered by the boom of guns on all the other ships. Bedlam then broke loose from whistles, bands aud everything else within seeing distance that could be utilized to make a noise. Ou the return of the vessels a stop was made at the lower end of Manhattan Island, and the officers of the fleet were presented by Admiral Sampson to the members of the Cabinet on board the *New York*, an informal luncheon following in the ward-room of the flagship. Later in the afternoon the ships were anchored off Tompkinsville, and hy 3:30 p. m. all were at rest after a triumphal trip that passed off without a hitch. Shore leave for the crews was then eagerly sought and liberally granted. Nothing had been lacking during the day unless it was the accomplishment of the wish of a smart young lady of sixteen years, who shouted out to a friend as she landed from an excursiou boat, "Oh, if Dewey could only have been here!" But his time will come, and meauwhile every soul in the eutire navy, from the rank of Admiral down to the gallant jack tars and stokers, knows that the acclamation of the crowds that gathered to welcome the home-coming ships was intended for one and all of them.

THE BATTLESHIP "TEXAS"

A year and a half ago the *Texas* was so much out of date that naval men hardly counted her an effective part of our fighting establishment. Since then her interior mechanism has been almost entirely remodelled from plans drawn by her officers, so that in the essentials of a fighting ship she seems worthy to stand beside any of her sisters. In fact, the second-rate battleship *Texas* which is not supposed to be in the same class as the *Indiana*, *Oregon*, *Iowa* and *Massachusetts*, is to-day, in the light of her actual achievements, better calculated perhaps than any other vessel of the navy to stand for a demonstration of up-to-date sea fighting.

As the 12-inch guns which form the main battery of the *Texas* were operated before Lieutenant Haesler made his improvements in the arrangement of the fighting mechanicism, they had to be trained fore and aft or abeam before they could be loaded. Then they had to be moved into the position from which it was desired to fire them. By this laborious process they could be fired once in about eight miuutes. Lieutenant Haesler's plans practically changed the entire arrangement of the interior of the gun turrets, but his greatest improvement was a controlling valve, which enables the big guns to be fired once in a minute and twenty-nine seconds. The power by which the four 12-inch guns are fired is now furnished by four large hydraulic puuips in the redoubt outside the turret. The difference in effect of half a dozen 850-pound shells thundering against an enemy's sides, where only one could have been fired before, need not be dwelt upon.

While the battleship may be said still to hold the palm, it is the general opinion of experts that an increase of speed power and the strengtheuing of the secondary battery is of the highest importance. It was the seething and unceasing fire of the small guns that drove the Spanish ships on shore at Santiago, while the burned and shattered hulks of Montojo's more numerous fleet lying in Philippine waters testify to the effective work done by the rapid-fire guns of the American ships. The heaviest guns that Admiral Dewey had were 8-inch rifles. The 6-pound rapid-fire guns on board the *Texas* can be discharged every six seconds, each shell loaded with enough explosive material to set a ship on fire, and aimed to scatter death and destruction on an enemy's decks. So great is the saving of time effected in loading and firing by having the ammunition in one package—powder, shell, fuse and primer—that fifteen or more shells can be fired frou these guns iu action in sixty seconds with hurried aim. Full accuracy can he obtained with frou six to ten shots in that time.

The effect on the enemy of this raining of explosives can be imagined. Only the Spaniards can tell exactly what it is. Spliuters flying in all directions, explosions at every turn, flames starting up in half a dozen different qnarters at once—is it any wonder that the Spanish ships of Cervera burned for three or four days? It is to the improvement in the fighting fitments of the *Texas* that the ship owes much of her good record.

Mission Beach

Native Village

Native Christian Church

Entrance to Lilla Harbor

Christianized Natives

A Cook House

Mr. Channon's House

Launching a Canoe

SCENES ON KUSAIE ISLAND IN THE CAROLINE GROUP

Courtesy of the *Chronicle*

A Christeninng at Minister Sewall's after the Flag-Raising

The Flag Presented by President Dole to the Troops

Marines Landing from the "Philadelphia" and "Mohican"

INCIDENTS OF THE FLAG-RAISING AT HONOLULU

Photos by Davey

TWO FLOATING HOSPITALS

The "Solace" and "Relief" are Now Employed in Atlantic Waters.

An invaluable addition to the resources of the Medical Department of the United States Army and Navy has recently been made in the shape of the two hospital or ambulance ships *Solace* and *Relief*, now in commission in Atlantic waters. It is proposed to fit out another similar vessel at an early date. The precise service for which these ships are appointed is to furnish accommodation and medical care for patients in transit between field hospitals and ships at sea on the one hand and the naval and military land hospitals on the other. They have been remodeled and appointed in such a way as to afford the greatest possible comfort to the sick and wounded, and at the same time promote the convenience of the operating staff.

The *Solace*, which was first put in hand and equipped under the supervision of the Navy Department, was formerly the coastwise steamer *Creole*. She is 375 feet in length, of 3,800 tons displacement, and has a maximum speed of 17 knots, with a coal capacity of 850 tons. The hold and cargo deck are reserved for ship stores, pantry supplies and hospital requisites, together with a large sterilizing plant. On the main deck is the apparatns for supplying artificial ventilation, sleeping quarters for the ship's company, hoisting engines, etc., and in the adjoining after-part a large ward with berths and cots for 100 patients, aft of this ward being the emergency ward with 50 swinging cots. Both wards have bathrooms and other conveniences, to gether with full hot and cold water supplies, and communication with the upper deck, the larger ward having an elevator to the operating room, while the emergency ward connects with the cabin reserved for convalescents. Between the main deck wards are the laundry, drying, cold storage and engine rooms, the artificial ice plant, and sleeping and mess quarters of the apothecaries, petty officers, nurses and others.

Forward, on the cabin deck, is the operating room before mentioned, tiled with interlocking rubber disks, and ceilings and bulkheads white with enamel paint, permitting thorough cleaning and sterilization. The furnishings are of enameled steel, and a complete outfit of surgical instruments and appliances, including sterilization apparatus, is provided. Adjoining are lavatories and dispensary, the latter connected by telephone with the wards and surgeons' quarters. The cabins and mess room of the senior members of the medical staff are immediately abaft the operating room, next to the gangway and boiler space. Then follow the engines, the state rooms for invalid officers and junior members of the medical staff, and, lastly, the convalescents' cabin and mess room.

Everywhere there is ample light and ventilation. The quarters for the sick officers are on the promenade deck, the afterpart of which is fitted with stanchions and appliances for housing in with canvas screens and awnings, to form an isolation ward for contagious maladies, should occasion demand.

Two steam launches, fitted with platforms for the accommodation of the sick and wounded, form a part of the ship's boat complement, and special in and out hoisting apparatus insures the landing of the unfortunates with a minimum disturbance of position. The patient can be moved lying in his cot or hammock, if desired.

The *Relief* is 328 feet long, of 3,500 tons displacement, and has slightly less speed than the *Solace*. She belongs to the War Department and was formerly known as the *John Englis*, the property of the Portland Steamship Company. In general equipment the two vessels bear a close resemblance. The *Relief* is divided into five wards and has a total berthing capacity of 300, which can be materially increased should it be necessary.

The medical staff of the *Solace* includes four naval surgeons, three naval apothecaries, and thirteen male nurses and attendants; on the *Relief*, eight army surgeons and hospital stewards, and sixteen nurses and attendants represent the medical corps.

The "Solace"

An Interior

Operating Room

UNCLE SAM'S FLOATING HOSPITAL

THE PEACE COMMISSION

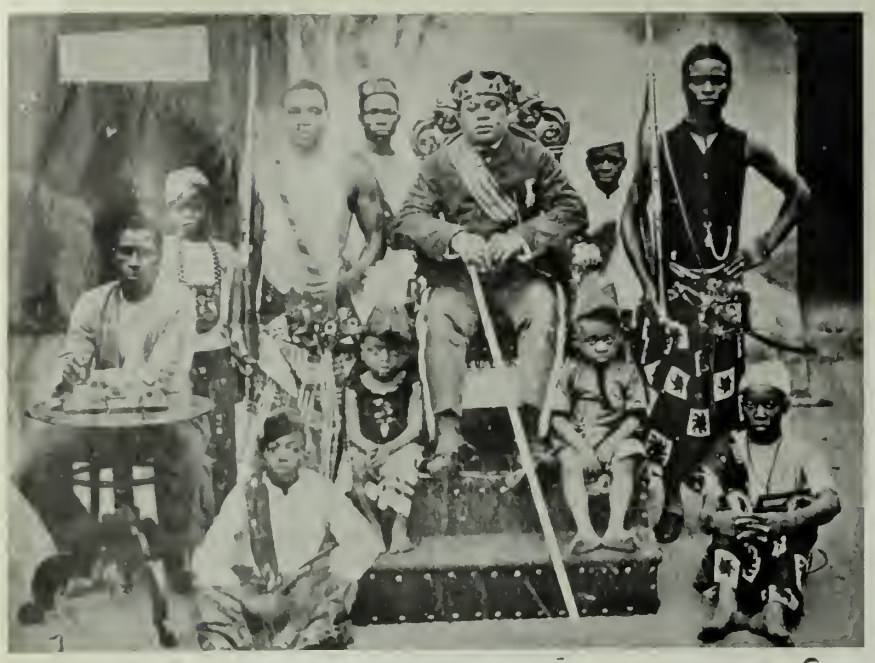
The official publication of the names of the distinguished men appointed by President McKinley as Peace Commissioners for the United States, under the protocol signed with Spain, was received with approval throughout the country. And not only so, but in the chief centers of civilization. The five gentlemen selected for the office are Secretary of State William R. Day, Senator Cushman K. Davis of Minnesota, Senator William P. Frye of Maine, Whitelaw Reid of New York, Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States Edward D. White of Louisiana. The President has also appointed John Moore of Massachusetts, now Assistant Secretary of State, to be secretary of the Commission, and J. W. MacArthur of New York to be assistant secretary.

It has since been announced that General Wesley Merritt will proceed from Manila to Paris to meet the Commissioners and assist them in their negotiations with the Spanish representatives. This seems an excellent arangement, and will greatly strengthen the hands of our Commissioners in dealing with the other side. No one can be in a better position than General Merritt to say what the interests of the United States require in regard to the Philippines, and in arriving at his own conclusions on the point it may be assumed that he will have been guided to no small extent by the judgment of Admiral Dewey. The Commissioners will thus have at their command advice and information from the best naval and military sources and can trim their sails accordingly in dealing with the settlement in respect of the Philippines. This in all probability will be the question most difficult of adjustment.

The London *Times* has well remarked that the selection made by the President gives assurance that he is determined to confirm and uphold the policy of expansion upon which this country has now entered.

Spain has more blind men than any other State in Western Europe. The proportion is 148 to every 100,000 inhabitants, while in France, Germany and England it is 84, 85 and 88, respectively.

Eight thousand carrier pigeons, all well-trained, are in use in the German army.



Chieftain and His Court, Mindanan Islands

Sulu Islanders

Sulu Island Chieftain's Barge of State

Native Women

Sulu Island House

Natives Making Cord

A Vista

NATIVE LIFE IN THE SOUTHERN PHILIPPINES

Courtesy of the *Chronicle*

The Battle Scarred "Texas"

Battleship "Iowa"

Crowds Watching the Parade from Riverside Park, Grant's Tomb in Background

The "Oregon" in New York Harbor
Copyrighted Photos by C. H. Bolles

Firing a Salute

"New York" Surrounded by Tugboats

THE NAVAL PARADE AT NEW YORK

Mary Linck as Azucena in "Il Trovators"
at the Tivoli Opera House

Signor Pasquali
at the Orpheum

Senora Pasquali in Scene from "Faust"
at the Orpheum

Mrs. Sidney Drew
at the Alhambra

Gretchen Lyons
at the Alcazar Theatre

Kate Vandenhoff
at the New Comedy Theatre

NOTABLE PERFORMERS WHO WILL APPEAR AT THE LOCAL THEATRES NEXT WEEK

GENERAL VIEW OF THE NAVAL PARADE AT NEW YORK

Photo by James H. Hare

THE THEATRES

Passing Comment on Contemporary Performances.

"The Master" does not fit the abilities of Mr. Miller as nicely as did "Heartsease." The gentleman is too young-mannered for the role of Faber the financier, and mere loudness of oratory scarcely answers the demands of the part, and fails to convey the impression one should have of the irascible broker whose violent and unreasoning temper drove wife, family and servants from the home. It happens unfortunately that Mr. Miller in this quite unhappy role shoulders all the work of the evening, and but little relief is offered. There are two bits of charming character work in the play—that of Mr. Allen as William Thurkettle, and Augustus Cook as Wicks the butler. It was my intention to speak kindly of the latter gentleman last week, but I omitted to do so. There is a delightful finish to everything he does. He does not carry over the character of oue week into that following. A wide variety must be his, and so far as the ability toward forgetfulness of self goes, I should accord him the place of honor. Mr. Allen is a sweet, gentle old man. One line of his, directing the hot-headed Faber's attention to an article in *Picadilly* praiseworthy of the disowned son's bravery, sets the stamp upon his ability, if he had not another word to say. "The portraits are quite good, sir," was delivered with a delicious naturalness that sent a buzz of approval over the house. The ladies, with the exception of Mabel Bert, had little to do.

* *

The programme at the Orpheum this week is about evenly divided between new acts aud hold-overs, the latter mostly with changes introduced by the performers. Amongst the new turns are Sadi, the Russian gymnast, who performs some unique feats with a good deal of finish, and Aldrich, who does some comic juggling, much to the amusement of the audience. Of the other new acts the Pasqualis render the garden scene of "Faust" in good style, and Barney Fagan, with his companion soubrette, Henrietta Byron, furnishes a medley of song and dance, with plenty of fun thrown, in that takes the fancy of the house immensely. Charles Baron with his trained dogs and cat gives a performance that is amusing, original and clever. Of the holdovers, Case, the monologuist, the three Hegelmans and the Biograph views continue in high favor, and on the whole the show is well up to date.

* *

The presentation of "Mignon" at the Tivoli this week has met with much favor. The delightful romance of the subject and the touching character of the music are brought out with nice feeling. Mary Linck, as the heroine, looks and acts her part thoroughly, while her singing is excellent. Anna Lichter, in the part of Felina, calls forth the utmost enthusiasm. Her rendition of its difficult technique with correctness and charming intonation involves several encores of the great polonaise, which seems to fit her vocal powers to a nicety. Elvia Crox as Frederic is well received and sings and acts admirably. Signor Gerni's Wilhelm is well carried out and his voice is agreeable. As Lothario, the aged minstrel, Signor Wanrell's fine voice produces a striking effect, though marred to some extent by indistinct enunciation. The orchestra, under Max Hirschfeld, does excellent work.

* *

Henry Guy Carleton's play, "The Butterflies," is a gauzy, filmy, light, irridescent and evanescent thing, which is designed to task the comedy powers of the best players. It is so unsubstantial that only people capable of grasping the intangible can make anything real out of the piece. It is therefore not to be wondered at that the Alcazar Company is not up to this too refined Carleton standard. But remembering the exactions of the play, the performance is pleasurable and the large houses prove it a popular success.

* *

The Irish Fair at the Mechanics' Pavilion is drawing large crowds nightly. A bright and cheery atmosphere surrounds the undertaking and there are some very interesting exhibits and models. The floor map of Ireland, with a foundation of the actual soil of Erin imported for the purpose, is a great attraction and it seems to be a special comfort to the patriotic Celt or Celtic-American to rest his extremities on the precise location of his own birth or that of his forbears. He feels the prouder in doing so that the "homestead of President McKinley" is indicated on the map by a staff which carries the Irish and American flags. The object of the fair is to secure the nucleus of a fund wherewith to build and equip a central hall in which all the local Celtic societies may find a home.

* *

DRAMATIC NOTES

On Monday, September 12th, Mrs. Pacheco will present her new comedy, "Woman's Wit," at the Comedy Theatre.

The drop curtain of the New Comedy Theatre was painted by C. D. Robinson, the subject being "Touchstone and Audrey" from "As You Like It."

Mr. S. H. Friedlander left for Chicago and the East on Friday night to be absent a couple of weeks. Mr. Friedlander takes with him his mother, who will make Chicago her future home.

Miss Edith Hall, who has lately been adjusting her differences with the Tivoli management through the medium of the law courts, has been engaged by the new Alhambra Theatre.

Miss Blanche Bates has been added to the strength of the Frawley Company and will be seen again here when they open at the Baldwin Theatre on Sept. 26th, for a six weeks term. In the meantime the company will go to Los Angeles.

The management of the Baldwin have announced a special matinee performance of "Heartease," which will take place on Wednesday afternoon, September 7th. "A Marriage of Convenience" will be given throughout next week, the last of Mr. Miller's engagement, and at the Saturday matinee.

Mr. Henry Miller will begin the third and last week of his engagsment at the Baldwin Theatre on Monday evening, offering the third of his announced novelties, "A Marriage of Convenience." It is an adaptation from the French by Sydney Grundy, author of "Sowing the Wind."

The Alhambra Theatre opens to-night with what looks like a strong bill. Del Puente, of grand opera fame, and Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew will be amongst the attractions, while Corinne makes her first appearance here in vaudeville. The house has been arranged and fitted in modern style and will be run to secure a large share of popular favor.

The revival of Powers' "First Born" at the Alcazar, its birtnplace, will date from next Monday. The players selected will comprise nearly all the original company, including George Osbourne as the wise doctor; Little Venie as Chan Toy, Walter Belasco as the ragpicker, and Gertrude Tidball as Looey Ysing, the slave girl. Much of the dialogue will be brought up to date and new features introduced. Nat Goodwin's three-act farce "Turned Up" will precede the Chinese play.

The sixth week of the grand opera season at the Tivoli will be devoted to the presentation on Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evenings of Verdi's "Rigoletto," and on Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday evenings, and at the special Saturday matinee, Donizetti's "Lucretia Borgia" will be sung. The enlarged chorus and augmented orchestra will assist in both operas. For the seventh week of the season "Carmen" and "Romeo and Juliet" will be given, after which will follow Goldmark's biblical opera, "The Queen of Sheba."

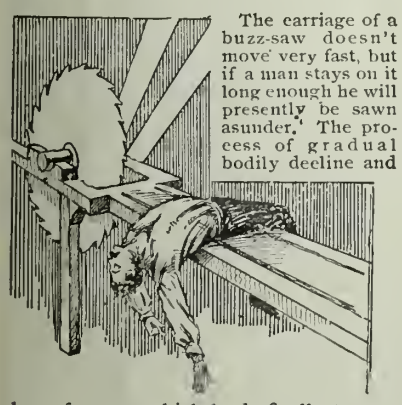
My Rose.

A SONNET.

I love thee, dearest rose; O, ask not why.
I love thee, in thy gem'd and red array;
I love thee as I love the star-lit sky;
I love thee as I love the light of day.
I knew thee in a better, sweeter life,
Where death was not, and growth had no decay,
And human grief, and tears and human strife
Were not, nor blasts to mar the perfect way.
Until the awesome Voice, and Will divine,
Decreed to send our lives to mortals' doom,
In daily sorrow did my soul repine,
And thine was bless'd in matchless grace to bloom.
I found thee, dearest, in thy red array,
And love thee as I love the light of day.

G. A. DANZIGER.

"My Honolulu Lady," as sung by Miss Elsie Adair at the Orpheum, and Kelly and Violette at the Olympia, has captured the town. Mr. Carroll Johnson is making the hit of his life throughout the East with this song.



The carriage of a buzz-saw doesn't move very fast, but if a man stays on it long enough he will presently be sawn asunder.' The process of gradual bodily decline and loss of energy which leads finally to consumption is not always very rapid, but if it isn't stopped it will presently begin to saw its way into the most vital part of the body, the lungs. There would be very little consumption if every family would keep Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in the house, and use it whenever feeling "out of sorts." It keeps the entire body in such a high condition of health and forcefulness that wasting diseases have no chance to get a foot-hold. A teaspoonful or two before meals, in a little water, gives the digestive organism power to assimilate the blood-making, nerve-toning, strength-building properties of the food.

It enables the liver and excretory system to clear the circulation of bilious poisons and remove all waste matter from the body. It replaces worn out tissue with hard muscular flesh, and changes weakness and debility into active power and nerve force.

The originator of this great "Discovery," R. V. Pierce, M. D., is chief consulting physician to the great Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute of Buffalo, N. Y., at the head of a staff of nearly a score of eminent associate physicians and surgeons. He has acquired, in his over thirty years of active practice, a reputation second to no living physician in the treatment of obstinate, chronic diseases. His prescriptions must not be confounded with the numerous "boom" remedies, "extracts," "compounds," and "sarsaparillas," which a profit-seeking druggist is often ready to urge as a substitute. Dr. Pierce's medicines are the product of wide experience and deep study Any one may consult him by mail free of charge.

"A PERFECT FOOD—as Wholesome as it is Delicious."

WALTER BAKER & CO.'S

BREAKFAST COCOA

"Has stood the test of more than 100 years' use among all classes, and for purity and honest worth is unequalled."
—*Medical and Surgical Journal.*

Costs less than ONE CENT a Cup.
Trade-Mark on Every Package.

WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD.,

TRADE-MARK. Established 1780. DORCHESTER, MASS.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

Builders of steel structures have been confirmed, incidentally, as to the adaptedness of steel framed, fireproof buildings to withstand the effect of heat, by the recent burning of the great Shoeneman building in Chicago. This structure was seven stories in height, and immediately adjoined the notable Old Colony building, some seventeen stories high, on the north side, and the Manhattan building, which rises sixteen stories, on the south. The heat to which the last mentioned two buildings were subjected in this ordeal was intense and gave as fair and thorough a test in this respect as could be desired. The wall between the Shoeneman and Manhattan buildings was a party structure, and, when the burned building collapsed it pulled the party wall one inch and a half out of plumb where the greatest strain was sustained; but otherwise the Manhattan gigantic pile suffered no injury from heat or fire, except that some window casings were burned and fifty or sixty windows broken. The effect on the Old Colony building was even less, according to the report of the architects who were employed to make a professional examination.

The name of perchoid is given to a new product, a substitute for gutta percha, the invention of Dr. Napier Ford, location not mentioned. The article is an oil which has undergone a high degree of oxidization, is heated with litharge, stirred long and continuously, and then allowed to cool. Specially prepared tow is then dipped in it, and, placed in wire baskets, subjected to currents of air, the oil, adhering to the filaments of the hemp, becoming wholly oxidized; under the microscope these hempen threads appear sheathed with a coating of amber. The operation is carried on through rollers, and comes out as a leathery material, closely allied to if not identical with rubber, the tenacity of the substance being increased by a mixture with sulphur. It can be rolled as thin as a piece of tissue paper or any fabric, and it renders leather impervious to moisture, though not to air, while it possesses the advantage of being not only more durable but many times cheaper than rubber. It is thought that one of its greatest fields may be the making of pneumatic tires. It should be invaluable also to the electrician, as it does not become brittle and never leaves the wire—two most valuable qualities in an insulator.

$100—Reward—$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucuous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Across the street from the office of The Wave great changes have been going on. The old Lick House has been undergoing alterations, which add greatly to the appearance and comfort of this excellent and long-established hotel. The Fair Estate had made arrangements with Mr. K. B. Soule, who had managed the house for a long term, to take a lease of it, but this plan has now been altered and Mr. George W. Kingsbury, who has been the head clerk and cashier for the last five years, is to assume the management of the house, which will be conducted for account of the estate. Still further improvements are to be made, involving a large expenditure, as the entire building is to be overhauled and refurnished. A cafe and grill room is one of the new additions that is likely to be greatly appreciated by guests of the house and the general public.

CITY OF PARIS

DRY GOODS CO.

S. E. Cor. Geary and Stockton Sts., Union Square

MILLINERY DEPARTMENT

ANNOUNCE

Fall Opening

OF

French Bonnets

AND

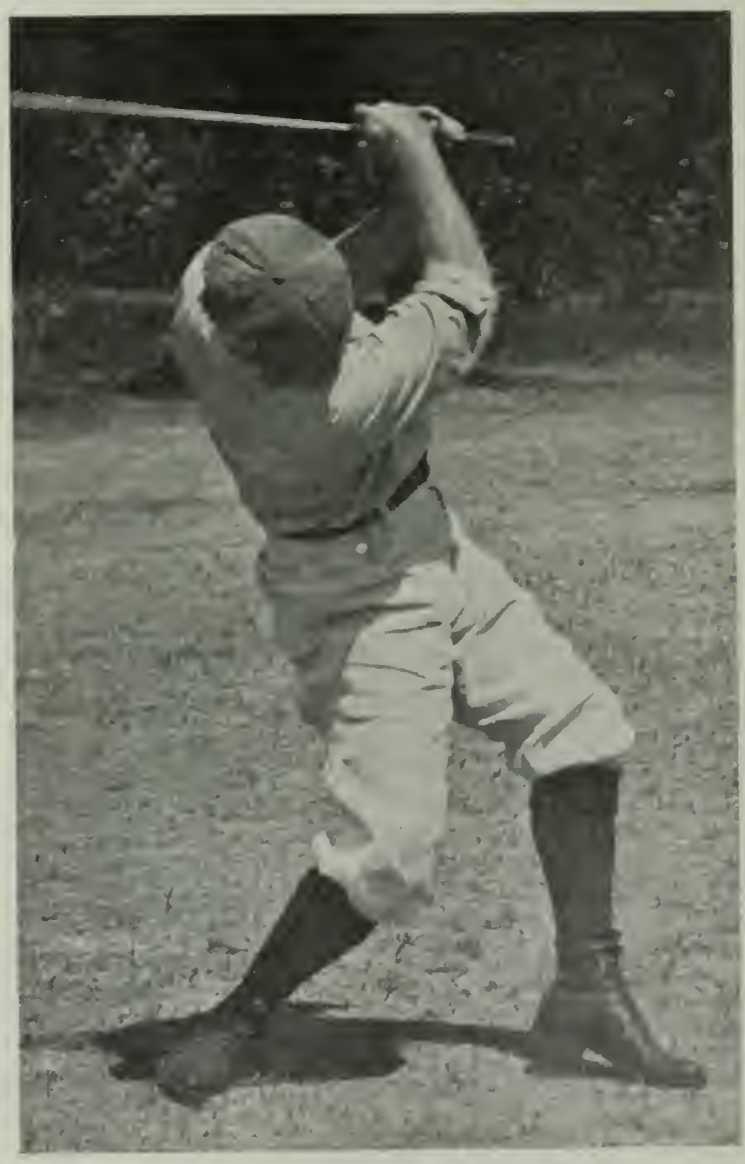
Parisian Novelties

On Monday, September 5th, and following days

A Swinging Class

Mrs Schloss and Miss M. O'Connor

Mr Tetley Making a Drive



A Classical Pose (Mr. Tetley)

Where did it go? (Mr. Warfield)

Mrs. Crooks Putting

Addressing the Ball (Mrs. G. P. Brown)

At the Tent Before the Tournament

Mr. R. Parker

A Good Swing (Miss C. O'Connor)

THE GOLF TOURNAMENT AT SAN RAFAEL

A DEBUTANTE'S DIARY

Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

You know, Diary dear, that the season at San Rafael has been singularly free from accident so far as the Paper Chases are concerned. Indeed, not one of the girls has been hurt, and although there may have been an occasional fall from a horse, no misadventure worth recording has taken place. But although we riders have been smiled upon by the fates, there have been several semi-serious carriage accidents. First there was the De Yonngs, then the Carrolls, and lastly the Buckbees. I must give you the particulars of the last, for it spoilt a very jolly evening for me. Mr. and Mrs. Buckbee had invited some half dozen of us to go to Fairfax Villa, and had arranged a very delectable spread. Well, we started forth—Mr. and Mrs. Buckbee, Tiny O'Connor and Bennie Holliday in their carriage, the rest of us including yours sincerely and Doctor Herbert Carolan on bicycles. A short distance from the hotel the horses ran away, overturned the carriage, and hurled the occupants into a ditch. Mr. and Mrs. Buckbee and Bennie Holiday got off with a severe shaking, but poor Tiny O'Connor was thrown under the wheels and quite badly injured. I am awfully sorry for Tiny O'Connor, as she is terribly cute and plays golf splendidly. We all think she would have won the prize in the Tournament, had she not injured her wrist so badly that she was unable to give her stick the desired swing.

I have had a great deal of amusement in the past week, as Lloyd Breckenridge is over here, and he, together with Florence and I, frequently go out driviug together. He is on his vacation, and is such a bright, lively sort of chap that I have taken a great fancy to him. Mrs. Fred Sharon is here, too, and wears some very attractive-looking gowns. I also went to a young peoples' picnic at Lake Lagunitas last Tuesday. It was given by Helen Dean, and we all had the jolliest possible kind of a time. Helen has inherited her mother's talent for entertaining, and I am sure she will give us all capital times when she comes out.

We are all anticipating hearing of an engagement over here between a dark debutante and a fair foreigner, but whether it is merely a question of attention without intention or not it is hard to say. There is a tremendous amount of gossip always going on at a summer resort, so I suppose the safest plan is to believe nothing. I am rather devoted to their foreigner myself, and cannot understand why he does not cast his pearls where they would receive the deepest amount of appreciation.

Mrs. Warfield gave a very pleasant little dinner to some half dozen of us on Friday evening. Marie and Gertie Oge, Elinor Morrow, Marie Wells, Miss Sewall, Lloyd Breckenridge, and M. Bauquartes (the most fascinating Frenchman I have ever met) were there. We had a capital time and the menu was exceedingly elaborate. Afterwards we all went to the Clubhouse and had a capital little dance. On Saturday evening M. Bouquartes is to give a dinner to a number of us at Fairfax Villa and I am anticipating a heavenly time.

Mr. Wiltsee is still in the southern waters, but his friend Mr. Williams has returned, and is really more charming than ever. I wish some of the girls would persuade him that in Francisco is the only place on earth in which to thoroughly enjoy life, and then he might remain here. He told me that they had a splendid time yachting around Catalina Island.

On Saturday evening I came over to town and went to the hop given at the Presidio by the Tennessee men. It was an awfully jolly affair, and we girls simply had everything our own way. Lieutenant Harris particularly captured my errant fancy. He is charming looking, tall, very fair, and with the most winning manners. A number of us are quite captivated. Miss O'Hara, Miss Lottie Cunningham, Marie Wells and Gertrude Oge were there. We all wore soft, light, fluffy organdie frocks and looked well.

I intended returning to San Rafael on Monday, but the officers persuaded me to remain over and go to the dance on Tuesday evening, so I decided to do so. On Monday I went to see Muriel Atherton and congratulate her. She is the happiest of girls, and is already busily engaged in preparing her trousseau. Her marriage is to take place as soon as she has her wedding outfit completed, for Al Russell is in great haste to become a benedict. Her ring is a thing of beauty, and made me wish that Al had different views. Frances Moore is to be maid of honor, and Margaret and Kate Salisbury, Susie Blanding, Clara Hamilton and Florence Josselyn the bridesmaids. Muriel has not yet decided whether she will be married at noon or at night. It is to be a home wedding, or was on Monday last, but engaged girls are as variable as April weather, so there is no telling. Muriel is awfully sweet about her engagement, and so naively in love that it is simply delightful, and I felt quite envious. I really believe I shall get engaged myself. Of course, were I to finally decide, I suppose the other men would no longer send me flowers, and I am afraid my bright particular star would never be able to make up for the deficiency. I had a very jolly letter the other day from Gerald Rathbone describing his voyage and telling me about Manila. Gerald seems a wee bit homesick, and says that he misses us girls very much. I hope he will return soon, for I do not like to anticipate a winter without one of my favorite partners.

On Tuesday evening I dined at the Presidio and afterwards went to the dance. It was even more enjoyable than the Saturday Night Hop, as I knew more of the officers. There were not many of the Tennessee men present, as Colonel Smith has decided to keep "open house" in the camp on Tuesday evenings, so only half a dozen of them were able to be present. I think on the whole the volunteers are handsomer than the regulars, although they have not their bearing, but I suppose with the amount of drill they are obliged to do they will soon acquire it. Their manners, however, are not nearly so easy as the others, but that is probably because they are not so well accustomed to our devotion. Among the girls I noticed Miss Grant, a grandaughter of the great Ulysses S. She is a sweet-looking girl, tall and slender and quite young. She was simply gowned in white organdie with red ribbons. The Hamilton girls were also there and a few others of the debutantes. Mr. Wheat, one of the newspaper correspondents, who is staying at the Presidio, I quite liked. He is unusually handsome, tall and dark, with very fine eyes. He is from Baltimore and has a caressing Southern accent. The floor was excelleut, and as nearly all the men dance well I really enjoyed myself. I must say, however, that the noise that brass band made in the rather small room was deafening, and conversation quite out of the question.

Everyone is gradually returning to town, and soon we hope to settle the dancing club question. Gertie Bates has absolutely decided to drop her Saturday Night Dancing Class. When she told me I nearly wept, but she said that there is to be another one formed that will be tremendously smart. All the nicest girls and men in town are to belong. It is under the management of Miss Alys Miller, who got up all those successful Oakland clubs—the Deux Temps, you know, and the Friday Fortnightly. Mrs. Merrill, Mrs. Dutton, Mrs. Dickens and several others are to be the lady patronesses. It is to be rather a small class, as the invitations are limited to one hundred. It will meet in Golden Gate Hall. And now, Diary dear, I must bid you a fond farewell for another week.

Your devoted MISS CRICKET.

P. S.—On reading over my confidences, Diary, my dear, I find I have omitted to tell you of several events of more or less interest, among them last Saturday's Paper Chase. I participated, but my wretched horse was so obstinate that he would not go quickly, and I was pained to see the cup I had so longed to win fall to Marie Oge. Mrs. Farnsworth really came in first, but as she is regarded as a professional Marie received the prize.

I had a particularly jolly time at the theatre on Wednesday night, for a number of our especial crowd were there. Henry Miller was even more adorable than in "Heartease," and I don't understand why there was so slim a house. San Francisco people are a weird lot when it comes to a question of plays. They grumble all the time because we don't get all the best talent, and yet when a really fine company comes it plays to empty benches. I saw Edith McBean, the Carolans and Carrie Taylor with Mr. McBean; Everett M. Bee with the Moodys and Bertha Dolbeer; Mr. Phelan and Laura McKinstry; Sara Deane and her brother; Mr. and Mrs. Cav Jouett, and some others. Afterwards we all went to the Grotto and had a German supper.

* *

The most interesting event of the week was the wedding of Miss Florence Green and Mr. Fred Bixby, which took place at the home of the bride's parents in Berkeley on Wednesday afternoon. The wedding was an exceedingly simple one, but none the less impressive on that account. Miss Green looked like a dainty Dresden figure in her bridal gown of heavy duchess satin. The dress was charmingly arranged—cut with low corsage, trimmed with breadths of deep duchess lace. The yoke and sleeves were of tulle, shirred with broad satin stock around the throat. A veil with orange blossoms completed her costume. Miss Lesley Green, her sister, was maid of honor, in a gown of soft white organdie over white taffeta silk. Mr. Dixwell Davenport was best man. As the bridal procession walked through the parlor a quartette consisting of Mr. Vail Bakewell, Mr. Burbank Summers, Mr. Frank Stringham and Mr. Howard Veder sang the wedding chorus from "Lohengrin." Rev. J. Hemphill performed the wedding ceremony. A reception to the intimate friends of the young people followed. Mr. and Mrs. Bixby have gone East on their wedding journey, and on their return they will live on the Bixby Ranch in Los Angeles County. Berkeley will sustain a genuine loss in Mrs. Bixby's departure, for, besides being a sweet and pretty girl, she is unusually talented and plays the piano much better than the generality of amateurs.

The members of the Oakland Golf Club are making great strides, and each succeeding week sees a few new members attempting to add to their scores. All the girls are going in for really smart golf costumes, and although so far "pink" coats have been conspicuous by their absence, at the forthcoming tournament many of the maids contemplate bursting forth in all their glory. Much time is spent in practicing for the "Tibbetts & Gift Cup," and those who carry them off will have to prove their prowess. The aspirants for the honors are Miss Alice Moffitt, Miss Belle Mhoon, Miss Marie Rose Deane, Miss Agnes Duff, Miss Eleanor Davenport, Miss Marguerite Joliffe, Mrs. Watkinson, and Mrs. Pierce, Messrs. Bowles, Orestes Pierce, J. J. Johnson, George Greenwood, Athon and Eugene Folger, and Charley Hubbard.

There was a very jolly gathering at the Wellmans on Saturday last, on the occasion of the garden party by Miss Ray Wellman. Over a hundred invitations were issued and all or nearly all called during the afternoon. Miss Wellman was daintily gowned; she was assisted in receiving by Misses Harriet Kittridge, Annie Clay, Margaret Sinclair and Edith Macdonald.

Another afternoon tea to married ladies was that given on Thursday afternoon by Mrs. Samuel Bell McKee in honor of Mrs. Bullet.

A charming little luncheon was given last week by Mrs. John L. Howard in honor of Mrs. Justin Barker, at her home on Vernon Heights. The table decorations were in Japanese lilies and maidenhair ferns. Among those invited were Mrs. Valentine, Mrs. T. L. Barker, Mrs. A. A. Moore, Mrs. Pedar Sather, and others. Mrs. Justin Barker was also entertained at a very smart reception by Mrs. T. L. Barker. All the members of the Cosmos Club were invited to meet Mrs. Justin Barker, who is at present visiting her sister.

Of the coming events the most noteworthy is the De Femery reception on Wednesday in honor of the eighteenth birthday of Queen Wilhelmina of Holland. The De Femerys and their daughter, now Mrs. Von Loben Sels, wife of the Consul of the Netherlands, are all of Dutch descent and are exceedingly proud of the fact. The invitations are issued in the names of the Consul and Mrs. Von Loben Sels.

Another reception is to be given in Berkeley in honor of Mrs. Phoebe Hearst by Mrs. Paget. It is to be a real college function, and all of Berkeley is to be represented.

It is with much regret we announce the death of Jesse S. Wall, which took place at Glenn on Friday evening. Mr. Wall was one of the old Californians, and came here from the South in the early fifties. He was interested in mining and accumulated a large fortune. Later he met with reverses, and for the past several years has been cashier in the Mint. Mr. Wall was a charming old gentleman, and his unexpected death came as a genuine grief to his many friends. The funeral took place in the Wall house on Oak street, on Monday morning.

* *

THE SAN RAFAEL GOLF CLUB.

The San Rafael Golf Club has now developed into full growth with all the prestige of a permanent institution. A short time ago a subscription was started to lease suitable grounds for links and—most important of all—to secure the services of an able coach. Mr. T. W. Tetley, whose success in golf matters at Coronado Beach during the winter season had been well heralded in society circles throughout the length of California, was chosen and he was given carte blanche to lay out temporary links. Interest in the game has been growing ever since among the hotel guests and the cottagers of San Rafael, and now a club has been formally organized. Already $2,000 has been subscribed by the members for the purpose of extending the links and building a clubhouse, the site of which has been generously donated by Mr. Frank S. Johnson. The links are located at the highest point of Marimba Park, shaded by lovely trees and affording an ideal panoramic view of the links themselves, with the blue waters of the bay in the distance and Mount Tamalpais on the southwestern side. The San Rafael links have a decided advantage over most others in California, in that the course is undulating and well studded with trees, which are not in the line of play. The lay of the land presents an opportunity for legitimate "hazards" and "bunkers," the distances between the holes are admirably fixed, and the "putting greens" are good.

The first tournament was held by the club on Saturday, August 20th, and was eminently a success from a golf, as well as a social, point of view. The competition was a handicap, the ladies' prize being an unique golf-pin designed for the occasion by Mr. Tetley. Mrs. S. B. Brown was the winner, with a score of 61. The gentlemen's prize, a gold medal, was captured by Mr. Richard Parker, who scored 47, while the prize for the boys and girls' handicap, namely, a box of imported balls, was captured by Master Clement Arnold, with a score of 102. A ladies' tournament was held last Friday, the first prize being won by Miss Ella Morgan and Miss Grace Gerstle, while Mrs. Gilman P. Brown obtained the prize in the driving contest. Encouraged by the success so far achieved, the club has now arranged for a more extensive tournament, open to ladies and gentlemen, to be held on September 9th and 10th. The craze for golf is becoming so great that tennis tournaments and paper chases seem to be no longer considered. This may be attributed to some extent to the American tendency to follow English fashions, but in this case it is not that, nor the attraction of wearing picturesque costumes and talking of "nibliks" and "cliques," and "teeing off" and other to [the average mortal equally unintelligible things. It is the peculiar charm of the game itself. The ball, after once having been driven from the "tee" or starting point, must be played from wherever it may lie after a stroke, whether in a hole, behind a feuce, in a ditch or otherwise hampered. Then it is a sociable game, being played in parties of two or four. It is not too vigorous an exercise, and is eminently suited for men who want to leave their office chairs to indulge in active and entertaining out-of-door sport, and for women, too, it affords delightful exercise and diversion. Authentic records show that golf was a popular game in Scotland nearly 600 years ago. Its origin is doubtful and, among the many theories propounded, the legend that Scotch shepherd boys originated it by hitting pebbles with their crooks into a series of holes purposely made, is the most probable. A. G.

A Bright Face

s a delight whether it is animate or
nanimate, brilliancy of mind or metal
s always admired. You can see it in
our Silverware after cleaning with

SILVER ELECTRO-SILICON POLISH

nd it's a pleasant reflection to know
hat it's done without detriment to
netal or muscle. It's the easy way,
he pleasant way, the saving way.
sn't it the way worth trying?

We supply the material for the asking.
Simply send your address on a postal, or
15 cts. in stamps for full sized box post-paid.
All good grocers sell it.

he Electro Silicon Co., 30 Cliff Street, New York.

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

MOORE'S POISON OAK REMEDY
Cures Poison Oak and all Skin Diseases. Sold by all Druggists.

IMPORTANT!

GREAT NOVELTIES
IN
French Drapery
Lace Curtains
Artistic Furniture

In French, Italian and Colonial Styles
Special Designs.

Estimates for Interior Decoration Furnished Free.
Get our figures before entrusting your orders with other concerns.

THE P. ROSSI CO.
117 Sutter Street
Bet. Kearny and Montgomery, San Francisco

THE GREAT LEADER
OF CHAMPAGNES!
G. H. Mumm & Co's
EXTRA DRY

While words tell, statistics prove. The importation of G. H. MUMM & CO'S EXTRA DRY in 1897, aggregating 72,775 cases, or 42,293 cases more than of any other brand, is certainly the most striking evidence of the great popularity of this famous brand of champagne, and particular attention is called to the fine quality, purity, and natural dryness of the wine now coming to this market.
Used at almost all notable banquets, balls, weddings, etc.

A Cleanser and Beautifier

California Cream of Lemon is an ideal toilet preparation because it is nothing but pure, unadulterated lemon. It is made entirely from fresh selected San Diego County lemons. **Cream of Lemon** cures and prevents sunburn, freckles, tan, chapped hands and lips, pimples, and all other skin blemishes and irritations. It restores faded complexions and removes wrinkles. Used in the bath, it leaves the skin delightfully soft, white, smooth and velvety. It cannot be excelled for babies' bath. It keeps the skin sweet and pure and prevents all irritation.
It retails at 15 cents. Ask your druggist for it. If he will not supply you, send 20 cents and we will send a three-ounce collapsible tube of Cream of Lemon prepaid to any address in the United States.
BALLOU & COSGROVE
Sole Agents for the United States, San Diego, Cal
Most druggists sell it—all druggists should.

Mrs. Anna Von Meyerinck
HAS REOPENED HER
SCHOOL OF MUSIC
For Voice Culture and Piano.

Complete Conservatory Courses, including Instruction in Harmony, Theory, Chorus and Sight Singing, Ensemble Playing, Languages and Physical Culture. Special Preparation for Church Choir Work (weekly rehearsals with the choir of Park Congregational Church)
Lectures on Musical Topics.
Terms for Full Course of Fifty Weeks, $75, (payable in monthly installments of $6 25)
Private Instruction, $15 and $20 per month.
Special Seminary Courses for Teachers.
Coaching for Lighter and Grand Opera by Mrs. Henri Fairweather.
Further particulars may be obtained at the School 841 Fulton street, San Francisco. Reception hours, 12 to 2 daily.

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON
Phone Main 5178
Sutter Street Hammam
TURKISH AND RUSSIAN BATHS
415 Sutter Street, between Stockton and Powell
Open Day and Night for Gentlemen
For Ladies, from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

The Royal is the highest grade baking powder known. Actual tests show it goes one-third further than any other brand.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

LONDON

London, Aug. 16th.—During the earlier days of August this is one of the best places on earth to be away from. In the streets one only sees the business people and an occasional smart woman who has been obliged to run up to town for a day or two to consult her dressmaker or solicitor. Even the tourists avoid London at this season, for sightseeing in August is quite out of the question.

The topic of absorbing interest to Americans is the projected departure of Colonel Hay and his pretty daughter. We Americans have been much flattered over the manner in which the English in general have taken to Colonel Hay. As Mr. Bayard's successor, they were more or less inclined to criticise him, and it is greatly to Colonel Hay's credit that he has in so short a time made himself so well liked. Miss Hay, too, has made many friends during her visit here, and her pleasant, gracious manners and dignified bearing are generally commented upon. After the reception given in the Embassy on the Fourth of July several of the smart crowd said she had the "bel air," and was "really quite like an English girl"—their highest meed of praise. Then another feather in our cap is the appointment of the Hon. George Curzon as Viceroy to India. Mrs. Curzon is elated to a degree over her husband's good fortune, and enjoys the prospect of queening it over so many millions of Her Majesty's subjects tremendously. Mr. George Curzon is a man of many fads and decidedly bookish. He is a good speaker, but not one who carries you off your feet by his eloquence. He seems rather arbitrary and autocratic. Mrs. Curzon has made herself familiar with all the parliamentary ropes and is of tremendous assistance to her husband. She has made friends with Radicals and Tories alike with absolute impartiality. Although her appearance has received an absurd amount of praise, she is neither beautiful nor distinguished looking. She will undoubtedly enjoy all the prestige of her novel position and will certainly fill it well, for she has the wonderful adaptability of her nation. She will have to entertain in regal fashion and will have a regular suite, consisting of five or six officers, who will be aides-de-camp to her husband, also a small army of secretaries, her own physician, and a cavalry escort when she goes anywhere with her husband. Can any well-brought-up American girl desire more? Mrs. Curzon will have a ten times more agreeable position than if her husband were President of the United States.

The appointment of Sir Martin Gosselin as extra Under Secretary of Foreign Affairs has led to the gazetting of the Hon. Michael Herbert as Secretary to the Embassy in Paris. Mr. Herbert is another diplomat married to an American girl—Miss Lelia Wilson of Virginia. His sister, Baroness von Hugel, was one of the few women who participated in the automobile race from Paris to Amsterdam and back.

Speaking of automobiles brings to mind another electrical apparatus that is quite the vogue in London just now. I refer to the electrophone, which is the latest fad among the fashionables, and bids fair to be the rage with all classes. By means of this instrument, which in its workings resembles the telephone, you can become connected with nearly all the theatres, churches, concerts and music halls in London, and without leaving your room you enjoy, as far as hearing is concerned, the music, plays and sermons. The Prince of Wales had one of these instruments during his illness, and managed to pass his time very agreeably by listening to the magic words conveyed by means of this very simple machine. It is within the means of those possessing moderate incomes, for, if you already have a telephone, the electrophone costs only £10 ($50) a year. For this sum you have an apparatus for five persons, connecting tubes and everything. The method of working is similar to that of the telephone. Transmitters are placed on the footlights or on the pulpits and wires are run connecting with the telephone exchange, from whence they are switched to the private wires. Numbers of electrophones have been placed in womens' bedrooms, and the manager of the electrophone informed me that women have them placed at their bedside so that they can retire early, adjust the simple ear caps, and enjoy whatever form of entertainment they desire, resting at the same time.

Electricity seems to be the greatest wonder of the age, and is penetrating everywhere. I met a priest, a friend of mine, the other day, and he informed me that they are actually lighting the Vatican with electricity. He said Leo XIII is engrossed in the enterprise, and can be found every morning in the neighborhood of the old Zecca watching the work now in preparation for the motors. It shocks me to think that the spirit of mediævalism which hovers over the Vatican should be thus ruthlessly banished by the introduction of anything so aggressively modern as electricity. It suggests vandalism, and will shatter many illusions, but then Leo XIII is decidedly up to date, and I suppose should not be deprived of the modern facilities for comfort.

With each succeeding week comes another rumor of the matrimonial intentions of William Waldorf Astor. After having sought an alliance with royalty, which was, of course, a canard, also with various British noblewomen, Mr. Astor has, it is said, finally decided on offering his hand and heart to Mrs. Ogden Goelet of New York. Mrs. Goelet, like Mr. Astor, has become expatriated, and makes London her headquarters. She is very charming and a popular member of the American colony here. Another engagement of interest is that of Miss Marie Churchill to Mr. Harold Baring of London. Mr. Baring is a younger brother of Lord Revelstoke, whose engagement to Princess Victoria of Wales was recently rumored. Miss Churchill is one of the beauties of New York society. She has lived chiefly abroad, and it was there that she first became known as the "beautiful Miss Churchill." She is tall, slender, has regular features, a graceful figure, and wonderful eyes and hair. Mr. Baring is not particularly popular, and not nearly so attractive as his brother. He is one of the rather disagreeable types of Englishmen, and decidedly a bourgeois, with all the prejudice and affectation that we are accustomed to find in the tourist class. Another engagement is that of Miss Rosie Burnand, daughter of the editor of *Punch*, and Mr. Berrill Maguire. Mr. Burnaud, the father of the lady, is a very popular club man, although he does not frequent the coteries where the literary lions roar to advantage. The family is originally of French extraction.

Sir Thomas Lipton, the well-known Irish millionaire and yachtsman, is now the most talked of man in London. He has not only sent a challenge to the New York Yacht Club, but is besides the originator of a scheme for feeding the proletariat of London with food that is cheap and good. The idea, originated by the Princess of Wales, has been made possible by this enterprising philanthropist. He has formed a trust called the "Alexandra," after the Princess of Wales, and intends building restaurants in the poorer quarters of London. The scheme is a magnificent one and if successful will do much to ameliorate the condition of the London poor. Sir Thomas Lipton also hopes to win back the America's cup. The Hon. Charles Russell, son of the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Russell of Killowen, has recently gone to New York as Sir Thomas Lipton's formal Embassador. He will hand the challenge to the New York Yacht Club and discuss the arrangements for the race. Sir Thomas Lipton is an Irishman and is most enthusiastic over his yacht, the *Shamrock*. The designer, Mr. Fife, has been doing his level best to make the boat perfect. In discussing the unfortunate affair of three years ago, Sir Thomas Lipton, while regretting the mishap, said that one of the conditions of the challenge was that excursion steamers should be kept at a respectful distance. Sir Thomas Lipton is very favorably disposed toward Americans, for it was in the United States that he earned his first $500. That sum enabled him to open his first shop, which laid the foundations of his future. In connection with the yacht race, there is a rumor to the effect that the Prince of Wales is to visit the United States at the time of the contest. The Prince would, of course, come incognito and travel as the Earl of Chester. His incognito would be strictly preserved and he would be present at the yacht race as a simple private gentleman. The Prince's knee is progressing very favorably, and, although he will probably be lame for several months to come, he will have complete use of his limb before another year is passed.

By the way, the present Lord Mayor of London, Horatio David Davies, contemplates visiting America, accompanied by his daughter. His visit is noteworthy, as he will be the first incumbent of the office to visit the United States during his term of office. The Lord Mayor is a self-made man and started in life as an engraver. He was very successful and now belongs to several of the most money-making enterprises in London. He is fond of farming and has a charming home near Maidstone, in the county of Kent. Three years ago he was elected Member of Parliament for Chatham. He is a thoroughgoing conservative and takes an active interest in the Primrose League. Although a self-made man, Mr. Davies has made art a study and has a particularly fine collection of pictures.

The Queen of Denmark is convalescent and again able to look after the interests of her family. She is very anxious to make Prince George of Greece Governor of Crete, and it is said that the Czar of Russia has pledged himself to assist her. It was to this end that the Duke and Duchess of Sparta visited England recently, and it is said that the Prince and Princess of Wales favor the candidature very strongly. The Queen of Denmark is the most successful match-maker in Europe and now she has the young Queen of Holland on her list. She purposes marrying her to Prince Harold, the third son of the Crown Prince of Denmark. In the meantime young Queen Wilhelmina says nothing, but it is believed she has already made up her mind who is to be her royal consort.

A romance of the peerage is the case of Lord Kingsale's brother, the Hon. Robert Sinclair de Courcy, who was until recently steward of one of the Pacific and Oriental steamers plying between Southampton and Melbourne, Australia. He has come into an annuity of $4,500, so will be able to retire. The de Courcys belong to the old nobility of England and were elevated to the peerage in the reign of Henry II. They received the privilege in early times of remaining covered in the presence of their sovereign.

The greater number of fashionable Londoners are at the German water cures. The "bads," as they are called, seem particularly salubrious for constitutions shattered by a London season. Princess Christian as usual is in Nanheim, as are Lord Ludlow, Lord Clanwilliam, Lord Spencer, Lord Davey, Sir Robert and Lady Montague and Sir Charles and Lady Cameron.

KATRIONA.

Pears'

What virtue there is in bare cleanliness!

Pears' soap does nothing but cleanse, it has no medical properties; but it brings the color of health, and health itself. Give it time.

Dr. G. A. Danziger, Dentist, 22 Geary street

PARIS

Paris, August 14th.—Paris at present resembles Goldsmith's Deserted Village, for every one who is able to do so has left the capital and fled to the seaside to escape the maddening heat. Even the pavements seem to be suffering and burn the soles of your feet, while the trees along the Bois de Boulogne look positively pathetic. Paris is no longer beautiful, and even the most fascinating show windows in the world can not lure people here from their homes.

The diplomatic world remains within hailing distance of the capital, as there is considerable interest just now in the Russian-Chinese question. A friend of mine, who is on the inside regarding things political, says that the present Cabinet is convinced that the most pretentious diplomatic game of the century is being played, and that Russia holds the trump cards. There are hints of a secret treaty between China and Russia. As France and Russia have gone hand in hand in other portions of the globe, the French Government is wondering how far France is to be carried along by the obligations of her partnership with Russia. In the meantime they are as twin sisters, and by a mutual understanding arrived at recently Russia and France may mutually use one another's coaling stations on the route between the Mediterranean and China by way of the Suez Canal and the Red Sea. There is some rejoicing over the manner in which the Russians have twisted the British lion's tail, and considerable surprise at the marvelous patience shown by the lion.

But the weather is much too warm to discuss things political, and the American colony has shown its wisdom by scattering itself over all the "bads" and seaside resorts. Thus far Marienbad is the most popular of cures. Mrs. George Law has a villa there and is entertaining most generously. Miss Bend and Miss Townsend are the leading beauties of this Austrian resort and queen it at the dances. General Porter and his daughter have selected Dieppe for their summer junketing, chiefly, I believe, because of its nearness to the capital, for the American Ambassador must needs be at the center of affairs, especially at the present time. At Homburg the girls play tennis and golf, and Miss Goelet, who is said to have refused the Duke of Manchester, is carrying all before her on the courts and links. The Duke of Cambridge has personally complimented her on her prowess, and handed her the prizes she won in the national games.

Considerable gossip has been occasioned by the death of Mme. Worth, and there are the usual countless tales of the widow of the great modiste. Mme. Worth was a practical home body and had very little voice in the management of the great dressmaking establishment. She was a very sensible woman too, and her late husband frequently remarked that, had he been married to another and more jealous woman, he could not have achieved fame as a creator of costumes. But the Worth of to-day, the son of his world renowned father, has never enjoyed the prestige accorded to the latter. In the mid-Victorian era and in the Third Empire Worth dressed every Court in Europe. Though he was an Englishman (a fact known to few) he did more to restore and create certain brands of French trade than any of his numerous rivals. Mme. Worth spent most of her time in a curious red brick chateau built at Suresnes by her husband. It is said to have been furnished in most luxurious fashion. Every curtain was of real lace and each tablecloth edged with Venitian point!

Apropos of dressmakers, a curious decision was given in the Third Chamber of the Civil Tribunal. One of the best known of the modistes brought a suit against the Prince and Princess de Lucinge Faucigny for the recovery of 49,229 francs. This was the amount of a bill for gowns supplied to the Princess. It appears that the Prince of Lucinge had tried to get his father-in-law to pay the bill, and, on the old gentleman refusing, let it go unpaid. The judgment was against him, but the dressmaker was only allowed 30,000 francs, the reason being that the sum of 49,229 francs was deemed by the Court to be excessive expenditure for one year, in view of the Princess' income. Then the Court reprimanded the dressmaker for not finding out what were the resources of the client before she allowed her to run up such a bill. Curious, is it not, and French to a degree. Fancy an American judge passing his opinion on a dressmaker's bill!

Paris has had a summer season of opera which brought out a number of novelties, but none of them scored a marked success. It was only when "Il Trovatore" was produced that the house was crowded. Now there is talk of putting on "Carmen" in realistic fashion. Albert Carre is to go to Spain for models of scenery and costumes, which are intended to form a correct picture of Spanish life of to-day. As a rule, you know, at the Opera Comique "Carmen" is mounted with the plainest sort of scenery and the usual makeshift Spanish Parisian costumes. Carre also talks of taking the great ampitheatre at Arles and putting "Carmen" on realistically, with bull-fights between the acts; but whether he will carry his plan beyond the realms of suggestion time alone can tell.

Zola is still away, and but few people find the weather cool enough to think about the Dreyfus business. The latest bit of gossip is relative to the letter sent by Bjorne Bjornson, the Scandinavian dramatist, to M. Zola, in which he stated that Prince von Hohenlohe, the German Chancellor, had assured him that he knew Dreyfus to be innocent of any traitorous proceedings against France so far as Germany was concerned. Contradictions were at once made by the *Cologne Gazette* and other German organs, to the effect that the Prince never uttered the words attributed to him by Mr. Bjornson. Now Bjornson has written to the press of Paris reiterating his former statement and citing the testimony of several witnesses in confirmation.

You remember with how much eclat Prince Henri d'Orleans started on his expedition to Central Africa, and how many believed that he was going to make a tremendous success and carry everything before him. But sad to say, the whole affair has been a dismal failure, and now no one seems to know what has become of the Prince. His great friend and counsellor, the Russian Count Leontieff, whose extraordinary history I described when the expedition first started, has returned and is very ill in Paris. He was seriously wounded in Abyssinia and soon after his arrival here he was operated upon by Dr. Poirrier. The Count received no fewer than four gunshot wounds, and pieces of his silver cigarette case, which he carried in his pocket, penetrated into his bones. Many of the Parisian journals have tried to interview Count Leontieff, but he has always maintained an absolute silence on the subject. He says he is not at liberty to discuss the affair, as it is really the business of Henri d'Orleans. There is a general concurrence of opinion among those who know the Prince that he and his *fidus Achates* have had a very big quarrel. The Count refuses even to tell how he received his wounds, but it is believed that the irregular troops mutinied and that the white men composing the party narrowly escaped with their lives.

BABETTE.

67 Carloads
OF
SCHLITZ
Bottled Beer

now en route for Manila is the largest single order ever shipped to the Orient. They want SCHLITZ there because it is good.

Pacific Coast Agents
Sherwood & Sherwood
San Francisco
Los Angeles
Portland

Clothing, curtains, blankets, etc., cleaned o dyed. Pacific Cleaning and Dyeing Works 353-357 Tehama street. Telephone South 4 J. Spaulding & Co.

Poodle Dog Restaurant, southeast corner c Grant avenue and Bush street. Private dinin and banquet rooms. Telephone 429. Blanc & Bruno, proprietors.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Haye Larkin and Ninth. American or Europea plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

Rubber heels: Easy walking, no fatigue. A Dietle's, 235 Bush street.

Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist, 806 Market Street

GERMEA

The Ideal Breakfast Dis

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO

Capital and Surplus . Six Million Dollars

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistaut Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON.....Second Assistant Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

CORRESPONDENTS

New York..... { Messrs. Laidlaw & Co. / The Bank of New York, N B. A.
Baltimore.....The National Exchange Bank
Boston.....The Tremont National Bank
Chicago..... { Illinois Trust and Savings Bank / Union National Bank
Philadelphia.....Philadelphia National Bank
St. Louis.....Boatmen's Bank
Virginia City, Nev...Agency of the Bank of Califoruia
London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
Paris.....Messrs. De Rothschild Freres
Berlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft
China. Japan and East Indies.....Chartered Bank of Iudia, Australia and China
Australia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California St., S. F.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....$2,135,820 60
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash..... 1,000,000 00
Deposits June 30, 1898.....26,486,987 06

OFFICERS

President, B. A. BECKER
First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER
Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN
Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT
Assistant Cashier, WM. HERRMANN
Secretary, GEORGE TOURNY
Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann, Ign. Stein hart, N. Van Bergen, E. Rhote, H. B. Russ, D. N. Walter and N. Ohlandt.
Attorney - W. S. Goodfellow

San Francisco Savings Union

532 CALIFORNIA ST.

Deposits July 1, 1898.....$23,356,130
Paid Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Reserve Fund..... 182,009
Contingent Fund..... 435,515

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

DIRECTORS

George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, George Tasheira, E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate, and Farms and Farming Lands in the country.
Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.
No charge is made for pass book or entrance fee.
Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco

33 POST STREET

Below Kearny Mechanics' Institute Buildin

Guaranteed Capital, $1,000,000
Paid Up Capital, $300,000

JAMES D. PHELAN, President
S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-President
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier
C. B. HOBSON, Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS—James D. Phelan, S. G. Murphy, John A. Hooper, James Moffitt, C. G. Hooker, Frank J. Sullivan, L. P. Drexler, Robt. McElroy, Jos. D. Grant.
Interest paid on deposits.
Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks.
When opening accounts, send signature.

CONNECTICUT

FIRE INS. CO.

OF HARTFORD

Assets. $3,300,000. BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.
COLIN M. BOYD,
Agent for San Francisco
501 Montgomery Street

Thuringia Insurance Co.

OF ERFURT, GERMANY

Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248

PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT
204-208 Sansome Street, San Francisco
VOSS, CONRAD & CO,, General Managers

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL Building and Loan Ass'n of California

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and Gen. Manager.
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

FRANKLIN K. LANE G. WHITFIELD LANE

LANE & LANE

Attorneys and Counselors

Removed to

1409-1412-1413 Claus Spreckels Building

Boley Jim and His Boss.

"Carry yer grip, sir?"

It was a very big and heavy grip—a sort of foreshortened trunk with a handle, in fact, and the applicant didn't look as if he could lift one end of it. The traveler suggested this.

"Ah, dat's all right," said the urchin, slipping a grimy hand through the handle. "I'm little, but I'm a husky guy. Where to? De I.?"

"No; Brooklyn Bridge," said the traveler.

"Whew!" whistled the youngster; "dat's haffa mile from dis ferry. How much do I git fer it?"

"A quarter."

"Make it t'irty cents an' I'll go yer."

This was agreed upon. Sturdily shouldering the ponderous valise, the boy staggered along under it as far as the first corner, then put it down.

"You can never carry that to the bridge," remarked its owner.

"Sure I can't," was the ready response, "but I'll git it dere fer yer. Dat's what I brung it up here fer."

On the corner stood a saloon. Around at the side of the saloon was an entrance. From behind this entrance projected a pair of feet. The attitude of the feet guaranteed that their owner was recumbent upon the sidewalk: their quiescence suggested that he was asleep. The youngster disappeared behind the boxlike entrance and presently there was heard a murmur, then a grunt, then:

"Whazza matter? Who yer kickin'?"

"Get up, Boley," said the urchin; "I got a job fer yer?"

"Ah, g'wan! Leave me pound me ear."

"Get up, I tell yer. Dis is a fifteen-center. Two whiskeys an' a long schooner."

"Ugh! Ah!" grunted the other, and the feet were withdrawn. "W'ere's it to go to?"

"Jes' to de bridge. C'm'on!"

Out came the urchin, leading a most disreputable specimen of trampdom, blinking after the fashion of a man rudely awakened from a sound sleep.

"Dis is Boley Jim," said the youngster with an airy flourish of the hand. "He looks corked, but he ain't. He'll lug up yer grip for yer. Yer pay me now, please."

"Why do I pay you," asked the traveler, when this man does the work?"

"Cause I'm his boss," explained the other. "I picks up de business, and when it's too heavy for me size I hires it out to him. Boley's all right," he continued, with a calm disregard of the presence of the subject under discussion, which proved to be justified by that worthy's unruffled composure; "he's all right, Boley is, when he ain't full; but he ain't got no hustle to him. He wouldn't never pick up no business; not in a year. He ain't lively an' he looks tough. I gives him a odd job like dis one, here an' dere, an' he makes de price of a drink."

"Whajjer say I git fer it?" inquired Boley Jim, roused by the mention of drink.

"Fifteen," said the dispenser of odd jobs. Two whiskeys and a long beer fer a chaser. H'ist her up, now, Boley."

"Don,t I git de 15 now?"

"Sure you don't," was the response in reproving tones. "Yer know ye'd git parrylized, an' de gent's baggage wouldn't never git dere. Y'see," he explained, turning to the traveler, "w'en Boley's got money he makes a push t' git next to a bar, an' den it's good-by Boley, fer he fergits to remember he's alive. H'ist her up, Boley."

Up went the valise, and the traveler paid ovsr his 30 cents, but lingered to inquire of the urchin if he didn't find that some people preferred to pay Boley direct and thus mulct him of his commission.

"Dere was a guy did me dat way last week," was the reply. "He had a telerscope bag as big as a barrel an' wouldn't gimme but 15 cents to take it to Broadway. I got Boley for seven an' when de guy heard dat he offered Boley a dime an' de drunken lush said he'd do it. Dat's what I call cuttin' in on yer imployer. But I copped de guy's game. Boley he was purty jagged an' I give him a tip to git his dime in advance. 'Dat guy's on de crook,' I told him, 'an' he'll only come up a nickel when de job's done.' As soon as he got de dime I asked him if his t'irst didn't need mendin', an' dat started him fer de nearest bar. Last I seen o' dat game de guy was sweatin' his collar out tryin' to lug his own grip an' makin' cracks dat he'd git Boley pulled fer doin' him, an' Boley was offerin' to lick him fer another dime. Dat's what he got fer trying to skin me. Don't pay Boley nothin'. He'll git his pay w'en he gits back, but if you stake him he won't git back t'-day, an' I may need him. Here's another ferry. Much obliged."

The small hustler turned and sped away. A moment later he was wrestling with a large man for the possession of a small hand satchel. —*New York Sun.*

Insist Upon Having Your Ticket to New York, Boston, or Other Eastern Cities

Read over the Nickel Plate (N. Y. C. & St. L. R. R.), the popular low-rate short line. Quick time, unexcelled accommodations, and no extra fares charged. Jay W. Adams, Pacific Coast Passenger Agent, 37 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal.

A word to the connoisseurs of the fragrant weed. Through the courtesy of Mr. George Marks, agent for Messrs. F. W. Felgner & Son Co., Baltimore, Md., we are able to announce that for a limited time each new and renewing subscriber to The Wave will receive free, post paid, from the well known firm of Goldberg, Bowen & Co. of this city, one two-ounce tin of Herbe de la Reine smoking tobacco. This tobacco is what is known in the tobacco world as bright cut Cavendish. It is made of carefully selected Virginia leaf—is entirely free from stalks or stems. Its bouquet and fragrant smoking qualities leave nothing to be desired.

For health and strength: Damiana Bitters.

"Hurrah! Battle Ax has come."

Everybody who reads the newspapers knows what privation and suffering were caused in Cuba—by the failure of the supply of tobacco provided by the Government to reach the camps of the U. S. Soldiers.

BattleAx PLUG

When marching—fighting—tramping—wheeling instantly relieves that dry taste in the mouth.

Remember the name when you buy again.

For those who appreciate Comfort and Attention

A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL

SAN FRANCISCO

M. B. HOOPER, MANAGER

Hotel Belvedere

Opened for the Season May 1st

Belvedere, Cal. MRS. A. T. MOORE.

September in the Sierras!

DEER PARK INN, Lake Tahoe, Cal., is located in the midst of the trouting, grouse, quail and deer region of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Comfortable, hospitable, **admirably kept.**

City office, room 1, Flood Building.

Highland Springs

LAKE COUNTY, CAL.

San Francisco Office, 316 Montgomery Street

Golden Eagle Hotel

Seventh and K Sts., Sacramento

First-class in every respect. All modern conveniences. Bus at every train. GRAY & TITUS, Props.

We will send "The Wave" for Four Months to any address in the United States

For One Dollar

The Best Illustrated Paper West of New York

"The Wave"

Topics of the Day Ably Discussed

Subscribe Now

Address
Subscription Dept. "The Wave"
24 Montgomery St.

WHEN LEAVING THE THE CITY PLACE YOUR VALUABLES IN THE

Safe Deposit Vaults

OF THE

First National Bank

N. W. Cor. Bush and Sansome Sts.

EVERY POSSIBLE SAFEGUARD TO PROPERTY
REASONABLE RATES
PROMPT ATTENTION

Office Hours: 8 a.m. to 6 p.m.

THE NEW BOOKS
AS ISSUED
AT
ROBERTSON'S
126 POST ST.

STANDARD BRANDS OF
WINES, SPIRITS, MINERAL WATERS
CHAMPAGNE
White Seal, Grande Cuvée, Brut Imperial
Messrs. Moet & Chandon, Epernay.
CLARETS and SAUTERNES
Messrs. Dubos, Freres, Bordeaux
HOCK and MOSELLE WINES
Messrs. Deinhard & Co., Coblentz.
MINERAL WATER
Johannis Co., Ld., Johannis Springs.
GINGER ALE
Messrs. Cantrell & Cochrane, Belfast.
CANADIAN CLUB WHISKY
Messrs. Hiram Walker & Sons, Ld.,
WALKERVILLE
AMERICAN WHISKY
"The Old Government." Bottled in Bond.
COGNAC BRANDY
Messrs. J. & F. Martell, Cognac.
SCOTCH WHISKY
Messrs. Andrew Usher & Co., Edinburgh.
BASS' ALE and GUINNESS' STOUT
Dog's Head Brand
Messrs. Read Bros., London.
BARTHOLOMAY BEER and VITAMALT
Bartholomay Brewing Co., Rochester, N.Y.
FOR SALE BY DEALERS AND GROCERS
Wm. Wolff & Co.
PACIFIC COAST AGENTS
327-329 Market St., San Francisco

Beware of Imitations
This is a fac simile of the package
Genuine Diamond "L" Tea
Pure and Uncolored
GEO. A. MOORE & CO.
208 California St., S. F.
For sale by all grocers

Centennial Stable
Boarding and Livery
Carriages, Broughams, Victorias, etc. First-Class in every respect
1521-1523-1525 California Street
Bet. Polk and Larkin
Telephone East 378 M. CONLON, Proprietor

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

400 GRADUATES SECURED POSITIONS IN PAST TWO YEARS
LOW RATES!
San Francisco Business College
Only Experienced Bookkeepers and Reporters Employed as Teachers. Send for Catalogue.
1236 MARKET STREET, S. F.

Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson's Academy
1427 Franklin St., near Post
Reopens August 1, 1898. English, French, German and Spanish Boarding and Day School. Begins with kindergarten and prepares for universities, business and society. Drawing and painting. Cultured home training. Excellent table. $30.00 per month. Music in all its branches, if desired, extra.

Lyceum Preparatory School
For the University, Law and Medical Colleges. Accredited with Stanford University and Cooper College. References—President Jordan or any Stanford Professor.
PHELAN BUILDING.

California College of Osteopathy
Rooms 607-608-609 : : Emporium Building
Market Street, San Francisco
We permanently cure Constipation, Nervous Prostration, Rheumatism, Diabetes, Locomo or Ataxia and other so-called incurable diseases. Those suffering from troubles pronounced incurable by doctors of medicine should investigate. Consultation Free. Write for Literature.

Los Angeles Military Academy
A Classical and English Boarding School
Re-opens Sept. 14th. Catalogue on application

WILHELMINA, QUEEN OF HOLLAND

A FAIR YOUNG QUEEN

Wilhelmina of Holland Begins Her Reign Auspiciously.

Few royal houses of Europe possess so much genuine interest for English speaking peoples as the House of Orange. From the days when the Princes of the little Kingdom of the Netherlands threw off the Spanish yoke until now, independence has been the password of the Dutch. England and America both owe a debt of gratitude to Holland for having aided them in their hour of need. Americans can never forget that the little Dutch Kingdom was a veritable haven of refuge for the Pilgrim Fathers.

The accession of Queen Wilhelmina reawakens the interest of the world in the Netherlands, which are principally known to them as the place from whence comes the Delft ware now so fashionable. But Holland is interesting apart from its picturesqueness, its China and curiosities. In some respects the Dutch are the least known and most generally misunderstood people in Europe. At the age of eighteen Wilhelmina of Holland is an unusually attractive young woman. She is tall and fair, with a bright, intelligent face and an engaging smile. She has been brought up very carefully by mother and governesses, and has learned to obey as well as to rule. Being an independent and high spirited child she was not always easy to manage. The person whom she obeyed most readily was Miss Winter, her English governess. She always kept the idea of being Queen firmly in her mind, and when opposed would say, "Oh! when I am Queen I shall be mistress." Many are the stories told of how Queen Regent Emma tried to check her pride, and on one occasion when the young Queen sought entrance to her mother's room the following parley occurred:

Queen Emma—Who is it?
Wilhelmina—The Queen.
Queen Emma—Can't come in.

Wilhelmina knocked again and the query was repeated. This time Wilhelmina replied, "Your daughter." Whereupon Queen Emma opened the door and said, "Come in, darling."

The question now agitating the Dutch is who will be the Prince Consort of their young sovereign. The young Queen is very much opposed to making up her mind on this point in any hurry, and does not see why she should hamper herself with a husband. Her choice of partners is decidedly limited, for her husband must be a Protestant and not a German. The Dutch would prefer a prince of the reigning English or Danish houses. Then the prince must not be heir apparent to a continental throne, principality or grand duchy.

There is a great prejudice in Holland against German princes, either with or without Orange blood, because it is feared that such a match would lead to bringing their country into a position of dependence upon Berlin.

The Queen is a rich heiress in her own right, apart from the liberal allowance which she receives from the State Treasury. The House of Orange has always understood how to invest money to the greatest advantage, and William I amassed a vast fortune in commercial enterprises. The Queen has several palaces and country houses which, although they do not compare with the German or Austrian royal residences, are very comfortably furnished and adapted to the requirements of her single court. The largest of the palaces is the Town Hall in Amsterdam, which was built in the sixteenth century and presented in 1808 to King Louis Bonaparte as a royal residence. Outside it is unpretentious, but is sumptuously furnished and decorated. The great reception room is magnificent, with a roof one hundred feet from the floor, walls of white marble and much fine sculpture. The tea rooms and dining rooms have elaborately frescoed ceilings and side walls. The paintings throughout the palace are by the best Dutch masters. The Palace at the Hague is a small building, but is comfortably furnished. The walls are lined with portraits of the royal family and there are some nice pieces of statuary.

The Dutch people are very jealous of their independence, and although they are devoted to their young Queen it is their desire that the coronation ceremonies should be republican in their simplicity. These will consist of a series of popular fetes, installation ceremonies in the church and a State dinner. Everything is to be done for the pleasure of the masses and little for the entertainment of the upper classes.

At present the rumored choice of Queen Wilhelmina for a husband is Prince Harold, third son of the Crown Prince of Denmark.

The Silent Ruler.

We only know he walks with noiseless tread,
Unresting ever—voiceless as the dead.

We only know he brings us loss or gain,
The rose of pleasure, or the rue of pain—

All changes manifold of life or death,
From a leaf's promise to a dying breath.

We only know when this old earth and sky
Pass into nothingness, he cannot die—

The silent ruler with his scythe and glass,
Our Father Time, who sees the nations pass—

Yet gives no token over land or sea
Of his new reign—the veiled eternity.

William Hamilton Hayne in Youth's Companion.

A Speedy Pair.

The winter through with constant pains,
He toiled, and watched each added cent;
In Europe now his daughter reigns
Till all the hard-earned cash is spent.

In Wall street's furious sturm-und-drang,
He labored long with aching head;
His wife now bets without a pang,
Ten thousand "shiners" on the red.

Everybody Goes Where the Shamrock Grows
THE IRISH FAIR
Saturday, Aug. 20th, to Saturday, Sept. 10th
AT
MECHANICS' PAVILION
The Most Original and Beautiful Exposition ever held on the Pacific Coast. Doors open 1 to 5:30, 7 to 10:30 p.m. daily (Sundays excepted).
Admission 25c. Children 10c.

Baldwin Theatre
FRIEDLANDER, GOTTLOB & Co., Lessees and Mgrs.
Beginning Next Monday—Last Week
HENRY MILLER
First time here of
A Marriage of Convenience
Adapted from the French by Sydney Grundy, author of "Sowing the Wind"
Special Matinee Wednesday—"Heartsease"
Sept. 12th—Modjeska

Orpheum
Week commencing . . Monday, Sept. 5th
Frohman's Lyceum Theatre Star, Mr. Felix Morris, supported by his excellent company, presenting the one-act comedy, "A Game of Cards."
American Debut of the Tow-Zoon-In Arabs, the Most Marvelous Acrobats in the World
The Comedy Stars, Favor & Sinclar, in their laughable skit, entitled "The McGuires"
Irene Franklin, Vocalist; Charles T. Aldrich, Eccentric Juggler; Fagan & Byron, Comedians; Baron's Dogs, the Lion Imitators; The Pasqualis, Operatic Stars; The Biograph—New War Scenes.
Special Matinee Friday, September 9th
Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c.

Tivoli Opera House
MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING, Proprietor and Manager
Sixth Week of the Grand Opera Season
Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday Evening
Verdi's Lyric Drama, RIGOLETTO
Sig. De Vries as the Jester
Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday Evenings and Special Saturday Matinee, Donizetti's Tragic Work,
LUCRETIA BORGIA
Superb Casts, Beautiful Scenery, Correct Costumes
Next week—"Carmen," "Romeo and Juliet"
Popular Prices : : 25 and 50 cts.
Matinee Reserved Seats 25c. Tele. Bush 9

Alcazar Theatre
FRED BELASCO, Lessee : MARK THALL, Manager
Telephone Main 254
To-Night and Sunday Night, The Butterflies
Next Week—Revival of Powers' Chinese Tragedy
The First Born
Preceded by the Howling Farce, TURNED UP
Extra Matinee Admission Day
Usual Prices Prevail—15c., 25c., 35c. and 50c.

New Comedy Theatre
(Formerly the Popular Bush)
Direction, M. B. Leavitt. Alf Ellinghouse, Res. Man.
Every Evening, including Sunday. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
Presenting Mrs. Pacheco's New Comedy
THE LEADING MAN
By the Pacheco Ideal Comedy Company, under the management of Horace Wall
Prices—Evening 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c, Matinees 25c, 35c, 50c. Seats now on sale at Comedy Theatre and Branch Office, 710 Market street.
In active preparation, "Woman's Wit"

Alhambra
Reached by Every Car Line in the City
GRAND OPENING TO-NIGHT!!!
Mr. and Mrs. Siduey Drew
Signor Del Puente Corinne Miss Edith Hall
Mr. John Byrne
Monsieur De Villiers Powers & Hyde
The Three Rossis Mr. and Mrs. Harper
Reserved seats 25c; opera chairs and box seats 50c; belle stage boxes holding six persons $4. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday 25c; children 10c. Seats on sale from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. Tele. South 435

Successful candidates
Should be as particular in the selection of their political printing as they would be in purchasing a suit of clothes. Thousands of voters will be unable to meet the candidate personally, but a neatly printed card with his portrait thereon will bring him recognition and votes. We do this class of printing. The Wave is a sample of our work.
BROWN, MEESE & CRADDOCK
(Incorporated)
419 Sacramento Street.

Two Famous Summer Resorts Representing the Mountains, Interior and Seashore

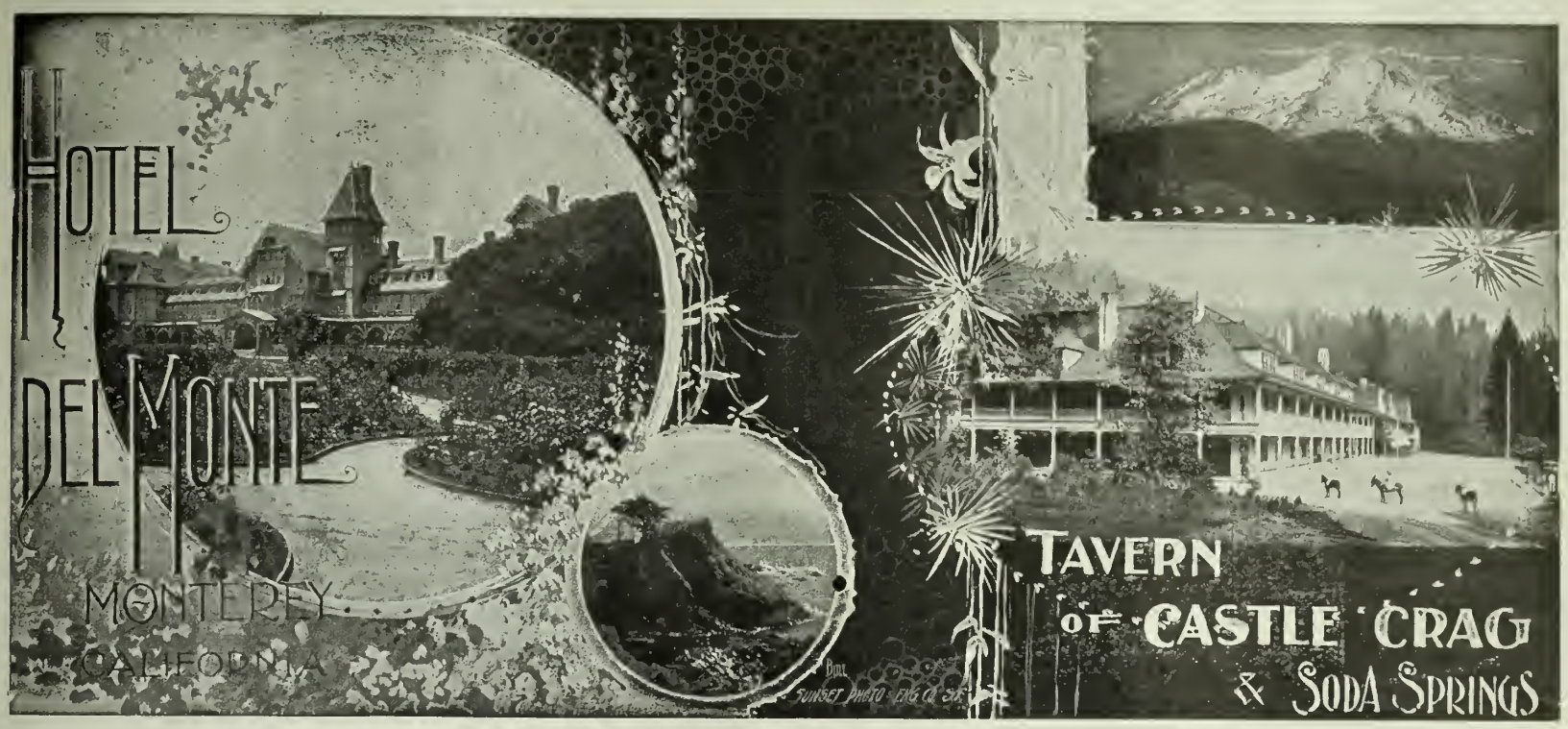
OF CENTRAL CALIFORNIA

BOTH UNDER ONE MANAGEMENT, NOTED FOR ITS EFFICIENCY

HOTEL DEL MONTE

MONTEREY, CAL.

MAGNIFICENT SURROUNDINGS — FINE SERVICE
WARM SALT WATER BATHING — MODERATE CHARGES
EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN PLANS



TAVERN OF CASTLE CRAG AND SODA SPRINGS

Located in the Heart of the Famous Shasta Region, 320 miles from San Francisco — Elevation 2100 feet

REASONABLE RATES ∴ SUPERIOR ACCOMMODATIONS

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION, ADDRESS

GEORGE SCHONEWALD, MANAGER

HOTEL DEL MONTE, Monterey, Cal. — TAVERN OF CASTLE CRAG, Castle Crag, Shasta Co., Cal.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway wharf San Francisco.

For Alaskan ports, 10 a.m. Sept. 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, Oct. 3; transfer at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports 10 a.m. Sept. 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, Oct. 3, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, 10 a.m. Sept. 5, 11, 17, 23, 29, Oct. 5, and every sixth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a. m. Sept. 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, Oct. 4 and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), at 11 a.m. Sept. 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, Oct. 2 and every fourth day thereafter.

For Mexican ports, 10 a. m. 18th of every month.

For further information, obtain folder.

The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing.

Ticket Office: 4 New Montgomery St (Palace Hotel)

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen. Agts.

No. 10 Market Street, - San Francisco, Cal.

OCEANIC Steamship Company

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S. S. Moana, for Australia, Wednesday, Sept. 7th, at 2 p.m. Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

S. S. "Australia," Honolulu only, Wednesday, Sept. 21st, at 2. p.m.

Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.
Freight Office 327 Market St.

J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO General Agents

Santa Fe Route

The Most Comfortable Way to Travel Across the Continent!

Through Pullman Parlor and Tourist Cars Every Day

Meals at Harvey's Famous Dining-Rooms

Get full particulars at Ticket Office

628 MARKET STREET

SAN FRANCISCO

1118 Broadway, OAKLAND

A. K. DAGGETT

Drawing of Deeds and all Legal Papers a specialty

NOTARY PUBLIC
14 Montgomery St., S. F
Telephone 305

"Remember the Name!"

Certain individuals who do not patronize American industries
Run off with an idea that in order to get good wines they must use
European products, when there is no necessity for
So doing, and in these stirring and patriotic times of
To-day everybody should feel a keen interest in
American products which are of deserving merit,

Both for the reason that they are used
Largely among American citizens, and made by
Americans for American people in America
Now and always, and therefore we ask you to give the
ARESTA BLANCA California Wines
Fair and impartial trial at your club or home

With anything of like cost from France.
Inasmuch as these wines have been acknowledged second to
None in comparison with goods from the
European countries, wherever exhibited, you
Surely are in favor of American goods.

WETMORE - BOWEN CO.
140 Montgomery Street San Francisco, Cal.

MRS. M. E. PERLEY — MRS. S. V. CULP

DECORATIVE KERAMIC ART STUDIO

215 Post Street

All Branches of China Painting Taught
Morning Class: Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, from 9 a. m. to 12 m. Afternoon Class: Daily, from 1:30 to 4:30. Lessons $1 each. Private Lessons $1.50 each. TRY OUR ROMAN GOLD.
Telephone Grant 43

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

Main Office, 510 Montgomery St.
SAN FRANCISCO
Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper Information
Advance Reports on all Contract Work
Telephone Main 1042

Brushes For barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bathhouses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candymakers, canners, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paperhangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

BUCHANAN BROS.

TEL. 6610 — 609 SACRAMENTO ST

BRUSH MANUFACTURERS

CUTS FOR THE CAMPAIGN AT SPECIAL PRICES

YOSEMITE ENGRAVING COMPANY

24 MONTGOMERY ST.
TELEPHONE MAIN 5896
SAN FRANCISCO
CAL

GREENBAUM'S

White and Dark Violet

The Most Fashionable Perfume
Possesses the Odor of Fresh Violets

128 POST ST. UNDER BOHEMIAN CLUB

THE LATEST STYLES IN

CHOICE WOOLENS

H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors

622 Market St. (up stairs) opp. Palace Hote

Bicycle and Golf Suits

BONESTELL & CO.

Dealers in PAPER

Fine Coated Papers a Specialty

401-403 SANSOME ST.,
San Francisco, Cal.

JOE POHEIM, THE TAILOR

Makes the best fitting clothes at 25 per cent less than any other house on the Pacific Coast. See Prices:

PANTS TO ORDER	SUITS TO ORDER
$3.50	$10.00
4.50	13.50
5.00	15.50
6.00	17.50
7.00	20.00
8.00	25.00
9.00	30.00

The firm of JOE POHEIM is the largest in the United States. Rules for self-measurement and samples of cloth sent free.

201 and 203 Montgomery St., cor. Bush.
844 & 846 Market St. 1110 & 1112 Market St.
SAN FRANCISCO.
485 Fourteenth St., Oakland. 603 & 605 K St., Sacramento.
143 South Spring St., Los Angeles.

BAJA CALIFORNIA

DAMIANA BITTERS

"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. (Send for Circular.)

NABER, ALFS & BRUNE, Agents
323-325 Market St., S. F.

J. J. GILDEA

CLOTHIER

OVERCOATS

From $7.50 Upwards

Kerseys, Meltons, in any shades, Coverts and Vicuna, Silk-Lined and Faced to the edge.

SUITS

From $7.50 Upwards

Cheviots and Worsteds, in plain or fancy shades, Imported Clay Worsteds, Vicuna and Unfinished Worsteds in Cutaway Frocks, Prince Alberts and Full Dress.

Our Boys' and Childreu's Department our Specialty.

J. J. GILDEA

756 Market St., cor. Grant Ave.

Formerly "Examiner" Office.

THE UNAPPROACHABLE COLDNESS

...OF...

THE Alaska REFRIGERATORS

HAS WON FOR THEM

MANY WARM FRIENDS!

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.

Pacific Coast Ageuts

309 to 317 Market Street, San Francisco

If we made it, it's proper!

We are giving

demonstrations daily in the art of correct tailoring. Our customers are models of neatness and fashiou, and we take pride iu having them such. If you are particular if your clothes must he just so — then we want you for a customer. Wou't you let us demonstrate this with you?

GRENNAN BROS. Telephone Black 2465 850 Market St.

COTTON SAIL DUCKS

22-inch, in all numbers Medium, Soft and Hard

ALSO

Heavy Sawyer Wagon and Draper Ducks

From 30 to 120 inches wide

Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks

Manufactured by Mount Vernon Company Baltimore

Murphy, Grant & Co. Pacific Coast Sole Agents

United States Laundry

Office 1004 Market St.

TELEPHONE SOUTH 420

NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

When Doctor Wenyon, the famous medical missionary, went to China many years ago, he had to combat a great deal of predjudice against the practice of his profession. However, many patients came to him and he made many cures, but some of the Chinesc literati jealously instigated an opposition hospital to Wenyon's, equipped with all the facilities for the practice of medicine according to Chinese etiquette. A staff of Celestial doctors administered the drugs. The place was called "The Hall of Ten Thousand Virtues," but somehow that did not assist the cures. In fact, it came to be a case of going to Wenyon's for a cure and to the "Ten Thousand Virtues" for a coffiu. One day there came to the missionary a stately gentleman, a learned man belonging to the upper classes, having a painful disorder needing surgical treatment. He hired a private room, was operated on, and in a fortnight he was well. He had not told who he was, but before he went away he said to the doctor, "You might like to know who I am, and I want to tell you, because I am so grateful for being cured of this terrible disease. I am the head physician of the Hall of Ten Thousand Virtues."

When Mrs. Norton was in the heydey of her loveliness there came to London an Italian lady of great beauty, who brought letters of introduction to her. The poetess invited a small party of prominent society women to meet the visitor, and among the male guests was Lord Normanby, who was noted for his devotion to pretty women. He was much taken with the fair Italienne, to the chagrin of all the other ladies. One of this lady's greatest charms was an abundance of hair, which she wore in great plaits. The jealous coterie declared these to be artificial, and finally, towards the end of the evening, Lord Normanby was persuaded to put the doubt to a test. "What magnificent hair you have, madam," he commenced; "it must fall far below your waist. How I wish it were possible to see it down." "Then you will have your desire, milord," replied the Italian, and forthwith unplaited one massive coil after another, to the discomfiture of the envious audience. "I do for you what I would not do for any other man in the world," added the houri, casting up her fine eyes at the enraptured Normanby, "for it is three weeks since I washed my hair."

During the Crimean war, in spite of the efforts of Lord Raglan, there occured frequently fights between soldiers of the allied armies. Lord Raglan, who was very anxious to maintain friendly relations with the Turks, was much perturbed by the news that two Turkish soldiers had been killed in a fight with his men. Lord de Ros was sent to the Grand Vizier to express Lord Raglan's concern and to promise that every effort should be made to find out and punish the guilty persons. On his beginning to lament the unfortunate occurrence, the Turk looked anxious, but upon the matter being broken to him, he exclaimed with great relief, "Is that all! What can it matter if they are killed or not?" Lord de Ros returned to Lord Raglan, and in answer to his anxious inquiries, "It is all right," he replied. "Our fellows are welcome to kill as many of them as they please."

Before the outbreak of the Franco-German war the Czar was with King William at Ems. They were together one evening, and Prince Bismarck was standing at the other end of the room, anxiously watching the Czar, whose more or less friendly attitude toward Prussia's policy was a matter of very great importance. Suddenly the Czar's big dog, which had been lying silent under its master's chair, rose, prowled about the room, stopped before Prince Bismarck, looked at him, wagged his tail affectionately, and licked the hand he held out toward it. The Czar, who had attentively watched its movements, called out to Prince Bismarck at this moment, "You see, the dog knows his master's friends." Prince Bismarck, who told this story himself, added, "I felt relieved. That was a historical moment for our policy."

His great grenadiers were the pride of King Frederick, were paid in proportion to their bulk, and their temporal and spiritual health were both closely watched over by the King's chaplain and physician. One day, when Glassenap, one of the tallest of the tall men, lay ill, the King's lackeys rushed into his presence and announced the occurrence of some grave calamity. The King sank into a chair pale and trembling. "What is it?" he gasped. "The tower of St. Peter has fallen, your Majesty!" "Oh, is that all?" said he, vastly relieved; "I was afraid my grenadier might be dead!"

At the great meeting in St. James' Hall in the summer of 1868, to protest against the disestablishment of the Irish Church, an Orange enthusiast, in the hope of disturbing Bishop Wilberforce, kept interrupting his honeyed eloquence with inopportune shouts of "Speak up, my lord!" "I am already speaking up," replied the Bishop in his most dulcet tone; "I always speak up, and decline to speak down to the level of the ill-mannered person in the gallery."

An American pilgrim, on his way to Craigenputtoch, the birthplace of Thomas Carlyle, overtook a native, of whom he inquired about the Carlyles. "Oh, aye," said he, "I ken the Carlyles! Tam is a writer of books, but we do not think much of him in these parts. Jeems is the best of the family. He sends the fattest pigs to Dumfries market."

A great man was taking a party of friends over his newly built house. One of the party would not admire it, and complained that there were too many anachronisms. "Oh," said a lady who was noted for her toadyism, and who had been unstinted in her admiration, "don't you like anachronisms? I think they are such a beautiful ornament."

PALACE AND GRAND HOTELS

Now Under One Management

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1400 rooms — 900 with bath

Rooms, $1.00 and upward Room and Meals, $3.00 and upward

A beautifully illustrated book, containing floor plans and rate card can be had for the asking. JOHN C. KIRKPATRICK, Manager.

HOTEL WESTMINSTER

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLANS

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

The Finest and Most Complete Hotel in the City. Everything New.
The Highest Standard of Perfection Maintained in all Departments.

F. O. JOHNSON, Proprietor.

Louis Roederer Champagne

HIGHEST GRADE IN THE WORLD

E. LA MONTAGNE & SONS

Sole Ageuts

45 Beaver St., New York

Three kiuds, all of equal excellence:

BRUT GOLD SEAL A Perfectly Dry Wine

GRAND VIN SEC BROWN SEAL The Perfectiou of a Dry Wine

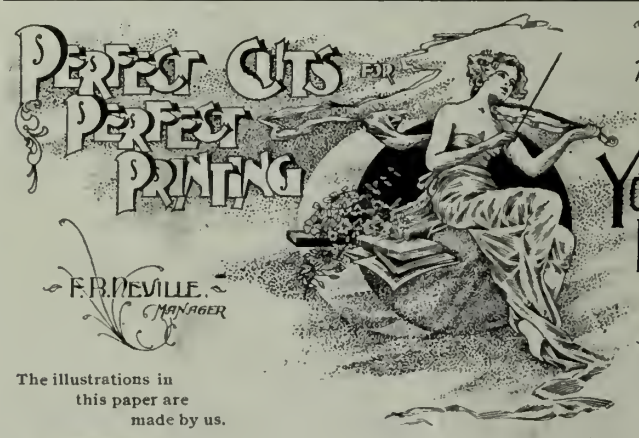
CARTE BLANCHE WHITE SEAL A Rich Wine

MACONDRAY & CO.

Sole Agents Pacific Coast

116 California Street

573-579 Market Street San Francisco | R. H. PEASE Vice-President and Manager | 73 and 75 First Street Portland, Ore.



TELEPHONE MAIN 5806.

YOSEMITE ENGRAVING COMPANY

MAKERS

24 MONTGOMERY ST.

The illustrations in this paper are made by us.

REPSOLD SELECT VINTAGE

OF ALL OLD WINES
REPSOLD'S OUTSHINES
WHEN AN EPICURE DINES

THIS BRAND OF WINE IS SOLD AT ALL FIRST CLASS HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS

Office, 416 Pine Street

Professioual and Amateur Photographers of the Pacific Coast will please remember that we carry the

LARGEST AND FINEST STOCK OF

Cameras and Photo Goods

IN THIS MARKET

Headquarters for VELOX PAPER

Send stamp for New Price List.

CALIFORNIA CAMERA CO.

22 GEARY ST., SAN FRANCISCO

When you write, please meution "The Wave"

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS

308-314 POST ST.

Warranted for Ten Years

the Library.

THE WAVE

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY

VOL. XVIII. No. 11 SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 10, 1898 PRICE 10 CENTS

Geo. Q. Cannon, First Counsellor Wilford Woodruff Jos. F. Smith, Second Counsellor

THE LATE PRESIDENT WILFORD WOODRUFF

AND HIS COUNSELLORS OF THE MORMON CHURCH

THE WAVE

Is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $5.00 per year. Sample copies free on application.

The trade is supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 342 Geary street; east of the Rocky Mountains by the American News Company, New York.

The Wave is kept on file and is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France; 31 Union Square, New York City; 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 206 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

For advertising rates and on all other matters pertaining to city business, address Trevor Cory, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Eastern representative, D. M. Foltz, 34 Park Row, New York.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 10, 1898

CONTENTS

Editorials 2
Things and People; by Boswell Jr. 3
Scenes at Ponce 4
Philippine Correspondence; by R. L. Porter 5
Incepable Alger 6
The Fall of Khartoum 6
The Czar at Home 6
Temples of the Mormon Church at Salt Lake City 7
President Woodruff's Death 8
A Latter-Day Saint 9
Outdoor Sport in California 10-11
Scenes in Spanishtown 12
Passing of the Editorial 13
Dooley on Alger 13
Scenes at Camp Wickoff 14
A Debutante's Diary 15
London Letter 16
Paris Letter 16
"No Money": a Short Story 17
The Theatres 18
New Stories Re-Told 20

THE PURE FOOD CAMPAIGN.

The suspension of work in the Food Department of the Board of Health has been relieved by the recent decision of the Superior Court in the appeal case of The People v. Fensier, and steps are now being taken to enforce the law generally. Up to the time that active proceedings were stayed the health officers had made twenty-five arrests and fifteen cases had been brought to trial, resulting in twelve convictions, one dismissal, and two acquittals, due in both instances to a very small minority of the jury in each case opposing conviction. Further prosecutions will now be undertaken, and, even in the event of the defendant in the above-mentioned suit appealing to the Supreme Court, the decision is not likely to be reversed. For the work that has to be done the staff of the department is clearly insufficient, the equipment of the chemical laboratory needs extension and the existing legal enactments of the State in relation to fraud and adulteration affecting food supplies require revision.

In the platforms of both the Republican and Democratic parties a plank has been introduced recommending fresh legislation in the interest of Pure Food, while the Board of Health and the Manufacturers' and Producers' Association are working hand in hand with the same object. There is reason, therefore, to hope that the next session of the Legislature will see something satisfactory accomplished in that direction. It will be remembered that the first efforts of the Board were addressed to the milk supply of San Francisco, and though there was no available appropriation for the work, Mr. James P. Dockery was, in October, 1895, appointed inspector and began an active crusade against the dairymen. It was soon made evident that the condition of affairs was most serious, the quality of the milk being for the most part bad, and the dairies in an unsanitary condition. By means of a persistent campaign and the strict enforcement of the law a complete change was ultimately effected, and the milk supply of the city may now be said to be all that can be desired. The July report of the department shows 153 dairies inspected during the month, and all found in good condition; 114 samples of milk tested, of which but three were found to be below standard. Besides this dairy work the chief inspector and his staff of eleven assistants inspected during the month no less than 664 hotels, restaurants, groceries, bakeries, fruit stores, canneries, etc., reported thereon, and issued permits and notices in pursuance of the rules of the department. That in addition to caring for the milk supply the present staff can inaugurate and carry through an effective campaign against so insidious and general a practice as adulteration of food of all kinds is not to be supposed, and that the chemical staff, consisting of the professor-in-charge and one assistant, can cope with all that has to be done in the immediate future in the way of analysis is still more out of the question. The Board of Supervisors must therefore make larger appropriations than hitherto for the benefit of the Health Department, if the inspection of food and the enforcement of the law relating thereto is to be effectively carried out.

There is a very general movement throughout the United States towards a better state of things in this connection, and the Federal Government collates and publishes all the information it can gather on the subject. This is of the greatest assistance to inspectors and experts engaged in the work, but at the same time, as Professor Frank T. Green, at present in charge of the laboratory at the City Hall, points out, local conditions produce varying results, involving the necessity of collecting data on the spot. The system of inspection at present pursued by the Health Department of San Francisco is modelled in a great measure on that adopted by the State of Ohio. The plan of action is to attach responsibility to the dealer who comes into direct contact with the consumer. Of course, it is exceedingly convenient and desirable if the manufacturers can be controlled, but in practice this is seldom to be done. Large quantities of goods sold here are made or prepared and "put up" outside the State, and the most available form of procedure is to bring the law to bear on the retailer. The work of food inspection, outside of milk, as already alluded to, began here in January, 1897, but had not proceeded far when legal obstacles cropped up. These have now been removed by the recent decision referred to above, and the public are likely to learn very shortly a good deal about their ordinary food, as well as supposed delicacies, that will cause considerable surprise.

Turning again to the report of the chemist of the Board of Health for the month of July last, we find that fifteen samples of honey were analysed in the chemical laboratory at the City Hall, six of which were found to be adulterated. Two samples consisted of cane sugar syrup and commercial glucose, and four were mixtures of honey and glucose. The analysis of each sample is fully detailed, and it is worthy of note that all of those reported to be "Pure Honey" were described as "Honey" simply, except in one instance where the description was given as "Pure Food." The six samples found to be adulterated were thus described: "Pure High-grade Honey, Extra Quality," purchased from Stultz Bros., 1931 Fillmore St., and "Pure High-grade Honey, Extra Quality," purchased from Levin Bros., 134 Sixth St., both found to be composed of cane sugar syrup and commercial glucose. "Pure San Diego White Sage Honey," purchased from John Bullotti, 2201 Steiner St.; "California Honey," purchased from H. Muller, 1701 Devisadero St.; "Honey," purchased from Paul Krebs, 2300 Sutter St., and "Fine California Honey," purchased from H. Biscanter, Sutter and Scott Sts., all of these four being found to be honey adulterated with glucose. The moral here seems to be that when persons are buying honey they should avoid anything that is sold under any other description than "Honey," pure and simple, any elaborate description being evidently a cover for fraud. Honey analyses alone were dealt with in the chemists' report referred to, but it is not unreasonable to suppose that very similar results will be shown as other articles of food come to be dealt with.

The need of more stringent laws has made itself felt already in the Health Department, and it is especially desirable that power should be given to confiscate goods that are condemned. Unless this is possible the seller has nothing to do but withdraw them from his own stock and arrange for their consignment to some other part of the State, or even beyond its borders, where there is not likely to be any interference with their disposal. If the discovery of adulteration or fraud in connection with manufactured foods rendered them liable to confiscation, it is plain to be seen that few retailers would care to run the risk of infringing the law, especially when they realized that inspection was being effectively carried on by the municipal authorities. It is often argued that to penalize adulteration that produces no deleterious effect on the health of the consumer is to restrict trade and manufactures. That is a point easily met, however, by making it compulsory to label anything in the nature of a mixture with a note of the constituents. People who prefer so-called coffee that is partly chicory, honey that is partly glucose, or tobacco that is partly cabbage leaf will then be sure that they are getting what is to their taste, and, on the other hand, those who believe they are paying for the real article and have no intention of taking anything else will be protected. The purpose of the law should be to hedge adulteration round with such difficulties and restrictions that it will cease to be profitable, and the evil will quickly cure itself. The public will in a great measure be placed in a position to act as inspectors for themselves, and the dealer will find his premium in the field of honesty instead of sophistication. There is no difficulty in making statutory provision to safeguard the public against unscrupulous dealers and manufacturers, and anyone interested in forwarding the good work can easily add to his knowledge and fortify his opinions by ascertaining the experience of older communities, where laws dealing with adulteration have been established and enforced for a series of years.

THE MISFORTUNES OF CHINA.

Signs are not wanting that the situation in China is undergoing an important change, due to the widespread disaffection existing in the provinces. The question that compels attention just now is whether the *Manchu* dynasty can maintain its ground. With the foreign powers, who are actively engaged in taking the right to exploit the country, it has hitherto been a matter of moment that Peking government should remain undisturbed, at all eve until they shall have succeeded in getting all they w The Emperor, as is quite well known, is a mere puppet the hands of the Dowager Empress and her adviser, Hung Chang, with the *Tsung-Li-Yamen* as their execu tool. The moribund character of the dynasty and the rupt nature of the goverument are strongly provocative internal anarchy, and it seemed probable recently that tain of the provincial viceroys would league themsel together and set up an independent kingdom embracing but Northern China. For the purposes of meeting the penses of government in their provinces, including th own "squeezes," these officials look to the *Lekin*, wh corresponds with our internal revenue, but this having b pledged by the Imperial Government as security for interest on the loan of $80,000,000 recently made by English and German syndicate, they find themselves longer able to meet current expenses. The result is t the crowd of mandarins and others dependent on th viceroys are disaffected, and the secret societies, of wh true character so little is known to the "foreign devils," who are strongly opposed to the existing dynasty, are sp ing no efforts to precipitate a crisis.

Though these organizations are unanimous in exerti their influence against the *Manchus*, their ultimate desig differ in an important respect. One aggregation would satisfied to accomplish the overthrow of the powers that without any definite plan for the future, while the other l for its final goal the restoration of the *Ming* dynasty, whi is purely Chinese and preceded the present Tartar line rulers, by whom it was ousted from power. The pri movers in the *Ming* interest are the *Hung* league, a brot erhood whose origin cannot be traced, but which was kno to exist as far back as 1142 B. C., in the time of the *Ch* dynasty. This league is known by the name of *Tien-hwui*, and sometimes by that of *San-ho*, and is supposed be founded on a pacific basis of fraternity and morali though in attaining its objects the methods adopted m partake of violence, the members being sworn to wage w against tyranny and vice. In many respects the broth hood bears a striking resemblance to Freemasonry in rules and observances, in the employment of passwords a symbols, and in the recognition of the brethren by sig and manner of joining hands. Notwithstanding ma efforts to destroy its existence by vehement persecution, t league has retained its vitality throughout the ages. part in the present outbreak and the resistance to t French in Tonquin under the name of the "Black Flags will be recognized. Their banner, black in color, bea these words: "The black flag flutters! The heroes are convoked! The heaven-destined Emperor shall aga restore the dynasty of *Ming!*"

It is an admitted fact that the spirit of patriotism has existence in the realms of China. This was shown plain enough in the war with Japan, and when the Germans occ pied Kiao-chao there was a mere pretense of resistance, t Chinese soldiers being only too glad to enter the service the invaders for the sake of anything they could get in t way of hire. The inhabitants of one province do n regard those of another as their compatriots, the differenc of dialect constituting wide barriers between them. Ea province is practically autonomous, and a change of d nasty would have little interest for the bulk of the popul tion. If, then, the downfall of the *Manchu* power, which European nations are at present relying for tradi and other privileges, should ensue, it would not be a diffic matter for each, in pursuance of any scheme providing f spheres of influence or even annexation, to enter upon t work of supreme government without serious disturban of existing arrangements. Were the officials in power the time maintained in position and their emolumen secured to them, they would probably raise no objection alien sovereignty, and would quite as readily render alleg ance to London, Berlin, St. Petersburg or Paris as Peking, in time not improbably coming to prefer t change.

Recent movements have been indicative of a convictio amongst the foreign powers interested that the doom of t *Manchu* dynasty is rapidly approaching, and, though t *Tsung-li-Yamen* has shown signs of willingness to obey t dictates of Russia, and Lord Salisbury has at times seeme strangely unwilling to exert his power in opposition, it more than probable that matters have been moving mo quickly towards the dissolution of the Empire than h been apparent on the surface. And the cause will probab be found in the internal troubles of the country rather tha in the pressure exercised from the outside. In this view t rebellion in Kwang-tung becomes of the utmost signi cance. It may be that the secret societies have by indire means stimulated the aggressions of foreign nationalities i the hope of making difficulties for the ruling dynasty, an so obtaining the opportunity to accomplish its overthro But when that comes, the inevitable result will be that th foreign powers will proceed to give full effect to what the are pleased to consider their rights, and each will occupy i own sphere. This will mean that Russia will take Ma churia, England the Yangtse valley, Germany will hol on to Shang-tung and France will get the three we tern provinces, speaking in general terms. The que tion of immediate interest in the Far East is, therefore, n whether Great Britain and Russia are to come to blows wit regard to China, but how long the *Manchu* rule is going t last and precisely what will happen when the inevitable en comes. In the meanwhile the goverments of England an Russia will doubtless confine themselves to diplomati action in view of all the circumstances. In the natura course of events the fall of the curtain cannot be long de layed, but with the present activity of the secret societie the final disappearance of China as a separate entity amon nation is likely to be greatly hastened.

THINGS AND PEOPLE

en the battle is over and Candidate Maguire has e to calculate his losses, he is safe if he will attribute ilure of his campaign to the Gallaghers. Never did man suffer under such an infliction of parasites. He raordinarily self-contained, wrapped up in the mantle own virtues, and imagines that his exalted abilities t him from all the obligations which the world exacts ser men. He lacks gratitude and the sense of service. ears he has represented San Francisco in Congress as done nothing for State or city. The aggregate of nefits is nil. Yet a fatuous Democracy is happy in g him year after year to office and assumes it is ed in his preferment. The man goes to Washington raws his salary, makes a few speeches on subjects of l importance, and is uninterested in all matters g for the advancement of his constituency. Only placing his tribe of Gallaghers in office has he ever personal concern. He has ever bestirred himself that night feed at the public trough. The horde of them awing salaries, thanks to his mighty name, and it is l that they surround him so that it has become impos- to see the face of the candidate for the backs of the ghers. The coldness of Maguire's nature, his sublime rence to devotion or loyalty, is aptly illustrated by eatment of Max Popper. Popper was one of the of worshippers who made the original Maguire This is a form of political frenzy which time has ex- l throughout the Democracy, and consists in attribut- its subjects all the virtues—virtue in that party being undeviating antagonism to the Southern Pacific. opper spread the gospel of the divinity of Maguire, lked of him with bated breath, and lo the candidate, g come to power, does not even appoint him a member State Central Committee!

***

as foreseen, the candidate has entrusted his fight to allaghers. One of their associates, a lawyer named Mann, has been made Chairman of the State Central ittee. The others of this ilk occupy the subordinate on the Executive Board. A coterie of Gallaghers pany Maguire on his travels throughout the State, becomes evident they alone have the key to his ear. election of Seth Mann, who has not participated in s for years, and who has neither the ability nor the ence essential to direct a political campaign, shows gacity of the Gallaghers. It is said that three assist- a Populist, a Democrat and a Silver Republican, are to ointed to prompt the Chairman as to the identity of liticians who come to Democratic headquarters, so he now what subjects to avoid. It is whispered that he rchased a volume on campaign tactics, which he is ng with assiduity. Being possessed of considerable nee, however, we may well believe that after the ign Mr. Mann will be able to explain in fine style the of his failure. It is understood, however, that Mr. 's appointment was not made on the baais of fitness, r the desire of the Gallaghers to own the Chairman- State Committee, a post which may be made of future value in manipulating local politics.

***

re is an outcry in the Republican party against the inence of the Kelly-Crimmins gang, who seem to undisputed control of the machine and intend running ipal affairs to suit their own pockets. This combina- constitutes a political faro bank and participation in primaries or convention is a case of bucking the tiger. gh stress of circumstances these men may put up a ticket, but that would be an extraordinary instance of e begetting health. The rumor goes that in return ree hand at Sacramento the Republican managers to refrain from interference in municipal politics. A in, it seems was struck, in accordance with which and his men kept "hands off" in the Gubernatorial n return for a pledge that the State Central Commit- uld not utilize the McNab idea of an appointive Mu- l Convention, which it had the power to do. The quence will be a grave scandal, and I fear the infamy local situation will react on the chances of candidate

***

e Democrats will have an appointive convention, and r Phelan has the privilege of selecting his own Board pervisors for whose integrity he will be held respon- to the party. Imagine the task thrust on the shoulders Mayor. He must find twelve men on whose impec- ty his own reputation will rest. Alas, poor Lot. The l of Education will be some other man's responsibility, n this way, it is hoped, a good ticket may be put her. Among others mentioned for office on the Demo- side, are License Collector Bonnet, who is in the race heriff; Franklain K. Lane, one of the ablest young at the bar, who will probably be nominated for City County Attorney; Dr. Dodge is spoken of for Public inistrator, and Eugene Duprey for District Attorney. e are excellent names, all of them, and it will require est Republican talent to overcome them.

***

r the Olympic Club there is a new Board of Directors to charge of the affairs of the institution, and at its head . J. C. Kirkpatrick, who is without question one of the t executives in the State. It is hard to define exactly orm of capacity for affairs which is possessed by the of Mr. Kirkpatrick's caliber. Maybe it is a fine power ganization which divides up details among subor- tes and insists upon the use of their discretion, only ining results. Mr. Kirkpatrick directs the affairs of Sharon estate and manages the Palace and Grand ls. Both these big institutions are run like clockwork, have never been more prosperous than at the moment. just this executive talent, together with the sense of t, that is required at the Olympic Club, which, under mpetent guidance, has fallen from grace and lost the rity of its members. Associated with Mr. Kirkpatrick . A. Hammersmith, H. B. Russ and several other men have a real interest in athletics, and possess the working ty to restore to the institution its old prestige. Mr. Hammersmith, the best leader the club ever had, will be leader again, and I hope will take early opportunity of restoring to their places Walter Watson and Professor Belau, who were displaced under the old regime. There are no better instructors in the country than these two men, and their absence has been a serious loss to the Club. It is essential that the feeling for amateur sport should be restored if the old crowd is to rally to the club's support, and this can only be accomplished by complete reorganization and elimination of the element which imagines prosperity is only attained through prize fights. There is room for a big athletic association in San Francisco, and this, I believe, Mr. Kirkpatrick and his colleagues are capable of realizing.

***

What is known as the candy-poisoning case continues to absorb the most intense interest. Mrs. Botkin has continued under arrest in this city for the space of nearly two weeks, and in the interval the police have been actively engaged in piecing together the links in the chain of evidence connecting her with the crime. All the details so far worked out present a remarkably strong indictment, circumstantially, against the accused woman, and the latest discovery is the most significant item in the series. It appears that on June 1st last, two ounces of arsenic were sold at a drug store on Market street to a woman whose name and address were registered by the salesman as "Mrs. Bothin, California and Hyde streets," the object for which the stuff was purchased being recorded at the time as "bleaching." The salesman has identified Mrs. Botkin at the jail in the City Hall as the person to whom he made the sale. As regards the legal status of the case against Mrs. Botkin, the State of Delaware has made requisition upon the Governor of California for the delivery of the accused to its officer now here for the purpose of escorting her to that State for trial. In the meantime *habeas corpus* proceedings have been com-

J. C. KIRKPATRICK
Elected President of the Olympic Club

menced by her attorneys in the Court here to prevent extradition, but active prosecution of this claim has been deferred pending the decision of Governor Budd in regard to the application received from Delaware. The matter is expected to remain in *statu quo* for about another week.

***

It has now become possible to take stock to some extent of the rush of gold-seekers to the Klondide district. It will be remembered that Cormack made his discovery in August, 1896, and during the eleven months following it is estimated that 30,000 people reached Dawson. At least 100,000 set ont for the new country, but the majority abandoned the undertaking at Seattle, Dyea, Skaguay and even further up. Assuming that each of those who started to make the trip expended on the average not less than $500, the total outlay of the adventurers for traveling and outfit up to the middle of 1897 would have amounted to $50,000,000. According to the estimates of the experts there are on the El Dorado creek five claims that may be expected to produce $900,000 each and ten that may produce $750,000 each, while on El Dorado and Bonanza there are forty claims that should return $500,000 each. These claims are all in the hands of men who have been on the ground from two to five years. The general body of 1897 adventurers will therefore have to depend on fresh finds for the recovery of their $50,000,000, and, notwithstanding all that has been written and said of the unbounded wealth of the Northwest, the territory is likely to become the grave of many an American golden eagle. Up to June 15, 1898, there had been 850 claims recorded in the Klondike and Indian River mining district, of which not more than 800 had actually given proof that they are worth the recording fee of $15. Bench claims on the billsides near Dawson are yielding from $20 to $500 a day, worked by two men with a rocker, but the number of these is, of course, limited. The majority of the intending miners in Dawson are without employment, and the comparatively few who have gone to work for wages have already overstocked the labor market. Wages some time ago had fallen to one dollar per hour and according to the latest reports were likely to come down to 50 to 60 cents per hour, which will not meet the cost of living. These facts are sufficient to explain the considerable exodus that has been going on, and there seems to be a general conviction that any man not engaged in business at Dawson had better leave the district. Many, no doubt, will return to the homes which they imprudently forsook when the gold fever was at its height, while others may be inclined to retrace their steps as far as the American boundary and try their luck in Alaska. The steamer *Portland* arrived here from St. Michael at the beginning of this week, bringing treasure said to amount to $1,500,000, and with a few fortunate and more unfortunate returned miners.

***

John W. Mackay, at one time a good friend to San Francisco, is again here on one of his periodic tours of inspection. The ablest and most generous of the Bonanza millionaires, Mackay has ever been ready to help a friend or a cause, and his favor had proved a substantial factor in the assets of California. But he was shot by an ill-disposed crank for imaginary wrongs, and a jury of the crank's fellow citizens acquitted him. Ripley was not insane, however insane his deed, and he should have been punished for the crime. A city in which such lawlessness was praetical and could go unpunished was not a home for John W. Mackay, and since then he has only been here when business affairs required his presence. The community contrives to exist without Mr. Mackay, but it is essentially the poorer. The episode is only another instance of the unhappy faculty which San Francisco possesses of alienating her best friends.

***

After an interesting tour of the Orient and Europe, Dr. Rosenstirn has returned to town. He was enabled during his absence to perform a signal service for Miss Kate Dillon of San Francisco, who was taken ill with typhoid fever in Florence. The Italian physicians, summoned to her bedside, mistook the symptoms and treated her for pneumonia. Dr. Rosenstirn, who was then in Paris, was telegraphed for and at once took the case in hand and saved the patient's life. While abroad Dr. Rosenstirn participated in the Berlin Medical Conference.

***

There is a promise of abundant controversy over the Sutro estate. The heirs claim that their father was insane when he drew the '82 will. This contention, I imagine, will be hard to establish, for though there will be plenty of men ready to swear that the alleged philanthropist was off his head at the latter period of his career, his only madness was self-interest in those other days. In contradistinction to the clamor aroused by the Fair contest was the quiet death of Mrs. J. C. Flood some time ago. Nothing has crept into the papers about the extent of her estate, which must have amounted to many millions. Following the directions which our best lawyers are now giving, the property was deeded to her son and daughter before her death. W. F. Goad did likewise. The extent of his leavings is unknown, which is much the most satisfactory way. It is said that Claus Spreckels has disposed of his fortune on similar lines, the intention in his case, of course, being to express the resentment to the defections in his family which have animated him since the lamentable split some time ago.

***

The excellent sense which President Jordan has ever exhibited in the direction of the students at Stanford University is fully illustrated in his latest address. It is his rule at the beginning of the term to talk to the young men and women who have come under the direction of the faculties, pointing ont the methods of success. This year his theme was "Liberty," and with fine discretion he drew the distinction between liberty and license. Self-restraint is President Jordan's favorite gospel. He explained that the discipline of passive obedience, as understood in the Army and Navy, though good enough in war times, is not helpful to the individual. Every man must learn to use his own intelligence and judgment. The power of self-direction and self-restraint cannot be given, but must be aequired. Instead of being bound by a collection of codes and laws, the student at Stanford is allowed to develop self-independence. He selects for himself his studies and his professors and virtually works out his own fortunes. Such a system inevitably develops self-reliance, and the men developed under it are competent to take their places in the world. The result is there is really more liberty, in the absence of law, at Palo Alto than in any university in the country.

BOSWELL, JR.

Ferdinand Peck, Commissioner-General for the United States to the Paris Exposition of 1900, recently conferred with President McKinley in regard to the representation of this country at the exposition. The President agreed that the work should be undertaken in a broad and generous spirit. In this view he favored a further appropriation of $400,000 in addition to the sum of $650,000 already provided. The French nation set aside a sum of $1,000,000 to meet the cost of their exhibit at the World's Fair, and it is desirable that an equivalent amount at least shall be available for our requirements in Paris. Unfortunately, we appear to have been unaccountably slow in accepting the invitation of France to take part in the exposition, and so far have been allotted only 150,000 square feet of space—an area that is altogether insufficient for a display commensurate with our national prestige. Moreover, all exhibits must be specified by February next, which Mr. Peck finds is not possible so far as we are concerned. He therefore expresses his intention of obtaining special concessions, if possible, in the shape of further time and space, for the benefit of exhibitors from the United States. The question of having a Government building presents some difficulty. The French regulations stipulate that no nation shall have a separate building unless its monarch or president shall attend the exposition in person. Under our constitution the President cannot go abroad during his term of office, and efforts will therefore have to be made to obtain a relaxation of this rule in our favor. In any case the exhibit to be made by the Government will be very extensive and quite in keeping with our rank amongst the leading powers.

France has begun to study with envy and a determination to emulate its success the Swiss system of expanding its revenue by the most careful nourishment of the trade brought by the tourist. The figures presented in a German paper are quite astonishing. The annual receipts of the Swiss hotel-keepers are represented by the figures for 1894, when the sum reached $22,866,000.

Artillery Entering the City

Hospital Ambulance

View of Government Dock

Types of Inhabitants

Soldiers Bartering with Natives

THE PHILIPPINE EXPEDITION

Voyage of the "City of Para"—A Graphic Impression of Luzon.

On board the *City of Para*.—We went to bed on the fourteenth of July, we waked on the sixteenth, and yet only slept the eleven hours of a sluggard's need. The captain tells us we crossed 180, and that's all he will say, so the soldier boys sit around and discuss the phenomenon, and arrive at many ingenious explanations to account for the disappearance of July 15th.

Recurring to sleep—the man who wrote the proverb maintaining that five, seven and nine hours gave the measure of sleep's necessity, respectively, for the man, the fool, and the sluggard, was evidently never at sea on a troopship. Before the eyelids fall and the consciousness fails under the rocking of the vessel and the influence of the passing latitudes until it seems that sleep is the normal condition of man. The men sleep on the decks at all times. I venture to say that at no half hour of the day or night, except four in the morning, when the sailors wash down the decks, and at meal hours, are there more than three hundred of the thousand wide awake. To walk aft without stepping on from one to a dozen prostrate forms is impossible, for there they lie, coveriug every inch from the forward chaius to the after hatch. As we ruu on day by day we find the air less and less breatheable. The heat is not intense—the thermometer only reads 85 degrees, but the humidity increases and with the lack of air-current conspires to render even a deck cabin a first class imitation of the hot rooms at a Turkish bath, so imagination can picture the condition that exists below, 'tween decks, where the thousaud bunks are built and where ventilation almost does not exist. The men do not pretend to sleep below, but camp out in their blankets, coverieg the decks as I have written, but at night always with their rubber blankets close at hand, for one does not know the minute a tropical shower will fall, and when it does fall the awnings offer no better shelter than a piece of yellow paper against projectiles of a rapid-fire gun. The relations of the Minnesota officers to their men is a revelation that would make any old army man stand aghast. From the Colonel down there is a freedom of action and speech that would seem to speak against the possibility of discipline. Yet discipline does exist in a marked degree—not discipline of the army standard, not the discipline that ensures a machine-like action, but a discipline that holds a thousand men for thirty days in the 350x50 feet of a coastwise steamer—holds them in good humor with not even the suggestion of a fight between individuals. It seems impossible that men who habitually address their officers as Bill, Charley, or one of the hundred other popularizations of the Christian names they bear, and in turn are spoken to with equal informality, should, at the magic word "*Attention!*" lose all familiarity, all personality, and become the mechanical military unit. The officer who a moment ago was Bill is now Mr. Jones, and to him the man in the ranks who was Jack is Private Smith, with the accent on *private*. It is really wonderful how they remember, but in all the weeks on board this transport I have not seen any transgression of the diviuity that hedges around an officer when on duty, but after! how the hair of a Colonel of the United States army would rise to see the privates of the regiment hobnobbing with the Colonel! But then, when off duty, Colonel Reeve is not Colonel—he is the father of his regiment—is thoughtful for the comfort and care of his boys as any father could be. Like a father, too, he hauls them over the coals on occasion, and scores them roundly. There is always more or less good natured fault-finding in any body of men, and this regiment is no exception.

The favorite subject for complaint and satire is Uncle Sam's rations. To men accustomed to the best Uncle Sam's dinners are less toothsome than wholesome. They are substantial rather than inviting, and it is possible that amongst some of the more advanced of savage tribes the methods of serving rations are more civilized. Of course, the fact that the regimental comissary has to provide meals for a thousand from a cooking equipment hardly adequate for five hundred is lost on the men. The complaint is never bitter; it is invariably good-natured and usually takes the form of raillery. The regimental surgeon has, on occasion, lectured to the men on the virtue of simple living, of the necessity for abstinence from rich foods and fruits, and especially has he dwelt on the evils to be feared from overloading the stomach. Now, at almost any meal, one can hear an orator satirizing the speech of the surgeon, calling on his fellows to abstain from that over-rich plate of bean soup, or when, as someiimes happens, the ration is scant, giving solemn warning against the ills that follow over-feeding. It is on such an occasion that the Colouel's wrath rises. When he happens along at the time of such orations, woe to the unlucky speaker, for the Colonel is something of an orator himself, and his withering scorn turns the laugh from the rations to the objector. As the boys say, the kicker gets the merry ha-ha!

It was just after such an outbreak on the Colonel's part, just after he had threatened dire military vengeance to the next who should object to the food that Uncle Sam set before him, that I heard the Colonel iu earnest conversation with the captain of one of the compauies. It seems a member of this captain's company, while at Honolulu, had deserted his post when doing sentinel duty, that he might go ashore. Lured by the wiles of Hawaii, he had yielded to temptation, and was guilty of the most heinous crime in the category of military sins. Courtmartial loomed ominous and grim before him. But, argued the Colonel, "There is nothing bad about the boy. He is thoughtless — needs steadying." Then, after a pause, "I know his people. It would break his mother's heart if he were courtmartialed." The Colonel's foot beat a perplexed tattoo on the deck while the captain argued that the boy must be saved courtmartial, but at the same time must be brought to feel the full weight of his crime. At last the paternal overcame the military feeling and a fatherly smile dawned over the Colonel's face. "Go and tell him," he said, turning to the captain, "that you have been talking to me, and that perhaps we can save him courtmartial if he behaves exceptionally well between here and Manila. But he must go under arrest till we get there. Let him work in the kitchen."

A few days after I saw the law-breaker, a happy-go-lucky country boy from somewhere in Minnesota, a boy who has not, aud probably never will have, any adequate idea of the relative value of life's gravities. He was dripping perspiration as he whirled the huge coffee mill, powdering the beans for the regiment's coffee. He was all smiles, perfectly happy, and probably a thousand times more content and better off than he would have been sharing idleness with the majority of his fellows on deck. He assured me very solemnly that he would never have deserted his post had it been Manila, "but, Gee," he said, "I couldn't miss Honolulu." And then the corporal of the guard told him to get to work.

Bathing, a little drill, much sleep and some reading go to make up the day. Some philanthropist sent on board many boxes of magazines—*Scribner's*, *Harper's*, *Munsey's* and *Leslie's*—all the known magazines are here and hundreds of others of only local repute unknown to the general crowd. In walking the decks, to avoid stepping on a soldier, one must trample on literature, for on every inch not occupied by a prostrate human there lies a magazine. But with all this wealth of light reading I find the soldiers more occupied with books, and of all the books Kipling's tales and poems are by far the most popular. Everyone seems to be reading him, and everywhere those who have not are trying to borrow of those who have. It is "Barrack-room Ballads" that seems most popular, and after these the tales of soldiering and sinning in the East. Judging from the feeling and sentiment of the more than a thousand men on this ship, one would have to place Rudyard Kipling as the foremost force working to accomplish the alliance of friendship and admiration that are moving England and America to a more perfect understanding. He has shown the American the true Englishman, the Englishman behind the rind of external characteristics that the American can not understand.

After this glimpse of land, the old monotony of sea and sky, of an after wind and following wave, of lazy days and sweltering nights, till another week had almost past. It was Friday morning when land again gladdened the horizon. We rounded Point Egano, the cape that juts from Luzon's north-east extremity, during the night and for the time lost the large islands in the hazes. But very early in the morning, looming up almost straight ahead, was a coast that line for line seemed cast in the same mould as the Contra Costa coast of San Francisco Bay. It was Camiguin, the largest of a lot of small islands lying to the north of Luzon. Soon it lay behind us, and on our right the luxurious north coast of Luzou became plain, for we were running only about two miles off shore. Some time in the afternoon—it was near two o'clock, I think—the heavily-wooded mountainous shores gave way to a sandy stretch, with here and there little beaches, and behind it land that looked arable aud fertile. Here, to the eye on the yellow sand, showed some red blotches and near the surf black dots and lines. The glass interpreted the blotches into a series of red houses, small but well built and distinctly artistic; the black lines were long Malay boats drawn up on the beach, and the dots were the people of the village interested in our passing, who honored us by their curiosity and amused those who had glasses with their Eve-like habits of dress. This little stretch of land gave way again to forest and hillside until a little bay cut into the sea line. This little arm of the sea was shored by a stretch of land green as Ireland in May. It looked fertile beyond imagination and a group of large, substantial, but cool and comfortable-looking buildings spoke it a plantation.

July 31, 1898.—A day we were in the China Sea heading southward, the west coast of Luzon hidden in haze. Then came Sunday, the thirteenth after Dewey's world-famed coming, and we found ourselves lying off a small island. It was Corregidor, that should have stopped Dewey, but whose mines spoke too soon and whose guns too late, as the Admiral's ships like ghosts in flight sped up the bay to the glory waiting there. But for us Corregidor had no greeting either of malice or friendship. It was only an island lying in the mouth of the bay, half way between the two jutting points that mark the entrance to Manila. Neither of the points were visible as more than low-lying, mist-clad coasts with dark foliage streaked against the dull sky. Corregidor itself was but a hazy vision of rock, trees aud dismantled fortress. The whirling screw carried us on iu Dewey's trail past the plentiful plantatious that line the bay shores, till Cavite's long point stood out off our starboard.

As we passed around its end came a sight that brought a yell of delight to the lips of every man on every transport. There were Stars and Stripes—glad sight to hungry eyes. Not one flag, but twenty blazing against the sky like beacons to rouse all the Yankee in our thousand hearts. Almost in the line of battle lay the dirty-gray hulks of our warships, their war paint dwarfing them till they looked almost no more than their gunboats in size, but ominous, grim and dangerous. They lie here on the water like great birds of prey sitting among the picked bones of their victiuis.

To the right and left of this lesser bay of Cavite, where our transports are anchored between Cavite itself, which we hold, and the line of ueu of war, lies, disuantled, battered and submerged, the glory of Spain's Pacific fleet. Off to our left, aground, high up out of water, is a long pile of red, rusty irou, its only resemblance to a ship being in the tall yellow funuel that rises above it. It is Admiral Montijo's flagship. What was another ship lies grounded on Cavite's point, a hardly noticeable mass of wreckage. Two masts and a foot or two of smoke stack rise hauntingly out of the water, just iu front of the captured batteries. And these are all that is left of Spain's sea power in the Pacific.

Manila's bay seems hardly more than a strait for twenty-five miles to Point Cavite; then it spreads out like a horseshoe, a Percheron shoe, to be sure, with almost as much breadth as depth, but still a horseshoe. Manila city, beautiful, white and domed, lies at the toe of the shoe; a little to the left, almost opposite as you come up the strait, Cavite was built in the curve that forms the right side of the heel. The point itself makes the curve on this side. Here in dry dock is another uan of war, Spain's once, but ours now, undergoing repairs that she uiay do service for us. Off to the left, at the other heel of the shoe, ten or twelve miles away, lies a great gathering of warships. One, tremendous four-funneled monster, loomed up like a floating Gibraltar. Our officers took her for a Germau and there was inteuse excitement on board and much speculation as to her power, the probability of Germany's intent to mischief, and Dewey's ability to handle what ships the Germans had anchored across the bay.

Just as we rouuded this point and caught the sweep of the bay and the joy of the flag we were sighted by the fleet. In a few minutes the *Concord* was alongside of us. Her first greeting, as she steamed past, was, "Where is the *Monterey?*" We didn't know, so she cut a circle off our port side and came back. This time she gave us news—news, indeed. Standing on the bridge, the gunboat's first officer, using his half-clenched hand for a speaking tube, speeding by sent us the laconic message:

"Santiago has fallen. The Spanish fleet is destroyed."

The answering yell of joy from our ship must have startled the siestas of Manila ten miles away.

Sometime after we had dropped anchor a boat came alongside with news of Manila. Again excitement was at high pitch as we listened. The messenger was a petty officer of one of the transpoots of a former expedition, who came to us for letters and papers. From his boat he shouted fragments of information, the sense of which was that the insurgents were within half a mile of the Spanish; that we were working our trenches between the two, trying to get in front of the Spanish lines with the rebels behind us. The Spaniards, so belief runs here, are ready to surrender to Dewey as soon as he has men enough to protect the city from the savagery of the Filipinos. But to the insurgents they will never surrender.

In the afternoon, as we swept the city with our glasses, the Spanish flag could be seen flaunting proudly over the beautiful Government buildings, and in half a dozen other places in the city it was flying. To us, it seemed a floating insult, though under the same circumstances our flag would have been just where Spain's was in Manila. And then at night the long lines of brilliant electric lights, illuminating the waterfront, and back from the water, in the streets, seemed blinking derisively at us, who, with all our show of power and with all our grim machinery of death, had not been able to quench their light. But once lose sight of their blinking effrontery, sitting on the after deck, looking away from our own fleet across the quiet water, and one might have been in San Francisco bay. The water lapped, lapped against the ship much as the waters of Frisco bay lap, lap against the ferry boats. The fog lay off over Cavite shore much as as it does over San Francisco. Away across the bay the twinkling lights of Manila might have been Oakland, and those other lights, did we not know they were on half hostile warships, would answer for the lights of the towns along the Alameda shore. There was the same breeze, perhaps a trifle warmer, but not too warm to rob a sleeper of a blauket comfort. There, too, the moonlight insisted on half filtering through the mist and cloud in a Californian way, spreading a peaceful glow over the whole landscape. Surely war had no place here. Surely, at least, was here a hideous mistake. And when we had breathed the air of the country for even so few hours we understood why Dewey found no searchlights on Corregidor and why the mines were mostly on shore waiting, instead of in the bay planted, why the ammunition was not ready to be served, and why the machine guns were rusted useless and the ten-inch guns in poor condition. It is the air of the land. The lotus-eaters here could breath the subtle essence that they had to take with some, no matter how little, exertion, from the grown lotus. It is the air, the same air here as in all Spain's tropical holdings. The breath that puts *manana* in the mouth of the Havanese, the Guatemalan and the Manilan alike. Wherever below 21 the Spanish flag flies, any invitation to labor will be answered *manana*. To-morrow, to-morrow for exertion. Yesterday for thought—that is the mind of your Spanish colonist.

As we lay inert in the after part of the ship, too lazy even to go to bed, with a conversation proper for such a night flitting from lip to lip, a sudden line of fire shot out from the shore inland, and in a moment a long-drawn-out-sound like the cracking of a whiplash in the street followed the flame; then another from another point, and then from where we saw the first flash another followed. The Spanish and insurgents were having their nightly fight. It seems that the rebels attack every evening and in the cool of the morning. When the sun is high they knock off for lunch and siesta. It was about eleven o'clock when the shooting began last night. The insurgents fired the first volley, blazed out about a mile from Manila. The rebels were attacking the city from the west. The answering volley was not long withheld, and in a few moments it was flash, flash, flash, and a moment later the faint crack, crack, crack floated off the shore. Soon the heavy guns of the Spanish batteries got to work. High in the air shells burst against the banks of dark colored cloud, like huge rocket balls, and the explosion sounded like a faraway boatswain's whistle. It was eleven o'clock when the first volley was fired and we marked the last about three. Slowly but surely the blaze and flash of the fireworks left Manila behind. An hour and the fight seemed a little farther from the city; two hours and the mile between the town and the attack seemed two miles.

Toward the end the firing of the attacking party grew more desultory and we could see every flash was farther to the west, well away from the city on the Cavite road, and we concluded that the Spanish had repulsed another insurgent attack, and so we went to bed glad, for we want the glory of capture ourselves.

We waked to the hope that we would be landed. The news from Santiago and the view of last night's fight set the martial blood beating high. The boys wanted to get ashore and to work, but the powers that be held them on shipboard for the time. Men from the Indiana are being landed in lighters. They are put ashore east of the city along with the Californiaus and Coloradans to dig trenches and wait for the *Monterey*.

R. L. PORTER.

Manila, August 4th.

Alluding to the suggestion of Chauncey Depew as Ambassador to England, the *Saturday Review* said: "He is simply regarded as a foolish kind of babbling raconteur, whose twaddling is largely intermixed with snobbishness, for he is nothing more than a puppet. His talk has never been taken seriously. The puppet character of the man is recognized, and the fact that he is a representative of the Vanderbilts is sufficient to debar his appointment, which would go far to cancel the good feeling which has sprung up and we are anxious to continue. This would be impossible if a painted puppet was foisted upon us, for a worse representative it would be impossible to find."

Princess Elizabeth, daughter of George III of England, and wife of the Landgrave of Hesse-Homburg, wrote, when she was an old lady, a quantity of homely and amusing letters to an Englishwoman, Louisa Swinburne. These letters have been gathered into a volume, which will be published during the coming season.

THE CZAR AT HOME

An Industrious, Quiet Gentleman Who is in Love With His Wife.

Reputations are often made in a day. Who imagined two weeks ago that the greatest step in the direction of the millenium would be made by the Czar of Russia? For months past the newspapers have been filled with accounts of the machinations of Muscovite agents in China, India and Teheran; with the diplomatic schemes of Count Mouravieff and his man Pavloff; with rumors of hostilities with England, and an invasion of Hindoostan. Yet, of a sudden, from the source and centre of the disturbance comes this invocation for peace, this notable demand from the War Lord of Russia for the reduction of armaments. The Kaiser, we are told, had intended to make some such dramatic proclamation from Jerusalem, but Nicholas of Russia has forestalled him, and his name will ring through the ages.

Something about the personality and life of this autocrat of all the Russias is especially interesting at the moment. From time to time there have appeared impressions of the court. We have been told of the love and admiration of the Emperor for his wife, the Queen's granddaughter, whom he is said to adore. Princess Alice of Hesse was the favorite descendant of Queen Victoria, and it is because of this feeling that the Queen declared to Lord Salisbury that she would never sign a declaration of war with Russia. The Czarina is an admirably educated woman of high character and unusual mental attainments — a noble, charitable woman, well fitted to win the love and devotion of any man, and to her influence must be attributed the great step towards peace Nicholas has just taken.

However, his own inclination is in the same direction. When a youth, nothing gave him greater pleasure than to go to London and knock around incognito. There are a dozen tales of his adventures through the British metropolis when, after giving his escort the slip, he has wandered around on his own account. Nothing has ever happened to him, and being silent and reserved, he gave no one much to say about his characteristics.

On ascending to the throne and responsibilities of the Empire, Nicholas was a veritable mystery to his people. They did not know what to expect of him. His first act was to dismiss the police guard. He is a fatalist by nature, and in discussing the subject, said to his ministers: "I want to live and die for Russia, and it matters little where or how I may meet my death." Since then he and the Czarina drive arouud in an open carriage, and no one has attempted to molest them. There is growing throughout the nation a conviction of the goodness of the monarch. There is no sovereign in Europe so approachable. He himself reads all the letters sent him, and on the margin marks in red ink his opinions. He is relentless with those who harrie him, however, and demands thoroughness of information from the members of his staff. The energy with which he established the responsibility for the catastrophe of Kodinsky is well remembered. The promptness with which he dismissed the guilty parties on that memorable occasion contributed not a little to render him popular.

Nicholas is a man of the simplest tastes. He works untiringly, and spends but little time over his meals. When he attends official feasts he cannot help giving evidence of weariness, but when among his intimates he likes to joke and to laugh. Contempt for etiquette is remarkable in all his habits. When he was about to visit Paris, in the summer of 1896, he did not have a dress coat in his wardrobe. Nicholas detests a black coat; he prefers to wear the uniform of one of his regiments. He always refused to wear au evening coat, but this time there was no help for him. If the Czar could appear in uniform in any of the courts of Europe, he could not dispense with a dress coat in Paris. He resigned himself, therefore, with a sigh, and the court tailor made the garment.

The Czar and the Czarina are exceedingly popular not only at St. Petersburg, but also throughout Russia. As husband and wife, father and mother, they have won the hearts of all honest folk. Nicholas II has not that snappish and sometimes imperious manner in court that was characteristic of Alexauder III, who never allowed anyone to forget for a moment that he was master. The Czarina was always obliged to obey him. But Nicholas II and Alexandra-Feodorovna are like two chums. Both do as they please; neither troubles the other. In St. Petersburg it is said that never was there seen on the throne of Russia a couple so well mated and so completely happy. When the Czar and Czarina go out iu their carriage they may be seen chatting familiarly, joking and laughing, and watching everything and everybody.

"I am a Russian, like any one of my subjects," said the Czar one day.

Nicholas often remains seated at his desk until late at night. It frequently happens that he receives councillors and Ministers after midnight, but it is rare that these dignitaries find him aloue. The Czarina is generally seated beside him, working at embroidery or sewing. As soon as a stranger appears upon the threshold the Czarina picks up her scissors and spools and prepares to leave the room.

"No, no, Sascha; don't disturb yourself; remain with us." pleads the Czar.

Princess Alice of Hesse married Nicholas II a few weeks after the death of Alexander III. Her mother was the Grand Duchess of Hesse (the favorite daughter of Queen Victoria), who died when her daughter was seven years old. She lost her life under dramatic circumstances. Her sons and daughters, sick with diphtheria, occupied one part of the palace. Notwithstanding the warnings of the doctors the Grand Duchess refused to leave the bedside of her little patients. The disease, in the presence of which the doctors were completely disarmed, did not spare her, and she died December 14, 1878—the day of the death of her youngest child. From this tender mother the Czarina inherited the simplicity, modesty and amiability that characterize her. She speaks French, English, German and Italian. Recently she took up Russian, and is uow beginning to converse in that language fluently. She has a very sweet voice, and at Frankfort-on-the-Main she took lessons from Professor Herborn. She is a musician, plays the piano very well, and is an excellent cook. Besides, she has a large share of her grandmother's practical common sense.

When her little daughter was born in November, 1895, the Czarina was terribly grieved that the hope of Nicholas for a son should be disappointed. She wept bitterly over it, but never has royal child been more tenderly cared for than this Grand Duchess Olga. Alexandra would not allow her little daughter to be confided to the care of a nurse. Nicholas summoned all the medical celebrities of St. Petersburg and asked their advice upon the subject. The doctors discussed this important affair, and the baby was put upon a diet of cow's milk. Six cows of pure Swiss race were called into service one morning, and made their solemn entrance into the palace grounds, to the great delight of the spectators. At the time of the trip of the two sovereigns through Europe these cows were kept in a special car on board the imperial train.

INCAPABLE ALGER

Talk in Washington About the Secretary of War and General Corbin.

Washington, September 1st.—At the Capital one talks about the War Department just now. Also about Secretary Alger. Much that is said about the Michigan lumberman is unjust, for really he is not to blame for everything that has happened. The disorganization and incompetence of the army administration is a responsibility he shares with others—with General Corbin, for instance, and the eminent old ladies who preside over the Commissary Department. One of the vainest of men, Secretary Alger is the victim of his own ambition. The wish of his life was realized when the President appointed him head of the War Department. All his prosperity never atoned for the ordeal of courtmartial which he had to sustain at the close of the Civil War. The Secretaryship was a superb vindication, which he was prepared to purchase at any cost, and among the "wise" here no one denies that Alger was selected on account of contributions to the Hanna-McKinley fund.

The President, I am told, is seriously put out at the criticisms of the War Department. Though Secretary Alger is the target, the chorus of reproaches which rises throughout the country reflects on the Administration. Yet McKinley has no right to complain. When General Alger was named for the War Department, representations protesting against the selection of a man who had only been saved from dismissal by resignation came from the most influential quarters. The record of the court martial, which had whitewashed the General, and other incideuts of his warlike career, together with the fact that he was not a man of executive ability, were presented to back up the objections, but considering the appointment had been well paid for, it is not surprising the bargaiu was permitted to mature. The result the nation knows to-day. I wrote you how, ere hostilities begau, Alger set about clearing his record, how he almost compelled the members of the courtmartial that had tried his case to sign a statement that there had been no warrant for that action, how General Merritt refused and how the papers concerning the cause have disappeared from the archives of the department. In time of peace, perhaps, the Secertary's weakness would not have been exposed, save in occasional exhibitions of petty vindictiveness; but operating on a grand scale his character has become public property, and to-day the nation knows the man for all he is. The utter lack of grasp in the work of preparation, the jobbery in the selection of camp sites, the appointment of Shafter, a Michigan friend of the Secretary's, to lead the Santiago campaign, then the round robin episode, the publication of Roosvelt's letter, the effort at turning down General Miles, and the elimination of General Merritt, are all incidents that serve to illustrate the iucapacity and meanness of this paltry through prosperous politician, whom restless egotism had elevated to a post so far beyond his natural powers.

There will be an investigation, and a close oue, depend on that, and the blame will not all be accorded to Secretary Alger. There is another spider in the web, as consummate a politician as there exists in the country, Adjutant-General Corbin. To him both the Secretary of War and the President have looked for practical details, and he has come very near to controlling all the plans and details of the war. His advice has been paramount in the matter of appointments and promotion, and he has seen to it the West Point men have had the worst of it. Undoubtedly he participated with Alger in conspiring against Miles, aud I believe that it was in his office that the President's dispatch ordering the General to take command of the Santiago expedition was lost. The last of this affair has not been heard, however, for Miles evidently intends precipitating an iuvestigation. One certainty exists that there will be a battle royal over the confirmation of Corbin to his Major-Generalship, when the matter comes up in the House, and the friends of Corbin and Alger will fight the efforts of Miles to be made Lieutenant-General of the army. Throughout the campaign the insiders have known all about the cabal against Miles and the preferuent of Shafter has been greeted with many a nod and a wink. However, though Santiago surrendered, Shafter has gained but little credit, becausc everyone knows now that no campaign had been planned and that the entire series of battles were hit or miss affairs won by the gallantry of officers and men, not through the tactics of the General. Everywhere army critics unite in condemnation of the management of the expedition, though the truth is the complete revelation of incapacity and blundering has not yet been made. You should hear some of the regular army men talk of the mismanagement. When Congress meets there will at once be set on foot an investigation, and it will not be limited to the Eastern campaign. Western Congressmen are in receipt of general complaints about the food supplied the soldiers on the transports for Manila, it being alleged that the coffee supplied was of the poorest quality and that the fresh meat was frequently put on board in bad condition. Someone is to blame for these errors which caused the cruelest suffering among the soldiers, and the functionaries in command out west are liable to hear from the torrent of protest that will soon find voice in Congress.

The resignation of Secretary Day is hardly the notable event that some of the correspondents eager for copy have been trying to convert it into. He is a quiet, conservative country lawyer, is the Secretary of State — a man of ordinary capacity, some shrewdness, and more common sense. He attends to business, which some of his colleagues do not, and he takes the advice of his assistants, who know the etiquette of the departuent. This desire to transmute a man of ordinary intelligence into an American Palmerston is arrant nonsense, and I'm sure Mr. Day, who knows his own limitations thoroughly, does not want it. He will figure on the Peace Commission and in history, all because of the friendship of President McKinley, and for no other reason whatever. Colonel Hay, who succeeds him, is a clever politician, who has a neat trick of oratory and a charmingly diplomatic manner. He is an old friend of McKinley's, but the real reason of his selection as Ambassador to England was the intimacy of Mrs. Hanna and Mrs. Hay, who was a Miss Stone. The President was charmed at his success in London, and because of that has made him Secretary of State. Whitelaw Reid wanted the place, but learned of McKinley's preference in time to apply for the succession to the Court of St. James. But Senator Platt has been to see the President apropos of Whitelaw's aspirations, and I fear Mr. Reid will not be an Ambassador, though he is one of the Peace Commissioners. Another vacancy in high office is the retirement of Assistant Secretary Moore, who returns, now that the war is over, to his post as Professor of International Law at Columbia College.

DRAYTON.

THE FALL OF KHARTOUM

Chinese Gordon Avenged After Twelve Years of Waiting.

Khartoum has fallen and Gordon is avenged. After twelve years of sorrowful waiting and unsuccessful effort to destroy Mahdism in the Soudan, the Anglo-Egyptian forces, under General Sir Herbert Kitchener, have struck the blow that will finally free Upper Egypt from the rule of the Khalifa. The battle in which the two armies met outside Omdurmau, on the opposite side of the Nile, took place on September 2d, and, from the brief accounts so far received, was evidently a desperate affair. The Dervish forces fought and charged with all the magnificent fire and courage for which they are conspicuous above all fighting men, but it was impossible for them to withstand the death-dealing machine guns and rifles of the British and Egyptian troops. On the British side the 21st Lancers especially distinguished themselves by gallopping through a large body of the enemy, reforming and charging back against overwhelming numbers of swordsmen. The Khalifa and his chief general, Osman Digna, managed to escape, and the loss on his side is variously stated at from 8,000 to 15,000. On the Anglo-Egyptian side, according to official returns, there were 45 killed and 342 wounded. The British and Egyptian flags were hoisted at Khartoum on September 4th.

The courage and fighting qualities of the Soudan warriors has at all times compelled the admiration of the world, and there is something unspeakably heart-rending when one reads of their fanatical but unavailing determination in the face of troops handled with all the skill of modern military science aud equipped with arms, against which individual bravery can be of uo account. Rudyard Kipling's tribute to the heroic attributes of these followers of the prophet makes good reading at this time, and is here reproduced:

FUZZY WUZZY.

We've fought with many men acrost the seas,
An' some of 'em was brave, an' some was not,
The Paythan an' the Zulu an' Burmese:
But the Fuzzy was the finest o' the lot.
We never got a ha'porth's change of 'im:
'E squatted in the scrub an' 'ocked our 'orses,
'E cut our sentries up at Suakim,
An' 'e played the cat an' banjo with our forces.

So 'ere 's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Soudan;
You're a poor benighted 'eathen, but a first-class fightin' man;
We give you your certificate, an' if you want it signed,
We'll come an' have a romp with you whenever you're inclined.

We took our chanst among the Kyber 'ills,
The Boers knocked us silly at a mile,
The Burman gave us Irriwaddy chills,
An a Zulu *impi* dished us up in style;
But all we ever got from such as they
Was pop to what the Fuzzy made us swaller,
We 'eld our bloomin' own, the papers say,
But man for man the Fuzzy knocked us 'oller.

Then 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' the misses an' the kid;
Our orders was to break you, an' of course we went an' did.
We sloshed you with Martinis, an' it wasn't 'ardly fair;
But for all the odds agin' you, Fuzzy-Wuz, you broke the square.

'E 'as n't got no papers of 'is own,
'E 'as n't got no medals nor rewards,
So we must certify the skill 'e 's shown
In usin' of 'is long two'anded swords:
When 'e 's 'oppin' in an' out among the bush
With 'is coffin-'eaded shield and shovel-spear,
An 'appy day with Fuzzy on the rush
Will last an 'ealthy Tommy for a year.

So 'ere 's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' your friends which are no more;
If we 'ad n't lost some messmates we would 'elp you to deplore;
But give an' take 's the gospel, an' we'll call the bargain fair;
For if you 'ave lost more than us, you crumpled up the square!

'E rushes at the smoke when we let drive,
An', before we know, 'e 's 'acking at our 'ead;
'E 's all 'ot sand an' ginger when alive,
An' 'e 's generally shammin' when 'e 's dead.
'E 's a daisy, 'e 's a ducky, 'e 's a lamb!
'E 's a injia-rubber idiot on a spree;
'E 's the on'y thing that does n't give a damn
For a Regiment o' British Infantree!

So 'ere 's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Soudan;
You 're a pore benighted 'eathen, but a first-class fightin' man;
An' 'ere 's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, with your 'ayrick 'ead of 'air—
You big black boundin' beggar—for you broke a British square!

Salt Lake Temple

Brigham Young Monument

Logan Temple

St. George Temple

Temple at Manti

Lion and Bee Hive Houses

TEMPLES OF THE MORMON CHURCH IN SALT LAKE CITY

Photos by C. R. Savage

The Gardo House, Built by Brigham Young for his Favorite Wife

First House Erected in Salt Lake City

Lorenzo Snow, the Next President of the Mormon Church

Theatre, Salt Lake

Colonel Trumbo's Residence, where President Woodruff Died

Room in which Wilford Woodruff Passed Away

Brigham Young

PRESIDENT WOODRUFF'S DEATH

The "Concord" Greeting a Transport

Transports Off Cavite

Dewey's Fleet

The "Baltimore" Off Cavite

THE FLEET OF TRANSPORTS IN MANILA HARBOR

Photos by A. H. Law

Photographs from Manila are few and poor. The moist climate has played havoc with cameras and the heat has shriveled films. Perpetual fogs prevent the printing of negatives that had survived preliminary difficulties. As the season advances it is to be hoped photographers will have better fortune.

A LATTER-DAY SAINT

The Career and Character of President Woodruff of the Mormon Church.

The late President of the Mormon Church, Wilford Woodruff, was one of the remarkable men of the century. Born in 1807, in Farmington, Conn., he was in his ninety-second year at the time of his death, and had undergone privations and performed labors far beyond the experience and capacity of most men. He was was one of the little band of 143 pioneer who accompanied Brigham Young in the exodus from Nauvoo, traveled a thousand miles across the plains into the midst of the Rocky Mountains, and assisted at the foundation of Salt Lake City on the 24th of July, 1847. Then an Apostle of the Mormon Church, he it was who stood by the side of Brigham Young when the Apostle drove his cane into the ground, declaring that here he would build a city and a temple—this in answer to the expostulation of Sam Brannan, who urged that the colonists go on into California. Woodruff, at the behest of the Prophet, ploughed a furrow and planted a half bushel of potatoes which he had carried with him from Missouri for this very purpose. Their work thus inaugurated the pilgrims sat down to rest themselves after the arduous journey they had just accomplished.

Though Mormonism had then many thousand members the world over, won to a belief in the revelation of the Prophet Joseph Smith by the eloquence and magnetism of such men as Woodruff and Lorenzo Snow, the founding of the City of the Saints in the midst of that great and apparently barren plain was really the formal organization of the Mormon Church. Scoffers may mock at the precepts of this great fabric, but it exists to-day one of the most notable religious and social institutions of the world, developed with a singular insight into human motives and characteristics, and with a power of control and government unequaled by any other system of creed. Mormonism is really a life rather than a religion. By Brigham Young and his advisers as much stress was set upon intelligent direction in agriculture, in domestic economy, in trading, of their people as in their spiritual guidance. The priesthood had other functions than ministering to the spiritual necessities of their flocks. It taught the best methods of plowing and sowing; it suggested the devices of agriculture; it concerned itself with conserving the peace and prosperity of its communities through material advice and assistance. No such system of paternalism as that evolved and developed by the great Mormon leader has ever before been successfully imposed upon an Anglo-Saxon community. The men and women comprising the Mormons represented the strongest and most rugged tpye of Americans, and almost without protest they entrusted themselves to a system of government extraordinarily intimate and exacting. In discussing Mormonism there is immediately suggested the feature of polygamy, but this was but a detail of the great design—not its main factor. Polygamy had but little to do with the extraordinary development of Utah. True, the Mormons were naturally an agricultural people, and the recruits that flocked to their ranks were of the farming classes of England, Denmark and Germany, but it was the governing minds of the Apostles that converted the parched and barren plains into a veritable valley smiling with milk and honey. They were strong men these Latter Day Saints, wise and fertile as well as pious.

If you doubt this capacity look at the powerful faces of the departed president, of Brigham Young and George Q. Cannon. Such breadth and depth of head and jaw and chest are the marks of extraordinary force and virility.

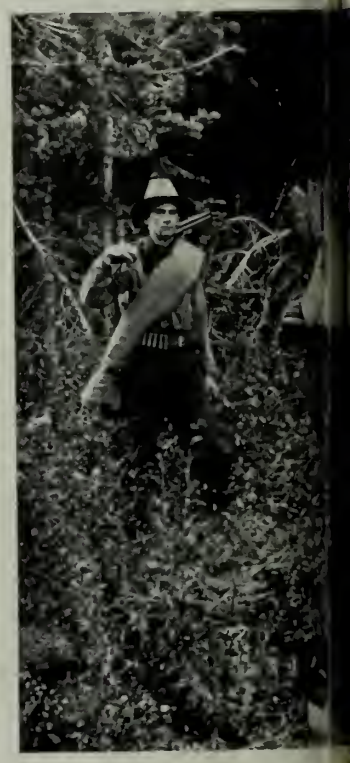
Wilford Woodruff was a miller by trade, and by inheritance, his father and grandfather having been millers. It was a powerful ancestry, long-lived, strong and healthy. Brought up to hard labor the childhood of the future Apostle was full of extraordinary mishaps. He escaped with but his life a score of times; before he was ten he had broken both arms and legs, had been rescued from deep waters, from suffocation and freezing, yet he recovered in each instance, seeming none the worse for his misfortune. In 1830 he settled in Oswego county, New York, and there joined the Mormon Church, his brother Azmon being admitted with him. The revelation of Joseph Smith seems to have sunk deep into the soul of the young convert, and we find him ordained as a teacher and setting out soon after for Kirkland, Ohio, where he met the Prophet, remaining a week listening to his discourses. In 1835 he started out as a Missionary, without purse or scrip, on foot through Arkansas, Tennessee and Kentucky. The perils of that journey through the untracked wilderness do not seem to have abated his zeal. In a canoe hollowed out of a cottonwood he and his companion descended the Arkansas river, and, after that, walked 175 miles through mud and water to Little Rock. In that first year of missionary labors Wilford Woodruff traveled 3,248 miles, held 170 meetings and baptized 43 persons. He must have been extraordinarily magnetic, for he was one of the most successful proselytizers of the Saints. Sent on a Mission to England in 1840 he labored assiduously, and in one neighborhood alone baptized 1,800 persons, including a hundred preachers of different denominations. Few men have achieved such labors or covered such extraordinary distances as this President of the Latter Day Saints. From the year 1834 to the close of 1895, Wilford Woodruff had traveled 172,369 miles, held 7,555 meetings, preached 3,526 discourses, established 77 preachiug places in the missionary field, organized 51 branches of the Church, assisted in the confirmation into the Church of 8,952 persons. He traveled through England, Scotland, Wales, six islands of the sea, twenty-three of the United States, and five territories.

Returning to America in 1841 Wilford Woodruff became prominent in the Church; he settled in Nauvoo, in friendly relationship with Joseph Smith, went back and forth to England and the East on missions until the exodus to Utah. There he accompanied the President and assisted vigorously in the work of the new church. He headed exploring expeditions to different parts of Utah, was made president of the Horticultural Society at its organization in 1855, and became prominent in the affairs of the territory. He entered vigorously on his own account into farming and fruit raising, and assisted Lorenzo Snow in the organization of the great co-operative institutions which have become such important factors in the economy of the Church. The great executiue faculty which he possessed was turned to accouut by Brigham Young iu many directions. He was at the head of the affairs of the Deseret Agricultural and Manufacturiug Society. He presided over the business of the Zion Savings Bank and Z. C. M. I. institutions, the direction of which involved the highest development of organizing faculty. He was also a member of the Utah legislature for twenty-two sessions. Throughout all these years Wilfred Woodruff kept a daily journal from which much of the history of the Mormon Church has since been compiled. He was accustomed every night before going to sleep to write therein the events of the day. The habit having been formed early he had made a synopsis of the discourses and instructions of Joseph Smith and the other leaders of the Church, which have since proved of great historical value. Indeed, he kept up the custom until within a few days of his death. Besides his personal and business undertakings he participated in the government of the Church, and was a prominent factor in the industrial and social system which had its headquarters at Salt Lake City. Such honors as Brigham Young could confer on him were given. He succeeded John Taylor, who became president of the Church in 1877, as president of the quorum of apostles, and upon the death of Taylor was called to be Prophet Seer and Revelator, selecting George Q. Cannon and Joseph Smith as his counsellors. His incumbency of the President was marked by some of the most important events in the history of the Church. It was he who read and promulgated the anti-polygamy manifesto which reunited the Church with the government of the country. He aided materially in obtaining Statehood for Utah, a boon for which the people had been struggling for forty years.

Personally the late President of the Mormon Church was a man of extraordinary industry and simplicity. Of abstemious habits, he ate sparingly and he used neither tea, coffee nor other stimulants. An early riser, his breakfast consisted of a bowl of mush or some cereal food, and he was down to his office by nine o'clock, lunching there at noon on custard or fruit, returniug home between four and five in the afternoon. In the evening the family gathered at the Woodruff Villa, and the President was the center of a group of progeny which recalled in numbers the era of the Patriarchs. He had been married five times and three of his wives are still living. He was the father of 32 children, 20 of whom survive him. There are 103 grandchildren and 13 great-grandchildren, the youngest of whom was born two weeks ago to his youngest daughter. President Woodruff knew all of his descendants by name and was never happier than when in the midst of them, for he was a man of the simplest and kindliest nature, without affectation or envy.

Wilford Woodruff died at at the residence of Colonel Isaac Trumbo, at 1533Sutter street. Though 92 years of age, he seemed in excellent health and spirits. He had come to California on a pleasure trip, for he enjoyed San Francisco and came journeyed whenever he had the time. Indeed, up to the moment of his departure from Salt Lake City he had attended to the business affairs of the Church, and on that last day had actually signed eight hundred checks. Accompanied by his First Counsellor, George Q. Cannon, President Woodruff went direct to Colonel Trumbo's luxuri-

(Continued on page 12)



ALIFORNIA

ION

ous home, and during his stay thoroughly enjoyed himself. He and Counsellor Cannon were guests at the Bohemian Club's dinner, given in honor of the 80th birthday of Dr. Behr. President Woodruff was the brightest of the gathering of aged men who congregated round the table. He passed away very peaceably, without pain, and was buried on Thursday last according to the directions he long ago wrote out at the request of Brigham Young:

I wish my body washed clean and clothed in white linen, according to the order of the Holy Priesthood, and put into a plain, decent coffin, made of native wood, with plenty of room. I do not want any black made use of about my coffin, or about the vehicle which conveys my body to the grave. I do not wish my family or friends to wear any badge of mourning at my funeral or afterwards, for if I am true and faithful until death there will be no necessity for anyone to mourn for me. I have no directions to give concerning the services of my funeral, any further than it would be pleasing to me for as many of the Presidency and Twelve Apostles who may be present to speak as may be thought wisdom. Their speech will be to the living. If the laws and customs of the spirit world will permit, I should wish to attend my funeral myself; but I shall be governed by the counsel I receive in the spirit world. I wish a plain marble slab put at the head of my grave, with my name and age, and that I died in the faith of the Gospel of Christ and in the fellowship of the Saints.

(Signed) WILFORD WOODRUFF.

Lorenzo Snow, President of the Council of the Twelve Apostles, is in line of succession as head of the Mormon Church. Like Wilford Woodruff he became a believer in the revelations of Joseph Smith when quite a young man, and soon afterwards was ordained and entered upon the labors of proselytizing in America and Europe. He was very successful, then returning to this country joined the western movement and reached Salt Lake in 1848, and was ordained a member of the Twelve Apostles in 1849. It was Lorenzo Snow who, under the direction of Brigham Young, began the co-operative movement in Utah. He commenced by establishing a co-operative store, whose stock was placed at $5, so as to reach persons in moderate circumstances. There were many difficulties, but in the course of years the enterprise became a success, and now it is one of the largest institutions of its kind in the country. He was one of Brigham Young's Counsellors, and has had all the honors the Church can bestow save that which now descends on him. In the years of his service President Snow has journeyed 150,000 miles, a record excelled only by that of President Woodruff.

Spanishtown from the Bridge

A Pescadero Belle

Miss Reta Gonzalez

An Auction of Floatsam and Jetsam

P. Vasquez, a Descendant of the Dons

A Product of Spanishtown

Manuel Gonzalez and His Wife, Carmel Miramonte

An Original Settler

GLIMPSES OF SPANISHTOWN

Photos by Arnold Genthe

Spanishtown is the center of the Half Moon Bay district, and is peopled by descendants of the Spanish settlers and by Portuguese. It is a picturesque little burg, with a very foreign air.

WALTER BELASCO AS THE RAGPICKER IN "THE FIRST BORN" AT THE ALCAZAR

BESSIE BONEHILL AT THE ORPHEUM

A DEBUTANTE'S DIARY

Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

Now, dearest Diary, that the languid summer is passing drowsily toward its close and the shadow of the autumn appears on the edge of the horizon, we birds of passage hasten homewards to prepare for our winter campaign.

Were there anything in auguries I should feel very sad just now; for all the girls predict a very slow winter. You see the list of debutantes is meagre to a degree, and I believe the buds who will make their initial bow do not intend to go in for lavish entertaining. Think of it—just a year ago I was hovering on the brink of my first season and with palpitating heart debating whether my appearauce would be greeted with frowns or smiles. I had no idea how successful I should be, and thought that were one or two men devoted I should write myself down content. And now we are watching the approach of another winter, and I am contemplating destroying german favors and the cards that accompanied all my souvenirs of last season's success. I never realize how popular I really am until I open the trunk in which I lock my treasures—or what Mamma terms truck—and look over the piles and piles of *billet doux*, notes accompanying flowers, photos, candy tongs—the sole relics of the sweets of a bygone year. I wonder what the next season shall bring forth. Will my budding triumphs blossom into brilliant exotics, or will they wither under an untimely frost? So far, none of us have received bids for the Friday Night Cotillions. The Cinderellas have not yet arrived at the stage of discussion, and the Terpsichoreans bid fair to fall into a state of inneuoso desuetude. The more enthusiastic members, Ethel Keeney, Leontine Blakeman and Tylo Thornton, are going East, and none of the remaining girls have up to the present shown any marked degree of interest in the dance.

The Golf Links are still forbidden ground, and the enthusiasts have to go across the bay for their practicing. Even the Red Cross has lost the power to draw more than a sprinkling of maidens, for with the close of the war we put our flags and our patriotism away until a fitting occasion shall again evoke them.

I do not hear of any of the maidens following in the footsteps of Laura McKinstry or May Hoffmann, and discarding the lilies and laces of society for the cap and apron of the nurse, but then they were always exceptional girls who took life more seriously than the majority. For my own part, though I enjoy watching the movements of deep sea swimmers, I prefer to bask in the shallows and merely allow the froth of the breakers to give me a taste of the mighty deep.

The first of September usually brings most of our wanderers to the shelter of their own rooftree, and this week saw the Morgans, Whittiers, Blakemans, Ellinwoods and Buckbees return to town. But although so many have come home, San Francisco still seems deserted and there are no minor pleasures to enliven the monotony of "between" seasons. There are the theatres, of course, which Arthur and I are attending in the most assiduous fashion. On Friday we went to the opening of the New Comedy Theatre to witness the production of Mrs. Pacheco's little comedy. The house was packed with a very fashionable audience. Arthur saw innumerable men he knew and I took especial note of the feminine portion of the crowd. Whom did I see? Mrs. Darling, Mrs. Crocker Alexander, Mrs. Salisbury with Margaret and Kate, Mr. and Mrs. McBean, Pearl Sabin, the Landers and many others.

Then on Saturday I returned to San Rafael to see the Golf Tournament, which was passably interesting. The chief event was a driving contest for "gentlemen only," the prize a golf stick presented by Mrs. Jack Crooks. There were some dozen entries—Judge Morrow, Mr. Jack Crooks, Mr. Parker, Dr. Dennis Arnold, Mr. Gilman Brown, Emerson Warfield, Barons A. and H. von Schroeder and H. Hawkins. The tournament ended by Dr. Dennis Arnold carrying off the honors. Emerson Warfield was a close second, being merely beaten by two points. Elinor Morrow acted as scorer. Later on there were several practice games in which we all participated—Alice Hager, Tiny O'Connor, Mrs. Bush, Mrs. Crooks and yours sincerely. There was no Paper Chase and a week without one seems incomplete.

On Monday I again went to the theatre. Aunt Sybil chaperoned me and we had great fun. I saw Bernie Drown in a box with the Landers and Chester Smith. Bernice Landers looks very fetching after her summer at Catalina and is none the less fascinating in spite of her sunbrowned cheeks. Mr. and Mrs. Buckbee chaperoned a small party, in which I noted the Loughboroughs, Mr. and Mrs. Hall McAllister, Ethel Keeney, Mr. Phelan, Mr. Webster and Mr. Herman Oelrichs. The play was good and Henry Miller at his best, and as Aunt Sybil was quite absorbed, I did not have to put myself out to amuse her. That is in itself a meed of praise for the "Marriage of Convenience," for Aunt Sybil is a very exacting old lady (Heavens, if she were to see those last words—no more theatres for Miss Cricket!), and usually makes me talk to her and tell her who is in the audience at the most exciting moments.

What else have I to record? Oh, yes, I was rather disappointed that the dance on the *Bennington* did not take place owing to the ship being ordered to Mare Island. Speaking of ships reminds me that Bessie Ames told me of an awfully jolly luncheon they had on board the steamer *Moana* last week. Alice, Bessie, Mamie Polhemus, the Schuberts of Sausalito, Mr. Grimwood and Mr. Vanderbilt were there. Mr. Vanderbilt is a nephew of William Kissam Vanderbilt, and is an awfully nice chap. He is a member of the Third Battalion of Washington Volunteers, and is quite good looking—tall, well built and has good features. All the girls like him, and he enjoys a universal popularity among the men.

Speaking of soldiers makes me remember that I got quite a budget of letters from Manila by the *Colon*—one from my beloved Merry England, who finds life very enjoyable in the tropics; says the climate is mild and pleasant. The officers have a capital time and are pleasantly situated. Major Cloman is in a palace—think of that! The place has been pretty well looted by the insurgents, but still there are some really beautiful things to be seen. Merry England says he has seen several very pretty girls, and that the men seem a great deal more intelligent than he was inclined to believe possible. I also had a short letter from Major Sidney Cloman, who, although slightly homesick, seems to find life even in Manila more than tolerable. He left the war particulars to my imagination, for he said the newspaper correspondents could give a clearer idea of things than those who actually participated. All had a fine time going over there, and played poker all the way. Neither Merry England nor Major Cloman told me what their winnings or losses were—which was inconsiderate, I think.

There is a dance at the Presidio this Thursday night, and if it prove sufficiently exciting you shall hear of it next week. And so, on the tiptoe of the light fantastic I bid you adieu. Your own

MISS CRICKET.

P. S.—I forgot to tell you of the engagement of Mrs. Heathcote and Mr. Lucius Allen of Portland, Oregon. Mrs. Heathcote is a daughter of Mrs. Kittle, and an unusually sweet, lovable character. I think Mr. Allen is to be congratulated. The wedding will probably take place in the early winter.

Clarence Mackay and his bride are in town, so we are hoping there will be some smart entertainments in their honor. I have no doubt Mrs. Martin will give some festivity for them, as well as Mrs. Downey Harvey and others. Walter Martin was one of Clarence's ushers, you know. Mrs. Major Darling, too, may do something in the way of entertainment, for she is a great friend of Mr. and Mrs. Mackay, and you know no one entertains more brilliantly than she.

* *

An event of more than ordinary significance was the reception given by Consul and Mrs. von Loben Sels in honor of the eighteenth birthday of Queen Wilhelmina of Holland. The entertainment took place in the old De Fremery homestead, which was gayly decorated for the occasion. The grounds were lighted by Japanese lanterns, which hung from the trees; the house was gorgeous in the national American and Dutch colors. In the drawing rooms the yellow of the House of Orange was combined with the Stars and Stripes. Ropes of smilax and French marigolds were intertwined with the bunting draperies. A band played national airs during the evening, and at about eleven a capital supper was served. Consul and Mrs. von Loben Sels received their guests as they came in and gave them the Dutch greeting. Among the representatives of the Netherlands present were Baron d'Ablaing van Gussenberg, Baron von Balverim, Mr. Willikes d'Aquin, Messrs. de Roo, van Outeren, van Kaathoven and others.

In Berkeley the Paget reception, in honor of Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, was a particularly charming affair. The home of Professor and Mrs. Paget resembles a bower and is almost completely covered with flowering vines. The interior, which is very daintily furnished, was prettily decorated. Mrs. Paget was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Hearst and Mrs. Wm. Carey Jones. During the afternoon the younger members of the Alumnae poured tea for the guests. The girls were in white or light frocks. Among them were Miss Wickson, Miss Rising, Miss Bartlett, Miss Clayes, Miss Stetson and Miss Williams. Mrs. Hearst looked remarkably well in spite of her recent illness and seemed bright and cordial as usual. During the afternoon several of the Professors gave short speeches of greeting and thanks to Mrs. Hearst for her many kindnesses to the University.

The Golf Club has now arranged its programme of games for the coming season. On Monday, September 5th, a "foursome" match is to be played for suitable trophies. The second ladies' contest for the gift cup is to take place September 9th, and is open to all lady members of the club. The game is to start at one, the singles to be played on Saturday. On October 1st the Tibbets cup will be lost or won. This contest is strictly for gentlemen.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Butters have been spending the summer at their country home, Constantine Ranch in Long Valley. They had a very pleasant time and camped in Big Meadows for a fortnight. Among those who accompanied them were Mr. and Mrs. Bray, Mr. English, Mr. Butters, Mr. Edwards, Miss Field, Mr. Rosborough and Dr. Merrill.

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

MOORE'S POISON OAK REMEDY
Cures Poison Oak and all Skin Diseases. Sold by all Druggists.

An Interesting Place.

Quite an artistic little picture store has recently been established on Post street, and it is pleasing to note the excellence of the various wares, such as keramics, artistic photographs and paintings. Mr Clyde Cook has many of his works here, both in water colors and oils. Some rare gems from a private collection are also shown, which should be seen to be admired. Among the more inexpensive articles are some really dainty things, which would make the most delightful gifts imaginable. The exquisite taste displayed in the framing as well as in the selection of the pictures themselves, indicate that Mr. Chilson is an artist and should certainly make a pronounced success of his store at 14 Post street.

Night.

Deep in the starry silence of the night
Breathes low the mystery of Life and Death,
While o'er the darkened waters wandereth
A voiceless spirit, veiled from mortal sight.
Upheld, enfolded in the encircling height
Of heaven, the hushed Earth softly draws her breath,
And in the holy stillness listeneth
To sweeping wings of far-off worlds in flight.
Beauty ascends in elemental prayer
Lifted in worship, lost in wonderment,
I join in Nature's night antiphony
That vibrates in the calm and sentient air;
And through the veil of darkness am content
To touch the garment of Eternity.

Katharine Coolidge.

For health and strength: Damiana Bitters.

IMPORTANT!

GREAT NOVELTIES
—IN—
French Drapery
Lace Curtains
Artistic Furniture

In French, Italian and Colonial Styles
Special Designs.

Estimates for Interior Decoration Furnished Free. Get our figures before entrusting your orders with other concerns.

THE P. ROSSI CO.
117 Sutter Street
Bet. Kearny and Montgomery, San Francisco

THE GREAT LEADER
OF CHAMPAGNES!
G. H. Mumm & Co's
EXTRA DRY

While words tell, statistics prove. The importation of G. H. MUMM & Co's EXTRA DRY in 1897, aggregating 72,775 cases, or 42,293 cases more than of any other brand, is certainly the most striking evidence of the great popularity of this famous brand of champagne, and particular attention is called to the fine quality, purity, and natural dryness of the wine now coming to this market.
Used at almost all notable banquets, balls, weddings, etc.

CREAM OF LEMON

California Cream of Lemon is made entirely from the soluble substance of the whole lemon. It contains no chemicals or adulterants. Used as a bath soap it not only cleanses the skin quickly and thoroughly, but leaves it delightfully soft, smooth and white. Being a natural skin food, it cannot be excelled for babies' baths. It keeps the skin sweet and pure, and prevents all irritation. It is a skin tonic and a skin builder. It restores faded complexions to the freshness of youth, and removes wrinkles. After using the Cream, either in the bath or otherwise, the skin is strengthend, invigorated and beautificd.
It retails at 15 cents. Ask your druggist for it. If he will not supply you send 20 cents and we will send a three-ounce collapsible tube of Cream of Lemon prepaid to any address in the United States.
BALLOU & COSGROVE
Sole Agents for the United States, San Diego, Cal
Most druggists sell it—all druggists should.

Mrs. Anna Von Meyerinck
HAS REOPENED HER
SCHOOL OF MUSIC
For Voice Culture and Piano.

Complete Conservatory Courses, including Instruction in Harmony, Theory, Chorus and Sight Singing, Ensemble Playing, Languages and Physical Culture. Special Preparation for Church Choir Work (weekly rehearsals with the choir of Park Congregational Church)
Lectures on Musical Topics.
Terms for Full Course of Fifty Weeks, $75, (payable in monthly installments of $6 25).
Private Instruction, $15 and $20 per month.
Special Seminary Courses for Teachers.
Coaching for Lighter and Grand Opera by Mrs. Henri Fairweather.
Further particulars may be obtained at the School 841 Fulton street, San Francisco. Reception hours, 12 to 2 daily.

GERMEA
The Ideal Breakfast Dish

Boots and Saddles

Going for a Patient

Headquarters

Transmitting a Message

View of Harbor

Landing the Horses

SCENES AT CAMP WICKOFF, MONTAUK POINT

Photos by J. H. Hare

PASSING OF THE EDITORIAL

me Comment on Fashions in Journalism —Magazine Literature.

To the monthly magazines we go nowadays r editorial opinion. In the old sense there e no great editors left. A few daily papers ll make a specialty of an opinion depart- ent, but it is subordinate even there to the ws feature. The first function of the odern newspaper is to print the news—tele- aphic, domestic and local—and half of its aders go no further in perusing it than a anning of headlines. Editorials are respec- ble and valuable to a paper in conferring estige on it, in adding to its power of influ- cing action in its community, but the im- rtance of the brief unsigned essay on cur- nt affairs is declining. To-day the editorial a survival, and a decade hence newspapers ll be newspapers merely. Opinion will be e function of the weeklies, which will inter- et events in their relationship with and wards previous happeniugs, while in the onthlies the subjects of the day will be ndled by experts, who, familiar with the st and with existing conditions, will locate currences in their proper place within the heme of things. The Scripps idea—a paper hich is news only, with no pretensions after he writing or literary effects, with no ulterior olitical motive to bias its record of affairs—is e ultimate expression of journalism. The ripps paper is impersonal and impartial; its ws is presented with brevity and without lor. It is cheap, commercial and without fectation. There are the facts—the weeklies ill furnish the interpretation.

That the monthlies realize their opportunity this direction, and the impatience of the blic at the fatuous misunderstanding of ents presented editorially in the dailies, is hibited in the contents tables of the Septem- r *Atlantic* and *Harper's*. The former is de- oted almost entirely to intelligent discussion the problems of the day. For instance, orthington C. Ford, who so long officiated at e head of the Government Bureau of Statis- cs, discusses the new opportunities for Amer- an commerce; Elisee Reclus treats on the vivisection of China. There are reviews of e careers of Bismarck and Burne-Jones—the rst by W. R. Thayer and the latter by Wil- am Sharp, both equipped to write intelli- ntly of their subjects. *Harper's* has an ad- irable statement of the problem of territorial pansion—"Some Thoughts on the Policy of e United States," by James Bryce. Worth- gton C. Ford contributes an exposition of e new fiscal policy of the United States, dney Whitman writes of the "Turk at ome," with special reference to the mission- y problem in Armenia. There are additional miniscences of Gladstone by G. W. Smalley, sides the usual allottment of stories and scriptive matter.

In all these articles the men who write know what they speak. No man is better en- tled to offer advice about the policy of the nited States than James Bryce, whose *Amer- n Commonwealth* is the most sympathetic and telligent exposition of the American idea of e and government yet written. A states- an of great experience and foresight, his arning to beware of territorial expansion ould be considered closely by the men who ill shape the future of our nation at the ap- proaching Paris Conference. The problem is considered in its various phases—our constitu- tional limitations and the difficulty of govern- ing native races that cannot be assimilated with our own. The experience of England in governing India and its own Oriental colonies are cited—indeed it is the strongest brief against expansion yet presented. Mr. Ford's article in the *Atlantic*, discouraging the idea that the Orient is to be a great market for America, supplements the conclusions of Mr. Bryce. His impression is that Japan will gain most from the opening up of China owing to its advantage of location and the busy indus- try and enterprise of its people. In his re- view of our relations, however, it seems that Mr. Ford loses sight of the immense change in conditions at home. Our manufacturers have suddenly developed into exporters com- peting for the world's trade. Never before has there been such a tremendous expansion of industries. While we have hitherto sup- plied China with only flour, cotton cloths and petroleum, there is no reason why we should not share in the development of the empire and contribute some of the rails and the loco- motives which its new railroads will require. The increasing foreign populations of the Oriental seaports should afford, too, a market for the sale of our wines, canned fruits and raisins. Elisee Reclus, who discusses the vivisection of China, advances many interest- ing points, but also makes questionable state- ments, for instance, "that all over the empire railways have been built from city to city, under the direction of 'red-haired' engineers." The railways have yet to be built. It is understood that there exists a strong rapproachment between England and Japan and yet the writer declares that England's possession of Wei-hai-wei after the Japanese evacuation constitutes an antagonism between the two nations. If Japan has a friend, it is England, and it is well known that the Japanese were satisfied with Lord Salisbury's action in this connection.

However, to revert from politics—the *Atlan- tic* has an excellent feature in Prince Krapot- kins' Autobiography, which is sure to be widely discussed. The Carlyle letters, like those of Swift, are much better for purposes of acclamation than as human documents. They are purely personal and have but little literary value—thus far, at least. There are rare, occasional fine touches of the sage, however. Could there be anything better than this vivid characterization of *la grippe:* "All people here have got a thing they call Influenza—a dirty, feverish kind of cold; very miserable and so general as was hardly ever seen. Printing offices, manufactories, tailor shops and such like are struck silent, every second man lying *sniftering* in his respective abode."

Experience seems to show that domestic letters from great men to their kindred are seldom of particular value. Some geniuses have the episolary gift, so strong that the slightest note is fragrant with the charm of their style, but great men most often reserve their best for communication to minds capable of appreciating it. Otherwise this is an excel- lent *Atlantic*. It is impossible to dwell on all the contents, but there is nothing in it which is not good. Not the least notable feature is "The Sermon of the Rose," by James Whit- comb Riley, which is the finest verse written in America for many a long day. It has the real touch and something of distinction that this writer has not accustomed us to expect.

In *Harper's* Frederic G. Jackson's "Days in the Arctic," gives one a definite idea of the day to day life of an Arctic explorer, but otherwise is more remarkable for its illustra- tions than its literary value. In "The Ro- mance of a Mad King," there are descriptions and pictures of the palace of the King of Bavaria. "The Turk at Home" shows the other side of the Armenian question, the blame for the massacres and uprisings being attributed to the Christian missionaries, who are described as a pestilential, trouble-breed- ing set, whose business in life is converting content into discontent. Smalley continues his reminiscences of Gladstone, which make most readable material. The "Old Chester Tale," by Margaret Deland, is a beautiful piece of work, full of the fine qualities which distinguished its predecessors. There is also an excellent poem—which does not often happ- pen in *Harper's*—"Per Domas Ditis Vacuas," by Rosamond Marriott Watson.

If the *Cosmopolitan* intends handling great problems in organization, as it indicates, its editor must go carefully about finding the proper writers to accomplish that end. "The Newspaper in War Time," by Arthur Bris- bane, represents exactly how this style of article should not be done. It is without a particle of literary or descriptive value. When one thinks how well this might have been written, it seems merely a good subject wasted. Rather better, however, in the war connection is Edward Marshall's description of how it feels to be shot. There is a grim humor in this little communication that makes it a human document of considerable interest. Here is the setting and the impression:

"When the Rough Riders ran into the am- buscade in which Hamilton Fish and others lost their lives, I first emptied my revolvers at the enemy, and then, with an eye to the news for which I had come, began to look around and make notes. A royal palm tree under which I was standing seemed to shiver. I saw three or four bullet holes in it over my head. I felt a blow in my back. It was neither violent nor painful. It was as though a friend had given me a light blow in play. I fell down. To my surprise I could not get up. I had interrupted the course of a Mauser bullet."

The principal disadvantage about reporting a war, to the mind of Mr. Marshall, is that it makes all other newspaper work seem rather dull.

The horseless carriage article in this maga- zine is particularly interesting just now, and is elaborately illustrated. The "Tyroliand" is a mere thread of narrative connecting a collec- tion of photographs. "The Roc's Egg" is an excuse for a set of battleship views which are excellent in their way. Crawford's article on Gladstone is rather late. On the whole, how- ever, this number of the *Cosmopolitan* is better than usual. C.

Love that Alters.

"Love is not love that alters when it alteration finds."

That is one of the sublimest lines in all literature. It is the final definition of love by the world's greatest reader of the human mind,—Shakespeare. Nearly all women who truly love, love in this sublime way. Men seldom do.

Woman's most glorious endowment is the power to awaken and hold the pure and honest love of a worthy man. When she loses it and still loves on, no one in the wide world can know the heart agony she endures. The woman who suffers from weakness and derangement of her special womanly organism soon loses the power to sway the heart of a man. Her general health suffers and she loses her good looks, her attractiveness, her amia- bility and her power and prestige as a woman. Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo. N.Y., with the assistance of his staff of able phy- sicians, has prescribed for many thousands of women. He has devised a perfect and scientific remedy for women's ailments. It is known as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescrip- tion. It is a positive specific for all weak- nesses, diseases, disorders, displacements, irregularities, and debilitating drains pe- culiar to women. It purifies, regulates, strengthens and heals. Medicine dealers sell it, and no honest dealer will advise you to accept a substitute that he may make a little larger profit.

"I was afflicted with kidney trouble and I have always had a torpid liver," writes Mrs. E. Crosswhite, of Duffau, Erath Co., Texas. "When I commenced your medicine I was not able to stand on my feet. I used one bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and five vials of his 'Pleasant Pellets.' I am now well. I had not walked in four months when I commenced the treatment; but in ten days I was able to walk everywhere."

Dooley on Alger.

THE TRIALS OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR POINTED OUT BY THE CHICAGO PATRIOT.

"I usen't to know," said Mr. Dooley, "what me frind Gin'ral Sherman meant wnin he said that thing about war. I've been through two iv thim, not to speak iv con-ventions an' prim- ries, an' divvle th' bit iv har-hm come to me no more thin if I was settin' on a roof playin' an acorjeen. But I know now what th' ol' la-ad meant. He meant war was hell whin 'twas over.

"I ain't heered anny noise fr'm th' fellows that wint into trenches, an' plugged the vil- lianous Spanyard. Most iv thim is too weak to kick. But th' proud an' fearless pathrites who restrained thimsilves an' didn't go to th' fr-rhont—th' la-ads that sthruggled hard with their warlike tindincies an' fin'lly drowned thim an' stayed at home an' practiced upon th' typewriter, they're ragin', an tearin' an' desthroyin' their foes.

"Did ye see what me frind Alger wrote to Chansy Depoo? Well, sir, Alger has been misthreated. There's a good man. I say he's a good man. An' he is, too. At anny thrick fr'm shingles to two-be-fours, he's as good as th' best.

"But no wan apprecyated Alger. No wan understood him. No one ever thried to. Day be day he published th' private letters of other people, an' that didn't throw anny light on his charackter. Day be day he had his pitchers took, an' still th' people didn't get onto th' curves iv him. Day be day he chatted iv th' terrors iv war, an' still the people only said:

"'An' Alger also r-ran.'

"But th' time come whin Alger cud contain himsilf no longer, an' he sat down an' wrote to Chansy Depoo.

"Mr. Chansy Depoo, care iv Grand Cintral Depew, New York, Esquire:

"'Dear Chanse: I've been expectin' a letter fr'm ye f'r three or four days. Oh, Chanse, ye don't know how I suffer. I'm that low in me mind, I feel like a bunch iv laths. Oh, dear, to think iv what I've gone through. I wint into th' war unprepared. I had on'y so many r-rounds iv catrdges an' a cross-cut saw, an' I failed to provide mesilf with th' ord'nary necessities iv life. But in spite iv me de- ficiencies I wint bravely ahead. Th' strain was something tur-r'ble on me.

"'Me mind gave out repeatedly. I cud not think at times, but I never faltered. In two months I had enough supplies piled up in Maine to feed ivry sojer in Cuba. They were thousands iv r-rounds iv catridges f'r ivry rig- mint, an' all the rig'mints had to do was to write f'r thim. Th' navy had taken Manila an' Cervera's fleet an' th' ar-rmy had taken Sandago an' the yellow fever.

"'Th' war is over an' peace wanst more wags her wings over th' counthry. Pine scan- lins is quoted strong. Ivrywhere is peace an' contint. Me photographs are on sale at all first-class newsdealers. Yet, there is no ca'm f'r me. 'Onthinkin' wans insult me. They want me to rasign an' go back to me humble home in Michigan. Disgustin' men that've done nawthin' but get thimsilves shot ask f'r milk an' quinine. They'll be askin' me to carry food to thim nex'.

"'Oh, Chanse, oh, hivins, ye ean't know how grieved I am. Rather wud I have per- ished in a log jam thin to 've indured this in- gratichood. But in lookin' back over me past life I can think iv no wrong I've done. If me mimry is at fault please note. Me career is an open book. I've held nawthin' back fr'm the public, not even whin 'twas mar-rked private. I can say with th' pote, that I done my juty. But, oh, Chanse, don't iver aspire to my job. Be sicrety iv war if you will, but niver be sic- rety iv *a* war. Do not offer this letter to th' newspapers. Make thim take it.

"'How's things goin' with ye, ol' pal? I hope to see ye at th' seaside. Till thin I'm yours, sick at heart, but 'atin' reg'lar.

"'RUSS.'"

"Well," said Mr. Hennessy, "th' poor man must've had a har-rd time iv it."

"He did," said Mr. Dooley. "Niver laid his head to a pillow before eight and up at noon. He's suffered as no man can tell. But he'll be all r-right whin his mind's at r-rhest."—*Chi- cago Journal.*

At the Congress of Zoology at Cambridge Prof. Hacekel summarized all that is now known as to the descent of man, declaring that the evolution of the race from the lowest animal form is no longer a hypothesis, but an established fact. All the living and extinct mammalia which we know are descended from a single common ancestral form which lived in the Triassic or Permian period, and this form must be derived from some permian or per- haps carboniferous reptile allied to the Pro- gonosauria and Theridontia, which was de- rived from a carboniferous amphibian of the group Stegocephala. These amphibians inturn descend from Devanian fishes, and these again from lower vertebrates. The most important fact is that man is a primate, and that all primates—lemurs, monkeys, anthropoid apes, and man—descended from one common stem.

A word to the connoisseurs of the fragrant weed. Through the courtesy of Mr. George Marks, agent for Messrs. F. W. Felgner & Son Co., Baltimore, Md., we are able to announce that for a limited time each new and renewing subscriber to The Wave will receive free, post paid, from the well known firm of Goldberg, Bowen & Co. of this city, one two-ounce tin of Herbe de la Reine smoking tobacco. This tobacco is what is known in the tobacco world as bright cut Cavendish. It is made of care- fully selected Virginia leaf—is entirely free from stalks or stems. Its bouquet and fra- grant smoking qualities leave nothing to be desired.

For fine custom-made Footwear, go to Dietle's, 235 Bush street.

THE NEW BOOKS
AS ISSUED
AT
ROBERTSON'S
126 POST ST.

STANDARD BRANDS OF
WINES, SPIRITS, MINERAL WATERS
CHAMPAGNE
White Seal, Grande Cuvee, Brut Imperial
Messrs. Moet & Chandon, Epernay.
CLARETS and SAUTERNES
Messrs. Dubos, Freres, Bordeaux
HOCK and MOSELLE WINES
Messrs. Deinhard & Co., Coblentz.
MINERAL WATER
Johannis Co., Ld., Johannis Springs.
GINGER ALE
Messrs. Cantrell & Cochrane, Belfast.
CANADIAN CLUB WHISKY
Messrs. Hiram Walker & Sons, Ld., WALKERVILLE
AMERICAN WHISKY
"The Old Government." Bottled in Bond.
COGNAC BRANDY
Messrs. J. & F. Martell, Cognac.
SCOTCH WHISKY
Messrs. Andrew Usher & Co., Edinburgh.
BASS' ALE and GUINNESS' STOUT
Dog's Head Brand
Messrs. Read Bros., London.
BARTHOLOMAY BEER and VITAMALT
Bartholomay Brewing Co..Rochester, N.Y.
FOR SALE BY DEALERS AND GROCERS
Wm. Wolff & Co.
PACIFIC COAST AGENTS
327-329 Market St., San Francisco

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

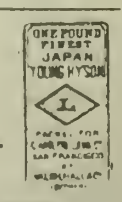
400 GRADUATES SECURED POSI- TIONS IN PAST TWO YEARS
LOW RATES!
San Francisco
Business College
Only Experienced Bookkeepers and Reporters Employed as Teachers. Send for Catalogue.
1236 MARKET STREET, S. F.

Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson's Academy
1427 Franklin St., near Post
Reopens August 1, 1898. English, French, Ger- man and Spanish Boarding and Day School. Begins with kindergarten and prepares for universities, business and society. Drawing and painting. Cul- tured home training. Excellent table. $30.00 per month. Music in all its branches, if desired, extra.

Lyceum Preparatory School
For the University, Law and Medical Col leges. Accredited with Stanford University and Cooper College. References—President Jordan or any Stanford Professor.
PHELAN BUILDING.

California College of Osteopathy
Rooms 607 608-609 : : Emporium Building Market Street, San Francisco
We permanently cure Constipation, Nervous Pros- tration, Rheumatism, Diabetes, Locomo or Ataxia and other so-called incurable diseases. Those suffer- ing from troubles pronounced incurable by doctors of medicine should investigate. Consultation Free. Write for Literature.

Los Angeles Military Academy
A Classical and English Boarding School
Re-opens Sept. 14th. Catalogue on application

Beware of Imitations
This is a fac simile of the package
Genuine Diamond "L" Tea
Pure and Uncolored
GEO. A. MOORE & CO.
208 California St., S. F.
For sale by all grocers


Centennial Stable
Boarding and Livery
Carriages, Broughams, Victorias, etc. First-Class in every respect
1521-1523-1525 California Street
Bet. Polk and Larkin
Telephone East 378 M. CONLON, Proprietor

The Royal is the highest grade baking powder known. Actual tests show it goes one-third further than any other brand.

LONDON

London, August 20th—Passing along Oxford street on these sultry August days, one cannot fail to be impressed by the outrageous truck that appears in even the best shop windows. The left-over, picked-over, shop-worn articles that are ticketed "bargains" and advertised "far below cost.' Faded gowns of pearl grey, pink or pale blue, whose sole beauty lay in their freshness, now prove a temptation to the shabby genteel class, who think they can wear the garment a few times as it is and then make it over.

The last week in August sees the end of the summer sales and September opens with the display of fall goods. There are to be numberless novelties for the toilet of the divine feminine. New jackets will be a necessity this season, for no matter how capable a modiste may be she cannot turn a short jacket into a cutaway coat with tails! The dolman shaped mantle seems imminent, and these hideous wraps will again covert most of us into Lord Byron's *bete noir*, dumpy women. I don't believe even the Venus of Milo would have appeared attractive in this most frightful of garments, and I am sure Cleopatra could not have been forced to wear one. The train for street wear will not survive the autumn and will be relegated to the ball or house gown. But as yet Dame Fashion has not emerged from her chrysalis, so we have to depend upon predictions and the hardly reliable fashion journals.

By the way, I saw at the Criterion Theatre the other evening a chic gown that quite captivated me. It was worn by Miss Clara Butt, who is tall, with a supple figure, fair skin, red lips and masses of black hair—a princess dress cut low in the neek, of black silk covered with a solid mass of jet spangles from bosom to hem. There were no sleeves, but jetted straps were fastened aeross the shoulders. Miss Butt might have posed for a warrior, for the effect of the jet was that of a coat of mail. With this gown, half covering her bare shoulders, was a shoulder cape of cherry-colored chiffon.

This seems to be an off year for Carlsbad and very few of the usual crowd are taking the cure there. Mr. and Miss Vandeleur, Prince and Princess Duleep Singh—formerly Lady Ann Coventry, whose precedence in the English Court caused so much feeling this year—and Sir Thomas Freake are among the English there. But if Carlsbad be empty and dull, Homburg is having an unusually gay season. Dances and dinners are in full swing and some very excellent private concerts have been given. Mrs. Ogden Goelet and her daughter May are there and are objects of much interest. Both are matrimonially desirable, for although Mrs Goelet has only been a widow twelve months, rumor suggests that she is willing to be consoled and gives her for second husband various and sundry notabilities. Mr. Goelet died of heart disease last year at Cowes. As for Miss May Goelet, although she went out but little last season in London, she created quite a sensation and is said to have refused half a dozen impecunious peers as well as the young Duke of Manchester. Among her train of admirers at Homburg are Lord F. Scott, son of the Duke of Buccleugh, and Mr. Ivor Guest, son of Lord Wimborne. It is said that the young Duke of Roxburghe, who has no need to win an heiress, was quite *epris* with the young American. The latest of rumors, however, gives Miss Goelet and her millions to Prince Francis of Teck, brother of the Duchess of York. In the meantime, both Mrs. Goelet and her daughter are enjoying all the sweets of life, playing tennis with royalty and proving as successful at winning love games on the lawns as in the ballrooms.

Another American girl is proving an artistic success in London. She is Miss Christian Fairfax, and won considerable notice in Paris where she sang as Mlle. Christianne Audray. The Duchess of Manchester recently gave a luncheon in honor of her young compatriot, and afterwards Miss Fairfax sang several selections from Schumann's, Saint Saens and Brahms. She has also been entertained by Lady Randolph Churchill. Miss Fairfax has in addition to her voice an attractive personality. She is to sing at the Crystal Palace in October at the opening concert, and there are great expectations as to her success.

The Duke of Fife's new house in the valley of the Dee is now finished, and is interesting architecturally as well as from other points. It is built with two projecting wings, which give it the appearance of a crescent. The object of this is to protect it from the strong winds which blow through the valley. It is built almost entirely of a pale coral-colored granite, the roofs in the old English style and made of red tiles. A verandah goes all around the house. The front door is in the center of the concave side of the crescent and opens into a large hall, which is lined with armor and hung with stag heads. The house has been furnished at great expense, but the boudoir of the Duchess is very simple and pretty. It is filled with pictures of the Duke and Duchess and their children, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Queen of course, and one of the four generations is the Queen of Denmark, the Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Fyfe and Lady Alexandra Duff. The house is lighted throughout by electricity.

Doubtless you will be interested in learning something of Earl de la Warr, who has been rendered more notorious than famous through the exposures of Mr. Hooley. He has had an interesting eareer, for he started in life without expectations. Through the death of his eldest brother, who was drowned while yachting, he beeame Lord Cantelupe; his father soon followed, and the younger son became Lord de la Warr. He is tall and thin, with a small, light moustache and slightly bent shoulders. Not yet thirty, he is a man of considerable energy, and has done more for the little town of Bexhill, where he has considerable property, than fifty mayors. He has built a hotel there, which is named "The Sackville," after his family. He married Miss Brassey, who had a large dowry, and was pretty, piquant, and petite. His sister is married to the Governor of Malta. In his boyhood Lord de la Warr was a playmate of the young Dukes of Clarence and York at Buckhurst Park. He tells a rather amusing story of how the Duke of York thrashed him. It appears that hide-and-seek was a favorite diversion of the young princes, who always, however, liked to win. Lord de la Warr was more lithe than the young Wales boys, and frequently got in ahead. This they did not approve of, and on one occasion, having failed to persuade Lord de la Warr of their rights, the young Duke of York emphasized his desires by giving young Sackville a sound thrashing.

Another peer who has suffered much at the hands of the press is the Earl of Rosslyn, who recently went into bankruptcy. Instead of succumbing to his ill-fortune, Lord Rosslyn immediately started out to earn his living, and has thus far been more than ordinarily successful. He is energetic and industrious, and works all day in a newspaper office; at night he plays at the Court Theatre in "Trelawny of the Wells." He receives twenty pounds a week for his acting, besides getting a commission on every seat booked through his instrumentality. His paper, *Scottish Life*, is doing fairly well, and he never hesitates to try and get subscriptions and advertisements from his friends. In appearance he is tall, with sloping shoulders, small, humorous eyes, a fair moustache and a small chin. He is a genial, jolly sort of fellow, and very sanguine. Notwithstanding all his misfortunes, he preserves his buoyancy, and says he intends yet to be a millionaire.

Apropos of the stage and the nobility reminds me that Miss Marie Tempest is now married to Mr. Cosmo Stuart of the Comedy. Mr. Stuart is known in private life as Mr. Cosmo Charles Gordon Lennox and is a nephew of the Duke of Richmond. His father was a brother of the present Duke. Mr. Cosmo Stuart is thirty-two; he has only been on the stage a short time and has recently played at the Criterion Theatre in "Lord and Lady Algy." At one time he was connected with the British Embassy in Rome. He inherited a large fortune, of which he made ducks and drakes all save the capital, which brings him an income of $25,000 per annum.

Brighton was quite a center of gaiety owing to the race meetings and a number of the fashionables who had gone down to Goodwood remained in Brighton to be present at the meet. On Wednesday Lord Cowley and Sir Samuel Scott came down in their steam yachts. The first day's racing was very windy and all the women were in tailor-built frocks. Lady Lurgan was in dark blue with white reveres and a pale pink silk shirt. Lady Howe wore black serge with a white feather boa and a black hat with pink wings. Lily, Duchess of Marlborough, was blooming as ever in grey with a green hat. Mrs. Willie Lawson was in dark blue with white stripes. Lady Hesketh was one of the few who dressed elaborately; she wore white foulard with blue spots and a black picture hat. In the evening everyone went to the Imperial Institute to hear the band from La Scala Orchestra at Milan. I saw young Consuelo of Marlborough with Captain Wilson, who married the Duke of Marlborough's sister, Lady Sarah, the Dowager Lady Londonderry, Lady Jane Seymour Coombe, Lady Feodore Bertie and others. Mr. Alfred Rothschild had a house party at Halton, which included Madame Melba and Mr. Byard.

KATRIONA.

Pears'

What is wanted of soap for the skin is to wash it clean and not hurt it. Pure soap does that. This is why we want pure soap; and when we say pure, we mean without alkali.

Pears' is pure; no free alkali. There are a thousand virtues of soap; this one is enough. You can trust a soap that has no biting alkali in it.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist. 806 Market Street

PARIS

Paris, August 21st.—The wave of heat which has swept over France seems to find its quarters very comfortable, and up to the present has shown no desire to move on. In the interim the poor Parisians are becoming withered as the flowers of yesterday. There is nothing doing, and energy is at a premium. The few boulevardieres that remain are chiefly the mater and paterfamilias who wish to attend the commencement exercises of their offspring. The French are most conservative in their ideas as to the education of women, and French girls are never taught Latin. They go in for graceful accomplishments—spend hours learning to walk properly, enter a room gracefully, and carry a train with ease and elegance. But construe a Latin verb—never! They also study the practical sciences, and can cut their clothes by some mathematical process that is involved to a degree. Therefore, if you tell a French girl the size of your thumb, by some algebraical process she is enabled to cut you a waist that will fit so long as you are properly proportioned.

At last this nation has discovered something it may admire in Bismarck—his appreciation of French women. It has been revealed that the Iron Chancellor was a great admirer of Parisians. In one of his letters to Princess Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor thus records his verdict: "Parisian women are not beautiful in the classical sense, but what grace and charm there is in the least of their gestures! They have more will, more personality, than the Germans, and by that I mean they know better how to join the good qualities of their sex to those of ours. Like Von Moltke, I have been struck with the vivacity of their bearing—a vivacity which you will find nowhere in high places except here." The late Marquise de Saint Yves, who before her second marriage was Countess Keller, frequently declared that Prince Bismarck was, even in middle life, able to draw any secret from a woman's lips while remaining impenetrable himself.

The Count and Countess de Castellane have been sojourning at Dunkerque, where they have been entertaining in most lavish fashion. A special train left Paris about a week ago for Dunkerque, and on board were Comte and Comtess de Sabran Ponteves, la Marquise de Gallifet, Mr. and Mrs, Austin-Lee, the Duc de Luynes, Comte Louis de Perigord, Comte Stanislas de Castellane and several others. At Dunkerque all went on board the Castellanes' yacht *Walhalla* and started on a cruise to St. Petersburg. Other fashionables are at Zurich, in the charming Hotel Baur du Lac. A special attraction in the neighborhood is the Princess Chimay, who with her gypsy lover is sojourning at one of the mountain villages near by. The Princess is well worth seeing and so far bears no traces of dissipation. She is tall and very distinguished looking, has vivid gold hair, deep purple eyes, a straight nose and dimples that would prove a temptation to an anchorite. Her hair forms a perfect aureole round her face and waves off from her forehead in soft ringlets that are caught in a loose knot at the back of her head. She looks so gentle and sweet and has a face like a flower. It is warm in the village and she wears a loose blue Mother Hubbard, cut out to show a creamy well formed neck. A lace scarf is wound round her head. But although her appearance is charming her behavior is shocking, and it seems worse when one considers how beautiful she is. She drinks to excess constantly, and goes so far as to pose in the altogether—whenever the opportunity offers. Rigo is worse, if possible than the most exasgerated description. Short, stout, with pock marked face and hair that is and apparently always has been a stranger to water. Ugh! it is horrible to contemplate. I can't understand how a woman brought up carefully as Clara Ward undoubtedly was, could so far disregard deceney and sink below the level of the lowest of her kind.

Jean Worth, who now reigns in his father's stead in the famous house in the Rue de la Paix, is talented outside of his especial profession. When you are a Worth, dressmaking is profession, is it not? But this dressmaker is an excellent painter in water colors, a connoisseur in pictures, a student of history and a man of considerable general culture. His ideas for stage costuming are especially good, and Mrs. Brown-Potter never allows anyone else to design her gowns. His chief aim in dressing women for the stage is to make the costume so broadly effective that it will hold its own against everything. It was he who made the wonderful black velvet gown Mrs. Potter wore in Francillon, which took London by storm last year. That was the first gown cut in the early Victorian style, and the effect proved startling. Mr. Worth has, like all artists, certain tricks of his own in regard to making low bodices for stage wear. They look loose and comfortable and as if they could readily fall out of place, whereas they are so artfully boned that the artist may fall or faint, struggle or writhe without causing her bodice to slip a hair's breadth from the original lines.

There are some rather amusing tales told of the conversation between the Muse, Mlle. Ernestine Curot, and her ladies in waiting on the day of her coronation. You know, the scene was quite awe inspiring with historical characters, officials, and Madame Michelet, sad and sorrowful-looking, seated in a gilt chair in the place of honor. She had never dreamed that the bust of her husband would be uncovered and his apotheosis intrusted to colleagues of the notorious Cleo de Merode and Mlle. Curot. As everything was going on in a very solemn fashion and the Queen or Muse escorted past where some friends of mine stood, they heard Mlle. Curot remark in a perfectly audible voice to her companion "You know, Justine, this cloak is lined with silk; it is *tres chic*. I shall have enough to make three silk petticoats!" And Reason still reigns in republican Paris.

Apropos of Reason, which suggests Robespierre and the Reign of Terror, reminds me that Sardon has written a play for Sir Henry Irving with the greatest of French butchers for a hero. The play is said to be admirable, save that the probabilities are violated in a way that must distress a Frenchman. Among other things, Robespierre, who never had chick nor child, is made to perish at the hands of an illegitimate son, instead of ending his life in the genuine historical fashion.

The latest story of Pere Hyacinthe, the famous French "heretic," is that he attempted to offer religious consolation to the envoys from Abyssinia, who have just left Paris. The Abyssinian Church is not in communion with Rome and Pere Hyacinthe was sure they would fall to his care. They spurned his offers and went every Sunday to mass at the Madeline. The little chapel, which Pere Hyacinthe set up after his secession from Rome, has not proved a great success. I frequently drop in there, and, although the audienee appears to be much interested in his sermons and stirred by his wonderful eloquence, nevertheless it is a very free and easy church. There does not seem to be what you would term a religious atmosphere and the men think nothing of lighting a cigarette, and the ladies present divide their time between gossip, flirtation and the ex-priest's eloquence. Parisians, although they look with very indifferent eyes upon philandering and worse, treat an unfrocked, married priest as a social pariah.

Princess Wilhelmina, or Queen Wilhelmina, as she will be by the time this reaches you, is very interesting to Parisians, chiefly on account of her father, who was a frequent visitor to Paris in the days preceding his second marriage. He was an awful old gentleman and a great responsibility to the Parisian police. On one occasion he was arrested and actually imprisoned—word was sent to Holland and on his identity being proved he was released. After that the Perfect of Police put a corps of detectives on his track, not to prevent his getting into mischief, but to protect him if he did. Fortunately he died when his daughter was in her earliest infancy, and she has been very sensibly trained by her mother, Princess Emma of Waldeck-Pyrmont. Wilhelmina is a *fin de siecle* girl. She loves out-door sport, rides the bicycle, drives six-in-hand and can manage her dairy at Soestelisk and churn out excellent butter. She speaks all the modern tongues, but makes Dutch the language of the court. She also has gone into army and navy affairs and has studied their manipulation. Prince Louis Napoleon, the second son of Jerome, is mentioned as the latest suitor for her hand.

BABETTE.

IT GOES

without saying that the standard DUBLIN PORTER is

BURKE'S

Those that drink it say so. Those who have never tried it will be pleased when they do.

Pacific Coast Agents

Sherwood & Sherwood

SAN FRANCISCO
LOS ANGELES
PORTLAND

Dr. G. A. Danziger, Dentist, 22 Geary street

$100—Reward—$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucuous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O

☞Sold by Druggists, 75c.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO

Capital and Surplus . Six Million Dollars

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON.....Second Assistant Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

CORRESPONDENTS

New York..... { Messrs. Laidlaw & Co. / The Bank of New York, N B. A.
Baltimore.....The National Exchange Bank
Boston.....The Tremont National Bank
Chicago..... { Illinois Trust and Savings Bank / Union National Bank
Philadelphia.....Philadelphia National Bank
St. Louis.....Boatmen's Bank
Virginia City, Nev...Agency of the Bank of California
London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
Paris.....Messrs. De Rothschild Freres
Berlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft
China. Japan and East Indies.....Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China
Australia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California St., S. F.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....$2,135,820 60
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash..... 1,000,000 00
Deposits June 30, 1898.....26,486,987 06

OFFICERS

President, B. A. BECKER
First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER
Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN
Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT
Assistant Cashier, WM. HERRMANN
Secretary, GEORGE TOURNY
Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann, Ign. Steinhart, N. Van Bergen, E. Rhote, H. B. Russ, D. N. Walter and N. Ohlandt.
Attorney - W. S. Goodfellow

San Francisco Savings Union

532 CALIFORNIA ST.

Deposits July 1, 1898.....$23,356,130
Paid Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Reserve Fund..... 182,009
Contingent Fund..... 435,515

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

DIRECTORS

George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, George Tasheira, E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate, and Farms and Farming Lands in the country.
Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin hy Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.
No charge is made for pass book or entrance fee.
Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco

33 POST STREET

Below Kearny Mechanics' Institute Buildin

Guaranteed Capital, $1,000,000
Paid Up Capital, $300,000

JAMES D. PHELAN, President
S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-President
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier
C. B. HOBSON, Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS—James D. Phelan, S. G. Murphy, John A. Hooper, James Moffitt, C. G. Hooker, Frank J. Sullivan, L. P. Drexler, Robt. McElroy, Jos. D. Grant.
Interest paid on deposits.
Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks.
When opening accounts, send signature.

CONNECTICUT

FIRE INS. CO.

OF HARTFORD

Assets. $3,300,000. BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.
COLIN M. BOYD,
Agent for San Francisco
501 Montgomery Street

Thuringia Insurance Co.

OF ERFURT, GERMANY

Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248

PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT
204-208 Sansome Street, San Francisco
VOSS, CONRAD & CO,, General Managers

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT Your rent payments for the horrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL Building and Loan Ass'n of California

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and Gen. Manager.
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

FRANKLIN K. LANE G. WHITFIELD LANE

LANE & LANE

Attorneys and Counselors

Removed to
1409-1412-1413 Claus Spreckels Building

No Money!

I was puzzled as to what to do. The country was flooded, and there seemed no chance for me to go in the direction I wished to go. Water, water was everywhere—the yellow water of the Mississippi. The big river had made a twelve-hundred-yard crevasse in the levee below New Orleans. It was swallowing up the country from three directions—the south, the east, the west. The only way of escape was by a narrow strip of hill land which ran north up in to Texas.

I wanted to go east, to New Orleans. But between me and the town was a two-hundred-mile sheet of water. The water was so high that steamboats were plying over the country between Bayou Sale and New Orleans. Bayou Sale was the place I was at. The fact of the steamboats running to the place I wanted to go did not help me any, however. And there was a good and sufficient reason. I had no money to pay my fare.

I cursed my luck for being in Louisiana during the flood season. If things had been all right I could have tramped it. It would have done me good. But to swim it was a large order. So I began to think.

Passing me were niggers and their families carrying what they could of their belongings up the narrow strip of hill land. They were homeless. They had been flooded out. Those who had the money to pay their way were going to New Orleans on the steamboats. But the great majority of them were going north—the way I did not want to go.

Suddenly the way out of the difficulty flashed upon me. What a fool I had been. Why, it was as easy as rolling off a log.

A steamboat was to go to New Orleans in half an hour. She was moored to a tree that stood on top of a slight rise in the ground. The nigger roustabouts were getting freight aboard of her, and the big white mate was blaspheming horribly at them—as was the custom.

I swaggered on to the steamboat with an air of lordly ease. You'd have thought I owned it. I nodded to the swearing, raucous-voiced mate. My plan was a simple one. The collector would not come round for fares until the boat had been out for at least an hour. Then I would tell him calmly that I had no money. They couldn't put me off into the water—they couldn't turn back—and they couldn't eat me. The only danger was that they might have me arrested when we got to New Orleans. This would mean a month's imprisonment at least. But I had long ago realized that one must take risks to get through life.

So I waited.

As the boat steamed along, one could see the awful desolation left by the flood. The country had been covered by a great winding-sheet. The sugar crop, houses, property, and everything else had been ruined. The bodies of horses and cows and sheep were floating about. They had either been left behind in a hurry, or had become unmanageable when the owners tried to drive them up on to the high land. Occasionally a wooden house was to be seen floating on its side. We passed by immersed towns and villages. All that was to be seen of them were the tops of the highest houses and the spires of their churches. It was a scene of ruin and desolation.

I was awakened from my reverie by the collector of fares. He was standing in front of me, waiting. The moment was at hand. The crisis had come. Now I must play my part.

I looked straight into his eyes, and smiled easily. "I have no money," I said in a calm, matter-of-fact way. I might have been speaking about the flood or the weather. I made the remark in a casual fashion.

He smiled also. He thought I was joking, and Americans have always time for the appreciation of a joke. "Of course," he said. "That's all right, I guess. Come on. Shell out!" He had evidently seen my lordly swagger as I came on to the boat, and, putting two and two together, had come at once to the conclusion that when a man of that style and ease said he was hard up he was surely not in earnest.

But I gave him a second smile, and repeated my assertion. And then the smile died from his face. He grasped the situation, and became indignant.

"What in hell do you mean by coming aboard the boat, then?" he asked.

"My dear man," I replied, still smiling, my reason for coming aboard the boat must be plain to you. As you will probably have noticed, the country is flooded. And I can't very well swim to New Orleans. I couldn't stop where I was, either. So I did the only thing left for me to do—I came on board."

"You take it d——d easy."

"Of course. You don't want me to weep about it, do you?"

"Do you know that we can put you in jail for this?"

"Of course I know it. But I have weighed all that. Besides, one doesn't know what's going to happen. And, anyway, I'm not in jail yet."

He laughed a little. "You're a beauty," he remarked. "Ho!" he shouted, to the blaspheming, raucous-voiced mate. "This fellow has had the gall to come aboard without the money to pay his fare."

The mate came forward and eyed me from head to foot. I eyed him too. He was a big, powerful fellow, with a brutal, hard face.

He let forth a torrent of blasphemy, winding up with "I've a good mind to knock hell out of you."

I had taken the man's measure; in fact I had taken the measure of the whole situation. My only chance was in playing a stiff, cool, unafraid game. There was a risk of my getting used up, and getting into jail in the bargain.

I decided instantly as to the handling of the mate.

"Look here," said I, going up close to him, and looking him straight and hard in the eyes. "Don't talk of knocking hell out of me. I'd like to see you or any other man on the boat try it on. If I've broken the law, I'll take the consequences when I get to New Orleans. I had to do what I did, and there's an end of it."

He glared at me, and moved slightly. But I kept my eye hard on his. Then his face softened a little. "Well, d—— me, partner, but you've got grit, anyhow. Perhaps we won't be hard on you. Do you mind working your passage?" he concluded suddenly.

"Not a bit," I replied.

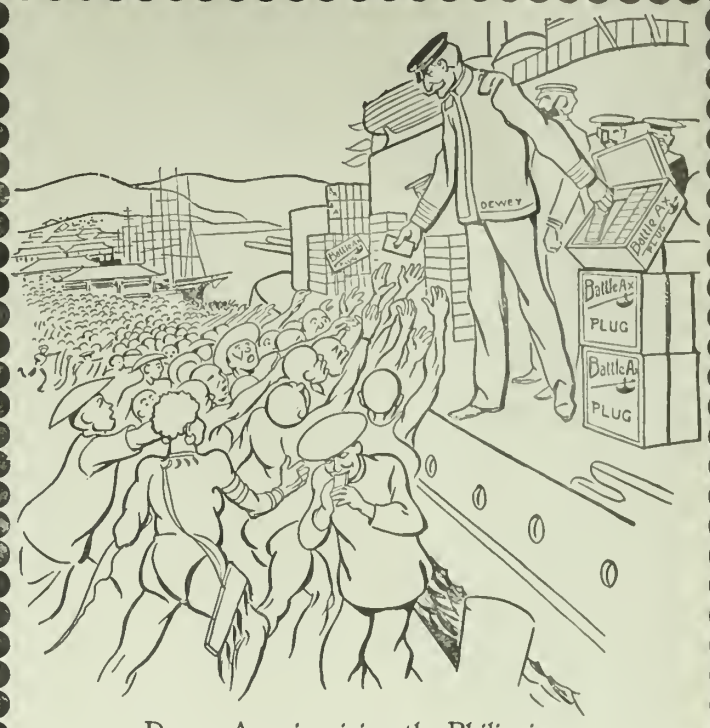
"All right. Come down into the stokehole and pass coal, and when we get to New Orleans you can help to unload freight."

He brought me down into the stokehole, and left me with the firemen—who, by the way, behaved very decently to me. They were white men. A deckhand had brought down news of how I had tackled the collector aad the mate. As everyone was afraid of the mate, my stock went up.

They gave me a stiff pull of whisky—of which I was in need—and they gave me some grub. They wouldn't let me shovel any coal for them. I just lay and chatted to the journey's end.

When we got there I helped to unload the freight, as agreed. And when this was done, and I was going down the gangplank, the mate called me back.

"Here's a quarter," he said. "Get a drink." And, taking the quarter with thanks, I went ashore, and faced up Royal street. I was in New Orleans.—*Bart Kennedy in Outlook.*



Dewey Americanizing the Philippines.

Wherever Battle Ax goes it pacifies and satisfies everybody—and there are more men chewing

BattleAx PLUG

to-day than any other chewing tobacco ever made.

The popularity of Battle Ax is both national and international. You find it in Europe:—you find it in Maine:—you find it in India, and you'll find it in Spain (very soon).

Our soldiers and sailors have already taken it to Cuba and the Philippines! Are you chewing it?

Remember the name when you buy again.

WHEN LEAVING THE THE CITY PLACE YOUR VALUABLES IN THE

Safe Deposit Vaults

OF THE

First National Bank

N. W. Cor. Bush and Sansome Sts.

EVERY POSSIBLE SAFEGUARD TO PROPERTY
REASONABLE RATES
PROMPT ATTRNTION

Office Hours: 8 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Insist Upon Having Your Ticket to New York, Boston, or Other Eastern Cities

Read over the Nickel Plate (N. Y. C. & St. L. R. R.), the popular low-rate short line. Quick time, unexcelled accommodations, and no extra fares charged. Jay W. Adams, Pacific Coast Passenger Agent, 37 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes, Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

We will send "The Wave" for Four Months to any address in the United States

For One Dollar

The Best Illustrated Paper West of New York

"The Wave"

Topics of the Day Ably Discussed

Subscribe Now

Address
Subscription Dept. "The Wave"
24 Montgomery St.

Baldwin Theatre

FRIEDLANDER, GOTTLOB & Co., Lessess and Mgrs.
Next Monday—Limited Engagement

MME. MODJESKA

Supported by a Thoroughly Capable Company of Legitimate Players

Mouday aud Thursday.....MARY STUART
Tuesday .....MAGDA
Wednesday and Saturday.....MACBETH
Friday .....CAMILLE
Saturday Matiuee .....AS YOU LIKE IT
Secoud week, "Antony and Cleopatra"
Coming—"An Enemy to the King"

Orpheum

Week coumencing . . Monday, Sept. 12th

Bessie Bonehill, England's Greatest Comedieune
Hines & Remington, the Original Bowery Spielers
Felix Morris and Company
iu a new act, "The Old Musician"
The Pasqualis aud Signor Abramoff
in the Prison Scene from "Faust"
Ed. Favor & Edith Siuclair in a New Farce-Comedy
Irene Franklin iu New Coou Songs
Tow-Zoon-In Arabs—Latest Acrobatic Novelty
Charles Barou and His Troupe of Great Danes
The Biograph—New War Scenes

Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c.

Tivoli Opera House

MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING, Proprietor and Manager

To Begin Mouday, September 12th
Seventh Week of Grand Opera
Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday Evenings
CARMEN. Mary Linck as the Cigarette Girl.
Tuesday, Thursday and Suuday Eveuings and Special Saturday Matinee, LA TRAVIATA
Auna Lichter as Violetta
Next—First time in this city of Goldmark's Biblical Work, "The Queen of Sheba," alternating with "Martha"

Popular Prices : : 25 and 50 cts.
Matinee Reserved Seats 25c. Tele. Bush 9

Alcazar Theatre

FRED BELASCO, Lessee : MARK THALL, Manager
Telephone Main 254

Week of Sept. 12th—Farewell Performances
Powers' Chinese Drama

"THE FIRST BORN"

First time iu this city—George Fawcett's
Farcical Comedy, A TRAGEDY

Alcazar Prices—Reserved One Week in Advance—15c., 25c., 35c., 50c. Matinee Saturday Only

New Comedy Theatre

(Formerly the Popular Bush)
Direction, M. B. Leavitt. Alf Ellinghouse, Res. Man.

Monday, September 12th
Every Evening, iucluding Sunday
Matinees Weduesday and Saturday
THE PACHECO COMEDY CO.
IN
WOMAN'S WIT
By Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco

Evening Prices 15c., 25c., 35c., 50c. and 75c. Matiuee Prices 25c., 35c. and 50c. Next, "Wilder's Wives"

Alhambra

Reached by Every Car Line iu the City

Mr. & Mrs. Sidney Drew, direct from England
Signor Del Puente, the World s Greatest Baritone
Corinne, the Peerless Queen of Burlesque
Miss Edith Hall, Sau Francisco's Prime Favorite
Mr. John Byrne, Gotham's Elite Society Entertainer
M. De Villiers, the Famous French Illusionist
Powers & Hyde, Refined Eutertainers
The Three Rossis, Famous Acrobatic Comedians
Mr. & Mrs. Harper, Past Masters of Colored Comedy

Popular Prices—Reserved Seats 25c. and 50c. Box Seats 50c. Matinees Saturday and Suuday 25c.; Children 10c. Telephone South 435.

Successful candidates

Should be as particular in the selection of their political printing as they would be in purchasing a suit of clothes. Thousands of voters will be unable to meet the candidate personally, but a neatly printed card with his portrait thereon will bring him recognition and votes. We do this class of printing. The Wave is a sample of our work.

BROWN, MEESE & CRADDOCK
(Incorporated)
419 Sacramento Street.

Blake, Moffitt & Towne

DEALERS IN
PAPER
55, 57, 59 and 61 First Street, San Francisco
Telephone Main 199

WINDOW SHADES
The Only Manufacturer on the Pacific Coast

Any size or color painted to order—Plain, Dado, Fringed or Lettered. Hand-Made Opaque Shade Cloth a specialty. Wall Paper, Paper Hanging,

WM. McPHUN
1159 Market Street, cor. Eighth, opp. City Hall

PATRICK & CO.
RUBBER STAMPS
STENCILS, SEALS, BRANDS, ETC.
318 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

THE THEATRES

Passing Comment on Contemporary Performances.

How charming she is as she coquetts across the stage with her arms full of flowers! Dainty, roguish, captivating, she is the incarnation of light-hearted gaiety. Surely it is not all acting with pretty Margaret Dale. Surely some of the radiance in her eyes, and even some of the color in her cheeks, is due to the consciousness that from the tips of her moderately large toes to the crown of her little cap she is altogether enchanting.

And why not? Her very evident enjoyment of her own grace and beauty is in character and would not in any event be displeasing—it is too frank. Only a monster could cavil at her entire satisfaction with her crisp little aprons and under petticoats, her lovely throat and eyes. Everybody likes them—why not not she herself? All this sounds as if I had quite forgotten Miller, but that would be impossible. Who could forget his beautiful clothes, his bold, black eyes, and the rest of him? He is capital as Comte de Candale. Really, the Chevalier's absurdity is not needed to make natural Madame's change of heart. Of course, an excuse is never needed for that operation, but on the stage it is sometiues done in the face of all probabilities.

How often, behind the footlights, do we see Madamoselle, the heroine, turning from a graceful villain or a fascinating man of the world to fall in love with a gawky bumpkin or an effusive youth who does little but embrace her—and does that stupidly. We see the converse less often, for such is the power of Beauty that the second "leading lady" is often nothing more than a pretty woman with whom almost any man could fall in or out of love.

Still we do sometimes see men desperately attracted, on the stage, by women that they would walk around the block to avoid in life. There is Mrs. ———, but no, no names shall be mentioned.

What a thankless task it is to impersonate such a being as the Chevalier de Volclos. Poor Mr. Welles! The better he acts (and he acts it with much cleverness), the more firmly is he tainted in one's memory with the Chevalier's fatuous idiocy. The one little leap the unfortunate creature's soul makes towards manhood is covered up, buried under foolishness, and we remember only how successful Mr. Welles was at being disgusting.

From a purely artistic standpoint, the plums are very evenly distributed in this adaptation of Grundy's. All of the five roles are well filled out and have their opportunities. Even the valet has something to say and do, too much indeed, for we could dispense with the scene where the Comte reads aloud his letter from the Marquise. I've not a doubt that de Valclos' confidences to his valet grated upon the entire audience. Even granting that gentlemen in the time of the fifteenth century did discuss their loves with their servants, would we not all be thankful for a little anachronism here? It might be argued, too, that a man who felt the impropriety of cross-examining a serving-maid as to her mistress' letters, would also see the atrocity of explaining his marital relations to a serving-man.

On the whole, I don't know how we could get along without the honorable old General. Any Anglo-Saxon audience would be grateful for him. We are more at ease with him, we understand and have no desire to kick him. Perhaps the ferocious air and immense size of the General, as represented by Arthur Elliott, forbids any ambition like that, but let us hope that we respect him on account of his great heart. Barring a tiny bit too much noise, Elliott is satisfactory in this part. Mabel Burt is by no means bad as the Comtesse de Candale, though the cold, regular beauty of the sophistocated face is not suited to her role, that of an affectionate direct nature. H. B.

* *

There is a comfortable feeling to be enjoyed in the cosy and artistically decorated New Comedy Theatre rarely experienced in any playhouse. "The Leading Man," which has opened this house, is a pure comedy of high class. It is presented by an unusually well-balanced company, whose artistic rendering sustains the interest of the audience throughout. The play is winning, genial and humorous, and so even a production is seldom seen on the coast. It deserves a more cordial reception than has yet been given it, and those who appreciate fun without buffoonery should give it hearty support. The renaissance of this old house is another evidence of the enterprise in thiugs theatrical, which has lately become manifest. Mr. Leavitt has the intuition of few theatrical managers in choosing successful plays, and his long experience has made him an adept in the art which makes theaters successful.

* *

The management of the Alcazar should be well satisfied with the result of reviving "The First Born" at its original birthplace. Powers' clever little drama of life in San Francisco Chinatown has a hold on the public fancy that time and repetition seem to strengthen. The changes in the cast have on the whole proved satisfactory. Gertrude Tidball has taken the place of May Buckley as Looey Tsing, and, adhering to the latter's interpretation of the character, wins the favor of the audience. Ernest Hastings acts the part of Chan Wan in the place of Powers, the author of the piece, George Osbourne continuing his excellent work in the role of Dr. Pow Len. Charles Bryant makes a hit as Hop Kee and little Venie as Chan Toy, the first born of Chan Wan, has distinctly progressed in stage ability since his former appearance. Nat Goodwin's laughable little farce, which precedes the Chinese drama, takes the fancy of the audience immensely.

* *

At the Alhambra, the new variety housc, things are settling down into smooth working order. The theatre is attractive in many ways and when the public get really acquainted with it the management will have nothing to do but to maintain the standard of the performances to make a success. The opening programme, which included the Sidney Drews in "When Two Hearts are Won," Edith Hall, Corinne, the Brothers Rossi, Signor Del Puente and other prime favorites, was a very strong bid for public favor. There will be little change during the coming week, the same artists appearing with change of songs and business here and there.

* *

DRAMATIC NOTES

"The Signal of Liberty," the original "Maine" drama, will be the opening attraction at the California. Some stariling mechanical effects are promised.

"Secret Service," with William Gillette in the leading role, will be a Baldwin attraction in November. This success of two continents will be staged here on exactly the same liberal scale as characterized its Eastern productiou.

At the New Comedy Theatre "The Leading Man" will be withdrawn on Sunday night, to give place to Mrs. Pacheco's latest work entitled "Woman's Wit." Thə scene is laid in San Francisco, and the authoress considers it her best production.

The second of the present series of concerts at Byron Mauzy Hall will be given on Thursday evening, the 15th inst. Mme. Alice Waltz will sing, Mr. Samuel Adelstein will give selections on the mandolin and lute, and Sig. Martinez will play several piano solos. Invitations can be had at 308 Post street.

The Modjeska engagement of two weeks begins at the Baldwin on Monday night next. The actress opens in "Mary Stuart," which will be repeated on Thursday night. "Magda" is announced for Tuesday, "Macbeth" for Wednesday and Saturday, "Camille" for Friday, and "As You Like It" for matinee.

At the Tivoli Opera House next week "Carmen" is the feature. It will be given on Monday, Weduesday, Friday and Saturday evenings, with Mary Linck in the title role; Rhys Thomas as Don Jose; Maurice de Vries in his favorite role of the Toreador, and Elvia Croix as Michaela. On Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday evenings and at the Saturday matinee "La Traviata" will be sung, with Anna Lichter as Violetta; Edgardo Zerni as Alfred Germont, and Wm. Pruette as George Germont. For the eighth week of the grand opera season "The Queen of Sheba" will be given for the first time in this city, alternating with "Martha." The comic opera season will open with "The Circus Queen."

The Orpheum has several new features on its bill for next week, among them Bessie Bonehill, who was last here at the head of an opera company. She is full of talent and cannot fail to be a success. Another new act on the bill will be that of Hines & Remington, who give "The Road Queen," which is said to be full of bright lines and new slang. The act was written by Miss Remington, who appears as a female tramp, while Mr. Hines makes up as a swell Irishman. The De Pasqualis, in conjunction with Sig. Abramoff, will repeat the prison scene from "Faust"; Favor & Sinclair will still be "The Maguires"; Chas. Baron with his troupe of trained Great Danes in their lion impersonation; Felix Morris in "The Old Musician," said to be the most charming one-act play ever presented on the vaudeville stage; Little Irene Franklin in new coon songs; the Biograph with new war scenes and the Twozoonin Arabs in their wonderful acrobatic act.

Among the candidates for office at the approaching Republican Convention is Supervisor Edward J. Smith, who aspires to the office of Sheriff. Supervisor Smith is a strong man in his quarter, as his vote at the last election showed. He ran far ahead of his ticket in the 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd and 33rd districts, and could not fail to make a good showing against any man opposed to him. He has a large following and a great capacity at making friends.

Sigh Not For Love.

Sigh not for love; the ways of love are dark.
Sweet child, hold up the hollow of your hand
Aud catch the sparks that flutter from the stars;
See bow the late sky spreads in flushing bars!
They are dead roses from your own dear land,
Tossed high by kindly breezes. Lean and hark,
And you shall know how morning glads her lark.
The Timid Dawn, herself a little child,
Casts up shy in loving worship, dear;
Is it not yet enough? the spring is here!
And would you weep for winter's tempest wild?
Sigh not for love; the ways of love are dark.
Helen Hay.

A Different Thing.

"Death is the base deserter's fate,"
The Spanish soldier paused to sing.
"But if the leaders of our state
Are seized with fear and abdicate,
Of course that's quite a different thing."
—Washington Star.

On a War Correspondent.

Died for his country in his youth,
No more his pencil flies.
Reader! at last you have the truth;
Beneath this stone he lies.
—Atlanta Constitution.

Poodle Dog Restaurant, southeast corner of Grant avenue and Bush street. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone 429. Blanco & Bruno, proprietors.

The best assorted stock of sheet music and musical goods in the city, with lowest prices for everything, can be found at Mauvais', 799 Market street.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

The coming textile fibre, according to *Textile America*, is that of the ramie plant. Already, it appears, manufacturers of hosiery and fancy goods are using the fibre on a large scale, and the facilities for washing such textures have contributed to their increasing manufacture for table linen, bed sheets, etc. The fact is also important that the different tests made with this and other vegetable fibres, such as flax, hemp, cotton, etc., have been in favor of the ramie, and for this reason it is gradually gaining favor iu another branch, namely, the production of sailcloth, awnings, and coverings for carriages, on account of its being less sensitive to atmospheric influences, acids, and septics. Knitted underwear made of ramie (this industry, it may be remarked, being one in which the material has been most successfully introduced) is not only one that has acquired quite a liking from the public because of its extreme durability and silky finish, but also for its estimated hygienic advantages. These latter are based on the substance admitting of normal perspiration without generating or retaining the disagreeable heat caused by textures made of other fibres, while hot water and soap will also cleanse it without any exposure to strong friction.

A physician quoted by the Boston *Transcript* says that acute insomnia may be promptly cured by the practice of deep breathing. Draw into the lungs as much air as possible, and do not exhale it until obliged to, and then as slowly as possible. It is somewhat of a task when the night is oppressively warm, but if persisted in is fairly sure to relieve that hyperaemia of the brain which everyday folk call wakefullness. The tricks of the sleepless to induce sleep are many, but none is found to be more immediately efficacious than the plan of forcing the lungs to take the burden off the brain and nerves.

Lignite is being used for fuel by the Houston and Texas Central Railway. For switching engines it is used alone, with improved draught appliances and the diamond stack, but for road engines it is mixed with equal parts of coal. The results of the use of lignite are given by Mr. S. R. Tuggle, Superintendent of Motive Power of the road, in a paper read before the Texas Railway Club. He says that besides the saving in cost, due to the shorter haul, large beds of the lignite being near the main line of the road, there has been a saving in repairs of flues, staybolts and fireboxes.

Clothing, curtains, blankets, etc., cleaned or dyed. Pacific Cleaning and Dyeing Works, 353-357 Tehama street. Telephohe South 40. J. Spaulding & Co.

ELECTRIC..

Supplies
Construction
Repairs

CALIFORNIA
ELECTRICAL WORKS
409 MARKET STREET

For those who appreciate Comfort and Attention

A QUIET HOME
CENTRALLY LOCATED
OCCIDENTAL HOTEL
SAN FRANCISCO
WM. B. HOOPER, MANAGER

Hotel Belvedere

Opened for the Season May 1st

Belvedere, Cal. MRS. A. T. MOORE.

September in the Sierras!

DEER PARK INN, Lake Tahoe, Cal., is located in the midst of the trouting, grouse, quail and deer region of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Comfortable, hospitable, admirably kept.

City office, room 1, Flood Building.

Golden Eagle Hotel

Seventh and K Sts., Sacramento

First-class in every respect. All modern conveniences. Bus at every train. GRAY & TITUS, Props.

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON
Phone Main 5178

Sutter Street Hammam

TURKISH AND RUSSIAN BATHS

415 Sutter Street, between Stockton and Powell

Open Day and Night for Gentlemen
For Ladies, from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

Two Famous Summer Resorts Representing the Mountains, Interior and Seashore OF CENTRAL CALIFORNIA

BOTH UNDER ONE MANAGEMENT, NOTED FOR ITS EFFICIENCY

HOTEL DEL MONTE

MONTEREY, CAL.

MAGNIFICENT SURROUNDINGS
WARM SALT WATER BATHING
EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN PLANS
FINE SERVICE
MODERATE CHARGES

TAVERN OF CASTLE CRAG AND SODA SPRINGS

Located in the Heart of the Famous Shasta Region, 320 miles from San Francisco — Elevation 2100 feet

REASONABLE RATES ∴ SUPERIOR ACCOMMODATIONS

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION, ADDRESS

GEORGE SCHONEWALD, MANAGER

HOTEL DEL MONTE, Monterey, Cal. TAVERN OF CASTLE CRAG, Castle Crag, Shasta Co., Cal.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway wharf San Francisco.

For Alaskan ports, 10 a.m. Sept. 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, Oct. 3; transfer at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports 10 a.m. Sept. 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, Oct. 3, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, 10 a.m. Sept. 5, 11, 17, 23, 29, Oct. 5, and every sixth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a. m. Sept. 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, Oct. 4 and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), at 11 a.m. Sept. 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, Oct. 2 and every fourth day thereafter.

For Mexican ports, 10 a. m. 18th of every month.

For further information, obtain folder.

The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing.

Ticket Office: 4 New Montgomery St (Palace Hotel)

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen. Agts.

No. 10 Market Street, - San Francisco, Cal.

OCEANIC Steamship Company

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S. S. "Australia," Honolulu only, Wednesday, Sept. 21st, at 2. p.m.

S. S. Alameda, for Australia, Wednesday, Oct. 5th, at 2 p.m. Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Cape-town, South Africa.

Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.
Freight Office 327 Market St.

J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO General Agents

Santa Fe Route

The Most Comfortable Way to Travel Across the Continent!

Through Pullman Parlor and Tourist Cars Every Day

Meals at Harvey's Famous Dining-Rooms

Get full particulars at Ticket Office

628 MARKET STREET
SAN FRANCISCO

1118 Broadway, OAKLAND

A. K. DAGGETT

Drawing of Deeds and all Legal Papers a specialty

NOTARY PUBLIC
14 Montgomery St., S. F
Telephone 305

"Remember the Name!"

Certain individuals who do not patronize American industries run off with an idea that in order to get good wines they must use European products, when there is no necessity for so doing, and in these stirring and patriotic times of To-day everybody should feel a keen interest in American products which are of deserving merit,

Both for the reason that they are used largely among American citizens, and made by Americans for American people in America now and always, and therefore we ask you to give the LAZOA CRESTA BLANCA California Wines a fair and impartial trial at your club or home

With anything of like cost from France. Inasmuch as these wines have been acknowledged second to none in comparison with goods from the European countries, wherever exhibited, you Surely are in favor of American goods.

WETMORE - BOWEN CO.
140 Montgomery Street San Francisco, Cal.

MRS. M. E. PERLEY MRS. S. V. CULP

DECORATIVE KERAMIC ART STUDIO

215 Post Street

All Branches of China Painting Taught
Morning Class: Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, from 9 a. m. to 12 m. Afternoon Class: Daily, from 1:30 to 4:30. Lessons $1 each. Private Lessons $1.50 each. TRY OUR ROMAN GOLD.
Telephone Grant 43

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

Main Office, 510 Montgomery St.
SAN FRANCISCO

Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper Information
Advance Reports on all Contract Work
Telephone Main 1042

Brushes

For barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, book-binders, candymakers, canners, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paperhangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

BUCHANAN BROS.

TEL. 5610 609 SACRAMENTO ST
BRUSH MANUFACTURERS

CUTS FOR THE CAMPAIGN AT SPECIAL PRICES

YOSEMITE ENGRAVING COMPANY

24 MONTGOMERY ST.
TELEPHONE MAIN 5896
SAN FRANCISCO
CAL

GREENBAUM'S

White and Dark Violet

The Most Fashionable Perfume
Possesses the Odor of Fresh Violets

128 POST ST. UNDER BOHEMIAN CLUB

THE LATEST STYLES IN

CHOICE WOOLENS

H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors

622 Market St. (up stairs) opp. Palace Hote

Bicycle and Golf Suits

BONESTELL & CO.

Dealers in PAPER

Fine Coated Papers a Specialty

401-403 SANSOME ST.,
San Francisco, Cal.

JOE POHEIM, THE TAILOR

Makes the best fitting clothes at 25 per cent less than any other house on the Paoific Coast. See Prices:

PANTS TO ORDER	SUITS TO ORDER
$3.50	$10.00
4.50	13.50
5.00	15.50
6.00	17.50
7.00	20.00
8.00	25.00
9.00	30.00

The firm of JOE POHEIM is the largest in the United States. Rules for self-measurement and samples of cloth sent free.

201 and 203 Montgomery St., cor. Bush.
844 & 846 Market St. 1110 & 1112 Market St.
SAN FRANCISCO.
485 Fourteenth St., Oakland. 603 & 605 K St., Sacramento.
143 South Spring St., Los Angeles.

BAJA CALIFORNIA

DAMIANA BITTERS

"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. (Send for Circular.)

NABER, ALFS & BRUNE, Agents
323-325 Market St., S. F.

J. J. GILDEA
CLOTHIER

OVERCOATS
From $7.50 Upwards

Kerseys, Meltons, in any shades, Coverts and Vicuna, Silk-Lined and Faced to the edge.

SUITS
From $7.50 Upwards

Cheviots and Worsteds, in plain or fancy shades, Imported Clay Worsteds, Vienna and Unfinished Worsteds in Cutaway Frocks, Prince Alberts and Full Dress.

Our Boys' and Children's Department our Specialty.

J. J. GILDEA
756 Market St., cor. Grant Ave.
Formerly "Examiner" Office.

THE UNAPPROACHABLE COLDNESS
...OF...
THE Alaska REFRIGERATORS
HAS WON FOR THEM
MANY WARM FRIENDS!
W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.
Pacific Coast Agents
309 to 317 Market Street, San Francisco

If we made it, it's proper!
We are giving
demonstrations daily in the art of correct tailoring. Our customers are models of neatness and fashion, and we take pride in having them such. If you are particular—if your clothes must be just so—then we want you for a customer. Won't you let us demonstrate this with you?
GRENNAN BROS. Telephone Black 2465 850 Market St.

COTTON SAIL DUCKS
22 inch in all numbers Medium, Soft and Hard
ALSO
Heavy Weight Wagon and Draper Ducks
From 30 to 120 inches wide.
Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks
Manufactured by Mount Vernon Company Baltimore
Murphy, Grant & Co. Pacific Coast Sole Agents

United States Laundry
Office 1004 Market St.
TELEPHONE SOUTH 420

NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

Just before one of the fights in the Santiago campaign, the air was heavy with rain, and the men stood sweltering in their heavy and uncomfortable uniforms. An orderly saluted the officer in command of a certain regiment. "There is a downpour over there, Colonel. If the men get soaking wet they won't make much headway up that hill. They wish to know if you will allow them to take means to keep their uniforms dry?" "Certainly; any means so long as they don't break ranks," said the Colonel, sharply. The orderly saluted, and in a moment some queer new word of command rang from company to company—just one world of five letters. The whole regiment responded, and in two minutes Adam in the Garden was not in it. Every soldier sat expectantly upon a small, compact bundle which was wrapped in his poncho (a square of waterproof), and complacently looked towards the hurrying rain clouds.

The Duke of Norfolk used to wear the shabbiest clothes. Invited to distribute the prizes at Gumley House Convent at Isleworth, where the children of the English Catholic aristocracy are educated, he did not appear at the appointed time. The great gates were open wide, pending the arrival of the distinguished guest, whom it was expected would come in a ducal equipage with postillions and footmen in powdered hair. Presently a very shabbily-dressed and quite insignificant middle-aged man walked in through the crowd at the gates and was making his way into the grounds when he was checked by one of the sisters. "My good man," she said, "you know we do not distribute relief to the poor on a day like this." With a look of great amusement the homely-looking intruder replied: "Quite so, Sister, but you *do* distribute prizes and I have come down by train to distribute them for you."

Mrs. Gladstone's care for her husband's health was proverbial. One fresh night the great statesman was walking and talking with George W. Smalley on the terrace at Bamborough Castle, when she approached with a wrap, which she carefully put round his neck. He submitted in silence. Half an hour later she came out of the castle to remind him it was late. He was nearly ready to go in, he told her, but proceeded to walk on again. Mrs. Gladstone waited. "William," she said, "you have to speak to-morrow, and it's very damp. Don't you think you had better come in?" "Yes," he replied; "quite time." Then, with a rare expression of humor, he said to Smalley, "We will take another turn to vindicate our independence." And they did.

The brogue of the south and west of Ireland is softer and more musical than the brogue of the north, which has about it some of the flavor of the Scottish accent. When Lord Morris was Chief Justice of Ireland, a young junior barrister rose in his court one day to make his first motion, and spoke in the hard brogue of the north of Ireland. "Sapel," said the judge, in a low voice, to the registrar of the court, "who is this new-comer?" "His name is Clements, my lord." "What parrt of the coonthry does he hail from, in the name of all that's wundherful," asked the judge. "County Antrim, my lord," was the reply. "Well, well," said the judge, "did you iver come across sich a froightful accint in the whole coorse of yer born loife?"

In the days when Catholic persecution was rife in England, a member of the House of Commons named Thomas Massey, who was noted for his hatred of Catholicism, brought in a bill to abolish the Popish affix *mas* or *mass*, and substitute the good old Saxon affix *tide*, so that Christmas and Michaelmas should read Christ-tide and Michael-tide. Daniel O'Connell listened attentively to the member and then arose: "Since the honorable gentleman is so anxious to wipe out the obnoxious *mas* from the English vocabulary, why doesn't he commence by Saxonizing his own name? In that case he would be known as Tholtide Tidey."

Lord Elgin, the retiring Viceroy of India, is a very timid horseman. He was taking horseback exercise along the Row at Simla, when an aid-de-camp rode up with a message. "Your Excellency!" commenced the officer. There was no answer. Desperately he returned to the attack. "Your Excellency, Mr. Soandso requests——" Lord Elgin turned on him furiously, with what he evidently considered an all-sufficient excuse for his preoccupation: "Good God, sir, can't you see that I'm riding?"

Monson, the celebrated English criminal, who is now doing time for burglary, is related to half the peerage, and is a man of fine education and ability. Visited in his cell at Holloway by the Visiting Magistrate, he was examined according to the routine. "Have you any complaints to make?" asked the justice. "No," replied the prisoner. "Is there anything you want?" was the next query. "A latch-key," answered Monson.

Some time ago in a Tyneside village the parish doctor called upon a woman for the purpose of vaccinating her infant child. He inquired the date of its birth. "Wey, sor, te tell the truth, Aa divven knaa," replied the mother; then she added, as a brilliant thought came into her head: "But thor's yen thing Aa de knaa—it was born on the syem day as Geordie Johnson's litter o' pigs!"

In the House of Commons there once arose a discussion over the killing of a Tipperary landlord, an effort being made to show the crime the work of a secret society. Vincent Scully entered the discussion in warm praise of the deceased: "He was much beloved by the peasantry," he said. "He distributed food to the starving, and, Mr. Chairman, no man had a less right to be murdered."

PALACE AND GRAND HOTELS
Now Under One Management
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
1400 rooms—900 with bath
Rooms, $1.00 and upward Room and Meals, $3.00 and upward
A beautifully illustrated book, containing floor plans and rate card can be had the asking.
JOHN C. KIRKPATRICK, Manager.

HOTEL WESTMINSTER
AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLANS
LOS ANGELES, CAL.
The Finest and Most Complete Hotel in the City. Everything New.
The Highest Standard of Perfection Maintained in all Departments.
F. O. JOHNSON, Proprietor.

Louis Roederer Champagne
HIGHEST GRADE IN THE WORLD
E. LA MONTAGNE & SONS
Sole Agents
45 Beaver St., New York
Three kinds, all of equ excellence:
BRUT
GOLD SEAL
A Perfectly Dry Wine
GRAND VIN SEC
BROWN SEAL
The Perfection of a D Wine
CARTE BLANCHE
WHITE SEAL
A Rich Wine
MACONDRAY & CO.
Sole Agents Pacific Coast
116 California Street

573-579 Market Street San Francisco
R. H. PEASE Vice-President and Manager
73 and 75 First Street Portland, Ore.

TELEPHONE MAIN 5806.
YOSEMITE ENGRAVING COMPANY
MAKERS
24 MONTGOMERY ST.
The illustrations in this paper are made by us.

REPSOLD SELECT VINTAGE
REGISTERED BRAND
OF ALL OLD WINES
REPSOLD'S OUTSHINES
WHEN AN EPICURE DINES
THIS BRAND OF WINE IS SOLD AT ALL FIRST CLASS HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS
Office, 416 Pine Street

Professional and Amateur Photographers of the Pacific Coast will please remember that we carry the
LARGEST AND FINEST STOCK OF
CALIFORNIA CAMERA COMPANY
Cameras and Photo Goods
IN THIS MARKET
CALIFORNIA CAMERA COMPANY
Headquarters for VELOX PAPER
Send stamp for New Price List.
CALIFORNIA CAMERA CO.
22 GEARY ST., SAN FRANCISCO
When you write, please mention "The Wave"

SOHMER PIANOS ARE THE BEST
BYRON MAUZY
308-314 Post Street

This Paper not

THE WAVE

VOL. XVIII. No. 12 SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 17, 1898 PRICE 10 CENTS

THE INDIAN VILLAGE AT FORT WRANGEL

A fire destroyed the curious effigies called "totems," on which the Alaskan Indians carved the histories of their families. They were among the wonders of Alaska, and cannot be replaced.

Photos by Taber.

THE WAVE

Is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $5.00 per year. Sample copies free on application.

The trade is supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 342 Geary street; east of the Rocky Mountains by the American News Company, New York.

The Wave is kept on file and is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France; 31 Union Square, New York City; 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 206 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

For advertising rates and on all other matters pertaining to city business, address Trevor Cory, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Eastern representative, D. M. Foltz, 34 Park Row, New York.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 17, 1898

CONTENTS

Editorials 2
Things and People; by Boswell Jr 3
Wilford Woodruff's Funeral 4
An Informal Session of the Hawaiian Annexation Commission 4
Letters of a Martyr; by Etienne Marcel 5
The Astoria Regatta 5
Scientists at Boston 6
The Nile Campaign 6
Seaside Life at Santa Monica and Long Beach 7
The Admission Day Celebration at San Jose 8
Second Oregon Volunteers at the Presidio 7
Admission Day at Glen Park 10-11
Washington Recruits at Angel Island 12
A Debutante's Diary 13
The Regatta at Astoria 14
The Origin of Anarchy 15
Magazine Opinions 15
London Letter 16
New York Letter 16
The Theatres 18
New Stories Re-Told 20

MR. MAGUIRE AND "SINGLE TAX."

Is the doctrine of "single tax" an issue in the present gubernatorial campaign? Mr. Maguire, who is now the foremost living apostle of this theory of governmental support, says it is not. Probably Mr. Maguire has given more time and thought to preaching single tax than any living man. It is dearer to him than is Democracy itself. In the general application of that doctrine, with the emphatic certainty that ever belongs to the enthusiast, he plainly sees the salvation of all mankind. Mr. Maguire believes, with a sturdy, honest and very likely misguided fervor, that seventy-five per cent. of man's troubles would be obliterated if bonds, stocks, money, jewelry, plate and buildings were no longer taxed. He believes that humanity would be happier and better governed if all the revenues raised for the support of the State and lesser municipal sections of the body politic were levied upon and paid by land-owners. In this single tax upon land alone lies the hope of posterity.

Mr. Maguire knows, if he knows anything, that wherever this doctrine has been presented to the popular vote in America, it has been rejected. But always—he will declare—because the people did not understand the question. In Delaware an organized effort was made to have single tax adopted. The Democratic candidate for Governor and the followers of this creed labored long and earnestly with the voters of Delaware. Time and again our Californuia Congressman was absent from his seat, and he made no concealment of the fact that he was "down in Delaware" preaching "single tax." Having failed in his open effort, is it not possible that the tactics of the single tax theorists have changed? Crediting Mr. Maguire with sincerity in the belief that the medicine he offers would be potent to cure our political ills, crediting him with an honest faith that the poor man will be richer, and poverty minimized if the fool people could only be compelled to take a dose of this cure all, is it conceiveable that this gentleman, if placed in a position of power, would resist the temptation to force upon California a remedy which he *knows* would remedy their ills? Than the Governor, no State officer has more power in shaping constitutional amendments; and if Mr. Maguire be elected to that office, he will be a rare man, indeed, if he fails to grasp the first opportunity to give his theory a chance.

If the Democratic party at its next national convention should omit to incorporate in its platform a free silver plank, and should nominate Mr. Bryan for President, what would the voter think if Mr. Bryan were to claim that the silver question was not an issue, and demand that his past relations with that doctrine must be forgotten? No one but a congenital idiot would believe him. Neither will sane Democrats believe Mr. Maguire would forsake the chief ambition of his life and bury "single tax" for four years, just to be a Governor. Single tax is an issue, and Mr. Maguire should make some attempt to explain it to the voters. There are thousands and tens of thousands of men in this State who own no land, and who believe no one else should own any, except the Government. There are tens of thousands of voters, indeed a very large majority who, because of the statutes and things we call "laws," are deprived of the same ownership in land that they enjoy in air and sunshine. The Creator gave the earth to *all* mankind, just as he gave the air. That our ancestors have not devised laws whereby there is a monopoly in the air, and in the heat of the sun, arises out of the fact that such a monstrous iniquity was physically impossible. No man can contemplate with uncoucern the idea of a set of statutes that would place in private ownership the air we breathe. Then where did our forefathers acquire the right to create land titles, that operate to the disadvantage, harm and injury of the millions of their posterity, that for the creatures of God hereafter sent to earth there is no spot for them to stand where some man more fortunate may not order them to "move on." "Single tax" is presumed to cure this great army, for ultimately the tax will fall so heavily on real property that it will become delinquent and the land be absorbed by the Government for the benefit of its people.

Mr. Maguire should explain the theory of single tax. Why should he preach free silver? As a Governor he cannot assist free silver, and as a Congressman he did not. Why should he prate about the Funding bill? As a Governor he cannot affect the passage or defeat of that measure. As a Congressman he missed the only opportunity he had of striking at the corporation he attacks. He cannot as a Governor do or say a thing that will affect national legislation on either of these questions. But on the question of "single tax" he could, as Governor, do much to further this dream of his life. Upon the only issue he will have power to act, he is silent, while upon those wherein he would be powerless as a Governor he is most contentious.

THE PHILIPPINE QUESTION.

One need not be a jingo to find difficulty in understanding the hesitation of the administration to announce its definite policy in regard to the Philippines. In a matter of this kind we are strongly of opinion that it is the imperative duty of the President and his Cabinet to dictate the attitude of the nation, for they alone, as things stand, are in a position to discern the necessities from the international point of view. The question is not in any sense domestic in its bearing, except so far as it may affect the national purse and the trading opportunities of our citizens. The former of these considerations can have no real anxiety for the people in the present condition of our resources, while it is perfectly certain that under the latter head advantages impossible to estimate will accrue from ownership of the islands. The issue, therefore, narrows itself down to international policy and our duty to civilization.

Dealing first with the latter point in the problem, we have only to ask ourselves, having refused to permit the continuance of Spanish misrule in Cuba, why should we be a party to its resumption in the Philippines, where the native inhabitants were likewise in actual rebellion when our forces had wiped out all trace of Spain's sea power and captured the chief city of the group. As a whole, the Philippine Islands, though nominally in the possession of Spain for the last three centuries, have never been actually under its full control, a state of affairs entirely different to that which existed in the Antilles, where it has already been provided that her colonial power shall no longer continue. This result has been achieved by our arms, and was distiuctly a part of the programme when we embarked upon hostilities. The acquisition of the Philippines was not in that category, but the impetuous valor of the navy, when forced to emerge from a neutral port in the Orient, was not to be denied, and, willing or unwilling, the nation suddenly found itself master of the situation in a region that had hitherto been beyond its contemplation. There is nothing novel in such a situation in time of war. There is somethiug unusual, however, though not unprecedented, in effecting a conquest of territory where the subject races have rebelled with more or less effect. The result is, as the present sitnation shows clearly enough, we have come to be peace officers in the Philippine Islands. Our withdrawal would lead to a fresh outbreak of hostilities between the natives and their former oppressors, and the people themselves have no form of government that can be depended upon to maintain a national existence. Our obvious duty, then, as a civilized power is to retain such control as we have already established, and strengthen it as necessary for the protection of the inhabitants of the outlying parts of the group, just as Great Britain has done in the case of the Egyptian provinces. For the time being it is incumbent upon us to assume the duties of sovereignty, the precise form it shall take in the future or the ultimate development of our responsibilities being matters that we are not now called upon to deal with. In point of fact we cannot do so, however much we desire to see and mark out our course ahead.

The only point left to consider is the international obligation under which the United States came when Admiral Dewey put his quietus on Spanish dominion in the islands of the South Pacific. It is hardly necessary to look beyond the everyday recorded opinion of statesmen and able publicists as to the duty we owe to the nations. We are constantly warned that any disposition to recede from the foremost place we now occupy in Philippine affairs will precipitate action on the part of European powers to protect their interests against the risks which will surely accrue from any attempt to rehabilitate the power of Spain in that quarter.

Merely to occupy Manila or even the whole island of Luzon and leave Spain in nominal possession of the rest of the group would be to create inevitable difficulty for our own local government in dealing with any hostile native element, and at the same time deprive Spain of the strategic position which at present affords the only available foothold from which the islands can be dominated. To deal successfully with the native races of the Orient the power in control must be paramount in every respect, and the prestige which the United Strtes would obtain by finally obliterating Spanish rule in the Philippines would be of the utmost value in our future dealings with the Filipinos. We make no pretence of saying that the task of governing the islands is simple, but we insist that it will be far easier to exercise sovereign rights over the entire group than over any part of it, especially with Spain as a neighbor in possession of the remainder. Frequent allusions are made in current writings in the press to the Philippines as the gateway to the commerce of the Orient, a definition of their present situation and future prospects that is nonsensical, but, nevertheless, the power that holds them will be entitled to a leading voice in the adjustment of the important questions now pending in the Far East.

THE ANGLO-GERMAN ALLIANCE.

The establishmeut of a new relation between England and Germany is a curious engagement in view of the commercial antagonisms which exist between the two countries The conditions of the understauding have not been revealed, but we gather it has mainly to do with African affairs, and ensures England a free hand in the Southern continent, especially with regard to Delagoa bay, in return for her non-interference with the Kaiser's aspirations in Asia Minor. Thus far Germany has been unfortunate in the location of her colonies. Her flag has been planted in tropical regions, favored neither by climate nor fertility. Poultney Bigelow pointed out with extreme frankness the failure of her experiments in Southern Africa, and told of the disappointment of the emigrants who had gone forth from the Fatherland to make homes in those sultry and inhospitable regions. During latter years the Kaiser has been trafficking with the Sultan, and did him generous service both before the war with Greece and in the subsequent negotiations. In return it seems he hopes for territorial concessions throughout Syria, and including Jerusalem.

It should be remembered that England in her relation with Egypt is in a delicate position. The time of the mixed tribunal which presides over the domain of the Khedive ends in 1899, and the Egyptian Government demands many reforms before a renewal is agreed upon. The opposition of France to all schemes devoted to improving the status of the English regime may be counted upon, and the Russian representative is equally antagonistic. The end will be the dethronement of the Council of Powers and undisguised control of the country by England. Already events are taking shape for this consummation. Not for the benefit of the Sultan of Turkey or the Khedive has British gold and blood been spent in the conquest of the Soudan. The time is close at hand when Egypt will become a dependency as India is and ruled much in the same manner. But when that announcement is made there is sure to ensue trouble. Virtually the gage must be thrown down to France, and that may mean the breaking out of the long-threatened European war.

In order to strengthen herself in this hour of need it is not surprising that a give and take engagement with Germany has been entered into. The rapproachment between Russia and France, and the weakening of the Triple Alliance through internecine strife between Austria and Hungary, together with the impoverishment of Italy, has made Germany anxious to ally herself with a strong and adventurous nation like England. Between them they may well defy the world. With English backing the Kaiser can not only satisfy his aspirations in Asia Minor, but may demand and be conceded a sphere of influence in China far wider than the province of Shan-tung. A reversal of Russian control at Pekin would inevitably follow, and British policy throughout the world would at once become bolder and more aggressive.

On the other hand, Germany is England's chief rival in commerce. Under the Kaiser the Empire has grown great in manufacturing, and in many quarters of the globe her goods have displaced the products of Sheffield, Manchester and Birmingham. In the home markets of Great Britain she is a strong competitor, and the success and aggression of her merchants has undoubtedly aroused bitter antagonisms throughout the manufacturing centers. *Made in Germany*, a book published in 1896, presenting statistics of Germany's invasion of England's markets, created an enormous sensation and aided the effect of the injudicious telegram to President Kruger in arousing the intense feeling against the Kaiser, that is only now beginning to be allayed. But Germany presents the only possible alliance for England in the absence of an understandiug with the United States, and Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour have undoubtedly entered into this agreement not only to preserve the peace of Europe, but to protect English advances in the various quarters of the globe where the standard of the Queen flies.

THINGS AND PEOPLE

The Single Tax issue in the campaign against Maguire is doubtedly having an effect. Whether the internecine ids in the Republican party will off-set the disadvantages the Democratic candidate's economical disabilities re- ains to be seen, but just now it is being borne home to the mer what single tax really means, and that Maguire ually believes it is proper to saddle the land with the tire cost and burden of government. However amiable theory, this principle in practice would be particularly pensive to real estate owners throughout the State, and e presumption is that any number of Democrats will be verted from their natural allegiance to vote for Gage. In ite of the noisy acclamations of some members of the rty, the silent voter plays an important role in the mocracy, and if Maguire cannot check this disaffection, will certainly be beaten. From now on the greater monstrations will undoubtedly be made by the Maguire rces, but it should be remembered that Populism expresses ost of its force in noise. Though the last campaign was a epublican success, it is well known the Democrats had the ggest meetings. Even in Alameda County the gatherings nvoked by the Fusionists were larger than those of the epublicans. Indeed its meetings were greatest where its otes were smallest, for our Fusionists are friends of clamor. he impression of great strength which their voices convey not carried out when the votes are registered.

***

The amateur campaign committee organized by the Gal- ghers to conduct the Maguire candidacy has had to retreat to the background. It has penetrated the armor-plated gotism of Maguire that there is a fierce fight before him nd that the other elements of fusion must be considered esides the Democrats and Gallaghers. The consequence this consciousness has led to the practical re-organization the campaign, aud the Silver Republicans and the Popu- sts are now to have representation. At this late hour the articipation of W. P. Lawlor has been invited, and I nderstand he is to have the entire management of the ght throughout the State, in arranging for meetings and rations and otherwise conducting the practical details of he engagement. It is a bit late in the day to ask assistance om Mr. Lawlor, considering the Gallaghers had not itherto thought him good enough for the State Central ommittee. However, he is a loyal party man and easily he best executive in the Democracy. The success he chieved for the Silver party last campaign will be remem- ered. In the meantime Seth Mann is engaged learning he duties of his role as Chairman of the State Central ommittee.

***

In local politics there is much talk of nominations and onsiderable discussion of candidates. In the fight for the Mayoralty, of course, one hears of but one aspirant and the e-election of Mayor Phelan is conceded in advance. For the ther offices there is a great clashing of ambitions. It is aid that Governor Budd has interjected his obnoxious per- onality into the municipal contest in behalf of Richard Whelan's candidacy for Sheriff. Mr. Whelan is an appan- ge of the firm of Reddy, Campbell & Metson, for whom he Governor has always shown undue solicitude. Another ontest in which considerable interest is being developed is or the office of City and County Attorney. The Galla- hers' candidate is a Mr. Stoney, to whom Franklin K. Lane is opposed. Mr. Lane should certainly obtain the omination. He is one of the most capable young men t the bar, an excellent speaker and an excellent lawyer. There is also some talk of W. T. Baggett, but his candi- lacy does not seem to have assumed proportions of serious importance. From appearances it seems probable Mr. Fitzgerald will be the nominee for Assessor.

***

The *Call*, which generally knows what Governor Budd intends doing, announces Mr. W. H. Metson, of the law firm of Reddy, Campbell & Metson, as Park Commissioner to succeed Irving M. Scott. What has this person done to have such a distinction thrust upon him? Mr. Metson is not prominent either in his profession or in the community. He has manifested neither great executive capacity nor artistic taste that he should be accorded an office that re- quires the exercise of both qualities. His unimportance would be condoned did he possess some special proclivity or talent that might be exercised for the benefit of the Park, but he is not so gifted. His ouly patent of honor is con- nection with Patrick Reddy, whose friends have enjoyed the lion's share of the Governor's patrouage. The place is one for an artist or a distinguished citizen of the rank of the incumbent—not for a Mr. Metson.

***

It is not often that an opportunity of congratulating Gov- ernor Budd is presented, but he has done well in the selec- tiou of a successor to Dr. Morse, the late President of the Board of Health. Dr. Morse was a distinguished surgeon, and another surgeon of distinction has been found to take up his duties. Dr. Louis Bazet, until recently was principal surgeon at the French Hospital, and is now President and Professor of Surgery at the San Francisco Polyclinic. Oth- erwise he is a competent physiciau, with a very large prac- tice and an unusual endowment of executive ability. By the way, Dr. Bazet has just put into shape for the soldiers a valuable little treatise on *Antiseptic Methods as Applied in Active Military Operations*, a large edition of which was published for the use of the sanitary corps of the California National Guard.

***

Among the initiated the impression prevails that the action of the Non-Partisan party, in going ahead on its own account, is an error of judgment. The good gentlemen who compose this organization have arrived at the conclusion that they are more competent to lead than to follow, so instead of indorsing or rejecting the candidates of the other conventions, as has heretofore been their rule, this year they are out on their own hook blazing away a political track for Republicans and Democrats to follow. The difficulty with this organization seems to be that the fifty gentlemen who compose it have been meeting and seeing only one another so long that they imagine they alone are to be consulted. Their idea is that nomination on their ticket will force en- dorsemeut from subsequent conventions—in which I fear they are in error. A good start has been made in the re- nomination of Mr. Phelan, but as he is the logical and necessary candidate, no particular credit is due. Thus far he seems the only Mayor in sight, and at the Maguire meeting the other night he received an evasion which made the reception of the Gubernatorial candidate rather flat. He seems to have captured San Francisco.

***

It is seldom a college gains two such benefactions in a single day as the University of California did at the last gathering of its Regents. No sooner had the resignation of President Kellogg been received than the splendid gift of Miss Jennie Flood was announced. Miss Flood has pre- sented her Menlo Park mansion, together with 540 acres of fertile land and four-fifths of the stock of the Bear Creek Waterworks to the University. It is a magnificent man- sion, a veritable palace standing among lawns and gardens of the most luxurious character. Three millions at least is the value of the gift, and its sole condition that the house and its immcdiate acreage be kept in good order for 50 years to come. As for President Kellogg—his considera- tion deserves a paragraph by itself.

***

Miss Flood is a woman of great tenacity of feeling. She has had no real pleasure in the Menlo Park mansion since the death of her father. Mrs. Flood, however, preferred country life to living at their mansion on California street. So they made the place their home and in late years have done some little entertaining within its precincts. At the death of her mother Miss Flood determined to dispose of the property, and has long debated as to the best use to which it might be put. The immediate purpose which the house may be made to subserve does not at once appear, but doubtless the grounds will be cut up and sold and the proceeds devoted to endowing scholarships and professor-

DR. LOUIS BAZET
Appointed to succeed the late Dr. Morse as a Member of the Board of Health.

ships in the College of Commerce in which the donor has evinced a special interest. The waterworks supply a liberal income for repairing the mansion and keeping the grounds in order. It has been suggested that the house and its gar- dens are peculiarly adapted for an añ Agricultural College. Apropos of this gift, it is interesting to note that the indi- viduals who have done most for higher education in California are women—Mrs. Stanford, Mrs. Hearst and Miss Flood.

***

The retirement of President Kellogg gives the Regents an opportunity of finding a competent executive to manage this institution. Much of the prominence of Stanford is due to the personality of President Jordan, whose strong sense and striking virtues have been the potent factor in the development of the college at Palo Alto. Something more than a good man is required at Berkeley. Professor Kel- logg's respectability is irreproachable. Some one who is both brilliant and solid, who can administer aud yet shine on great occasions, whose character aud public estimation will reflect honor and glory on the the institution—that is the type of man who should be President. Jacob Schur- man, whom the Regents talked of selecting, is such a man. Daniel C. Gilman of Johns Hopkins is of the requi- site calibre. Yet I imagine the Board may find the leader it requires in its own faculty. Professor Moses, who was President Kellogg's opponent for the the place the latter has vacated, has the conspicuous talents the role requires. As President Jordan has, he would develop with opportu- nity, and would soon take rank with the great administra- tors of the East. Until a man of character is at its head to give it unity, the University at Berkeley will continue to be but a species of pretentious high school.

***

The celebration of Admission Day by the Native Sons at San Jose surpassed all previous demonstrations of the kind in enthusiasm, and brought out larger crowds than have been seen on any former similar occasion. From San Fran- cisco and Oakland alone upwards of six thousand people went to the Garden City in special trains on the eve of the holiday, and fully twenty thousand native and adopted sons and daughters of the Golden State ushered in the auniver- sary in the streets of San Jose with acclamation as they counted the strokes of the midnight hour. The following day there must have been more than double that number on hand to witness the procession, which was a tremendous success. The ball in the evening at the pavilion was a very festivc affair, and another given by the Stanford and Oakland Parlors at the Vendome Hotel followed the next day. A bullshead breakfast, and on Sunday a clambake at Alum Rock Park, were among the features of the celebration. All of these entertainments were most enjoyable, and combined with numerous other diver- sions, such as bicycle races, baseball, etc., made an unusu- ally full programme for that good time which the native Californians so thoroughly appreciate. The city of San Jose was elaborately decorated for the occasion, the local Native Sons' Hall being the center of activity during the celebration. Memories of the Spanish war were conspicu- ous everywhere, to remind the sons and daughters of Cali- fornia that their brothers had earned glory across the seas since their last celebration. Hospitality was the watch- word of the day and continued until the visitors had dis- persed to their homes with the beginning of the present week. Many prominent men attended the celebration, and some forty Parlors, from all over the State, were gathered together in the beautiful county seat of Santa Clara.

***

In the more frequented parts of the city, especially where low dives and saloons abound, the volunteers have recently gathered in unusual number. The sight of bands of drunken and uproarious soldiers on the streets, espccially in the neighborhood of these resorts, has become common, and several disgraceful outrages have been committed within the past few days, the Tennessee regiment being conspicuous for bad behavior. The most serious matter so far has been the murder during broad daylight, in a public market on the principal thoroughfare of the city, of an unoffending citizen named Hildebraud, who kept a provision stall there, by a Tennessee man, Walter Rosser, a private in the hospi- tal corps of the regiment. The latter was under the influ- ence of liquor at the time, and on being quietly asked to move away from the stall, where he had made a trifling purchase, he thrust his hand into his pocket, drew out a re- volver and instantly shot young Hildebrand. The murderer was promptly arrested and on recovering from his drunken stupor is said to have shown no concern for his victim, though apparently rather uneasy at the thought of the un- pleasantness to which he himself will be subjected in conse- quence of the foul deed. The conduct of the Tennessee men during the past few weeks has brought their name into disgrace with the public, who formerly took an especial interest in the welfare of the Southern troops. Since it be- came unlikely that the regiment would be sent abroad, the men have displayed a restless, unruly disposition, and nu- merous encounters with the police and civilians, negroes more particularly, have been reported. In one instance a colored man, armed with nothing more than a stick, ad- ministered a severe drubbing to three of the Tennesseeans who wantonly assaulted him and seemingly had deadly weapons on their persons. It is impossible to hold the mil- itary authorities blameless under all the circumstances. It is a rule of all garrison cities to employ patrols and pick- ets to deal with soldiers who transgress the rules of military discipline or in any way disgrace their uniform. The moral effect of this is highly beneficial, and the practice should certainly have been followed when San Francisco became a large military depot. The public have seen plainly the way things have been tending and it is not sur- prising that they condemn very generally the lax control that officers of the volunteers seem to exercise over their commands.

***

Having occasion to pass down a leading thoroughfare iu the wholesale district one day last week, I was led to won- der whether an insurrection had broken out in the neigh- borhood and the merchants had found it necessary to barri- cade the approach to their establishments. For upwards of one hundred feet on one block huge wine casks had been rolled closely together on the sidewalk and in the strcet itself, and the line was continued by packages and articles of furniture apparently in another interest. On the wide sidewalk there was barely room to move along in single file, and, strange to say, the passers-by, as far as one could judge by their faces and actions, seemed to think they were in full possession of their rights. And so they may have been for all one can ever discover from the way these things are regulated in our municipality. In no other civilized community would such wanton ill-usage of the public be tolerated. Some time ago The Wave pictured the scenes of the kind that were to be found daily on our streets, but there seems no likelihood of any improvement coming about until pressure is brought to bear by some body like the Merchants' Association, which has done so much to stimulate our local government in the performance of its duties. An inspector or two told off to see that the side- walks and streets are not used by the owners of buildings as yards for the accommodation of their business, and to attend to the prosecution of offenders, would soon produce a different state of things. It is time something should be done in this matter. The restriction of boot-polishing stands and other affairs that had some merit in being quasi-conven- iences to many of the public, and afforded poorer citizens an opportunity of gaining a livelihood, was thought worthy of attention, but the evil here alluded to remains un- touched, though in every way a nuisance and a serions encroachment on public rights.

BOSWELL, JR.

There was a complete suspension of the postal scrvice to Spain for four months, the first despatch of mail from New York since the war begau have been made on August 20th in the French steamer *La Normandie*. There were ten sacks shipped containing about 1100 letters and a quantity of newspapres and packages destined for Madrid, Barcelona and other Spanish cities.

According to returns published by the British Board of Trade, the imports of American pig iron into Great Britain during the first six months of 1898 aggregated 30,231 tons, valued at £66,431, and of American steel, unwrought, 12,832 tons, valued at £65,176.

THE LATE WILFORD WOODRUFF: FUNERAL SERVICES AT THE SALT LAKE TABERNACLE, SEPTEMBER 8th

Judge Frear Senator Cullom H. P. Baldwin Congressman Hitt

AN INFORMAL SESSION OF THE HAWAIIAN ANNEXATION COMMISSION AT HONOLULU

Photo by Davey

LETTERS OF A MARTYR

Latest Developments in the Extraordinary Dreyfus Case.

Paris, September 1st.—The extraordinary Dreyfus case again engrosses the attention of France. While foreigners and many Frenchmen believe the prisoner of the Isle du Diable innocent, it is evident, irrespective of anti-Semitic prejudice, that there must exist a strong body of testimouy in the opposite direction. In a recent letter I explained the theory of the Dreyfusites, in which the sin of treason, for which the unfortunate Captain is condemned, is clearly saddled on Major Esterhazy. The famous *bordereau* was shown by them to have been in his handwriting, and other circumstances conspired apparently to prove him the man with whom Colonel Schwartzkoppen, the German attaché, was trafficking in secrets. Now Schwartzkoppen declares solemnly that he had no relations with the unfortunate Dreyfus, and Panizzardi, the Italian attaché, asserts that he knows it was not Dreyfus with whom his friend the German attaché had connection. In addition, the Kaiser has given his royal word to the French Government that so far as his nation is concerned Dreyfus is innocent.

M. de Blowitz, who is, perhaps, the best informed journalist in Europe, gave currency in the London *Times* to a new explanation of the case. According to this authority it is not because of any relation with Germany or Italy that Dreyfus was condemned, but because he had been negotiating with the Russians. In the relationship between France and Russia, the latter is in the position of a lusty youth who has married a passé beauty. She fusses and fumes over her consort, coddles and flatters him, in deadly terror lest he be beguiled away from her by some younger rival. The young husband is quite pleased to be petted, and ready to reap all the advantages of the wealth of his elderly spouse, but he does not propose to give up his liberties or exchange confidences for the revelations his wife pours into his willing ears. When the alliance was first formed the French intelligence department manifested great frankness in telling all the secrets it had learned to the Russian officials, expecting in return to learn the knowledge which the Muscovite spies had reported to the home office. Their curiosity, however, was baffled. Even the scheme of Russian mobilization, which the French ought to have in order to know how to supplement it in case of war with Germany, was not supplied. The story goes that Dreyfus, in order to obtain this knowledge for the Intelligence Bureau, entered into relations with a prominent Russian on an exchange basis, hoping to discover the secrets that France so longed to obtain. It may have been Esterhazy who first discovered that Dreyfus was dealing with foreign intelligence offices, and being a Jew and unpopular, the worst was suspected. He was at once clapped into prison, and the investigators then discovered that it was with Russian agents he had been trafficking. In order to screen the Muscovite ally, evidence was manufactured, aud it is this and the star chamber proceedings of the court martial that have caused all the trouble.

When the Brisson ministry took over the Government there began at once an agitation for the re-trial of Dreyfus. His innocence has been stoutly acclaimed in the face of everything urged by his opponents, and there is no doubt he numbers among his friends some of the strongest men in France. As Minister of War, it devolved ou M. Cavignac to investigate the evidence on which the unfortunate prisoner of the Isle du Diable had been convicted, and he arrived at the conclusion that he was guilty. When M. Brisson and his colleagues pressed to have the case re-opened, Cavignac resigned, but first made a speech in the Chamber of Deputies explaining that he had the absolute certainty that the verdict of the court-martial was well founded. It should first be stated that the ex-Minister of War is a son of General Cavignac and belongs to one of the oldest Republican families. He is a man of strong, almost inflexible, character, and brave enough, if he believed a wrong had been committed, to justify the prisoner. In this momentous speech he declared that the Intelligence Department, during six years past, had collected more than a thousand letters and documents emanating from persons whose business is espionage. Out of the collection he alluded to but three exchanged between persons whose names had been mentioned—referring possibly to Schwartz-koppen and Panizzardi. The first, dated March 16th, 1894, when it was brought to the Intelligence Department, reads as follows:

Last evening I finally decided to send for a doctor, who forbade me to go out. Being unable to go and see you to-morrow, I beg you to come to me in the morning, for D. has brought me a number of very interesting things, and we must divide up the work, as we have only ten days' time.

A second, dated April 16, 1894, is:

I exceedingly regret not having seen you before my departure. However I shall be back in a week. I enclose twelve plans of ——(here he gives the name of one of our fortresses, which I omit) which that canaille D gave me for you. I told him you had no intention of resuming relations. He alleges that there has been a misunderstanding and that he will do all in his power to satisfy you. He says he was obstinate and that you will not bear a grudge against him. I replied that he was mad and that I did not believe you cared to resume relations. Do as you like.

The less important documents, which had been collected in the same connection, made it certain that the D. referred to here was Dreyfus. To make the assurance more positive, however, there was a third letter exchanged in October, '96, between the same correspondents, apropos of a motion of M. Castelin in the Chamber of Deputies to interrogate the Government about Dreyfus. This letter, written in bluc pencil and on the same paper as its predecessors of '94, had been preserved carefully in the archives of the War Department and of its authenticity, M. Cavignac, declared there could be no doubt. It reads:

I have read that a Deputy is goiug to make an interpellation on Dreyfus. If (here is a portion of a phrase which I am unable to read) I shall say that never have I had any relations with this Jew. That is understood. If you are asked, say the same, for nobody must ever know what has occurred with him.

In addition to the written evidence, M. Cavignac declared that on the morning of his degradation Dreyfus remaincd for several hours with two officers to whom he is declared to have said: "I am innocent. If I handed over documents to the foreigner it was as a bait and in order to get more important ones. In three years the truth will be known, and the Minister himself v ill take up my case." To Captain D'Attell, of the general staff, Dreyfus is said to have explained: "As for what I have handed over, it is worth nothing. If I had been let alone I should have had more in exchange."

M. Cavignac concluded: "Either human testimony has no longer any value, or it is proved from all this mass of concordant testimouy that Dreyfus is guilty. Never will I admit that if Dreyfus had not given up documents he would have said these words." Since this speech M. Cavignac has been the greatest man in France. The Chamber has had it posted throughout the country, and there seems little doubt that he has rendered himself a Presidential possibility because of it. Yet Colonel Henry has since confessed he was the author of of the document which M. Caviguac had called the crowning proof of Dreyfus' guilt. It was a clumsy forgery, too, pieced together and written in pencil, constituting a fraud that never would have passed examination. The necessity of finding proofs against the suspect was the motive which Henry offered for his crime. Just now Colonel Picquart is being tried because he offered to prove that document a forgery which Henry confessed to having fabricated. The tendency to believe that other documents were also fixed is almost irresistible in the connection. In spite of this development and in the facc of the feeling the feeling throughout France in favor of revision, M. Cavignac persists in believing Dreyfus culpable.

General Zurlinden, the new Minister of War, who resigned the post of Military Governor of Paris at the request of M. Brisson, is a protestant and a man of distinguished character. He, too, has examined the testimony and opposes revision. The decision of his colleagues in favor of a re-trial has brought about his determination to resign, for, like his predecessor, he is persuaded of the justice of the verdict. On the other hand, the "Dreyfussards," as they are called, declare all the letters given above are forgeries, and that the name Dreyfus, on which Cavignac had laid so much stress, had been written in at the court-martial. The subject is the one topic of conversation and you can readily imagine the interest aroused by the publication here of the correspondence between Captain Dreyfus and his wife. There is no doubt of the authencity of these letters, and certainly they do not read like the expressions of a traitor. He was arrested in October, 1894, and court-martialed December 19th of the same year. Under the date of December 5th he writes:

* * * I am not able to transcribe all that I have suffered: there are no words in the world significant enough for it. You well remember when I used to tell you how happy we were? All life smiled for us. Then, all at once, the terrible blow fell by which my brain is still crushed. I—I—accused of the most monstrous crime that a soldier can commit! Even to-day I believe myself the victim of a horrible nightmare, but I trust to God and to justice that truth will make itself known in due time. My conscience is clear and tranquil—it reproaches me with nothing. I have always done my duty—never have I temporized. I am crushed down, buried, in my dark prison, face to face with my conscience. I have had moments almost of madness, and strange halluciuations, but my conscience is awake; it says to me, "Lift up your head and look the world in the face. By your conscience walk straight, with head erect. It is a terrible ordeal, but you must submit to it." * * *

After the sentence he writes most pathetically to "My dear Louise." After speaking of the terrible suffering he has endured, he says:

Being innocent, having led a life without a single stain, and seeing oneself condemned for the most monstrous crime that a soldier could be guilty of, what is more horrible? Very often I think I am the victim of a horrible nightmare. It is for you alone that I have borne up until to-day; it is for you, alone, my dear one, that I have supported this long martyrdom. Will my strength permit me to go even unto the end? I do not know, I have only you who can give me courage. It is through your love that I am supported. Oh, I hope that God, who has abandoned me until now, will put an end to this martyrdom of an innocent man; that He will deliver up the real culprit. But shall I be able to resist until then? I dare not speak to you of the children, the thought of them wrings my heart. But speak of them to me. May they be your consolation! My bitterness is such and my heart is so racked that I would long ago have thrown off my sad life if your remembrance had not stopped me, if the fear of adding to your suffering had not restrained my arm.

From the Prison de la Saute, on the terrible day of his degradation, he writes:

* * * Having consecrated my whole life to honor, having never merited that I should see myself where I am, after having submitted to the most "sanglant" degradation that can be inflicted on a soldier! Oh, my dear one, do everything in the world to find the real culprit! Do not relax a single moment. It is my only hope in the great misfortune that persecutes me. Ah! may I soon be over yonder where we shall be reunited. You will render me strength and courage, of which I have so much need. My emotions to-day rack my heart. There is no consolation for me in my imprisonment. Just think of it, a little room 4m.20 square, closed by a barred door—a folding bed against the wall, and all that—no, I don't want to rack your heart, too, my poor dear one. Later on I shall tell you, when we shall be again happy, what I have suffered to-day, how many times in the midst of my marchings among real culprits my heart has bled. I asked myself what I was doing there? It seemed to me that I was the victim of a dream; but, alas! my torn and mutilated uniform recalls to me the brutal truth; the glances of contempt which they cast on me said too clearly why I was there. Oh, why cannot one open hearts of people with a scapel and read them. All those people who saw me go by would have read here graven in gold: "This man is a man of honor." But I understand them; in their place I could not have repressed my scorn at the sight of an officer who, they have been told, was a traitor. *But, alas! the tragedy of it all is that this traitor is not I.* * * *

Before embarkation, January 21, 1895, the unfortunate officer again writes to his wife:

* * * Are we in the nineteenth century, or must we retrace our steps a few cycles? Is it possible to ignore innocence in a century of light and truth? Let them search; I ask no mercy; I ask for justice, which is every human being's due. Let them prosecute their searching; let those who possess powerful means of investigation use them to this end. It is for them, the sacred duty to humanity and to justice. It is impossible, then, that light shall not be shed upon my tragic history. * * * Ah! what a sombre play, my poor girl, but it is sure to pass, as you said it would. I had only two short moments of happiness to-day; the first was when they brought me this sheet of paper so that I could write to you and pass a few moments in chatting with you. The second was when they brought me your daily letter; the rest of the time I am alone with my thoughts, and God knows whether my reflections are sad and gloomy. When will this terrible play end? When shall they at last uncarth the truth? Oh, I'd give my entire fortune to the one who should be keen enough and sharp enough to decipher this dark enigma. Give me news of all my my people. Embrace them all for me. I am afraid to speak of my dear little ones. When I look at their photographs, when I see their eyes so good, so tender, sobs mount from my heart to my lips.

Soon after Dreyfus' arrival on the Isle du Diable he is again permitted to write to his wife, all letters, of course, passing through the Commandant's hands. In this he explains that in deciding to live he is moved by the conviction that truth always prevails:

* * * It is for you, my dear one, to do all that is possible for a human being to do—to discover that truth. Wife and mother, try to move the hearts of other wives and mothers, so that the key of this horrible mystery may be revealed to you. I must regain my honor, if I am to live. I want it for my children. Don't reason within your heart. that will amount to nothing. There has been a judgment; nothing can change our tragic situation but a reversal of that judgment * *

ETIENNE MARCEL.

THE ASTORIA REGATTA

How the Annual Water Carnival is Celebrated on the Columbia River.

One of the great sporting cvents of the year on this Coast is the annual regatta at Astoria, Or. The first of the series was held in 1894 and with each succeeding year the interest has grown until the occasion partakes of a regular carnival extending over the greater part of a week. The programme of 1898 was more extensive than ever and, besides the numerous contests on the water, which include races betweeu every sort of craft, even to tubs, tugs of war, log rolling and other aumsing feats, there is a long list of land sports, from football to bicycle riding by Chinese and Indians. An Indian show is also provided, including war and scalp dances.

This year the weather was not propitious for the opening on August 19th, for it rained somewhat heavily. The boat-racing was proceeded with, however, in view of immense crowds. One of the events that had been much looked forward to was the barge race between the Alameda and South End crews of California. These crews had been found to be so closely matched at home that the judges had not been able to separate them in a record-breaking race. When they started on the Columbia river the Midgets, as the South End crew is called, were the favorites. Immediately, after a few strokes had been taken, it was found that the rudder of the Alamcda's boat was broken. The two crews were called back and after a while lined up again, the Alameda coxswain steering with a paddle. The Midgets drew ahead from the start, and the Alameda steering being wild, their boat travelled all over the course until they had turned the buoy and straightened out for home. The Midgets by that time were several lengths ahead, but the Alameda boat gained rapidly and finished up with five lengths to spare.

On the night of August 21st. there was a grand marine procession, over 500 Columbia river crafts, from palatial steamers to the pretty fishing-boats, being in linc and tastefully illuminated. Bonfires on the river, an illuminated sea-serpent and spectacular scenes of warships, including the destruction of Cervera's fleet, and an extensive display of fireworks, formed part of the programme.

Last year for the first time a carnival queen was elected and this year her majesty was crowned on the evening of the first day, her coronation being the opening feature of a grand ball where she was attended by all her suite and received all the homage, combined with regal display, that belongs to an Oriental court. The street parade was a very grand affair, consisting of an imposing military and civic procession through Astoria. First came the grand marshal and his staff, then a platoon of police, the military band, the regatta committee, and Mayor Bergman and the visiting diguitaries in carriages. Iu a grand chariot of flowers, attended by her court and the Manila guards, followed the queen. Then came the float representing the battleship *Oregon*, escorted by the First, Second and Third companies of the Oregon naval battaliou; a crew from one of the United States life-saving stations; the Chinook and Shoalwater bay Indians, in native dress, commanded by Great White Chief Bill; an immense Chinese dragon, 300 feet in length, escorted by sixty Chinese, in Oriental costumes; the civic societies in uniform, with appropriate floats; and, last, several hundred school children.

Besides the boat-crews frou California, there were others from Portland, Vancouver, B. C., and the Puget Sound cities, and an assemblage of the fastest and smartest yachts in the North-west. Altogether the carnival was a greater success than has ever yet been achieved. Fully 5000 visitors came to Astoria from all parts for the occasion.

Writing to the New York *Herald* on his way to the Soudan, Frederic Villiers, the well-known war correspoudent, says of the Cairo street cars: "The electric lines are much patronized by the natives and are now probably the most popular means of locomotion in the city. I believe, though, these lines have only been running for the past two years. Their first outlay has already been covered, and they are now run at a great profit. So popular are these cars on public holidays that they are absolutely mobbed by the people, who cling to every available bolt, standing on one another, swarming like bees. These cars can vary with the famous Brooklyn lines for being veritable Juggernauts in the sacrifice of human life. The first week the accidents in the streets of Cairo totaled up to eighty killed. Since then the average has been six or seven weekly. This loss of life is not very remarkable, considering that the majority of Cairenes are either deaf or blind in one eye, and the cars seem to have the road to themselves, for they only stop at the appointed stations.

France is determined that the predicted extinction of her population shall not take place without effort to prevent it. Among the laws relating to the subject recently passed is one to take effect in Madagascar in 1899. After the beginning of the year every man of twenty-five who is not a father, whether the child be legitimate or illegitimate, must pay an annual tax of fifteen francs. Single childless women over twenty-five must pay half that amount yearly.

The Chinese have taken to the bicycle and are learning to maintain their equilibrium thereon. The English are already taking measures to supply the demand, and it is not too soon for American manufacturers to enter the market at Shanghai, the great distributing centre for Chinese trade. All circulars should be in English and Chinese character, with a liberal system of illustration, which the Chinese eye will eagerly scau.

SCIENTISTS AT BOSTON

Fiftieth Anniversary of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

No more notable convention of scientific men has ever been held in America than that which assembled at Boston during the last week of August, on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. The meeting was atteuded by the leading scientists of Europe and America, many of whom submitted papers dealing with subjects upon which they are acknowledged authorities. There were fully one thousand members present at the session, which lasted for the entire week, and the scope of its work was both wide and extremely interesting. It would not be possible to indicate every branch of science touched upon, but some of the leading topics may be mentioned.

A remarkable contribution was the paper of Mr. Paul Du Chaillu on "The Norsemen, the Conquerors of Britain and their Fleets, those Dreaded by the Romans," in which he endeavored to overthrow what he described as "the Anglo-Saxon race myth" by the help of archaeologic reasoning. As confirming the accounts given by Tacitus, the Roman Governor of Frisia in the beginning of the second century, with regard to the seafaring tribes of Norseland, Mr. Du Chaillu points to the discoveries of their mounds, with fragments of burned ships upon which the dead warriors were transported to Valhalla, huge rock tracings of sea fights aud other events in their history, besides vast quantities of Roman antiquities found in Sweden, the islands of the Baltic and the shores of the Mediterranean and Great Britain, all of which in his judgment point to the fact that the nautical tribes of the Romans were Norse in their origin. He therefore claims that historians of the present age have erred in bestowing upon a mythical race, styled the Anglo-Saxon, the credit which rightly belongs to the race of Norsemen whose vivifying blood has made England and other countries what they are to-day. The word England, it is explained, is composed of two words—"Eng-land"—which are of great antiquity in the Norse language. "Eng" meant, as it does to-day, a flat meadow, and "land" meant land. There are many places called England in the Norselands to-day.

Mr. Du Chaillu went on to argue that in the time of Charlemagne the Saxons were not a sea-faring people and that even if, as some people maintain, they had lost their nautical traits, they would have left some traces of them in their own country. He said that England, having the most Norse blood, has shown the effects of heredity in taking countries not her own, and the Americans, descended from the English, have characteristically followed in the same wake, his peroration concluding with the remark: "Boys, believe me, we are going to keep what we have got."

Dr. L. O. Howard, entomologist of the United States Department of Agriculture, presented a paper relating to Fig Culture in Califoruia. He showed that the Californians, in their attempt to produce a fig equal to the so-called Smyrna fig, have been using for a number of years cuttings imported direct from the eastern end of the Mediterranean. It was found, however, that the trees, when they reached the bearing size, dropped the greater part of their fruit. It has long been known by the Mediterranean growers of figs that they are fertilized by an insect, the *blastophora psenes*. In California, however, a system of artificial fertilization has been attempted and has indeed been quite successful, the ripened figs having the flavor of the Smyrna product. This fact made it seem probable that if the *blastophora* could be established in California the people of that State could grow a fig quite as good as the imported article.

Interesting papers were read relating to Niagara Falls. The first of these, by Professor C. F. Wright, touched upon "The Age of Niagara Falls as Indicated by the Gorge at Lewiston." A close examination made this summer has confirmed the fact that the outlet of the chasm below the falls is scarcely wider than elsewhere along their course, clearly proving the later date of its origin. At the lowest estimate twelve thousand years only would be required for the enlargement of the upper yart of the mouth of the gorge a thousand feet on each side, which is largely in excess of the actual amount of enlargement. In a paper by Professor J. W. Spencer, under the same head, it was shown to be probable that the volume of the river was formerly less for the reason that a portion of the outflow of the great lakes was into the waters of the Mississippi.

"The Ceremonies of the Sacred Pole of the Omaha Tribe" formed the subject of an exceedingly interesting address by Mr. Francis La Fleesche of the Indian Bureau, Washington. The sacred pole is now preserved in the Peabody Museum of Harvard University. A picture of the tribe on the annual buffalo hunt was given, and an account of the changes which have followed the abandonment by the Omahas of their religious ceremouies.

"Personal adornments worn by the mature man were of two kinds," said the speaker, "those which referred to his tetem, the concrete sign of his vision, the symbol of his personal relations to the supernatural, and those which indicated his personal achievements. These latter related to his deeds of valor, his war honors. Among the Omahas there were six regular honors to be won in battle. Among the highest in rank was that of striking the living enemy with the hand or bow; among the lowest was the takiug of the scalp. Each of the six honors had its peculiar sign, shown in the painting of the face or body or position of the feather.

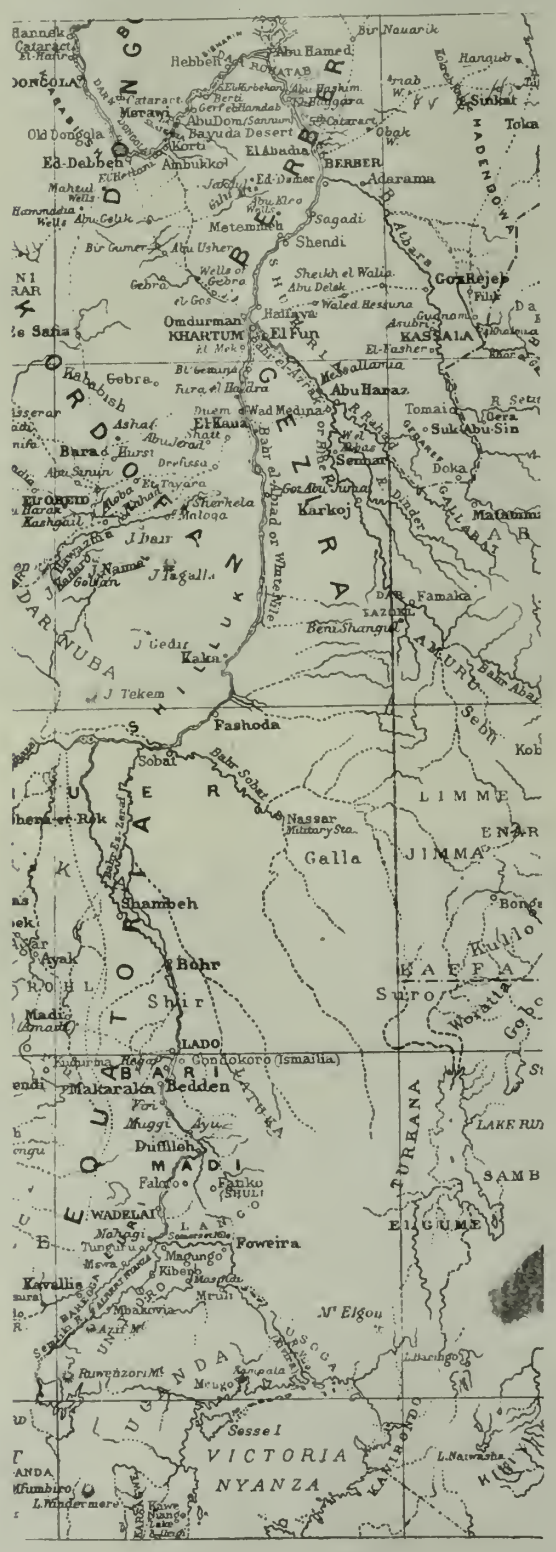
"As the people advanced in the arts of living and life became more complex, the idea of making the dressed skin more subservient to the convenience and service of man found expression iu the moccasin. As to the use of natural forms in regalia, all those so utilized had a peculiar significance, so that when the Indian looked upon the robes and ornaments, or the sticks, the stones, the shells, the dead birds, he did not see these things as they looked to the eye of the stranger, for to his mind they suggested the mysterious powers which encompassed him. These natural forms he believed to be the channels through which supernatural forces were enabled directly to affect his life, to give him food, health, length of days, children to perpetuate his race."

It must not be supposed that only those subjects which are of interest to the scientist and antiquarian were treated of at the convention, for much attention was given to what may be called the live work of the present day, such as Railway Competition, Topograhical Survey, Electrical Inventions, Astronomical Observation, Forestry, Natural History and other branches of practical science and education. The attendance of distinguished foreign scientists was unusually large, the French Government accrediting M. Déseré Charnay, of Paris, as their official representative.

THE NILE CAMPAIGN

Recovery of the Soudan and the Effect on Future Policy in Egypt.

After rather more than fifteen years of Mahdism the Soudan has again become part of the domain of Egypt. Since the death of Gordon at Khartoum in January, 1885, the whole of the upper valley of the Nile and the vast territoritics which had once acknowledged Egyptian control, almost as far as the equator, had been abandoned until the year 1896, when a military expedition under the Sirdar,



THE VALLEY OF THE NILE.
(From the map published with Slatin Pasha's *Fire and Sword in the Soudan.*)

General Sir Herbert Kitchener, started for the south. The province of Dongola was recovered in that year and Berber in 1897. The whole of the dependencies which were under the sway of Khalifa Abdullah el Taashi, whom the Mahdi appointed his successor when he died, have an estimated area of 760,000 square miles, with 11,000,000 inhabitants, of whom about 100,000 are Europeans.

Early in August of the present year General Kitchener established his headquarters at Atbara, where the river of that name joins the Nile, in order that the operation of transporting the troops might proceed under his own eye. His forces consisted of two infantry divisions, one British and one Egyptian, one regiment of British and ten squadrons of Egyptian cavalry, one field and one howitzer battery and two siege guns of British artillery, and one horse and four field batteries of Egyptians, besides both British and Egyptian Maxim guns, eight companies of camel corps, six gunboats, together with eight transport steamers and a host of sailing boats. The Egyptian infantry numbered about 12,000 men, while the British division had over 7,500. But, including cavalry, camel corps, etc., the land force was over 22,000 men.

The Khalifa made his final stand at Omdurman, but after a sharp engageuent his army of 60,000 or 70,000 was utterly routed, the estimate of killed being as high as 15,000, and himself a fugitive iu the desert. The exploit performed by Kitchener has been the most effective and scientific piece of military work seen in modern times. It has dealt a death-blow to fanaticism in that region, the inhabitants of which will be only too glad to exchange the gross tyranny of the Khalifa for the benefits of the enlightened rule of the Egyptians under British control. From the accounts that the corresondents have been sending home of the present condition of the country it seems that it had lapsed into desolation. Once flourishing villages are now weed-grown heaps of rubbish. The land has gone out of cultivation and in recent years has yielded only an eloquent crop of the bleached bones of men aud beasts. The population has been slain or enslaved by the Khalifa. The work of redeeming the valley of the upper Nile from the chaos produced by Mahdist rule will now be proceeded with under a feeling of perfect security. With the exteusion of railway communication into the heart of the Soudan the position of affairs has greatly changed since the Sirdar set out on his expedition upwatds of two years ago. It is uow possible to travel from Khartoum to Cairo in about eight days, and, allowing five days from the latter city to London, it brings the former stronghold of the Mahdi within two weeks journey of the shores of Britain.

No sooner had Khartoum fallen than news came to hand that some 450 miles further up the river, at Fashoda, French troops had succeeded in establishing themselves, with a view to controlling the country on the left bank of the Nile and so securing a valuable adjunct to what is known as French Congo. Always having declined to recognize the treaties for the partition of Africa concluded by her rivals—Great Britain, Germany, Italy and Belgium—France considers herself at liberty to invade the valley of the upper Nile, which she did by compelling the Congo State to evacuate all stations to the north of Bornu in 1894, and then leave the way clear for reaching Fashoda through the old Egyptian province of Bahr el Gharzal. At the same time an Abyssinian force under French commaud took up the march on the right bank towards Fashoda. How far the latter movement comports with the treaty entered into between King Menelek of Abyssinia and Great Britain, in the spring of 1897, remains to be seen. At all events, there would appear to be all the makings of a troublesome dispute in regard to the encroachments of France upon Egyptian territory, and King Menelek being also desirous of extending his western boundary to the White Nile, there is a nice three-cornered difficulty for diplomacy and possibly aomethink of a more determined character to deal with.

That the Anglo-Egyptian policy includes the recovery of all the provinces which formerly were part of Egypt there is no doubt, and that the imperial policy of Great Britain contemplates the control of the Nile to Lake Victoria is almost equally clear. From the Atbara southward the Niles and their tributaries are open to steam navigation throughout the year, and thus the advance is open, physically speaking, for a thousand miles beyond Khartoum to Duffileh, which is only about 300 miles north of Lake Victoria. In the meantime Major Macdonald, with the British expedition from Uganda, is marching northward to Fashoda and but for the revolt of the Soudanese would have been there some months ago. The center of interest is now likely to be removed to Fashoda, aud General Kitchener having dispatched several gunboats to that place to investigate the state of affairs there, it will probably not be long before further news comes to hand.

The *Saturday Review* publishes a description from personal knowledge of warfare in the Soudan. An explanation is afforded of the secrecy necessary to be observed in its conduct; the religious hypocricy, fanaticism and ferocity of the Dervishes are illustrated; and some actual instances of the fighting in that region are thus related:

"After one of those early battles—a tremendous fight, hand to hand, bayonet to spear, in a whirlwind of dust through which the fighters caught glimpses of flashing steel and waving banners, while the heavy air was rent by the rattle of musketry and the screams of passion—a party of soldiers, with a reporter or two among them, were standing over one of the enemy's dead. 'Why. it's a woman!' said one of the soldiers, some Tommy who had sisters at home, maybe; 'what a bloomin' shame it seems now, don't it?' One of the reporters thought the same, and said so. But there was also present an officer, long resident at Suakin, who knew the ways of the faithful, and he said to the reporter: 'You see what't she's got in her hand?' 'A stick.' 'Yes; and do you know what she would have done with it?' The reporter did not know, but he presumed she was going to fight with it. She intended to use it on some wounded unbeliever in an indescribable manner, so that when he appeared in the next world he should look ridiculous. Every soldier to whom that explanation of the 'dead womeu with sticks' was given changed his views as to the pity of their slaughter. * *

"This slaughter of women was bad enough; but worse remained behind—tho slaughter of wounded men. In these early battles, before the Dervish realized, as there is reason to believe he did eventually realize, that the infidel was, unlike himself, capable of humanity, no quarter was universal on both sides. For the infidel, of course, wounded or not, there never was any quarter; no wounded man ever escaped Dervish sword or spear. The English troops soon realized this. After the desperate struggle at McNeill's zereba, after the severest of the fighting was over, an officer of one of the regiments was crossing the blood-stained enclosure. A wounded Dervish, who was lying as if dead, seeing the young officer pass near, raised himself on one hand and with the other threw his spear. In a moment the officer lay gasping out his life, and in another moment the Dervish received the 'coup de grace' from one of the men. The regiment did not forget the incident. The effect of the Dervish mode of attack upon the English regiments was remarkable. There could be no more severe ordeal for any troops. Incredible as it may seem, these men of the desert never hesitated to charge with sword and spear. They were mowed down with Martini-Henry rifles and by the Gatling guns, but those who escaped the deadly hail still came right up to the bayenets, into the zereba or the square, and there died fighting. But those who were not slain outright, what of them? Was there any mention of the Dervish wounded in those early battles? There was not; there could not be.

"* * Hundreds died of their wounds as they lay on the battlefield, and those that did not die of their wounds

(Continued on page 12)

Redondo Beach

Youthful Bathers

Long Beach

Redondo Beach Hotel

Posing for the Camera

Low Tide at Long Beach

SEASIDE LIFE AT SANTA MONICA AND LONG BEACH

Photos by F. H. Maude

The Reviewing Stand

Pacific Parlor N. S. G. W. and Oro Fino Parlor N. D. G. W.

Stockton Parlor Float

A Real Indian

Piedmont Parlors N. S. G. W. and N. D. G. W.

The Baby Parlor

Hesperian Parlor

Vendome Parlor

La Estrella Parlor

THE NATIVE SONS' CELEBRATION AT SAN JOSE ON ADMISSION DAY

Company H, Lieutenant W. A. Lieber Commanding

Company L, Lieutenant J. L. Gilbreth Commanding

Company K, Lieutenant J. A. Macnab Commanding

Company I, Lieutenant R. M. Brambella Commanding

The Camp

Lieutenants McLester, Macnab and Gilbreth

Little Sam, Co. I's Mascot

SECOND OREGON VOLUNTEERS AT THE PRESIDIO

ADMISSION DAY AT GLEN PARK (THE PROPOSED ZOOL

GARDEN) SHOWING PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE SITE

Battalion Drill

The Band

A Group of Recruits

WASHINGTON RECRUITS AT ANGEL ISLAND

THE NILE CAMPAIGN.

(Continued from page 6.)

had to be put out of their misery. Terrible stories are told of this dire necessity. Those know best who have been engaged in battle with the Dervish what happened after the fighting was over, and how the problem of dealing with the enemy's wounded was solved. In the camgaign of 1885 parties of English soldiers, commanded by English officers, used to go out and kill the wounded. One private prodded the helpless body between his shoulders with his bayonet. If there was no movement the party went on; if the Dervish proved alive and squirmed, another private instantly blew out his brains. In one case, remsrkable for its inevitable cold-btooded horror, it is said, the troops inside a zereba, the night after one of the most desperate of the battles, were driven to madness by tne voice of a wounded warrior who lay outside amidst heaps of slain. All night long a groaning cry of 'Allah! Allah!' rose into the silent night. Not the fierce sharp ring of the word when it is the warcry for headlong charge, but an imploring, despairing moan; hour after hour that oue word only. 'For God's sake, silence that man!'—that was the feeling of all. Couucil was held as to how it could be done. Some three men were told off to get upon the sandbags of the little redoubt at the corner of the zereba, and when the moon came out from behind the clouds to fire volleys in the direction from which the cry came. The volleys were fired, but the cry went on. Finally it ceased. Whether the man was thus silenced or not was not ascertained, but in the morning there were only dead men in that part of the field. There were others, however, still alive. They could not be teifded. Another story was current in those terrible days of how an officer, going up to a group of surgeons round a wounded Dervisn, and inquiring what was the matter, was told that nothing could be done with him, no one could approach him. He lay there with his knife out, ready with one of those sweeping, ham-strihging cuts for anyone who dared to come near. Whereupon the officer, still under the blood-madness of the fight, and 'seeing red,' whipped out his own knife, avoided the rapid sweep of the wounded man's weapon, and drove his own to his heart."

In 1873, at the Universal Exposition of Vienna, 5,891 square metres were set apart for Russia, and the exhibit cost uo less than 281,000 roubles. In 1878, at the Universal Exposition of Paris, the Russian department covered 6,500 square metres, aud the cost of installation is estimated at 400,000 roubles. In 1893, in Chicago, the Russian department covered 10,000 square metres, and the installation cost 600,000 roubles. In 1900, 25,000 square metres are to be reserved for the Russian department in the exposition at Paris, and the cost of installation is already estimated at 2,000,000 roubles. The eloquence of figures is often spoken of. It is evident that this time they are loudly talking in favor of Russia.

ADMISSION DAY AT GLEN PARK

A Mimic Morro Castle, with Amusements Galore for the Children.

Morro Castle, garrisoned by monkeys, badgers, guinea pigs and every sort of rabbit procurable, is the latest conception of delight for children. The children's playground at Golden Gate Park has long been a striking feature iu this city, and now we have a charming addition of the same type, including fresh attractions, in the new Mission Zoo kuown as Glen Park. Hundreds of happy little folks from St. Paul's Sunday school were carried out there in four-horse vehicles on Admission Day, to celebrate the opening of the mimic Morro Castle erected on the grounds. The Mission Park Association had spared no pains to make the day one of supreme enjoyment for the youngsters, and had also provided an excellent luncheon for some 150 guests, iu a pavilion specially erected for the occasion. Amongst the company was Professor David Starr Jordan, President of Stanford University, who delivered an address commending the effort to establish a zoological collection in this city, and pointing out the exceptional advantages of the site chosen for the collection. And anyone who has paid a visit to Glen Park will thoroughly agree with Professor Jordan, who should be the best possible judge of what is needed. The topography of the land is all that can be desired for the purpose, the soil is of various kinds, the tract well watered and nicely sheltered from the oceau fogs and winds so prevalent at certain seasons and likely to be trying to animals belongiug to warm latitudes.

The Rev. Father Connolly of St. Paul's was greatly delighted with the opportunity afforded to his parishioners for spending the State holiday amidst such surroundings, and it was evident from the zest which the children and their friends entered into the enjoyment of all the pleasures of the park that it affords great opportunities to the residents of the Mission for healthful amusement. During the short space of time that the Mission Park Association have interested themselves in the project wonderful progress has been made in laying out the grounds and stocking the place with zoological specimens. Fine herds of elk and deer, avaries full of birds, waterfowl and seals are already established. The children's playgrounds have been lavishly equipped and abound with swings, sea-saw boards and other facilities for recreation. Some 50,000 trees and shrubs were set out a year ago and are already doing much to add to the natural beauty of the location, which is well worth a visit that is easily made with the assistauce of the San Mateo cars.

Taxation of corporations in Paris has led to the transfer of many main offices to Brussels, French societies being incorporated there under the laws of Belgium to avoid the Freuch income tax.

ABOUT PERSONAGES.

The Paris *Figaro* says that the report of the betrothal of the Queen of Holland to Prince Bernard Henry of Saxe-Weimar is confirmed, and that it will be officially announced after Queen Wilhelmina is enthroned.

It is now announced that the recent illness of the Pope was a merely transitory indisposition, from which he has entirely recovered. His Holiness has resumed his customary duties and is daily receiving deputations.

Ether Voynich, the author of the novel *The Gadfly*, is thirty-three years old and is Irish by birth and English in ancestry, being the daughter of the logician Boole. Her husband was a Pole of quiet tastes, who has long lived in London.

Henryk Sienkiewicz, the author of *Quo Vadis*, is expected to arrive in this country in September, accompanied by his sixteen-year-old daughter. They are now in the Tatra Mountains at Zakopana. The novelist will lecture in New York and in Boston.

Sir Martin Conway, who recently ascended Chimborazo, has gone to Bolivia to explore the peaks of Illimani and Sorate, in the high group of the Andes. He takes as guides Antoine Maquignaz aud Louis Pellissier, who went up Mount St. Elias in Alaska with the Duke of Abruzzi last year.

Rev. C. E. Welldon, head master of Harrow, will be the most regretted head master that famous school ever had when he becomes Bishop of Calcutta. He is one of the Queen's chaplains, and a brilliant man. His breadth of view is shown by the fact that he once, on the same day, lunched with Cardiual Manning, had tea with Spurgeon and dined with his own Bishop!

A Dantzic newspaper asserts that Prince Bismarck's will disposes of an estate worth 20,000,000 marks. Of this property Count William Bismarck, the ex-Chancellor's younger son, gets the Pomeranian estates and 300,000 marks, and each of his three daughters, all minors, 100,000 marks. The Countess von Rantzau, Prince Bismarck's only daughter, receives 900,000 marks, and apparently Prince Herbert Bismarck, the elder son, is the residuary legatee.

Of Cardinal Angelo de Pietro, who is mentioned as a possible successor to Pope Leo XIII, it is told that he is the son of a shepherd of Enverons, Rome, and is alreadly called the "Holy Man." He is seventy years old, and was educated for the priecthood by the bishop of his diocese. When he was a simple priest, visiting a certain monastery, an old monk threw himself on his knees and kissed the buckle of Pietro's shoe. The young priest, much taken aback, asked the reason for the demonstration. The monk, raising his eyes heavenward, said: "Father, when you are Pope I shall be dead, so I wish now to kiss your holy foot."

A DEBUTANTE'S DIARY

ntertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

I have determined, Diary, my dear, to cease pining over the monotony of my life, for henever I do so the very next week sees me orne off my feet by a mad burst of gaiety. : seems to me that no bird on the wing, nor ven the most energetic of butterflies, could ave flown so far in the pursuit of pleasure as did during the latter part of the past seven ays. On Friday I was in San Rafael for the ennis tournament and the Saturday finals; aw the gentlemen's match in the afternoon nd then took the train for Redwood City, in rder to witness the theatricals there.

I must first tell you about the tennis. The adies' match was tremendously exciting and was so much interested. None of our girls lay as well as Marian Jones—she is so easy and raceful and has a wonderful nerve. She eems to know exactly the point she wishes to end the ball and never misses. Then she returns a ball so prettily and without apparent ffort. Alice Hoffmann was dreadfully nerous and did not do herself justice. Miss Martin plays an excellent game and understands how to handle her racket to the best dvantage. The girls are all wonderfully gile and really play as rapid a game—or at east so it seemed to me—as do the men. We were all much pleased when Marian Jones von, for she really deserved the championship nd worked hard for it. The prizes were eally exquisite—a cut glass and silver vase nd a silver bonbon box. The Hardy boys, s usual, carried off the honors. They are wonders at tennis, and one simply knows what to expect when they are in the courts. Mr. Picher and Mr. Freeman played well, but had really no chance against the Hardys. I believe Alice Hoffmann played an exhibition game on Wednesday with Marian Jones at the California Club, but as I have not seen either of the girls since, can't say what sort of a score was made. The golf tournament in the afternoon was quite entertaining, for the men went over the field in pairs, and one of us girls scored for each couple. Everybody in San Rafael and a number of "city" people were at the Links and seemed to take as much interest in the scores as did the participants. We all wore light muslins and organdies, and Edith McBean, Gertie Oge and Della Davidson looked charming in their new gowns. I wore one of my last winter's frocks, because I always get my pretty ones spoiled, and that breaks my heart. Edith McBean scored for Mr. McBean and Emerson Warfield, Ella O'Connor for Baron Alexander von Schroeder and Dr. Howitt, Marie Oge for Mr. McCutcheon and Lloyd Breckenridge, Della Davidson for Harry Dibblee and Bennie Holliday, Mrs. Gerstle for her husband and Mr. Francis, and Mrs. Bush for Lieutenant Roberts and Baron von Schroeder. I always think of Baron H. von Shroeder as the "old Baron," for in speaking of him among ourselves we girls always call the brothers "the old and the young Baron." I made an awful break the other day when I was talking to both of them on the porch. Something was said by Baron Alex. von Schroeder and I replied: "Oh I don't mean you, I mean the old Baron." Baron von Schroeder looked rather astonished, so I thought it best to explain. We might, of course, designate them as Major and Minor, but perhaps the young one would not like it, and I value his opinion most. He is so sweet and has such attractive foreign mannerisms. All the girls positively pursue him until I really think he must be bored to death. I had a great deal of fun recently watching the efforts of some of the girls to corral him. They all went in different directions, so as to cut off his line of escape, whichever way he went. I did not remain till the end of the tournament, but left for Redwood on the 5:30 train. I believe, however, they had a jolly dance in the clubhouse that evening.

When I arrived at the Josselyns I found them in the greatest state about the theatricals, and after a light repast we all went to the Alhambra Theatre to see the fun. I thought I was tired when I arrived, but, oh, Diary dear, what a perfectly glorious, capital, fine, bully, terribly sweet time I had. In the first place, if you could not always laugh with the players they gave one several excellent opportunities of laughing at them. And then the Redwood Orchestra was there. It had returned from the Native Sons celebration at San Jose, and was in excellent form from some standpoints—could play "We Won't Go Home Till Morning" and "He's a Jolly Good Fellow" with vim. All the efforts of the ladies were to sort of turn them off when they showed any intention of playing, because it was simply too awfully funny. It took tact, too, to manage them, for they had donated their services and had to be treated with consideration. You know the affair was given by Miss Fanny Doyle in aid of the Kindergarten, and all the Burlingame, Menlo and San Mateo crowd took part. There were innumerable *pieces de resistance*. Mrs. Parsons, Mr. Pope, Mr. and Mrs. H. Macondray, Captain Clark and Major Cheatham of the Tennessee Volunteers, Frank Owen and Sam Knight gave specimens of black magic. Frank was excellent, but Sam Knight was hardly sufficiently trained. Mrs. Percy Moore ably officiated as curtain-raiser. But, alas! there is never a rose so sweet that the thorn is not apparent in the bud, and in this instance the one thing that we all particularly anticipated did not come off. I refer, of course, to the bit of acting between Florence Josselyn and Joe O'Sullivan, which failed to materialize. It was too sad, as they did it so well in rehearsal, but business detained Joe so that he could not get there. He came, however, on Sunday, as did Charley Baldwin, and all took in the Eyres' tea. Then I went on to Burlingame to stay all night with Aunt Carolyn, and heard all about the forthcoming Horse Show. It is to be an "event," in capitals—tremendously smart—what the dailies would term a "function," I fancy. All the people with really good horses are to enter them, and the Country Club people hope to revive the Horse Shows, which have always been so immensely successful. Jack Parrott has entered his hackneys, which are quite noted, even for that breed. Walter Hobart, George Pope and Frank Carolan have also entered their horses. You know, all have excellent stock—some a few that won prizes at the New York shows. They will have a regular Horse Show programme—on a small scale. There is to be tandem driving, four-in-hand driving, polo pony races, hurdle jumping, and all that sort of thing. The prizes are really worth having.

Then on Monday I returned to San Rafael, which is gradually filtering out. The Hagers, Deans and O'Connors are still there, and the O'Connors talk of remaining all winter. They are simply golf fiends, and although I have presented each and every one of them with that book, "The Golficide," it has not had the least effect.

I was much surprised to learn that Ethel Murphy is engaged, and is to be married some time in December. Her fiance is Mr. Biddle, of Washington, and an awfully nice chap, I believe. They say Ethel is a very lucky girl, and for my own part I am convinced he is more than fortunate, for she is one of the most thoroughly well bred girls here, and so even in her disposition. You know, so many of the girls are variable—one day they gush over you, the next hardly see you when they meet you, or are snubby; but both the Murphys are particularly sweet.

There is to be a Paper Chase next Saturday, and I am looking forward to it with much pleasure. Of course, I shall ride, and if I don't win the cup——well, I shall know the reason why! And now, good bye, Diary, dear.

Your most devoted
MISS CRICKET.

Well, Diary, my dear, it seems that I cannot complete your pages without telling you of my last letter from dear Gerald Rathbone. Think of it! he was under fire at the first battle in Manila and spent the night carrying dispatches for General Greene. He said he was so tremendously excited that he actually forgot to think whether there was anything to be feared. I am so proud to know that one of the 'Varsity Club men should distinguish himself, for it shows that in spite of criticism all have the right stuff in them, though few get the opportunity of showing what they can do. Ed. Pringle also had a letter, in which Gerald said he missed all of his friends very much, and longed again for the fleshpots of Egypt. Ed. is not so devoted to me, alas! as he was, but says he does not approve of girls who will insist upon going to the Orpheum. And you know, Diary dear, we all go once in a while, and could not resist Felix Morris even if he played at the Oakland Theatre. I was at Modjeska on Monday and was quite captivated by that charming Miss Grace Fisher of Oakland. She has achieved a good deal and although only playing minor parts does her work with unusual delicacy. Let me see, is there anything else? Oh, yes, Aunt Hilda's little Alizon went to a luncheon and matinee given by Mrs. Harvey to Anita on Saturday last. It was a very jolly affair and the table was a perfect picture. All the Wilsons, Helen Dean, Lurline Spreckels and Janet von Schroeder were there. And now again adieu. Yours as ever,
MISS CRICKET.

* *

An unusually interesting wedding celebrated on Wednesday evening last was that of I. W. Hellman Jr. and Miss Frances Jacobi. The ceremony took place in the home of the bride's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Brandenstein, on the corner of California and Gough streets, which was gorgeously arrayed for the occasion. The ballroom, wherein the nuptials were celebrated, was decked to represent a bower with pink orchids and greens. A Sabbath lamp hung from the center and beneath it the young couple promised to "love, honor and obey." Miss Jacobi made a most attractive bride. Her gown was really a magnificent confection of white satin, over which hung a full skirt of point lance—the engagement gift of her grandparents. The waist was draped with lace and cut excellently, showing off the figure to the best advantage. The bridesmaids wore soft peach-bloom pink mousseline de soie, over which fell white tulle and carried bouquets of pink carnations. Miss Clara and Miss Florence Hellman and Miss Jacobi were the bridesmaids. Miss Edith Jacobi, as maid of honor, wore an effective costume of pink and white and carried a bouquet of green orchids. After the ceremony the young couple went to their own home on Broadway and Scott streets. The presents were really superb indeed, the most beautiful silverware and jewelry imaginable were showered on the young couple. One gift was a complete table service in solid silver, embracing every imaginable article that might be utilized in the service of breakfast and dinner, besides intermediate refections. The residence of the couple is charmingly furnished and makes the cosiest possible home for these fortunate young people.

John W. Mackay and Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Mackay have been made a great deal of during their brief stay in San Francisco. The bride is even more handsome than her pictures or her reputation promised. She is very tall and graceful and has lovely eyes and dark hair, which rolls off her brow. As Miss Kitty Duer she was a great belle in New York, for her family is one of the oldest and best in the metropolis. Her grandfather was William Travers, the noted bon vivant and wit, and her great-grandfather was the celebrated Reverdy Johnson. The party traveled across the continent in a private car and have done the State pretty thoroughly. They were at Del Monte on Sunday and went over the Flood place at Menlo as the guests of Miss Jennie Flood on Monday. Prince and Princess Poniatowski had them at San Mateo and Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a dinner in their honor. Herman Oelrichs entertained them at the Poodle Dog on Wednesday night, and afterwards they went to the Comedy Theatre, and on Thursday night a Red Room dinner at the Bohemian Club was given in their honor. Their impressions of San Francisco, under the circumstances, should be roseate.

A very pleasant affair was the afternoon tea given on Thursday last by Mrs. Garrett McEnerney to Miss Florence Redmond. Miss Redmond is from Los Angeles and at present spending some little time with Mrs. McEnerney.

* *

I regret to learn of the severe illness of Mr. Harry Howard, who after a severe attack of appendicitis in the East came home to recuperate. He has just got back from the Yosemite and was taken sick at the Burlingame Club. The nature of his malady has not yet developed, but it is feared his presence in the Clubhouse will interfere with the arrangements for the Horse Show next week. A good deal of preparation has been made for the Show, which ought to be a great success, unless indeed the circumstance alluded to may compel the postponement of the important functions which perforce take place at the Clubhouse.

One of the prettiest places in San Mateo is Severn Lodge, the home of Mr. Harry Bowie. It is built after a charming design and is surrounded by a delightful garden. It was the scene of a pleasant gathering on the afternoon of Monday last, the occasion being an open-air musical to which all the elite of San Mateo were bidden. A large and well-drilled orchestra discoursed operatic and other selections and the affair went off admirably. Mr. Bowie is an accomplished host, as one might easily gather from the perfection of the refreshments offered.

* *

The golf pictures recently published in The Wave evoked considerable attention. The center picture representing Mr. Tetley making a stroke is said to be as good a golf negative as has ever been made, and Dr. Arnold Genthe, who took the views, has received many congratulations thereon. It is his purpose to enlarge this photograph and send it to the Eastern authorities.

* *

The Golf Links still continue the center of attraction in Oakland and on Monday last, the occasion of the Gentlemen's Foursome, all of Oakland turned out to witness the tournament. The Oakland players average more experts than either San Francisco or San Rafael, and, though a few may surpass them at putting and driving, the general ability of the Oaklanders is certainly superior. Among those who entered on Monday last were Mr. Fitzgerald, Mr. Hart North, Mr. Mark Requa, Mr. Will Magee, Mr. Vail Bakewell, Mr. Wingate and Mr. Paul Miller. The prizes were won by Mr. Bakewell and Mr. Wingate. On Saturday afternoon Miss Tucker is to give a big tea from three to six at the Golf Club.

A few dinners, luncheons and informal afternoons serve to record the doings of those "in the know" during the past week. Miss Grace Gorrill gave a farewell dinner on Thursday to Mr. Allen Chickering, prior to his departure for Harvard. The decorations were in the Harvard colors. Mr. Chickering was a prominent member of the D. K. E. fraternity in Berkeley and a general favorite. Among those invited were Miss Bessie Palmer, Miss Pauline Fore, Miss Howard, Miss Barker, Miss Laey, Messrs. Chickering, Bishop, Ben Bakewell, Dixwell Davenport and Silas Palmer.

A particularly smart little luncheon was given in Fruitvale during the past week by Miss Grace Sanborn in honor of Miss Nellie Grant, daughter of U. S. Grant Jr. All the girls wore light frocks and big hats. The table decorations were in pale pink, roses being used.

A very jolly "At Home" was given by Mrs. G. W. McNear Jr. on Saturday afternoon to the young married set. Mrs. Adams, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. C. O. G. Miller and Mrs. Harry Miller assisted Mrs. McNear in receiving.

Mrs. Harry Wetherbee is to give an all days' outing at her home in Fruitvale to the inmates of the Old Ladies' Home. There is to be an out-of-door luncheon, and Mrs. Wetherbee has invited a number of the Oakland and Fruitvale girls to assist her in entertaining the old ladies.

The Saturday Fortnightly Dancing Class is to be revived and will be combined with the former Deux Temps sets. The members of both clubs are to be invited, but the youngest and oldest left out. Among the patronesses are Mrs. W. E. Sharon, Mrs. McElrath, Mrs. Selby, Mrs. Belden and Mrs. Havens. The dances will take place every fortnight in Reed's Hall. The first meeting is to be held early in October.

Of the Oaklanders who are still away are Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Goodall and Miss Ella Goodall, who are in Alaska; Mr. and Mrs. Requa, Miss Chrissie Taft, Miss Vrooman and Miss Ethel and Miss Carmen Moore. The Misses Moore anticipate remaining away until early in November. They expect to be in Holland at the coronation ceremonies of Queen Wilhelmina.

The lady managers of the Oakland Woman's Exchange contemplate establishing a lunch room similar to that in the city. The Exchange hopes thereby to give the Oakland ladies a lunch room down town. Up to the present there is no ladies' restaurant in Oakland. It is very inconvenient for Berkeley and Oakland people who wish to do a day's shopping and yet are obliged to return home for lunch. The Tuesday luncheons at the Ebell begin again this week.

An interesting wedding to take place on Wednesday evening is that of Miss Mattie Knowles and Mr. Bliss.

Save Your Silver

Ordinarily good Silverware should last a lifetime and hold its original brilliancy quite as long. It will if you use

SILVER ELECTRO-SILICON POLISH

which simply beautifies by imparting great brilliancy. Its cardinal merit is, the entire absence of any element in any way injurious to precious metals. **It's unlike all others.** The life of your Silverware therefore depends upon yourself. Grocers sell it.

Box post-paid 15 cts. in stamps.
Trial quantity for the asking.

The Electro Silicon Co., 30 Cliff Street, New York.

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

MOORE'S POISON OAK REMEDY
Cures Poison Oak and all Skin Diseases. Sold by all Druggists.

IMPORTANT!

GREAT NOVELTIES
—IN—
French Drapery
Lace Curtains
Artistic Furniture

In French, Italian and Colonial Styles
Special Designs.

Estimates for Interior Decoration Furnished Free.
Get our figures before entrusting your orders with other concerns.

THE P. ROSSI CO.
117 Sutter Street
Bet. Kearny and Montgomery, San Francisco

NATURE'S TOILET SOAP

The lemon is a natural skin-healer, cleanser, builder and beautifier. It is a skin food—grateful, refreshing and healthful.

CALIFORNIA CREAM OF LEMON

is made from the soluble substance of the whole lemon. It contains neither chemicals, fatty matter nor potash. Its regular use in the bath gives the skin a remarkable clearness, a freedom from all roughness or blemish, and a velvety softness and suppleness. It both prevents and cures tan, sunburn, freckles, pimples, and all similar skin blemishes, diseases and irritations, restores faded complexions and removes wrinkles.

It retails at 15 cents. Ask your druggist for it. If he will not supply you, send 20 cents and we will send a three-ounce collapsible tube of Cream of Lemon prepaid to any address in the United States.

BALLOU & COSGROVE
Sole Agents for the United States, San Diego, Cal
Most druggists sell it—all druggists should.

Mrs. Anna Von Meyerinck
HAS REOPENED HER
SCHOOL OF MUSIC
For Voice Culture and Piano.

Complete Conservatory Courses, including Instruction in Harmony, Theory, Chorus and Sight Singing, Ensemble Playing, Languages and Physical Culture. Special Preparation for Church Choir Work (weekly rehearsals with the choir of Park Congregational Church)
Lectures on Musical Topics.
Terms for Full Course of Fifty Weeks, $75, (payable in monthly installments of $6 25).
Private Instruction, $15 and $20 per month.
Special Seminary Courses for Teachers.
Coaching for Lighter and Grand Opera by Mrs. Henri Fairweather.
Further particulars may be obtained at the School 841 Fulton street, San Francisco. Reception hours, 12 to 2 daily.

Mme. Adele
FROM PARIS
Prices Moderate
Artistic Millinery
350 Hayes Street, San Francisco

Start of the Salmon Fishers' Boat Race

Tug of War in Boats

A Contest in Tubs

The "White Wings"

View in Astoria, the Manila Guard in the Foreground

On the Beach at Astoria

On the Wharf

The Queen of the Carnival s Reception

THE REGATTA AT ASTORIA, ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER

'HE ORIGIN OF ANARCHY

Interesting Investigation of the Sources of Political Disorder.

ne assassination of the Empress of Aus-, quite the most unoffending of the sover-is of Europe, renews the attention of the ld in anarchy and its professors. Among rulers of the old world assassinations have n frequent of late. Within recent years sident Carnot of the French Republic fell the knife of an anarchist. Early in the ling of '97 an attempt was made to kill King mbert of Italy. Canovas de Castilar, me Minister of Spain, was slain by a myr-lon of the same association. And now nes the turn of the Empress of Austria.

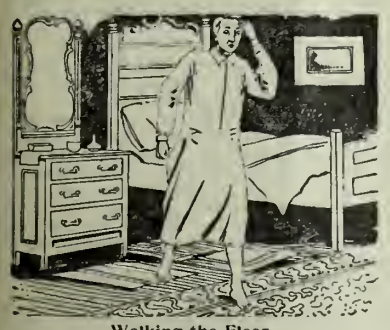
'he motives that inspire anarchism are most elligently stated in the latest volume of the minology series, *Political Crime*, by L. bal, a Judge of the Court of Appeals at Aix. Appleton & Co., publishers.) This volume ats of crimes against government, and by vernments for alleged reasons of state, be-es those committed by politicians for rea-ns of expediency or personal advantage. ginning with Machiavellism the author re-ws the crimes with which the pages of his-y are sown, with the object of proving that loyal and honest policy is the only great licy; that politics when they part company th morality are demeanded to begin with, d degenerate as well into a matter of adven-res and shifts; and, finally, as Tacitus has d, that "there are no better instruments of od government than good men." Civiliza-n, as M. Proal declares, has accomplished provements in every direction except in that politics. We are shown marvellous ma-ines at exhibitions, but the great political achine called Government is still imperfect. Anarchism, M. Proal declares, is the conse-ience of the false maxim that a political ime may find its excuse in the end in view—at it is lawful to kill in order to secure the iumph of a cause. He attributes the pres-ice of this disaffection to the sophisms of rtain writers on religion and government. s a rule, writers are not willing to have their sponsibility discussed, pretending that doc-ines are without influence on actions, but e fact is that disordered ideas produce moral sorders. He who puts unwholesome theo-es into circulation in society explodes mbs in its midst. We are told of an anar-hist tried at the Aix assizes for the man-facture of an explosive powder. Since the ge of 17 this man had been noted by his em-loyers for his assiduity and irreproachable nduct. He had supported a wife and two hildren besides an aged father on his salary, trifle over 75 cents a day. After a lifetime of irtuous living—he was 33 at the time of his rrest—this man breaks out against society. hey found his room full of anarchist papers nd pamphlets, the contents of which had urned his head. And yet some men urge that o guilt attaches to opinions and that pure hought is harmless.

It may be asked what imaginable gain is here in the crime of such men as Laochini, who so brutally stabbed the Austrian Em-ress? He arouses hatred and general indig-ation and effects no object. It seems, how-ver, that these men are affected by an unreasoning hatred against society in general because it has wealth. The favorite theory of anarchists is that society owes them not a living alone but happiness. Happiness is to be had in pleasures which wealth produces. In the manifesto of the anarchists of La Pouille, issued in August, 1878, may be read: "The end to be reached is to assure mankind the most complete happiness possible. * * Love ought to be free and delivered from rituals and codes." In 1873 the Spanish internationalists promulgated a similar doctrine: "If we lack the power to achieve our end, which is to sit down in turn at the banquet of life, then will appear upon the scene petroleum the avenger, which the privileged classes dread, not only to accomplish the work of destruction, but to execute an act of sovereign justice." This furious desire to taste the pleasures of life is further stimulated by the materialistic theories that invariably accompany revolutionary socialism, and that teach the glorification of the passions and the rehabilitation of the flesh. The anarchist Valliant, who stabbed the Servian Minister, declared: "Man comes to an end when the tomb begins; in consequence he should satisfy his desires to the fullest possible extent, and there is no reason for the existence of society unless it finally completes his well being." Henery, another anarchist, retorted to a Paris Municipal Councilor who had said that workingmen only demanded work: "No, myself and those who think with me demand pleasure. The instruction we have received," he continued, "has opened the minds of a certain number, and they have asked themselves whether they have not as good a right as anyone else to the satisfaction civilization offers those who can pay for them." At the trial of Ravachol, the President of the Assizes remarked: "You commit murder to satisfy your passions—what can society expect of a man who manifests such sentiments?" "It is I," replied the accused, "who have something to expect of society. It is its duty to support me, and it is not surprising that one employs every means to be happy since society neglects its members."

The political methods of the anarchists, M. Proal explains, are similar to those of the Jacobins of 1793, save that the the former demand the destruction of all property institutions, whereas the Jacobins desired their mainteuance. The theories of anarchy are fully stated in the writings of Babeuf, who had declared war against society. He and his associates intended to exterminate the governing classes. His inspiration was drawn from the writings of Mably and Diderot, and especially from discourse of J. J. Rousseau on "Inequality." Proudhon, whom Kropotkine styles the "immortal father of anarchy," endowed revolutionary anarchism with its two mottoes, "Property is robbery" and "Catholicism is the foe." Kropotkine himself advised the working classes to lay hands on the belongings of the rich and instal themselves in their places. "Private property is robbery accomplished at at the expense of the community," he declares. Lammenais is another of the sinners in the production of this great political disorder. Louis Blanc, for instance, in calling upon the people to avenge the tyranny of the middle classes, was responsible in no small measure for the events of June, 1848. Again Kropotkine urges, "Let us treat as a brother the man who in a fit of passion has injured his brother. * * The greatest criminals are merely the ignoble products of the idleness of the well-to-do."

It is sophisms of this character that produce anarchy. Theories such as these are as poisonous to the mind as arsenic to the body. There are doctrines which, like hasheesh, lull remorse and stupefy the conscience. Others like explosives fill the people with virulent passion. There are newspapers that, like corrosive acids, destroy all they touch, and speeches that like alcohol inflame the blood, agitate the brain, sear the nerves and dry up the heart. The real remedy, concludes M. Proal, for the crisis we are traversing is a return to Christianity. He holds it to be the bounden duty of every citizen who has the good fortune to hold salutary beliefs, derived from their education or their families, to propagate them. Society is diseased, and to restore it to health it is necessary to re-endow it with moral beliefs. A French anarchist, on mounting the scaffold recently, repulsed the priest who sought to offer him the last rites. He declared he did not believe in God, but if he had he would never have been guilty of the crime for which he had been sentenced.

Though the illustrations of political crime utilized throughout this volume are almost entirely derived from French history, a strong indictment against dishonest methods in politics is drawn up. Only by natural and clean methods, declares M. Proal, is permanent success accomplished. Not ministerial combinations or political scheming bring about the progress of society, but the sterling sentiments and the great thoughts that come straight from the heart. C.



Walking the Floor.

When a business man gets to the point where he cannot sleep at night, where he is so shattered of nerve that it is torture to even remain in his bed, and he has to get up and pace the floor—it is time for that man to bring himself up with a round turn. If he does not, it means nervous prostration and mental, if not physical, death.

For a man who gets into this condition there is a remedy that will brace him up, put him on his feet and make a man of him again. It is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It goes to the bottom of things. It searches out the first cause. When a man is in this condition you can put your finger on one of two spots and hit that first cause—the stomach or the liver or both. This great medicine acts directly on these spots. It promptly transforms a weak stomach into a healthy one. It facilitates the flow of digestive juices and makes digestion and assimilation perfect. It gives a man an appetite like a boy's. It invigorates the liver. It fills the blood with the life-giving elements of the food, and makes it pure, rich, red and plentiful. The blood is the life current, and when it is filled with the elements that build new and healthy tissues, it does not take long to make a man well and strong. It builds firm, muscular flesh tissues and strong and steady nerve fibers. It puts new life, vigor and vitality into every atom and organ of the body. It cures nervous exhaustion and prostration. Nothing "just as good" can be found at medicine stores.

"I had suffered about eleven years with a pain in the back of my head and back," writes Mr. Robert Hubbard, of Varner, Lincoln Co., Ark. 'I suffered for eleven years and spent a great deal of money for doctors and medicine, but did not get relief. Then I tried four bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and improved greatly. I sent for five more and now am glad to tell everyone that I am in good health."

\$100—Reward—\$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucuous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

☞Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Clothing, curtains, blankets, etc., cleaned or dyed. Pacific Cleaning and Dyeing Works, 353-357 Tehama street. Telephone South 40. J. Spaulding & Co.

"A PERFECT FOOD—as Wholesome as it is Delicious."

WALTER BAKER & CO.'S

BREAKFAST COCOA

"Has stood the test of more than 100 years' use among all classes, and for purity and honest worth is unequalled."
—*Medical and Surgical Journal.*

Costs less than ONE CENT a Cup.
Trade-Mark on Every Package.

WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD.,

TRADE-MARK. Established 1780. DORCHESTER, MASS.

MAGAZINE OPINIONS

Whitelaw Reid on Annexation and the Philippines—Secretary Day's Career.

In the race for circulation which is going on among the magazines, it must be admitted the 35-cent monthlies hold their own and give good value for the price they exact. Still 35 cents is an inconvenient charge—the quarter representing rather that round figure in which the average man rejoices. Take the September *Century*, for instance. It is an elaborate and expensive production, containing contributions from some of the best minds and ablest pens in the country. There are 158 pages of it and the effort is made to furnish the last word on every subject treated. For instance, there are articles by Whitelaw Reid and Carl Schurz on the new policy of imperialism; Emile Ollivier, formerly Prime Minister of France, writes on "America, Spain and France"; President Gilman of the Johns Hopkins University disourses on de Tocqueville's book on America in the light of modern ideas. Besides all this that is serious, we have stories and poetry and pictures, mainly good—it may be added that this especial *Century* will be hard to live up to, for its contents are readable right through, a condition that rarely happens.

Whitelaw Reid's essay on "The Territory With Which We Are Threatened" is a clear and logical statement of our situation with regard to Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines. He holds that the course of Great Britain in regaid to the Egyptian embroglio affords a precedent for the United States in directing the destinies of Cuba until such a time as that island may be enabled to govern itself. England occupied Egypt for the purpose of pacification, but agreed to withdraw when that had been accomplished. Some fourteen years have elapsed and there is yet no sign of a retreat of British forces or officials from the Nile. This apropos, of course, of the Congressional resolution which declared the United States had entered upon war not to seize Cuba, but to deliver it from Spanish oppression. Another parallel is afforded in the position of Jefferson, who declared the purchase of foreign territory would make waste paper of the Constitution, and subsequently appealed to Congress for money to pay for his purchase of Louisiana. Mr. Reid's opinion is that it may be necessary to hold the Philippines. "Having been led into their possession by the course of events, shall we draw a geographical line at our humanity and say we cannot coutinue to be governed by it in Asiatic waters because it is too much trouble?" he asks. However, unforseen complications may provide another way out. In the event of our annexing Luzon the writer does not consider it necessary that the native races have representation in Congress. England, he points out, does not admit her Indians to Parliament. Carl Schurz in his article makes exposition of the difficulties and dangers along the liue of the the new policy of imperialism, in accordance with his favorite theories.

A readable article on Philippine pirates gives a clever impression of the people with whom our Government will have to cope if it holds the islands. Walter Russell's article and drawings are first rate, and Edward Emerson's "Alone in Porto Rico" is a brisk and vivid narrative, far ahead of the much be-lauded contributions of more famous correspondents. I must not forget "His Word of Honor," by Bliss Perry, a well-turned and exceedingly interesting story.

The *American Monthly* comes forth with a sketch of Secretary of State Day, whom it praises as a remarkable man who, placed in a position of the highest importance without preliminary political training, meets its requirements by the exercise of his natural abilities. His "shirt sleeves" diplomacy, the writer, Mr. Henry Macfarland, declares, was eminently effective and adroit, however amateurish. The ability of the man was proven by nothing so clearly as in the adjustment of his relations with Secretary Sherman. Though ostensibly the head of the department of State, Sherman was really but a figure head, whereas Day did all the work and had all the power. Yet there never arose complication between the two—all because of Day's tact and simplicity of manner. Otherwise the *Review* keeps up its various departments. "The Progress of the World" makes an interesting comment on affairs, even though one may disagree with the editor's views of events.

The latest *Lippincott's* has a story by Joseph A. Altsheler for its feature. "The Lost Rebel" is a Confederate Colonel, who lives far off in a Kentucky valley within the mountains in a fortified log house he calls Fort Defiance. He cherishes the delusion that the war is still on, maintains his fort in a military fashion, holding out to the bitter end against the Yankees. He has a daughter, a beauty, and the New York artist, who plays hero, falls in love with her. The Colonel regards West as a spy and all manner of interesting incidents arise out of the old man's delusion

The September *Outlook* has some excellent articles, including two interesting sketches of Bismarck, a continuation of "Lowell and His Friends" and "Anti-Slavery Days" by Thos. Wentworth Higginson. Both the latter and the Lowell article are profusely illustrated with valuable portraits of celebrities such as Holmes, Story and Longfellow. This journal continues to grow in value and importance and is to-day one of the best of its kind in America.

Though *The Incidental Bishop*, by Grant Allen (D. Appleton & Co.), has no literary flavor whatever, it is neither loose-jointed nor lacking in interest. The plot is rather origiual, the treatment very commonplace, the whole fairly entertaining. The first chapter deludes one with the idea that a sea yarn is to be unrolled, but we soon find ourselves in a most conventional atmosphere, with a Bishop's conscience for our *piece de resistance* and a slangy new girl as a *sauce piquante*.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes, Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

Poodle Dog Restaurant, southeast corner of Grant avenue and Bush street. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone 429. Blanco & Bruno, proprietors.

THE NEW BOOKS
AS ISSUED
AT
ROBERTSON'S
126 POST ST.

STANDARD BRANDS OF
WINES, SPIRITS, MINERAL WATERS

CHAMPAGNE
White Seal, Grande Cuvee, Brut Imperial
Messrs. Moet & Chandon, Epernay.
CLARETS and SAUTERNES
Messrs. Dubos, Freres, Bordeaux
HOCK and MOSELLE WINES
Messrs. Deinhard & Co., Coblentz.
MINERAL WATER
Johannis Co., Ld., Johannis Springs.
GINGER ALE
Messrs. Cantrell & Cochrane, Belfast.
CANADIAN CLUB WHISKY
Messrs. Hiram Walker & Sons, Ld., WALKERVILLE
AMERICAN WHISKY
"The Old Government." Bottled in Bond.
COGNAC BRANDY
Messrs. J. & F. Martell, Cognac.
SCOTCH WHISKY
Messrs. Andrew Usher & Co., Edinburgh.
BASS' ALE and GUINNESS' STOUT
Dog's Head Brand
Messrs. Read Bros., London.
BARTHOLOMAY BEER and VITAMALT
Bartholomay Brewing Co., Rochester, N.Y.
FOR SALE BY DEALERS AND GROCERS

Wm. Wolff & Co.
PACIFIC COAST AGENTS
327-329 Market St., San Francisco

THE GREAT LEADER
OF CHAMPAGNES!

G. H. Mumm & Co's
EXTRA DRY

While words tell, statistics prove. The importation of G. H. MUMM & CO'S EXTRA DRY in 1897, aggregating 72,775 cases, or 42,293 cases more than of any other brand, is certainly the most striking evidence of the great popularity of this famous brand of champagne, and particular attention is called to the fine quality, purity, and natural dryness of the wine now coming to this market.

Used at almost all notable banquets, balls, weddings, etc.

The Royal is the highest grade baking powder known. Actual tests show it goes one-third further than any other brand.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

LONDON

London, August 30th.—Even the South African, clothed in his right mind and little else to speak of, will agree with the statement that it is impossible to maintain a decent degree of dignity when the thermometer registers in the neighborhood of 100 degrees. There is little refinement about extreme heat, for when the linen is limp, the hands clammy, and drops of perspiration congregate on the forehead, even a prince would become vulgarized. London in hot weather is simply intolerable. A light, white mist hangs over the Thames and becomes dusky and suffocating as it reaches the city. To-day there is not a breath of air; the languid cab horses, that are dispirited enough at the best of times, drag themselves miserably along with their dry tongues hanging out. The dogs, fortunately, are muzzled for fear of claims to be hydrophobia in the atmosphere. London is in light and summery garments. Even the men who at other seasons wear the inevitable frock coats and tall hats may be seen in flannels and straws, looking very cool and like.

It is amusing strange to glance in at the milliners' windows on these parching hot days and note the felt hats that are the harbingers of the cooler season that should already be with us. But even though one is attired in the lightest of lawns, felt hats, when pretty and novel, however incongruous, have an attraction. The new shape is smaller and less exaggerated from every standpoint than usual. The brims are turned back from the face, bound with velvet, and have giant quilled feathers with curled edges and white or black dots standing up to one side. Then the larger varieties of braided chenille are also turned back and trimmed with long ostrich plumes sweeping back from the center, where they are held by a twisted bow of velvet. The dotted quills are, I am afraid, going to be too popular—in fact, everything seems to be dots nowadays. Feathers, laces, nets, veils, silks and chiffons are all covered with polka dots. As a general rule, the "dots" are small, but on some of the materials they appear as large as twenty-five-cent pieces, and are loud enough to be heard in the next square.

The Prince of Wales is not going to America—no, not even to witness the great yacht race. Those who have penetrated the inner sanctuary and talk authoritatively on such matters say that His Royal Highness could not leave England for so long a voyage at the present time and under existing conditions. The newspapers to the contrary, his leg is not progressing with that degree of rapidity which his medical advisers led us to expect. It appears that even with princely knees there is no royal road to recovery. I believe that at first His Royal Highness was glorying in the fact that the injury had not been worse. "I might have broken my leg, for instance," he said to Sir W. McCormac, one of the surgeons called in to attend him. "I wish to heaven you had!" was the surgeon's answer. In the meantime he is bearing up cheerfully and has the devoted attention of the Princess Victoria, who rarely leaves his side. She is very much brighter and livelier when with her father, and the two are more congenial than any other members of the family. Some surprise was manifested in royal circles that the Princess Victoria did not accompany her mother to Denmark, for she might have visited her married sister Maud, who is in Copenhagen in rather delicate health. The Princess of Wales is not with her daughter, but has accompanied the Danish Royal Family to Bernstorf. It seems there is some feeling between Princess Maud and her own people over her matrimonial affairs, on account of which there has arisen a distinct coldness. She hated Denmark at first, and tried to persuade her husband to enter the English navy. This incensed his relatives, and the Princess of Wales was so disgusted at her lack of tact that she gave her a very strong talk, and she, resenting bitterly the fact that her own people had not held her up in the matter, has never forgiven them.

The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire had a very smart house party at the opening of the grouse shooting season at the Hall, Bolton Abbey. The preserves around Hazlewood Moor are especially well covered this year and on the first day 300 brace of grouse were bagged. Lord Elcho, Lord and Lady Essex, Lord Gosford, Lady Curzon and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sassoon were among those invited. Bolton Abbey is a very comfortable and picturesque house, but is not to be compared with Forde Abbey, as most of the original buildings have been destroyed. Some of the house, however, is formed out of the huge gatehouse of the ancient monastery and contains several very interesting pictures. But the Bolton Woods make the Duke of Devonshire's property famous throughout England, for they extend for miles up through the Whaye river and are not only beautiful timber lands, but are decidedly attractive from the scenic aspect.

The Sassoons, who were among the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire's guests, belong to the original Sassoons of Persia and are among the most interesting foreigners in England. The younger branches have, to a great extent, lost all trace of their Oriental origin. Mrs. Solomon David Sassoon, of Bombay, is, however, a real Persian and has never been away from Persia or India. She belongs to a pure Persian family of high caste and is said to be one of the richest and most influential women in the world. She was brought up on the usual narrow lines prescribed for high caste women in the Orient, but her natural abilities and fine intellect could not be held back by caste prejudice and she deliberately threw them aside and took her place in the world beside her husband. Since his death, five years ago, she has controlled and personally superintended the great interests of the Sassoon family in India. In her first years of widowhood she studied the most minute details of the business, and as soon as she deemed herself capable, took her husband's position and has filled it ever since. In appearance Mrs. Solomon David Sassoon is very handsome, but she has a rather barbaric fashion of dress. She possesses some most magnificent pearls and usually wears strings of them around her neck. She is exceedingly generous and her friends are always receiving magnificent gifts of jewels. Another Sassoon is Mrs. Frederick Beer, proprietor and editor of the London *Sunday Times*. She belongs to the English branch of the family and although brought up in England, has strong traces of the Oriental in her appearance. She has the great business ability of the family and is a very capable and clever woman. Before her marriage, as Miss Rachael Sassoon, she was well known in English society.

On your side of the Atlantic very little is known of the system of "claques," or hired applause that prevails everywhere in Europe. Tamagno, the great Italian tenor, always travels with his claques, who know when and how to applaud and start the rest of the house. But although the claque system is recognized as part of the business on the continent of Europe, in England it has never met with much favor. Two of the French singers who went to Covent Garden this year introduced the custom of having a claque present at their performances, and were severely criticised by the newspapers. Of these M. Renaud and Mme. Heglon were the most prominent offenders, and on being asked their reason for hiring paid clappers, replied that they could not do themselves justice unless their efforts were applauded. "Ah, the English are so cold, so undemonstrative! They will sit absolutely immobile when one is singing one's best aria and never applaud a new opera," said Mme. Heglon. "I must have applause in my best scenes, or I become discouraged."

Apropos of this claque system, a story is told of Frederick Lemaitre and Mme. Dorval, who were playing a piece called "Pablo," in the Ambigue Theatre in Paris. They were equally popular—a fact that Lemaitre resented very keenly—and were applauded with impartial enthusiasm by the spectators. Lemaitre blamed the "claque," and went to the manager of the theatre and complained that the claque was a nuisance and ought to be driven out of the theatre. Just as he had finished his speech Mme. Dorval entered and said she thought the claque an admirable institution, as it showed the audience how and when to appland. Mr. Lemaitre retorted: "What is the use of hand-clapping anyway? Let the public use its own judgment and see then who would receive the applause."

The manager agreed to get rid of the claque and on the next night the public, accustomed to being led by the hired hand-clappers, remained silent. Lemaitre, not being able to stand that, hired his own claque secretly, and at the next performance received all the applause. That enraged Mme. Dorval, who then decided to engage a second claque. The other actors, not accustomed to being entirely ignored, engaged a third company of hired applanders, so, like the woman and the seven devils, the last state of affairs was worse than the first. The two principals, Lemaitre and Dorval, again went to the manager to complain, but he said he was innocent.

"You should be satisfied," he remarked, "for now there are three claques instead of one, for M. Lemaitre hires one, Mme. Dorval pays for another, and the other actors a third. The new arrangement has one advantage over the old, in that I have not to pay for any."

KATRIONA.

The people are all singing, the bands are all playing, the coons are all dancing the most popular coon song of the day, "My Honolulu Lady."

Dr. G. A. Danziger, Dentist, 22 Geary street

NEW YORK

New York, Sept. 8th.—In the great Metropolis there is no dearth of topics. From war to journalism and back to society there are a hundred occurrences of interest. To commence with the recent unpleasantness, the aftermath of the late conflict is still in the air. I have the impression that, despite the efforts to screen Alger, he has been too badly discredited to be saved from condemnation. The death of young Tiffany has hurt him among the people who might help against a press combination. The Boston doctor who attended the young Rough Rider declared that he died of fever and starvation. Now, he was a nephew of the late Mrs. August Belmont, and closely connected with all the millionaire set, and when men like the Vanderbilts and Morgans and Belmonts begin to find fault the echo of their complaint resounds through Washington. You may have noted that Secretary Alger declared that there should be no review of the Porto Rico army, but lo! the Secretary has returned to his Michigan home, and the President himself is come to New York and will inspect the victorious cortege.

You have heard, of course, that young Tiffany was engaged to be married to Miss Maud Livingston, a very pretty and prominent girl, to whom he was betrothed in the spring. Considerable criticism was directed at the young man when he enlisted in the Rough Riders, inasmuch as he left both a fiancee and a business on which he depended for a livelihood. But he distinguished himself at Guasimas, where he handled the dynamite gun, and was also in the fight at San Juan. It now transpires that his mother especially desired him to go to the war, feeling there should be at least one Perry fighting for his country. The funeral services of the unfortunate young man were attended by all Newport. The coffin was borne into Trinity Church by a cortege of Rough Riders. Miss Livingston, leaning on Belmont Tiffany's arm, walked next the coffin, followed by Mrs. Tiffany, who was accompanied by her second son. Colonel Roosevelt and a company of Rough Riders, who had come over from Camp Montauk, in Colonel Astor's yact *Nourmahal*, followed the body to the grave. It was really a very impressive ceremony and particularly mournful, when one remembers that a little attention on the part of our government, and a few luxuries, would have saved young Tiffany's life and that of many another unfortunate who has gone to his rest through bad food and worse management.

The war has supplied the country with romances innumerable. There is, also, the pretty story of Ensign Powelson's wooing. Powelson was on the *Maine* when that ill-fated battleship was blown up in Havana harbor, and he subsequently served with Captain Sigsbee on the *St. Paul*. An excellent and energetic officer, he was invaluable in obtaining evidence that tended to throw light on the cause of the disaster and his name grew familiar in connection with that affair. In June of last year Ensign Powelson had met at Old Point Comfort Miss Margaret Olivia Miller of Wyoming, Ohio, with whom he at once fell in love. They were betrothed a little later, and were to have been married last spring. But the war broke out and prevented the consummation of this design. The Ensign was called to his duty, and in the meantime the bride came to New York and made herself as happy as is possible when one's lover is off at the wars and in danger of death. The young man survived the several conflicts in which the *St. Paul* was engaged, and when his ship arrived in New York he demanded of Miss Miller in rather an authoritative manner that the marriage take place at once. Now this young lady had set her heart at being wedded in the big stone Presbyterian Church in her native town to the accompaniment of music, flowers and a cortege of bridesmaids. The Ensign would not hear of it—he would be married at once. There arose an unpleasantness, after which the young man sailed off to Philadelphia to superintend the dismantling of the *St. Paul*. Alas, he fell down a hatch and broke his leg. Not a word did he send to his fiancee, who, however, learned of the trouble through the papers. Off at once she started for the Episcopal Hospital, where he lay, determined to nurse him, and they are to be wedded in the early future, and not in the stone church of Wyoming, Ohio.

There have been some distinguished arrivals recently, among them the eminent Hebrew humorist, Israel Zangwill, who is to lecture under the auspices of the inevitable Major Pond. Zangwill has been interviewed at full length by all the papers, and his jokes and works have been displayed according to the usual Sunday magazine recipe. One of the men who had participated at the press reception told me that Zangwill resembles his portraits in being clever-looking and ugly, but that his taste in costume is extraordinary. He wore a tie which my friend explained was enough to set the teeth of a buzz-saw. He is very smart at persiflage, and drifts lightly from topic to topic, making elaborate *bon mots* en route, and pausing carefully after each, so the audience may have time for recognition and note-taking. Without being too critical the impression the great man made on the journalists was that he had carefully prepared himself for the ordeal, and had furbished up epigrams on current topics, ready for the occasion. He told some little news, among other things that he had dramatized the *King of Schnorrers* for Richard Mansfield, and that the play might be produced during his stay in America. Undoubtedly Zangwill will be a great success, for his countrymen all over the Union are longing to see, listen to, and entertain him.

The return of David H. Moffatt, the Colorado mining millionaire, who had taken to Europe for a trip the head waiter of the Fifth-Avenue Hotel, was also made into a sensation by the press. Moffatt, who is one of the strongest and ablest financiers of the West, is one of those big, hearty, bluff, decisive men who care nothing whatever for public or private comment on their doings. He had known "Tom" Gay for many years, and was accustomed on visiting New York to put up at the Fifth-Avenue in order to have his attention. This Tom is a character in his way witty, clever and original, and he knows every prominent man in America—at least all of them who are in the habit of visiting that familiar hostelry. Quite recently Moffatt who had come to town accompanied by his private secretary and physician, intending to take a spin across the pond, noticed that Tom was looking pale and thin. So he asked if he would not like to a company the party to Europe. At first the waiter thought the millionaire was joking, but Moffatt persisted and they started off together. The millionaire told the reporters, on his arrival, all about the trip and declared that he had never enjoyed anything so much in his life as the spectacle of Tom's happiness. The waiter, he declared was the life of the party and his shrewd and caustic comments on things and people kept them laughing all the way over.

That "Lady Ursula," Anthony Hope's play, which Sothern and Virginia Harned are giving at the Lyceum, will prove a popular success, is something for the future to demonstrate. Certainly it makes a charming performance, light as soap-bubbles and thistle-down. Veritably it is a *Dolly Dialogue* or an *Indiscretion of the Duchess*, and I trust fortune may send it as far west as San Francisco. The plot turns on the daring of a coy maiden, who, for a wager, ventures—disguised in the attire of her brother—into the mansion of a misanthropic young gentleman. The year is 1720 and the costume is of green velvet knee breeches and white silk stockings, in which Miss Virginia Harned looked adorable, but not in the least manly. The misanthrope—Mr. Sothern—is deceived. There arises between them a dispute and a challenge ensues. Indeed it seem as though sword and blood would surely be drawn, when Lady Ursula drops her handkerchief and the name, written in large black letters, "Ursula" reveals to Sir George what the effulgent outlines of Miss Harned had not disclosed. There are other details, scenes and complications, but the episode is the handkerchief and the myopic defect of the misanthrope, who, as is proper, falls in love with the adorable Ursula. Throughout, the dialogue is of Hope's best brand—sparkling, quick and clever. Really there's not a thing in the piece, but you are hypnotized by the wit and the grace of the actors and the beauty of the *mise en scene*. Mayhap you will think with me, when the spectacle is brought out to the West, how admirably someone else might have enacted Miss Harned's part, because this excellent young woman is not of the brand of Hope's heroines, but nothing could be better than Sothern. To-day he is easily the best leading man on the American stage, far ahead of John Drew, who, indeed, is his only rival.

DALTON.

Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist, 806 Market Street

DEWAR'S....

PERTH WHISKEY

is not the cheapest in the market, but its delicious mellowness, exquisite flavor and rare bouquet more than make up for its extra cost.

Pacific Coast Agents

Sherwood & Sherwood

SAN FRANCISCO
LOS ANGELES
PORTLAND

Insist Upon Having Your Ticket to New York Boston, or Other Eastern Cities

Read over the Nickel Plate (N. Y. C. & St. L. R. R.), the popular low-rate short line. Quick time, unexcelled accommodations, and no extra fares charged. Jay W. Adams, Pacific Coast Passenger Agent, 37 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal.

For health and strength: Damiana Bitters.

Pears'

Only they who use it know the luxury of it.

GERMEA

The Ideal Breakfast Dish

HE BANK OF CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO

Capital and Surplus . Six Million Dollars

ILLIAM ALVORD.....President
ARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
OMAS BROWN.....Cashier
PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier
VING F. MOULTON.....Second Assistant Cashier
LEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

CORRESPONDENTS

w York..... { Messrs. Laidlaw & Co. / The Bank of New York, N B. A.
ltimore.....The National Exchange Bank
ston.....The Tremont National Bank
icago..... { Illinois Trust and Savings Bank / Union National Bank
iladelphia.....Philadelphia National Bank
. Louis.....Boatmen's Bank
rginia City, Nev...Agency of the Bank of California
ndon.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
ris.....Messrs. De Rothschild Freres
rlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft
ina, Japan and East Indies.....Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China
ustralia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

etters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

he German Savings and Loan Society

526 California St., S. F.

uarantee Capital and Surplus.....$2,135,820 60
apital Actually Paid Up in Cash..... 1,000,000 00
eposits June 30, 1898.....26,486,987 06

OFFICERS

President, B. A. BECKER
First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER
Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN
Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT
Assistant Cashier, WM. HERRMANN
Secretary, GEORGE TOURNY
Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann, Ign. Stein hart, N. Van Bergen, E. Rhote, H. B. Russ, D. N. Walter and N. Ohlandt.
Attorney - W. S. Goodfellow

San Francisco Savings Union

532 CALIFORNIA ST.

Deposits July 1, 1898.....$23,356,130
Paid Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Reserve Fund..... 182,009
Contingent Fund..... 435,515

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres. LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

DIRECTORS

George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, George Tasheira, E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate, and Farms and Farming Lands in the country. Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.

No charge is made for pass book or entrance fee.

Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco

33 POST STREET

Below Kearny Mechanics' Institute Buildin

Guaranteed Capital, $1,000,000
Paid Up Capital, $300,000

JAMES D. PHELAN, President
S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-President
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier
C. B. HOBSON, Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS—James D. Phelan, S. G. Murphy, Johu A. Hooper, James Moffitt, C. G. Hooker, Frank J. Sullivan, L. P. Drexler, Robt. McElroy, Jos. D. Grant.

Interest paid on deposits.

Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks.

When opening accounts, send signature.

CONNECTICUT

FIRE INS. CO.

OF HARTFORD

Assets. $3,300,000. BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.
COLIN M. BOYD,
Agent for San Francisco
501 Montgomery Street

Thuringia Insurance Co.

OF ERFURT, GERMANY

Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248

PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT
204-208 Sansome Street, San Francisco

VOSS, CONRAD & CO,, Geueral Managers

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL Building and Loan Ass'n of California

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and Gen. Manager.
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

FRANKLIN K. LANE G. WHITFIELD LANE

LANE & LANE

Attorneys and Counselors

Removed to

1409-1412-1413 Claus Spreckels Building

The Gambler's Bluff.

A POKER GAME WITH ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS IN THE POT.

It was in the smoking-room of the Hotel Dunkle, and poker stories were in order. Each of tho drummers had coutributed to the fund and there remained but one of the group, a respectable looking old gentleman with something of the old sport about him, who had thus far failed to chip in. After the laugh that had greeted the final tale had subsided the silent member spoke up.

"Gentlemen," he commenced, "I think I can tell you of a freeze-out game that is a bit ahead of the record. I myself have seen some tall sport in my day, but for cool nerve nothing in my experience equaled the audacity of a New Orleans bank cashier who got into a game with three gamblers on the *Eliza*, one of the crack steamers plying between Cincinnati and the Crescent City."

The drummers settled down to listen with a contented air, for the old gentleman had evidently a good grasp on his subject.

"I boarded the *Eliza* at Cedar Falls," continued the narrator, "and a mutual friend introduced me to the cashier who, I subsequently learned, was going to Cincinnati with $30,000 in cash to liquidate some accounts tor his house. He was a pleasant fellow, about 32 years of age and a bright talker, and my friend had told me previously that he had the reputation of being the nerviest poker player in the Crescent City. Just as we were ready to haul off three men dashed up in a hack and hastily boarded the steamer—three well-dressed, big-moustached men who, as they reached the deck, looked around with the confident air of accustomed travelers.

"'Gamblers,' commented my companion, as he sized up the strangers. 'Must be some lamb on board waiting to be plucked. By Jove!' he laughed, 'I wonder if I'm not the quarry they're after. If so, may be they'll be disappointed.'

"A few minutes later I saw the cashier had made the gamblers' acquaintance, and they were all engaged in a jolly talk when I strolled up and was presented. I heard afterwards the trio were well-known practitioners and had learned from a confederate about the $30,000, and had come on board on purpose to inveigle my friend, who was known as a dyed-in-the-wool pokerite, into a game and thoroughly pluck him. And they would have, if the cashier had not poseessed a reserve fund which they had not expected.

"About 11 o'clock that night—we had just left Natchez—one of the gamblers suggested poker and the cashier consented, though he had strict orders from his office not to play with the money in his possession. We all—there were eight of us interested—adjourned to the saloon, the cashier walking behind with me.

"'Watch out for some fun before I'm through here,' he said; 'this game will only last out one hand, and before it's played out they'll be the most surprised men that ever stocked up against a Tartar on a Mississippi boat.'

"It was evident at once that the game would be for blood. You could tell that by the excitement in the faces of the party. The cashier and the trio laid out big stacks of bills. One of the gamblers produced a new pack of cards, shuffled them and handed them to the cashier, who sat to the right, to cut. The deal commenced. I was watching the game closely and I saw a look of great satisfaction come upon the cashier's face as he picked up the cards. The ante was $10, and a limit was made of the sky-high variety. The look of satisfaction was observed by the gamblers, whom I saw casting covert glances at one another. The lamb didn't seem to notice that they were sizing him up, but proceeded to count out a wad of bills. Each, on looking at his cards, chipped in his eagle and the draw for cards commenced. The gambler opposite the cashier discarded two, the one to his right drew one, the lamb didn't ask for any, and a look of puzzled surprise and furtive anxiety crossed the physiognomies of the others. Was it a bluff? Well, the dealer took three cards and seemed vastly satisfied. The man to the right of the cashier, whose bid it was, threw $100 on the center of the table. The dealer looked dubious for a moment, then shoved in the call of $300 and clapped on $500. The gambler opposite dropped out. His pal to the right, after another look at his cards, gave up the ghost.

"A faint smile flickered for an instant around the cashier's mouth as he quietly laid down $500 and piled on $2,000 more. His opponent sized him up, and then, with an oath, not only called the nervy lamb, but, jauntily placing five $1,000 bank notes on the table, started to rake in the pile. 'Hold on there,' said the cashier, 'I'm not through with this hand yet by a jugful, and suiting action to word, he laid down $5,000 and placed $10,000 on top of it.

"The gambler smiled uneasily and begged to be excused for a moment. Walking to one side he called his pals, and, still keeping his eyes on the pile of gold and bills on the table, he talked them into a transfer from both of two big rolls of bank notes. Walking back to the table, he again looked at his cards, then at the cashier, who was easily puffing at a big Havana, then he covered the cashier's raise with $10,000 in bank notes and added another $10,000 to the precious pile. Instantly the cashier slapped down $10,000, and then, making a rapid computation, he shoved out another pile—all he had remaining in sight—and said:

"'Now I raise you $2,200.' There was great excitement around that table when the gambler, who, according to his calculations, figured that every cent the cashier had of the $30,000 was on the table, joyfully called with $2,200, and then, with a grand flourish, laid down two $1,000 notes, and saying: 'I raise you $2,000, and this time, I guess, the pile is mine,' started for the second time to rake in the $60,000 and over.

"'Hold on there, my man,' quietly said the cashier, as he drew forth an ugly-looking revolver, and laid it on the table on top of his five cards, 'this game is not quite over yet. You gentlemen,' turning to us onlookers, 'will watch this table until I return,' and then, to the utter amazement of everyone concerned, he walked across the saloon to his stateroom and instantly reappeared, bearing a seemingly heavy satchel. By this time cold beads of perspiration were standing out on the brow of the gambler, who foresaw impending disaster, and he leaned heavily forward as the cashier slowly opened the portmanteau, and, taking out nine big bundles, said, with cutting and triumphant emphasis on every word:

"'I cover your raise of $2,000, and now raise you $88,000.'

"Saying this, he placed the nine bundles, each containing $10,000 in bills, on the table.

"Did it create a sensation? Well, just a trifle. For a minute there was a silence like the grave. Every one seemed dumbfounded, and then, with an imprecation, the gambler jumped up as if to attack the cashier, but thought better of it, as he found himself looking straight into the barrel of the pistol held by the lamb. Still covering his man, the cashier opened the satchel again and shoved in the $152,000 gold and bills; then, closing it and placing the grip under his arm, he marched off to his room, saying as a parting shot:

"'Gentlemen of the cards, you were beaten in a fair and square game of bluff. You thought I had only $30,000, and you were wrong. You've been plucked instead of me. Now, I will be up all night sitting on a chair with the money underneath it. I will be facing the door with two loaded pistols in my hands, and I wouldn't advise anyone to tamper with my doorlatch. In the future be careful of freeze-out games where your opponent may be an unknown quantity. Good night,' and he backed into his room and locked his door.

"As for the gamblers, they looked as if a Kansas cyclone had struck them all over, but they were, comparatively speaking, tamed doves until the beaten man happened to take up the cashier's cards, which he had left lying on the table. When they met the collective eyes of the vanquished a howl of rage went up. I leaned over to see what they were as the gambler cried out:

"'By all the gods, that sly devil cleaned us out of $32,000 cash on a bobtail flush!'"

To the Rescue.

If **BattleAx PLUG** was in danger there would be an army of men (who chew it) ready to rescue it:—large enough to shovel Spain off the map of Europe. No other chewing tobacco in the world has ever had so many friends.

Remember the name when you buy again.

For those who appreciate Comfort and Attention

A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL

SAN FRANCISCO

WM. B. HOOPER, MANAGER

Hotel Belvedere

Opened for the Season May 1st

Belvedere, Cal. MRS. A. T. MOORE.

September in the Sierras!

DEER PARK INN, Lake Tahoe, Cal., is located in the midst of the trouting, grouse, quail and deer region of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Comfortable, hospitable, **admirably kept.**

City office, room 1, Flood Building.

Golden Eagle Hotel

Seventh and K Sts., Sacramento

First-class in every respect. All modern conveniences. Bus at every train. GRAY & TITUS, Props.

WINDOW SHADES

The Only Manufacturer on the Pacific Coast

Any size or color painted to order—Plain, Dado, Fringed or Lettered. Hand-Made Opaque Shade Cloth a specialty. Wall Paper, Paper Hanging,

WM. McPHUN

1195 Market Street, cor. Eighth, opp. City Hall

PATRICK & CO.

RUBBER STAMPS
STENCILS, SEALS, BRANDS, ETC.
318 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

Rubber heels: Easy walking, no fatigue. At Dietle's, 235 Bush street.

AMUSEMENTS

Baldwin Theatre

FRIEDLANDER, GOTTLOB & Co., Lessess and Mgrs.

Next Monday—Secoud and Last Week

MME. MODJESKA

And Her Excellent Supporting Company

Monday—only time—ADRIENNE LECOUVREUR
Tuesday—MARY STUART
Wednesday and Remainder of Week, Gorgeous Production of Shakespeare's
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA
September 26th—The Great Romantic Drama
"An Enemy to the King"

Orpheum

Week commencing . . . . . Monday, Sept. 19th

Mlle. Jeanne Franko, Violin Virtuose
Louis Cazeau, the Wonderful Parisian Magician
The Paolis aud Dog, European Comedy Acrobats
Felix Morris and Company in a Great New Act
Bessie Bonehill, Character Comedienue
Hines & Remington impersonating New York Types
Last week of Favor & Sinclair and the
Tow-Zoon-In Arabs
The Biograph—New and Thrilliug War Scenes

Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c.

Tivoli Opera House

MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING, Proprietor and Manager

Eighth Week of the Graud Opera Season

Mouday, Thursday, Saturday and Suuday Evenings
First presentation in this city of Goldmark's
Biblical Work, **The Queen of Sheba**

Tuesday. Wednesday and Friday Evenings and Saturday Matinee, Flotow's Lyric Opera,
MARTHA

In preparation—"Il Trovatore," "The Jewess," "Romeo and Juliet"

Popular Prices : : 25 and 50 cts.
Matinee Reserved Seats 25c. Tele. Bush 9

Alcazar Theatre

FRED BELASCO, Lessee : MARK THALL, Manager
Telephone Main 254

Week of Sept. 19th—Only Matinee Saturday
Roland Reed's Farce-Comedy

LEND ME YOUR WIFE

Farewell Week of
Powers' Chinese Tragedy

THE FIRST BORN

Alcazar Prices—15c., 25c., 35c. and 50c.—Reserved
Iu preparation—"In Mizzoura"

New Comedy Theatre

(Formerly the Popular Bush)
Direction, M. B. Leavitt. Alf Ellinghouse, Res. Man.

Week commeucing Monday, Sept. 19th
Every Evening, including Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday

HARRY CORSON CLARKE

Iu Mr. George H. Broadhurst's Roaring Comedy

"What Happened to Jones"

Prices—Evenings 15c., 25c., 35c. aud 50c. Matinees 25c. to any part.

Alhambra

Reached by Every Car Line in the City

Week of September 19th

The Senation of the Century, the Marvelous Austins
Mr. & Mrs. Sidney Drew, presenting "Diana on the Cbase"
The Great Russian Electro Fantastic Terpsichorienue, "Fassi"
The Admirable Corinne — Signor Del Puente
Greatest of Irish Acts, McBride & Dallon
John Byrne — Powers & Hyde

Popular Prices—Reserved Seats 25c. and 50c. Box Seats 50c. Matinees Weduesday, Saturday and Suuday 25c. all over the house; Children 10c.

Successful candidates

Should be as particular in the selection of their political printing as they would be in purchasing a suit of clothes. Thousands of voters will be unable to meet the candidate personally, but a neatly printed card with his portrait thereou will bring him recognition and votes. We do this class of printing. The Wave is a sample of our work.

BROWN, MEESE & CRADDOCK
(Incorporated)
419 Sacramento Street.

A. O. LINDSTROM — AL. JOHNSON
Phone Main 5178

Sutter Street Hammam

TURKISH AND RUSSIAN BATHS

415 Sutter Street, between Stockton and Powell

Open Day and Night for Gentlemen
For Ladies, from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

Centennial Stable

Boardiug and Livery
Carriages, Broughams, Victorias, etc. First-Class in every respect

1521-1523-1525 California Street
Bet. Polk and Larkin

Telepbone East 378 — M. CONLON, Proprietor

THE THEATRES

Passing Comment on Contemporary Performances.

"She's Magda in everything!" How often that is said of Modjeska, and yet, what an unsatisfactory summing-up it is! How little justice it does to the finished beauty of her work! It is true that we find fragments of "Magda" in most of Modjeska's best efforts, because she is at her best when portraying that style of woman. "Magda" is her high-water mark. She runs the gamut of nearly all the high emotions, and therefore every freshet of noble feeling is apt to suggest her, for great hearts under the influence of similar emotion are prone to find much the same expression. Many and devious are the ways of wickedness, hence the greater variety in suggesting envy, hatred and malice. This is borne home to us by the work of contemporaneous novelists. They give us infinite diversityin cads, fools and knaves, but each one has his own particular brand of hero, heroine or gentleman, which he seldom forsakes. All of which goes to prove that there are twenty ways of being bad and ludicrous to one of being heroic.

Modjeska expressing outraged maternal feeling will always bring up the memory of Magda, for Magda personified it. When she turned on Von Keller with her wild laugh, and "So I am to give up my child! My child! For you!" Sisterly affection and righteous wrath could find no more perfect demonstration than Modjeska's Magda.

Oh, the wonderful realness of her melancholy as she points to her dead mother's picture, "But the other, Marie — you remember? She died too soon, too soon." What poignant misery there is in it all, how much yearning for peace in her tortured cry: "Why do you cling to me?" With what loving pity she takes the old man's hand—"My poor old father!"

It seems Modjeska's desire is always to be surrounded by nice young girl debutantes. Last year it was Miss Marguerite Joliffe, this year we have Miss Fisher, an Oakland girl, who promises to be a most charming little actress. In fact she is that now—the promise is for greater things. She has a delicacy and daintiness of finish that suggests Maud Adams, although there is no hint of imitation. She made Marie, Magda's sister, who is so often merely hysterical, the loveable, ardent, palpitating little creature the lines suggest. Delicacy, feeling and simplicity are her characteristics—three adorable gifts. Chas. Herman was excellent as the rector, the only really manly rector on the stage that I know, and Lane was equally good as the Major.

* *

The first presentation of Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco's excessively farcical little piece, "A Woman's Wit," has hardly added to that lady's reputation as a dramatist. The humors of marital jealousy are made the basis of the play, but unfortunately the occasional flashes of wit in the lines are smothered by conditions which forbid anything like artistic and effective rendering by the players. The audience is obviously tickled by the forced absurdity of the situations, and the actors evidence a feeling that their efforts to do themselves justice under the circumstances are of no avail. Harry St. Maur, in the role of the husband, gives frequent proof of his quality as an actor, and Hattie Schell, the exponent of "woman's wit," puts in some bright work. These two sustain the only parts that afford any scope to the artists.

* *

With such artists as Felix Morris, Signor Abramoff and Bessie Bonehill on the program, one anticipates the rising of the Orpheum curtain with rare delight, a feeling which Mr. Baron and his interesting canines, who start the ball rolling, has rather the effect of increasing. Although the evening's honors lie between Abramoff, the Pasqualis troupe and Felix Morris, who, in his impersonation of the "Old Musician," shows that he has lost none of the dramatic force which won him reputation, the efforts of some of the other performers must not be overlooked. Hiues and Remington are awfully funny, especially the latter, who is by far the cleverer of the two, and as the "New Woman Tramp," a novel idea of her own, is exceedingly droll. Bessie Bonehill is refreshingly English and her refined style of farce is quite a treat. Her song "Playmates" made quite a hit. The Biograph pictures are up to the usual standard, the war scenes being especially interesting.

* *

There ought to be considerable favor for the the Alhambra Theatre. Without question it is one of the prettiest and most comfortable interiors in town. The effect is charming, light and graceful, the seats are exceedingly comfortable and the programme offered is superb. A bill which includes Corinne, the Sidney Drews and Signor del Puente should draw houses. There is no question of the success of an institution that presents such work.

* *

DRAMATIC NOTES

"The Queen of Sheba," Goldmark's new opera, will be given at the Tivoli next week. The performance is expected to be something out of the ordinary. This is the first presentation of the opera in San Francisco and the second in this country. As it is a pretty heavy work additions have been made to the company. Sig. Maurice De Vries is to enact King Solomon; Rhys Thomas, Antar, the young soldier; W. H. West, Baal-Hanan, the grand chamberlain; Wm. Schuster, the High Priest; Marie Brandis, the Queen of Sheba; Elvia Crox, Sulasmith, the daughter, and Helen Merrill, the slave Astaroth. "Martha" will alternate with the "The Queen of Sheba."

We are permitted to anticipate "Romeo and Juliet" and "The Jewess" for forthcoming weeks.

The forthcoming attractions at the Alhambra are exceptionally good. Mlle. Fassi, a charming young Russian girl, give an electric dance with mirrors, the Austin Sisters do ceiling walking and a flying trapeze act. They are the *dernier cri* in acrobatics and are pretty and interesting girls, who, in street costume, would never be suspected of being brilliant athletes. Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew present "Diana on the Chase," which is said to be a mighty clever little piece. Altogether a very enticing performance may be anticipated. The orchestra at the Alhambra peserves special mention, as its playing is excellent.

Three great acts are announced at the Orpheum for next week. At the head of the list is the two Paolis and their wonderfully trained dog. The men are comedy acrobats and the dog is trained to take the place of a third man aud as such does some very clever acrobatic tricks. Another star is Miss Jean Franco, a very clever violiniste. The holdovers include Felix Morris and company in another new act, "The Vagabonds," played for the first time on the vaudeville stage. Bessie Bonehill appears in new songs, and Favor and Sinclair have another new act.

"An Enemy to the King" goes on at the Baldwin on the 26th, with Blanche Bates in the leading feminine part and E. M. Bell doing Sothern's role. This is said to be a first rate play, and the reorganized Frawley Company is in good shape to make a competent production. The acquisition of Miss Bates is an important one, and there is also a new ingenue—Miss Georgia Welles.

The second week of the Modjeska season introduces the star in "Adrienne Lecouvreur," which will be given Monday night. On Tuesday "Mary Stuart" has the boards, and on Wednesday "Antony and Cleopatra," which will be the event of the season. Mme. Modjeska enacts the Serpent of the Nile and Mr. Herman plays Antony.

The second week of the "First Born" at the Alcazar has been even more successful than the initial week of its revival and "The Tragedy," with which the performance is begun, is said to be one of the funniest comedies this management has ever put on. Next week Roland Reed's "Lend Me Your Wife" will be the bill, the "First Born" coming id at the end.

"What Happened to Jones" will be produced at the Comedy Theatre next week. Harry Corson Clarke has engaged an excellent company to support him, including Maud Allison, Florence Merriam, Lillian Young and several others who ought to put up an interesting performance.

Vivid and very up-to-date spectacular effects are promised in "The Signal of Liberty," which goes on at the California Theatre. The *Maine* entering the harbor of Havana and the *Wilmington* in action are among the effects produced.

There is to be an entertainment and dance for the benefit of St. Alban's Mission on the evening of Friday next at Golden Gate Hall.

As I was sauntering along Kearny street the other morning and gazing abstractedly into the shopwindows, my attention was suddenly attracted toward the displav of hats in Mrs. Adcock's window. A stunning black velvet, one with sweeping plumes, caught up at one side, caught my fancy. There seemed an abundance of hats inside, so I walked in and tried a few of them on. A lovely picture-shape, black, appliqued in champagne color, first attracted me. It was an especially becoming shape with a fluted high ruffle round the crown of the applique, with bands of Persian laurel finished with beads. Another picture hat that looked most effective was in white broadcloth appliqued in black with black and white plumes and birds of paradise tails. In front, a velvet knot caught by an immense steel and rhinestone buckle. The next confection shown me was in the Maxine shape, of caster and black chenille with trimmings of burnt orange and black. The crown was of softly draped caster velvet, the trimming of orange edged in jet, with owls' wing in caster color dotted in white.

A charming toque was draped with the effect of a Turkish turban in white satin, veiled iu plaid chenille and trimmed in black herons' wings dotted in white and touched up with coral pink velvet. A dear little bonnet was in green magnolia leaves edged with jetted spangles arranged in band-like effects. It was trimmed in ostrich tips and caught by a rhinestone and pearl buckle. The strings were of velvet. But go in and look at the display for yourself.

In the Solitude of the City.

Night; aud the sound of voices in the street.
Night; and the happy laughter where they meet,
The glad boy lover and the trystiug girl,
But thou—but thou—I cannot find thee, Sweet!

Night; and far off the lighted pavements roar,
Night; and the dark of sorrow keeps my door.
I reach my hand out trembling in the dark.
Thy hand comes not with comfort auy more.

O, Silent, Unresponding! If these fears
Lie not, nor other wisdom come with years,
No day shall dawn for me without regret,
No night go unaccompanied by my tears.
—*C. G D. Roberts in N. Y. Nocturnes.*

The manufacture of textiles from peat fibre has been introduced into Sweden. The fibres, produced from peat by a mechanical process, can be mixed in the proportion of 75 per cent. with pure wool for the manufacture of yarn similar in appearance to common woolen yarn.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

400 GRADUATES SECURED POSITIONS IN PAST TWO YEARS

LOW RATES!

San Francisco Business College

Only Experienced Bookkeepers and Reporters Employed as Teachers. Send for Catalogue.

1236 MARKET STREET, S. F.

Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson's Academy

1427 Franklin St., near Post

Reopens August 1, 1898. English, French, German and Spanish Boarding and Day School. Begins with kindergarten and prepares for universities, business and society. Drawing and painting. Cultured bome training. Excellent table. $30.00 per month. Music iu all its brauches, if desired, extra.

Lyceum Preparatory School

For the University, Law and Medical Colleges. Accredited with Stanford University and Cooper College. References—President Jordan or any Stanford Professor.

PHELAN BUILDING.

California College of Osteopathy

Rooms 607-608-609 : : Emporium Building
Market Street, San Francisco

We permanently cure Constipation, Nervous Prostration, Rheumatism, Diabetes, Locomo or Ataxia and other so-called incurable diseases. Those suffering from troubles pronounced incurable by doctors of medicine should investigate. Consultation Free. Write for Literature.

Los Angeles Military Academy

A Classical and English Boarding School
Re-opens Sept. 14th. Catalogue on application

The Solly Walter School of Illustration

Evening Classes
Tuesdays and Thursdays
26 O'Farrell Street, San Francisco

Blake, Moffitt & Towne

DEALERS IN

PAPER

55, 57, 59 and 61 First Street, San Francisco
Telephone Main 199

THE LATEST STYLES IN

CHOICE WOOLENS

H. S. BRIDGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors
622 Market St. (up stairs) opp. Palace Hote
Bicycle and Golf Suits

Beware of Imitations
This is a fac simile of the package
Genuine Diamond "L" Tea
Pure and Uncolored
GEO. A. MOORE & CO.
208 California St., S. F.
For sale by all grocers

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES in and for the Northern District of California.

IN THE MATTER OF JOSEPH CODIGA, Baukrupt.

Take notice, that Joseph Codiga, bankrupt above named has been duly adjudicated a bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, and that the first meeting of the creditors has been called to meet at the office of the undersigned, at room 185, Crocker Building, San Francisco, California, on Monday the 26th day of September, 1898, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of proving their claims agaiust the estate of said baukrupt; aud tbat at the same time and place all creditors whose claims have been duly proven and allowed shall appoint one or three trustees of said estate.

Dated San Francisco, September 12, 1898.

MILTON J. GREEN,
Referee in Bankruptcy
in and for the City aud County of San Fraucisco.

TO CHICAGO IN 31-2 DAYS

TO NEW YORK IN 4 1-2 DAYS

VIA

Chicago Union Pacific

AND

Northwestern Line

Through Pullman and Tourist Sleeping Cars Daily. All meals served a la carte in Dining Car. For full iuformation, address

R. R. RITCHIE,
General Agent Pacific Coast
No. 2 New Montgomery Street (Palace Hotel)
San Francisco, Cal.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, the famous orator, statesman, railroad president and millionaire, in an interview said of his recent visit to Del Monte: "I visted Monterey, and I call it the most beautiful place in the world. Monte Carlo cannot compare with it. Its seveteen mile-drive is unparalleled for fineness."

When Mr. Depew says it is the most beautiful place in the world he knows what he is saying, and means it, for he has seen pretty much all the beautiful and intere ting places in the world many times over. **Address GEO. SCHONEWALD, Manager.**

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway wharf San Francisco.

For Alaskan ports, 10 a.m. Sept. 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, Oct. 3; transfer at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports 10 a.m. Sept. 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, Oct. 3, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, 10 a.m. Sept. 16, 21, 26, Oct. 1, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a. m. Sept. 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, Oct. 4 and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), at 11 a.m. Sept. 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, Oct. 2 and every fourth day thereafter.

For Mexican ports. 10 a. m. 18th of every month.

For further information, obtain folder.

The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing.

Ticket Office: 4 New Montgomery St (Palace Hotel)

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen. Agts.

No. 10 Market Street, - San Francisco, Cal.

OCEANIC Steamship Company

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S. S. "Australia," **Honolulu only**, Wednesday, Sept. 21st, at 2. p.m.

S.S. Alameda, **for Australia**, Wednesday, Oct. 5th, at 2 p.m. Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.
Freight Office 327 Market St.

J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO General Agents

Santa Fe Route

The Most Comfortable Way to Travel Across the Continent!

Through Pullman Parlor and Tourist Cars Every Day

Meals at Harvey's Famous Dining-Rooms

Get full particulars at Ticket Office

628 MARKET STREET

SAN FRANCISCO

1118 Broadway, OAKLAND

A. K. DAGGETT

Drawing of Deeds and all Legal Papers a specialty

NOTARY PUBLIC
14 Montgomery St., S. F
Telephone 305

"Remember the Name!"

Certain individuals who do not patronize American industries run off with an idea that in order to get good wines they must use European products, when there is no necessity for so doing, and in these stirring and patriotic times of To-day everybody should feel a keen interest in American products which are of deserving merit,

Both for the reason that they are used largely among American citizens, and made by Americans for American people in America now and always, and therefore we ask you to give the

ORESTA LAZOA CRESTA BLANCA California Wines

fair and impartial trial at your club or home

With anything of like cost from France. Inasmuch as these wines have been acknowledged second to none in comparison with goods from the European countries, wherever exhibited, you Surely are in favor of American goods.

WETMORE - BOWEN CO.
140 Montgomery Street San Francisco, Cal.

MRS. M. E. PERLEY MRS. S. V. CULP

DECORATIVE KERAMIC **ART STUDIO**

215 Post Street

All Branches of China Painting Taught
Morning Class: Tuesday, Weduesday and Thursday, from 9 a. m. to 12 m. Afternoon Class: Daily, from 1:30 to 4:30. Lessons $1 each. Private Lessons $1.50 each. **TRY OUR ROMAN GOLD.**
Telephoue Graut 43

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

Main Office, 510 Montgomery St.
SAN FRANCISCO

Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper Information
Advance Reports on all Coutract Work
Telephone Main 1042

Brushes For barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bathhouses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candymakers, canners, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paperhangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

BUCHANAN BROS.

TEL. 5610 609 SACRAMENTO ST
BRUSH MANUFACTURERS

We will send "The Wave" for Four Months to any address in the United States

For One Dollar

The Best Illustrated Paper West of New York

"The Wave"

Topics of the Day Ably Discussed

Subscribe Now

Address
Subscription Dept. "The Wave"
24 Montgomery St.

GREENBAUM'S

White and Dark Violet

The Most Fashionable Perfume
Possesses the Odor of Fresh Violets

128 POST ST. UNDER BOHEMIAN CLUB

BONESTELL & CO.

Dealers in **PAPER**

Fine Coated Papers a Specialty

401-403 SANSOME ST.,
San Francisco, Cal.

JOE POHEIM, THE TAILOR

Makes the best fitting clothes at 25 per cent less than any other house on the Pacific Coast. See Prices:

PANTS TO ORDER	SUITS TO ORDER
$3.50	$10.00
4.50	13.50
5.00	15.50
6.00	17.50
7.00	20.00
8.00	25.00
9.00	30.00

The firm of JOE POHEIM is the largest in the United States. Rules for self-measurement and samples of cloth sent free.

201 and 203 Montgomery St., cor. Bush.
844 & 846 Market St. 1110 & 1112 Market St.
SAN FRANCISCO.
485 Fourteenth St., Oakland. 603 & 605 K St., Sacramento.
143 South Spring St., Los Angeles.

BAJA CALIFORNIA

DAMIANA BITTERS

"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. (Send for Circular.)

NABER, ALFS & BRUNE, Agents
323-325 Market St., S. F.

J. J. GILDEA
CLOTHIER
OVERCOATS
From $7.50 Upwards
Kerseys, Meltons, in any shades, Coverts and Vicuna, Silk-Lined and Faced to the edge.
SUITS
From $7.50 Upwards
Cheviots and Worsteds, in plain or fancy shades, Imported Clay Worsteds, Vicuna and Unfinished Worsteds in Cutaway Frocks, Prince Alberts and Full Dress.
Our Boys' and Children's Department our Specialty.
J. J. GILDEA
756 Market St., cor. Grant Ave.
Formerly "Examiner" Office.

THE UNAPPROACHABLE COLDNESS
...OF...
THE Alaska REFRIGERATORS
HAS WON FOR THEM
MANY WARM FRIENDS!
W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.
Pacific Coast Agents
309 to 317 Market Street, San Francisco

If we made it, it's proper!
We are giving
demonstrations daily in the art of correct tailoring. Our customers are models of neatness and fashion, and we take pride in having them such. If you are particular — if your clothes must be just so — then we want you for a customer. Won't you let us demonstrate this with you?
GRENNAN BROS. Telephone Black 2465 850 Market St.

COTTON SAIL DUCKS
22-inch in all numbers. Medium, Soft and Hard
ALSO
Heavy Waggon, Wagon and Draper Ducks
From 30 to 120 inches wide
Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks
Manufactured by Mount Vernon Company Baltimore
Murphy, Grant & Co. Pacific Coast Sole Agents

United States Laundry
Office 1004 Market St.
TELEPHONE SOUTH 420

NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

A country parson in British Guiana was set back when a happy father, presenting his tenth son for baptism, announced that he had selected for the unfortunate infant the name of Judas Iscariot. Said he: "Dat's de boy's name. Judas hez been slighted. Nobody hez eber had de iumortal courage to name a chile from dat man. But dat ain't de main reason why I named him Judas. I'se got der Bible ter 'stain me in gibben de chile dat name." "How does the Bible sustain you in desiring to perpetuate that name?" asked the astonished parson. "It's de fack. De Lord, in remarking ob Judas, said it would hab been better for dat man ef he hadn't been born." "Well?" "An', considering how many mouts is opened at the do' when I goes home wid a side of meat, it would be better fur dat boy ob mine ef he had nebber seen daylight. I takes de Scriptur fur de references. In de fucher, ef I finds dat de boy hez made improvements on hisself, den I change his name ter Jim."

When a young man Labouchere, the father of the first Lord Taunton, was employed in the great mercantile house of Hope. He applied to Sir Francis Baring for leave to pay his addresses to his daughter. Sir Francis demurred, as Labouchere, though a rising young man, had no fortune. "But if Hope takes me into partnership?" said Labouchere. "Oh, yes, if Hope takes you into partnership." Labouchere then went to Hope and intimated his wish for this arrangement. Hope in his turn demurred. "But if I marry Baring's daughter?" "Oh, if you marry Baring's daughter"—— So Labouchere married Baring's daughter and became a partner in Hope's.

A Scotch minister and his man were returning from an old-fashioned marriage. "We had better gang in by the back, the nicht," said the minister, on arriving near the manse. "What wey?" queried Sandy. "Aweel, there's been a deal o' whisky gaein', and I think it wad be better." "Na, na, straucht forrit, straucht forrit," persisted Sandy. "Very weel, then; but, at ony rate, I'll walk on in front a meeuit, and you'll tell's how I'm daein'." The minister then walked on a few yards, and called back. "How am I daein', then, Sandy?" "Brawly, sir, brawly," said the beadle, "but wha's that wi' ye?"

The late Lord Coleridge, was speaking in the House of Commons in support of women's rights. One of his main arguments was that there was no essential difference between the masculine and the feminine intellect. "For example," he said, "some of the most valuable qualities of what is called the judicial genius, sensibility, quickness, delicacy, are peculiarly feminine." In reply Sergeant Dowse said: "The argument of the honorable and learned member, compendiously stated, amounts to this: Because some Judges are old women, therefore all old women are fit to be Judges."

Dr. Zukertort, the celebrated chess-player, was walking along a city street one day, when an idea struck him with regard to a certain chess-opening, and he began carefully to think it out, with a view to playing it in his next game with the equally well-known player, Mr. Steinitz. Lost in thought, he stood at the corner of a street for a long time, until a policeman, suspecting him, went up and told him to move on. "Beg pardon," replied the little doctor, absently, without looking up, "it's your move."

Mr. Delane, the great editor of the London *Times*, was very bald. At a dinner one night he complained to Lord Granville about the difficulty of finding a suitable wedding present for a young lady of the house of Rothschild. "It would be absurd to give a Rothschild a costly gift. I should like to find something not intrinsically valuable, but interesting because it is rare." "Nothing easier, my dear fellow," replied Granville, "send her a lock of your hair."

A scientific gentleman wrote to a newspaper the other day to say blackbirds did not eat fruit because they liked it, but because they were thirsty, and recommended the placing of pans of water on the gravel walks to save the garden fruit. A cottager in Montgomeryshire, being told of this interesting fact, replied in the dialect of that part of the country: "Dern the bruts—they cross the bruck to come to my geering!"

A Scotchman, living in London, ran across two of his countrymen, and took them with him to a big public dinner. In his hospitality he sent to their table champagne, and yet more champagne, and, after a time, went himself to see how they were faring. He found them depressed. "How are you getting on?" he asked. "Oh, we're gettin' on fine, but we're verra fateegit with thae mineral watters!"

A stately old rector in Buckinghamshire, a younger son of a great family had a remarkably well appointed rectory, of which he was justly proud. To him an acquaintance, coming for the first time to call, exclaimed genially: "What a delightful rectory! Really, a stranger arriving in the village and not knowing who lived here would take it for a gentleman's house."

"Pompey, how did you like my sermon?" said a vain and rather long-winded preacher to a black man who had sat under the gallery. Pompey was still aching with the fatigue of listening to the hour and a half's discourse. "Well, boss," he replied, "I t'ink yo' went by a lot o' mighty good stoppin'-places."

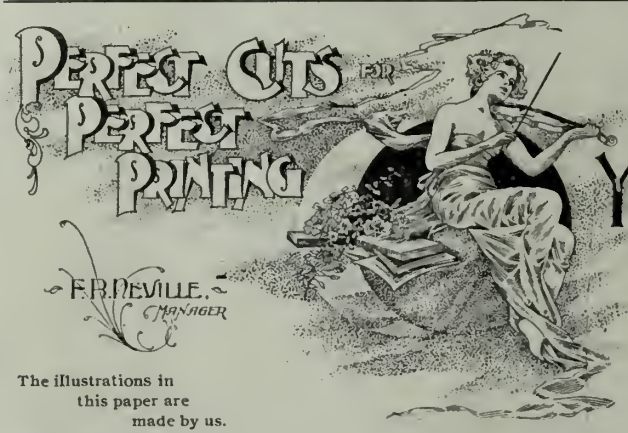
Beau Brummel, the prince of dandies, and the most insolent of men, was once asked by a lady if he would "take a cup of tea." "Thank you, ma'am," he replied, "I never *take* anything but physic." "I beg your pardon," replied the hostess, "you also take liberties."

PALACE AND GRAND HOTELS
Now Under One Management
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
1400 rooms — 900 with bath
Rooms, $1.00 and upward
Room and Meals, $3.00 and upward
A beautifully illustrated book, containing floor plans and rate card can be had for the asking.
JOHN C. KIRKPATRICK, Manager.

HOTEL WESTMINSTER
AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLANS
LOS ANGELES, CAL.
The Finest and Most Complete Hotel in the City. Everything New.
The Highest Standard of Perfection Maintained in all Departments.
F. O. JOHNSON, Proprietor.

Louis Roederer Champagne
HIGHEST GRADE IN THE WORLD
E. LA MONTAGNE & SONS
Sole Agents
45 Beaver St., New York
Three kinds, all of equal excellence:
BRUT
GOLD SEAL
A Perfectly Dry Wine
GRAND VIN SEC
BROWN SEAL
The Perfection of a Dry Wine
CARTE BLANCHE
WHITE SEAL
A Rich Wine
MACONDRAY & CO.
Sole Agents Pacific Coast
116 California Street

573-579 Market Street, San Francisco
R. H. PEASE, Vice-President and Manager
73 and 75 First Street, Portland, Ore.



TELEPHONE MAIN 5806.
YOSEMITE ENGRAVING COMPANY
MAKERS
24 MONTGOMERY ST.
The illustrations in this paper are made by us.

REPSOLD SELECT VINTAGE
OF ALL OLD WINES
REPSOLD'S OUTSHINES
WHEN AN EPICURE DINES
THIS BRAND OF WINE IS SOLD AT ALL FIRST CLASS HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS
Office, 416 Pine Street

WHEN LEAVING THE THE CITY PLACE YOUR VALUABLES IN THE
Safe Deposit Vaults
OF THE
First National Bank
N. W. Cor. Bush and Sansome Sts.
EVERY POSSIBLE SAFEGUARD TO PROPERTY
REASONABLE RATES
PROMPT ATTENTION
Office Hours: 8 a.m. to 6 p.m.

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS
308-314 POST ST.
Warranted for Ten Years

THE WAVE

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY.

VOL. XVIII. No. 13 SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 24, 1898 PRICE 10 CENTS

MAYOR JAMES D. PHELAN

Unanimously Renominated by the Democratic and Non-Partisan Parties for Mayor of San Francisco.

THE WAVE

Is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $5.00 per year. Sample copies free on application.

The trade is supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 342 Geary street; east of the Rocky Mountains by the American News Company, New York.

The Wave is kept on file and is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France; 31 Union Square, New York City; 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 206 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

For advertising rates and on all other matters pertaining to city business, address Trevor Cory, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Eastern representative, D. M. Foltz, 34 Park Row, New York.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 24, 1898

CONTENTS

Editorials 2
Things and People; by Boswell Jr. 3
Some Market-Places in Mexico 4
Boisdeffre and Dreyfus; by Etienne Marcel 5
Yellow Journalism 5
Salmon-Fishing at Astoria 6
The Insurgent Leader 6
Views of the Flood Mansion at Menlo Park 7
The Austrian Tragedy 8
"The Drowned Who Do Not Die": a Story by Frank Norris 9
The Salmon-Fishing Industry at Astoria 10–11
The Indian Congress at Omaha 12–14
Mining in the Philippines 12
A Debutante's Diary 13
Books and Their Makers: a Review by C. 15
London Letter 16
New York Letter 16
"The Photograph": a Short Story 17
The Theatres 18
New Stories Re-Told 20

THE CANDIDACY OF CONGRESSMAN MAGUIRE.

The electoral campaign in California, if carried forward on the lines already drawn, will degenerate into a persoual contest. The candidates are engaged in recriminatious and the future promises to be fertile in insults. However the heat of political passion may disturb the vision of the combatants their managers should bear in mind the necessity for respecting the amenities of civilized warfare. There are good reasons for opposing Congressman Maguire without lying about him. The truth, if clearly spoken, must prove fatal to his candidacy. Nor is it essential to Democratic success that Henry T. Gage, a man who has always borne an excellent and honorable character, should be made out a fool and a knave, as certain organs seem bent on doing. The fact of his candidacy has not altered his personality nor his reputation, and both stand high in the place he has lived. In the campaign of 1894 a serious error was committed by the Republicans in exhuming and publishing certain scandalous charges reflecting on Mr. Budd, who was then opposing Mr. Estee in the Gubernatorial contest. It should be remembered that the gravamen of the accusation was not considered by the voters, who regarded the publication merely as a factor in the fight. It not only failed of its object but sympathy was created for the victim.

The worst that can be said of Congressman Maguire is that he is a demagogue. He is the last man California should elect Executive. His capacity and intelligence are purely theoretical. He has no business sense, no sense of personal values. Moreover, his name is identified with a series of economical heresies. He personifies the idea of single tax to the nation at large. With all forms of radicalism and communism is he associated, and his success must set California among the crank States and retard her progress half a decade. Colorado still endures the ignominy of Governor Waite's fatuity. Chicago will suffer the reproach of Governor Altgeld's administration for a quarter of a century to come. A growing community that must look to the outside world for all increase of population and for the development of its resources should not elect a graduate of the Sandlot its Chief Magistrate. It cannot afford to have the element Congressman Maguire represents dictating its affairs and coloring its relations with the nation at large. All well informed men know that the doctrines for which Congressman Maguire stands sponsor are not practical. His ideas of government are such as find habitation and importance in the minds of dreamers and sophomores. They are the vagaries of half-baked minds. If the capacious intellect of the Congressman had been subjected in his youth to a correct and intelligent training, single tax and its attendant economical phantasies would have found no lodgement there. In spite of his apparent cleverness, in spite of the show of legal and of political erudition he so often makes, Congressman Maguire is but half educated, and more bigoted over his theories than the most conservative of capitalists. He is not susceptible of exterior impressions, and no man gains less from rubbing shoulders with his fellows. He has all the pride and egotism characteristic of his type, and has been accustomed half his life to be a Sir Oracle to a pack of ignorant and grasping relatives for whom his political prominence has provided food and raiment.

We would not dream of affirming that candidate Maguire is dishonest or unprincipled. Indeed, he is arrogantly and bigotedly honest. His integrity is beyond cavil or reproach. It is not because he is not virtuous that Congressman Maguire should not be elected, but because his selection will injure the reputation of our State in tha eyes of the nation, and discredit the common sense of our voters. Moreover, he would prove an ineffective and indifferent administrator. In Congress he was without influence and his career there was without profit to his constituency or State. His name is identified with no appropriations, nor with any legislation for the benefit or uplifting of San Francisco. With all his reputed talents no Representative has achieved so little. There is nothing creative nor executive about Maguire. He is an able speaker and proved a good judge, but he cannot *do* things. He would prove an excellent professor of law, or a lecturer on economical topics at a freshwater college, but Governor of California—never.

THE ORIENTAL AND THE AMERICAN—A CONTRAST.

Of all the developments arising out of the war with Spain none is likely to prove of greater interest to the student of human nature than the intimate contact of the newer civilization of the West with some of the least advanced races of the Orient. In the case of the Philippines the stage is already occupied and the performance has begun under conditions that are likely to test the qualities of the players somewhat more severely than is generally anticipated. That Western force of character, energy and education must of necessity get the better of any struggle for mastery with a far Eastern people goes without saying, but upon the manner in which these characteristics of the American people are brought to bear upon the natives much will depend. At the present juncture military exigencies are paramount, and the situation is rendered extremely delicate by conditions that for our present purpose it is not necessary to specify. Our commanders, however, have already been called upon to exercise all the tact at their disposal in dealing with the insurgent leaders, and the impression seems to be that the latter have been more than equal to the occasion. As there are good grounds for believing that the Filippino leaders will hesitate before proceeding to extremities in case of any serious clash with the United States authorities, it is clear that the arts of persuasiou and peacefnl diplomacy will have mainly to be relied upon by either side for the adjustment of differences. And it is in this very direction that the instinct of the Oriental affords him the best opportunity for vanquishing his opponent.

Of all white people the American, from his environment and mode of thought, is naturally the least fitted to cope with the innate subtlety of a native of the far East. Directness of speech and decisiveness of manner, with an extraordinary readiness for action under all circumstances, are the leading features of American character. The Oriental, on the other hand, while fully as quick-witted, avails himself of a circuitous mode of expressing his thoughts and wishes, exercises the utmost self-composure and seeks to gain his object by a series of stealthy moves that conceal the ultimate goal he is striving to reach. It is at once obvious that, in order to deal successfully with such an individual, some experience of his ways and nature is indispensable. It is not too much to say that with remarkably few exceptions we have no men thus fitted. To add to the difficulty there is inherent in the mind of our people a firm conviction that the colored races are inferior, not only physically but mentally, to the Caucasian, a natural result of association with the negro element of our population. The first thing to be done, therefore, is to eradicate this mistaken notion and to recognize the fact that the natives of the Orient. for all their ignorance of modern arts and sciences, are anything but barbarians, being, on the contrary, the product of a far older civilization than we or other white nations can boast.

Another point on which it is difficult to reconcile the views we take of life and the rights of manhood with Oriental conviction is that our institutions are based upon the theory that all men are equal, while their polity is firmly established upon a system of castes. While they will be ready to respect the principle of equality, as applied to intercourse amongst ourselves, they will insist upon the recognition by us of their internal etiquette, and not until we have acquired some knowledge of its forms and the varying degree of regard to be shown to individuals, according to their rank and station, shall we be in a position to exercise full influence with them. In a story that came forward in the press dispatches not long ago, relating the points of certain negotiations between General Anderson and Aguinaldo, it was stated that the American commander was informed that the insurgent leader's convenience did not permit his being seen or communicated with just at the moment our interests required, whereupon the reply was vouchsafed that when an American General was not able to attend to his duty a deputy was in place to act for him. This, of course, is very proper and distiuctly advisable from our point of view, but the reproach was an evidence of what the Oriental mind would deem boorishness and resent accordingly, not by any overt act, but the slight would not be forgotten. It was obviously bad manners from any point of view, Western or Eastern, for a subordinate officer to intimate his opinion in such fashion with regard to the manner in which the commander of the other conducted affairs.

Rudeness of manner or speech is very rarely resorted to by Oriental people, and, however hostile their attitude, they preserve the outward forms of politeness. Anything else would be a reflection on their breeding. They accordingly despise these traits in others, and any resort to such tactics at once deprives the person who so indulges of all influence with them. It must be remembered that pride of race is an Oriental virtue, and what they esteem above anything is those instinctive qualities in speech and manner which belong to gentlemen, whether white or colored. We are taught to believe that no man who is lacking in straightforwardness has any right to the name of gentleman, but while the Oriental expects to find justice and truthfulness in all white men dealing with him, he at the same time looks for that consideration for his feelings, which is the first attribute of real gentility. The native of the East is conscious of his own peculiar mental obliquity, but never of any want of manners. Finding a high tone in the bearing of his white brother, who he believes to be truthful and just in everything, he is at once willing to submit to control, and herein lies the art of dealing with Oriental people. Centuries of history have taught this lesson to the English, and it now only remains for the American people to take heed from the experience attained by the Indian Civil Service, in order to simplify the difficult task before them in establishing supremacy in the possessions they are about to acquire.

ENGLAND, GERMANY AND DELAGOA BAY.

The cablegrams that have recently been published in the daily press regarding an Anglo-German alliance have contained allusions to a fresh understanding in regard to Delagoa Bay. Under a decision rendered by the French President some twenty years ago, in a case submitted by Great Britain and Portugal for arbitration, the ownership of Delagoa Bay is vested in the latter, but under au understanding entered into prior to the award Portugal is bound not to transfer it to any other power without first giving Great Britain an opportunity to acquire it. The value of Delagoa Bay lies in its being the only available port giving entrance to the Transvaal. On the discovery of gold in that region British rights to the southern half of the bay, which had remained undisturbed for half a century were opposed by the Portuguese, and by the adoption of an aggressive attitude, prompted by a knowledge of the gold bearing qualities of the Transvaal, of which the British Government was ignorant, Portugal succeeded in establishing a good case and is now in sole possession of the entire bay and its two islands.

About the time of the Jameson raid Germany sent two warships thither, and it was reported that Emperor William had a plan for taking possession of the bay. At the same time it was stated that Great Britain had purchased a controlling interest, while another rumor had it that the Transvaal Government had entered into treaty on its own behalf with Portugal. That any such moves are at present contemplated is hardly likely, pending a decision in regard to the claims of Colonel Edward McMurdo, now deceased, an American citizen who obtained a concession from the Portuguese Government for the construction of a railway from Delagoa Bay to the Transvaal frontier. In December, 1875, the Transvaal Republic entered into an agreement with Portugal for the construction of a road from the bay to Pretoria, it being understood that Portugal would build the section between the shore and the Transvaal frontier, and that the Republic would continue the line into the heart of its territory. Eight years afterwards, in December, 1883, the Portuguese Government granted Colonel McMurdo a concession to build from Lorenzo Marques, their port on the bay, to the Transvaal frontier, agreeing not to permit the construction of any other line within seventy miles on each side for a period of ninety-nine years. By November, 1887, this road had been completed, when the Portuguese Government declared that a further extension must be made within eight months. This being impracticable, the Portuguese authorities revoked the concession and confiscated the road, which has since been completed as far as Pretoria and is now operated under their management. Both Great Britain and the United States then stepped in to protect the interests of the "Delagoa Bay and East Africa Railway Company, Limited," in which Colonel McMurdo's estate was largely interested, together with British capitalists; and, in June, 1891, the representatives of Great Britain, the United States and Portugal formally signed an agreement to submit the question to the arbitration of the Swiss Government. The proceedings have since dragged along, but are expected to reach a final hearing very shortly. The decision of the tribunal appointed will fix beyond dispute the ownership of the railroad, with its monopoly of the shortest route between the sea and the rich gold fields of the Transvaal.

Pending the settlement of this railway question it is hardly likely that the British Government will make any definite attempt to acquire from Portugal a transfer of Delagoa Bay, but whichever way the decision of the Swiss Government may be given, British interests in South Africa will compel steps to secure possession of that valuable means of access to the Transvaal region; and it is of course desirable that a friendly understanding should exist between Germany and Great Britain, leaving the way clear for a direct settlement with Portugal, which has no contingent interest demanding her continuance in possession of Delagoa Bay.

THINGS AND PEOPLE

Ina Coolbrith has just been discovered in London. The *Outlook*, one of the political-critical weeklies that flourish in the British metropolis, devoted a page and a half of its August 20th issue to exploiting her genius. There is no faintness about the praise the reviewer lavishes. He declares he has waited for years to have someone else write of the quality of her verse, and calls the neglect of such a singer undeserved and barbarous. But even in the United States her genius has had but minor recognition. A place as found her in a public library, but her compatriots as a rule know nothing of Ina Coolbrith. The reviewer goes on to say he has interrogated cultured Americans about the lady. I quote:

"'Who is she?' so the conversation usually runs.

"I mention *Songs From the Golden Gate*.

"'She's a Californian, then?' they ask. *Californian* evidently means something very terrible to most Eastern minds. The word is pronounced with much the scornfulness that an English schoolboy puts into such information as 'Jones Minor's father keeps a draper's shop.' After, perhaps, would be a comparison with the 'unctuous rectitude' with which a certain type of English person mentions the word 'Parisian.' The Californian, then, is conceived by the minds that have learnt wisdom in the Eastern States as something unfit and partly abominable, and merit, even genius, are powerless before this preconception."

***

That Californians are a peculiar people is recognized even at home, but to learn the nation turns up its nose at us is something new — no one has taken the trouble to put it into actual terms, but I suppose there's no escaping it. We are *declassé*. However, we often revenge ourselves by reversing an Eastern success, and demand the right to be both individual and capricious. California, anyway, has within herself an infinity of consolations against foreign contempt. She is the richest and most productive of countries, a land of broad, fertile plains and lofty mountains. She has gorgeous scenery, blue skies, fine wines, and luscious fruits. Here, too, one lives more generously at a lower cost than elsewhere on the footstool. A San Franciscan can enjoy luxuries on a pittance that a large income would not command in New York. So let the Eastern nose preserve its angle. We can afford to be supremely indifferent.

***

A Californian in London evidence afforded a new opportunity for the ebullient Gertrude Atherton. On the following week she writes as follows to the *Outlook:*

"To the Editor of *The Outlook;* I am delighted to see that you have taken up Ina Coolbrith. Like two other brilliant Californians—Ambrose Bierce and William C. Morrow—she has been unrecognized too long. You can have no idea of the determination of the East to suppress all Californians—not 'Westerns,' but Californians—the result, I suppose, of the enormous boom the State once had when all the rest of the country retired to oblivion. If you are a Californian you must first get out, then consistently treat the East with the contempt its petty spirit deserves, then come abroad and get the praise of unprejudiced people; and in the end the East will first swallow you, and then swear you are its own precious discovery. Who knows what Ina Coolbrith might not have accomplished if she had had encouragement from influential sources? But I am afraid it is too late now. GERTRUDE ATHERTON."

***

The controversy between A. S. Baldwin and Supervisor Clinton over the Mission Zoo is but another instance of the bad habit which San Franciscans have acquired of calling one another names. In a great measure this is due to the example of our daily press, which seems to imagine it is privileged to impute bad motives and worse actions to any citizen who happens to occupy a public position. Mr. Baldwin has been a consistent advocate of a zoological garden at the Mission, and attended the meeting of the Board of Supervisors the other night at which the appropriation for this purpose was discussed. Undoubtedly thousands of Missionites favor the project, but as to its advisability in the present condition of public finances, there exists a known difference of opinion. Not content with opposing the scheme, Supervisor Clinton bitterly denounced it and called it a steal. This Mr. Baldwin vigorously and properly resented. Dr. Clinton is an honest, well-meaning man, and had no idea of being insulting to Mr. Baldwin, but the habit of the community and its newspapers seems to justify the use of opprobrious terms in alluding to an opponent's enterprise. In this sense any project for the betterment of conditions becomes a public robbery, and a thief is only an official who takes a different view to yourself about expenditures. If it were thoroughly understood here that men and newspapers that passed imputations of this character would be called upon to prove them or apologize, many a loose tongue would be curbed. The one virtue of the duelling code was that it enforced courtesy among men. In San Francisco there has long been too little resentment and too much patience over this kind of talk. The Mission is a perfectly proper scheme, if the people want it and the city can afford it, and Mr. Baldwin's advocacy was in all honesty, as his course throughout has shown.

***

There are press agents and press agents, legitimate devices to attain journalistic notoriety and also methods of attracting publicity that are essentially vulgar, repulsive and dishonorable. In the latter category belongs the foolish story about Miss Young and Miss Snider of the "What Happened to Jones Company," which it seems was invented and circulated by some fatuous nincompoop, who imagined thereby to fill the theatre with a curious crowd of scaudal-mongers. Imagine the type of intellect that conceives it possible to attract an audience with a tale of two actresses pummeling each other over an actor. In the ordinary course of events the thing would not be worth noticing, but it happens the victims are new to the stage and of most respectable parentage. One of them, Miss Young, is the daughter of Brigadier-General Young, who has been fighting for the United States at Cuba. Having developed unusual dramatic ability she has essayed a career on the stage, and now, at the very outset of it, is made to suffer a humiliation as cruel as it is undeserved. The story was made out of whole cloth—not a word of truth being in it. Miss Young and Miss Snider are friends and never dreamed of such a performance as the dailies have related with such unction. The last instance of this form of vulgar invention was the story given to the papers about Miss Lansing Rowan of the old Frawley Company. It seems she had gone in a little for athletics, and this was made the pretext for a story that she had challenged Corbett to a pugilistic encounter. For a week the unfortunate girl did not show herself at the theatre, and the notoriety was a factor in the subsequent illness and death of her father.

***

According to the latest advices from Honolulu the American Commissioners were to have left there yesterday on the *Gaelic* for this port. They had recently received memorials from two different native Hawaiian parties, one in favor of restoring the royal regime and the other desirous of obtaining the franchise for all natives, subject only to an educational qualification. The former party is bitterly opposed to the recent annexation, Wilcox, the revolutionist, being a leading spirit. They are not in the least likely to make any headway, and the only effect of the attitude they are adopting will be to injure the prospects of the Hawaiian race of being admitted to the privileges of self-government. The better element amongst them realize that annexation is a settled fact and seek to obtain a voice in determining the future status of the islands as an integral part of the United States commonwealth and in administering local affairs. The well-disposed section of the native population is desirous of the islands being formed into a territory. It is just as well the malcontents have made their feelings known to the Commissioners while on the spot, as it has afforded the opportunity of testing the strength and value of the opposition. In the meantime the citizens of Topeka, Kansas, have invited a native Hawaiian lady, born of a German-American father and a Hawaiian mother, to reign as Queen of the Kansas Carnival, to be held at the end of this month in their city. "The Rose of Hilo;" as the lady is styled when at home, arrived here this week and has already been feted and serenaded by the Kansas Regiment as a proof of the good will entertained by Americans not only toward herself, but also to her country.

***

The magnificent piece of property donated by Miss Cora Jane Flood to the University of California is situated in a region that by reason of its natural beauty has made land in the neighborhood beyond the reach of any but the very wealthy. On the tract of 540 acres surrounding the mansion a portion remains in its original condition, studded with stately oaks and the ground covered with a wild undergrowth. A further section has been cleared of brush, and with the grand oak trees dotting its expanse, presents a beautiful park-like appearance. Of the 150 acres or so immediately round the house, elaborate cultivation, planting and laying down of lawns, shrubberies and flower beds, with roadsandpaths, has been made a lovely pleasure ground. The mansion is built after the Louise Quatorze style, with modern Italian embellishment, and is constructed of wood, which is painted white, upon stone foundations, the pile presenting a particularly chaste appearance in its setting of green. It is of three stories, the interior being decorated in extremely handsome fashion. The furniture and appointments are in keeping, and include a valuable library. The large tract of marsh land, altogether 2,400 acres, which is included in the gift, borders on the bay, and though presenting a somewhat dreary look, and in its present state of no great value, is capable of being turned to account. Its disposal, however, is a matter that is not likely to be dealt with by the University for some time to come. To turn the home estate to account will not be a difficult matter, and no doubt there will be plenty of buyers for that portion of the property, if it were subdivided and made available for residential purposes. Reserving the 50 acres immediately round the house, the remaining 490 acres would produce a handsome total toward enriching the funds of the University.

***

General Alger, Secretary of War, is reported to have made "a delicate and carefully worded speech" to the commanding officers assembled at General McKee's headquarters, Knoxville, Tenn., in the course of which, alluding to the camp at Chickamauga, he said: "We received only good reports at Washington from the commanding officers, and it was supposed that the outside reports were exaggerated." This involves a charge of deliberate misrepresentation on the part of commanding officers and practically confirms the correctness of the reports the public heard from time to time as to the way things were being managed. However, this deals only with matters at Chickamauga. Are we to understand that the Secretary of War is prepared to endorse the reports published regarding the state of affairs in the camps elsewhere, Cuba included, and on the transports? The public have so far believed them, and the Secretary of War has not. Why? Is it because all the commanding officers in the United States Army were engaged in the work of misrepresentation? Secretary Alger has the advantage of the public in having seen these official reports, but, nevertheless, we must be forgiven a doubt whether his statement, even as regards Chickamauga, will remain unchallenged. It is perfectly right that commanding officers should be held responsible for the condition of their camps, but it is not difficult to understand that their efforts may be paralyzed by mismanagement in the bureaus at Washington, and this is, after all, the main charge that is made and which the public have fully determined shall be brought home to the man who is responsible.

***

Current talk is essentially political. The conventions take up everyone's attention. Having captured the Republican organization, Crimmins and Kelly seem determined on nominating their own kind to office which cannot fail to help their opponents. At writing, the Mayor and the judicial ticket of the Democratic party have been nominated and the attitude of the convention proves that the allegation of bossism so freely put forward was unfounded. The selection of Wallace, Seawell and Murasky was conceded in advance, leaving Schlessinger and Borden in the field. Had the latter failed nomination it would have been a serious loss to the bar. The Superior bench is not over-strong as it is, and could ill afford to lose the services of so competent and well-equipped a lawyer as Judge Borden. For the benefit of litigants I trust he will be elected. In the same connection I make little doubt of the success of Judge Seawell, who is one of the best judges San Francisco has ever had.

***

The single-tax proclivities of candidate Maguire begin to prove the fatal obstacle to his success which his opponents calculated upon. From all over the country reports are coming in showing feeling among the farmers against him. It is being brought home to them that he is an advocate of a system of taxation which would saddle the burden of state support upon their shoulders, and naturally their opposition is aroused. Of course, the campaign is only beginning and the degree of Maguire's heresy will be thoroughly proclaimed throughout California. The bitterness already provoked, however, is an indication of the result, and offsets whatever may be lost through internecine squabbles in the Republican party.

***

If no other member of the Democratic ticket wins, the election of R. A. Thompson of Santa Rosa, candidate for Secretary of State, is assured through the identity of his opponent. However, outside of this, Mr. Thomson is a brother of the late Minister to Brazil and a man of much personal charm, and in character and reputation above reproach. Of excellent intelligence and agreeable address, he can hardly fail. For many years he edited the Santa Rosa *Democrat*, which he made one of the best of the interior journals.

BOSWELL, JR.

MAYOR PHELAN

Unanimously Renominated by the Democracy — His Public Service.

The renomination of James D. Phelan was merely the happening of the expected. There was no other candidate, no thought of another candidate. Not only was the place accorded him by the unanimous consent of the conventions, but it expressed also the unanimous choice of the party. Mr. Phelan has done admirably during his term of office, both for the city and for his own reputation. He is to-day one of the strongest men, politically, in the State, and the honors already accorded him are but the earnest of distinctions to come.

Mayor Phelan has made an excellent executive. Under the laws that govern San Francisco the Mayor's office is a powerless responsibility. He is supposed to guide the deliberations of Supervisors and other officials, to veto unwise or nefarious legislation—in other words, to protect the community against the boodler and the demagogue. Under the conditions that now exist, the principal way in which he can serve the city is by exposing wrong-doing and creating public opinion against a given course entered upon by his subordinates. This Mayor Phelan has done. He has been most faithful in devotion to his duties. There is no more loyal public servant. In his actions he has made enemies, but even they do not attribute dishonorable motives to his acts. A San Franciscan, the interests of the city are dear to him, and during the two brief years of his administration he can point with pride to accomplishments of the highest importance.

To no one, if not to Mayor Phelan, is the credit of the New Charter due. He it was who appointed the committee that blazed the way for it. He devoted his time night after night to the difficult and laborious work in connection with that instrument. From the Charter Convention of One Hundred the freeholders were nominated, and no one did more or worked harder to bring about their election and the acceptance of the charter they drew than Mayor Phelan. His efforts towards the repaving of Market street are too familiar to need comment here—the efficacy of his labors is the latest object-lesson in municipal affairs. If for no other reason than his past services, he deserves re-election, but his achievements are only an earnest of better things to come. Before he goes onward and upward in his political career, Mayor Phelan will have conferred many benefits on San Francisco. It devolves on him to put the New Charter into operation, and in the year to come—the year of the "clean-up"—a period fraught with the direct dangers to the municipality, it is essential that there be at the head of the city government a man whom the community can trust to oppose boodlers and defeat the ambitious machinations of dishonest monopolies.

It should be added that Mayor Phelan goes before the community as the nominee of the Non-Partisan as well as the Democratic party. In this latter convention, also, the honor was unanimously conferred.

Two years ago The Wave advocated the election of R. H. Webster to the position of Superintendent of Schools. He then ran against another nominee and an independent candidate, both of his own political faith, and won by a plurality of five thousand votes. His administration of the office has been highly creditable. He has been efficient and courageous, and in the face of the opposition of the worst and most unprincipled Board of Education the city has ever suffered from, has not only accomplished much positive good for the schools but has prevented more evil. Had the opportunity to co-operate with a friendly and intelligent Board been offered, there is little doubt he would have done great things. Under ruling conditions the power and voice of the Superintendent in the administration of the School Department are derived from the Board. Previously he has been the the executive officer, but Mr. Webster incurred the dislike of the Directors by his stalwart opposition to their methods and they robbed him of all his functions and ignored him in their deliberations. However, Mr. Webster has kept steadfastly at work on educational lines, and the whole department has felt the influence of his personality. We do not see how the Non-Partisan Convention can nominate another in his place without violating one of the fundamental principles which induced its organization, to-wit: the retention of faithful public officers during good behavior.

SOME MARKET-PLACES IN THE REPUBLIC OF MEXICO

Photos by W.J. Belcher

BOISDEFFRE AND DREYFUS

Personality and Career of the Late Chief of the French Army.

Paris, September 8th.—At the trial of Zola the most conspicuous figure, after the defendant and his counsel, was that of General Boisdeffre, the head of the French army, who appeared in court in full uniform and swore upon his military honor that the Alsatian had been justly convicted. It was a visit of intimidation, this descent of the great soldier, because he declared if Zola were acquitted that he and the other members of the general staff must resign their posts, in which event France would be left helpless against a foreign foe. He condescended to be literal in explanation of this especial point. The plan of mobilizing the French army is devised by the headquarters staff, and the main details of it are not set down in writing for fear of spies. They are held in the memories of the group of Colonels and Generals who preside over the army, and should they retire their successors would be compelled to formulate a new plan of campaign, which would take months and cost millions. Elsewhere in the world an officer who ventured on such a threat would be hounded from the country, but here the army can do no wrong. The attitude of the man struck many at the time as curious. They remembered it was Boisdeffre who had organized the court martial against Dreyfus, who had him arrested and imprisoned without the knowledge or sanction of the military governor of Paris, and it was he also who appointed the court martial that acquitted the ignoble Esterhazy. When Colonel Picquart was retired from the Intelligence Department, General Boisdeffre appointed Colonel Henry to succeed him, and before the latter committed suicide he declared that the forgery had been done at the command of his superior officers. It should be added that Colonel Henry was an honorable man, the son of a peasant, who had worked his way up in the ranks, and was quite incapable of intrigue. Throughout the entire proceeding, then, the identity of General Boisdeffre looms out with sinister prominence, as virtually the instigator of the prosecution and all its high-handed and illegal expedients. And now he he has resigned—in disgrace. Why? Perhaps a look over the career of the General may reveal the secret.

Decidedly a figure is General Boisdeffre, a descendant of the famous Marshal de Blainville, and personally a brilliant and fascinating man. Throughout a period of four centuries the French army has never been without the name of Boisdeffre on its rosters, save during the period which intervened between the decapitation of Louis XVI and the restoration of the Bourbons in 1815. His chateau on the borders of Normandy has been in the possession of the family for nearly three hundred years. It was as military attaché of the French Embassy at St. Petersburg that the General first came into prominence. It was while General Chanzy was Embassador. Chanzy enjoyed the sincere friendship of Alexander II and Alexander III, who recognized him as one of the few able commanders of the Franco-Prussian war. Something of the glory of his chief passed to Boisdeffre, who was regarded as a man of extraordinary adroitness and shrewdness. Though a *bon vivant* and apparently open, he was cautious and very apt at eliciting confidences without ever telling anything himself. Even in those days, however, he was not noted for exactness, and it must be admitted he was rather indolent, a fault he imagined could be atoned for by his celerity of intelligence and ability at intrigue.

It was during this period really that the foundation of the Franco-Russian alliance was laid. General Chanzy was a strong advocate of an *entente* between Russia and France, and Boisdeffre inherited the idea from his chief. Returning to Paris he was appointed assistant to General de Miribel, at that time head of the general staff, and for the past sixteen years he has been connected in various capacities with the headquarters staff, eventually succeeding de Miribel as its chief. During this time he has carefully kept up his Russian relationships. His vacations were spent in St. Petersburg or Moscow, and I believe he had himself appointed military representative of his nation to all the grand maneuvers of the Muscovite army. All these connections have certainly been used to further the alliance so dear to his heart, and there is no denying the importance and value of his influence in bringing about the result.

Early in 1894, there crept into some of the papers a rumor that a certain foreign power knew more of the affairs of the army than was warranted. No names were mentioned, but it was insisted that treachery was at work within the general staff, and an inquiry was demanded. The *Libre Parole* was the first to make this outcry, and being anti-Semitic, its editor insisted that a Jew must be the traitor. There was but one Jew on the general staff, Dreyfus, and the implication was absolute. For some time an impression had been current among well-informed military men that Boisdeffre had communicated to the Russian War Department secrets in regard to the mobilization plans which should not be known outside the Parisian staff. That he would profit by such revelations is, of course, ridiculous. for he is wealthy and honorable. Whatever was communicated the sole object could only have been to enhance the value of an alliance in the eyes of the Russians by showing how well prepared for war France was.

An episode in the career of General Boisdeffre which attracted considerable attention at the time was his controversy with the Kaiser over the battle of Cannæ. They met at the grand maneuvers of the Russian army and at once became friendly. There is much that appeals to the Parisian about Emperor William. His mental capacities are those of the Gaul rather than the Teuton. Between the two arose a controversy over the strategy of Hannibal in the Italian campaign. William contended that the disposition of the Carthaginian troops at the battle of Cannæ was bad, and declared he could prove his argument with documents he had at home and which he would send to Boisdeffre. The latter returned to France and had almost forgotten the incident, when he received, through the German Embassy, a voluminous roll, together with a long letter of six pages in the Emperor's handwriting, containing a plan of the battle drafted by himself and covered with notes regarding Hanibal's tactics. The letter was written in admirable French, and led to a friendly correspondence between the two which lasted until the Dreyfus episode. I gather, however, that the good opinion of the Kaiser for the French General is not shared by the military authorities of his Empire who regard De Jamont as the most dangerous of the French commanders. Boisdeffre's plan of mobilization, about which so much boasting is made, is declared to be defective, because the General had left half its operation to his own memory, thereby weakening the plan in common sense and logic.

Of course the relation of Boisdeffre's friendship for Russia and the energy of his persecution of Dreyfus may be nothing more than a coincidence, but it is suspicious. Nor would the General have resigned so distinguished a position unless it had become known that it was on his instruction that Colonel Henry had forged the document. Can it be, as some are beginning to think, that the attack on Dreyfus was really engineered by the commanding General to hide his own indiscretion. It is said, also, that there is a woman in the case, to whom he has also told more than his prayers, for the General with so many other descendants of Mars is partial to Venus. Whether the entire scandal will get out now or not may not yet be predicted, but there is something very mysterious about the whole performance and sooner or later the truth will out.

One more episode from Boisdeffre's checkered career. Sent to St. Petersburg to represent France at the obsequies of Czar Alexander, and to express to his successor, Nicholas, the felicitations of the French nation, he inquired, prior to his departure, if he would not be permitted to pay his respects to the widowed Czarina. Passionately devoted to her husband, she had hitherto borne up with a fortitude that alarmed and astonished her relatives, and she received the General with something of her usual tranquility. As he bent down to kiss her hand, he for whom the late Czar had ever expressed so strong a regard, the sense of her loss overcame her, and suddenly seizing Boisdeffre's bowed head between her two hands she kissed him again and again on the forehead and cheek, and burst into a fit of hysterical weeping that seemed for the time to deprive her of her senses. They were the first tears she had wept since her husband's death.

ETIENNE MARCEL.

YELLOW JOURNALISM

An Effective Exposure of the Devices of Certain New York Papers.

Among the many benefits the war has conferred on the nation a better understanding of the evils of yellow journalism must be numbered. Throughout the country people are waking up to a realization of the subvertive effects on public order and morals of this yellow terror. No newspaper can ever be much more than an individual narrator of events, and when its listeners get to understand that it lies, its prestige and circulation wane and disappear. The ordinary slanderer or scandal-monger in society may at first do mischief, but eventcully his or her utterances are treated as fiction. The underlying idea of a daily journal is to chronicle contemporaneous events. If this chronicle be notoriously false and wrong, people will have none of it. They may not do so at first. Thus far the yellow journals have been saved by their enterprise. Taking the field against a set of conservative papers which were content with plain type and stereotyped letter press, they have succeeded by force of daring, originality and push in attracting public attention. The remedying of abuses has been undertaken; public charities have been organized—all with a great beating of tom-toms and the most grotesque self-puffery. These manipulations have diverted the attention of the public from the real value of the article sold. There is a direct analogy between the methods of yellow journalism and the tricks of the cheap clothing vendor. Both resort to the same adventitious jugglery to capture the eye of the beholder. In the one instance we have colored lights and wax figures and bands of music, masking shoddy goods; in the other, flaring headlines and smart pictures, broken columns and colored ink, masking lies, hypocricy and drivel. It is said humanity likes to be fooled, but not all the time. Facts *do* exist. Just as certain as the clothing dealer who sells shoddy loses his custom, so will the journal that substitutes the artifices of type for truth, and calculated sensation for honest statement, go to the wall.

In the August *Nineteenth Century* there is an expositiou of some of the methods of yellow journalism as practiced in New York, written by Elizabeth L. Banks, who seems to speak from the depths of bitter experience. Yellow journalism has money and brains. It has brains because it has money with which to buy them; hence it is some of the best brains in America are engaged in producing the yellow journals. She goes on to explain the rise of the yellow journals through their pretensions as "people's papers," and their enterprise at "exposing" the selfishness of the rich and the grasp of monopoly. To exalt the poor and lowly aud bring down the rich and lofty is the *metier* of their propaganda—at least, it was until the blowing up of the *Maine*. Then the poor and lowly were forgotten, and the editors set themselves to creating war. That it was this instrumentality that precipitated the conflict with Spain the writer expresses no doubt. Miss Banks goes on to describe the fake extras aud to explain the system of headlines then introduced. She says:

> The bringing out of the 'war extras' up to the number of thirty or fifty a day is not nearly so wonderful an undertaking as might appear to those who are not initiated into the secrets of the yellow journal offices. A certain number of the evening staff are kept in the editorial office, say, till midnight, with orders to bring out extras at certain intervals of time, news or no news. If news comes, well and good; if no news, well and good also.
>
> 'Time for the next extra! Any news?' shouts the man in charge.
>
> 'No news!' shouts the man at the telegraph instrument.
>
> Up goes the order to the composing-room: 'Use large half-page headline of "Havana Bombarded" or "Great Sea-fight!"'
>
> A minute later newsboys are out on the street waking honest people from their midnight sleep with the cry 'Vere's yer extra! Great sea-fight! Great sea-fight!' The inhabitants of the city rise from their beds and rush to the doors in their night-clothes to buy an extra and learn about the 'great sea-fight.' Up in the top corner in almost invisible type are the words: 'We may soon expect a' (then comes the scare-head) 'GREAT SEA-FIGHT!'

The most important section of this interesting article is that devoted to explaining the untruth and hypocrisy of the exposés undertaken by the yellow journals. There is rarely any sincerity of motive behind them—they are undertaken for sensational effect to enhance the circulation of the paper. The first assignment Miss Banks was given was to:

> 'Allow' myself to become arrested as a disreputable woman, spend a part of the night in gaol with women of the street, and write up a brilliant account of the affair for the next morning paper! At the time I was given this assignment a law had been passed that disreputable characters, known to be such were to be arrested if found walking in the Tenderloin District of New York after midnight. There was danger that respectable women, alone and detained out on legitimate business, might also be subjected to the insult of an arrest. In order to discover if this were so, a young woman journalist was to go out and see if she were arrested when quietly walking along. If she were, that then would prove the injustice and indiscrimination with which the law was put into force. If she were not arrested well, in the eyes of the editor who had given her the assignment, she was a girl lacking in originality and 'journalistic enterprise,' and it was possible she might get discharged for 'incompetency' the next morning.

This assignment was declined, but Miss Banks makes the point that had she proved it was quite safe for a respectable girl to walk through the tenderloin at midnight unescorted no head lines would announce the fact. It is the contrary the editor wanted to show. She tells again of a young girl who was employed to go to Europe and return steerage, garbed as an emigrant, in order to expose a supposed gang of disreputable men and women who were reported to lie in wait for penniless females in order to beguile them to bad houses. The editor promised to have a man reporter look after the girl who set out on her mission. She traveled to Europe and then took passage as an emigrant. On reaching New York she pretended to be penniless, as directed, and burst into tears, but no one accosted her, nor did the editor send the reporter to look after her. She was allowed to land, but not having managed to be "molested" she was discharged. She wrote a description of her experiences, proving the "gang" story to be a fake, but it was never published. The labor element is invariably catered to by yellow journalism because it is among working people that large circulations are attained. Here are some experiences which will explain the theory on which "strike" reporting is conducted:

> Said my editor one day: 'There's a strike among the girls working in the —— factory. Go out and get work in the factory as an apprentice, stay a day, and then come back to the office and write a story about it, saying they ought to strike!'
>
> 'But,' I ventured, 'perhaps they ought not to strike. Of course, if I find they are in the wrong and their employers are in the right, I will say so, giving a truthful account of how the matter stands.'
>
> 'Well, no, hardly! Our paper can't go against the working people!' was the reply

Some time later I was making an investigation which concerned the welfare of the working girls. I did not undertake to write fiction—only to write truthfully of my experiences as they came to me in a certain mode of living. As the experiences came to me I wrote them and they were published. In the midst of the series hundreds of anonymous letters began to pour into the office, declaring that 'if your reporter proves thus and so, it will injure the cause of the working people, and we always thought your paper was the friend of the poor workers!'

Straightway the mandate went forth that I was to so 'manage' my experiences as to make them prove such and such a thing, whether they really proved the other thing or not! It was discouraging, but a few days after, thinking to really and honestly expose some of the 'wrongs' to which I had heard the working girls were subjected, I busied myself in hunting up a genuine 'wrong.' I took a subject on which I felt keenly, the wrongs inflicted by the employers of hundreds of girls upon their employees; and when in my innocent enthusiasm I suggested it to my editor, I was informed that it would not do, as 'those employers advertise very largely with us.'

Whoever has had any experience of yellow journalism knows that signed statements are as often "faked" as are interviews. Depend on it, when you read a fluent, familiar statement of an affair that is before the public purporting to be written by some city official who has no literary facility, a reporter has done it. Sometimes the official is cognizant and gladly signs his name, because the narrative may truly explain his position, but the reverse is often the case. I quote Miss Banks again:

> A few months ago one of the New York yellow journals sent a woman reporter to write up the strike in the cotton mills, and one day telegraphed her to interview the mayor of the city on the subject. The young woman replied that she couldn't find the mayor—he had gone out of town for the day. Back came the answer: 'Interview him whether you can find him or not, and send copy within two hours!'
>
> And the following morning the 'interview' with the mayor, or rather, what was more valuable still, a signed statement by the mayor, giving his views of the situation, appeared in the paper, which, it is hardly necessary to say, somewhat surprised that honorable gentleman when he read it! The woman reporter who sent the 'signed statement by the mayor' was afraid she would be dismissed from the paper if she did not fill her assignment.

The interview with the President secured by the New York *Journal* apropos of the strike at New Bedford is thus explained:

> During a great strike, a yellow journal gave one of its women reporters instructions to go to Washington and interview the President of the United States. Now the American President is not hedged about with many rules of etiquette, but at the same time for a President to submit to be interviewed would create something of a scandal in the United States. But the young woman interviewed the President on the subject of the strike, nevertheless. She represented herself as a Commissioner of Labor, wishing to put before the President the true state of things among the strikers.

Now as to the remedy. Miss Banks says that the yellow journals obtain the best literary talent because they pay for it. Some of the ablest writers in the country, some of the strongest and most dignified of American journalists are in the service of the *World*, the *Journal* and their contemporaries. Why? Because they are enterprising and because they spend money. There is but one way to fight this enemy—oppose him with money. Do right what he does wrong. To get the news or to manufacture it, as the case may be, the proprietors of yellow journals are generous to a fault with money. To the men and women employed on their staffs they pay salaries and space rates liberal enough to compensate them for their arduous labors, and then they bring out a paper at one cent, the price a poor man can afford to pay. *Now, if some millionaires who do not approve of yellow journalism will do the same thing for what may be termed the legitimate style of journalism, it will be a case of "Greek meet Greek," perhaps, but there is no doubt that the decent would prevail over the indecent, and the scourge would be wiped out.*

L. C.

SALMON-FISHING AT ASTORIA

Methods Employed in the Great Industry of the Columbia River.

The career of the interesting settlement of Astoria, on the Columbia river, will be familiar to most readers of these pages, and there is no city on the globe of equal size with as large an interest in the industry of salmon-fishing. At the present time there are a score of canning concerns established there for packing salmon, the average annual output amounting to half a million cases. The catch varies according to the season, and this year the result will be considerably below the normal return. In 1895 the pack amounted to 617,460 cases; last year it was 544,500 cases, 454,000 being the proceeds of the spring fishing, which this year produced 335,750 cases only. The total output for the year 1898 will probably be 20 per cent short of the average. The Alaska pack of 1897 amounted to 907,459 cases. A description of the methods employed by the fishermen of the Columbia is here given

The Royal Chinook salmon, which by many is considered the superior of all other salmon, is to be found only in the waters of the Columbia river. Its special merits are the firmness of its flesh, its delicate flavor and rather large proportion of oil. The fully-developed Chinook varies greatly in weight, the largest specimens weighing as high as eighty pounds, and the smallest about ten pounds. The average fish scales from twenty-two to twenty-five pounds at maturity, which is reached in four years. In addition to the Chinook the Columbia river produces three other varieties, viz.: The Blueback, the Steelhead and the Silverside, all of great excellence. The fishing season proper extends over four months, beginning on April 10th and ending August 10th, after which latter date the law prohibits the taking of salmon before September 10th. Fishing is carried on to some extent during September, October and November, but the run of fish during the fall is usually so light as to render operations hardly profitable. There are three devices for catching salmon in use on the Columbia, viz: The gill-net, the trap and the seine. In the upper reaches, where the stream is narrow, the fish-wheel is used with much profit, resulting in indiscriminate slaughter of the fish.

Gill-nets vary in length and depth. Few are less than 1,400 feet long, while a large number are 1,800 feet, with a depth of from twenty to thirty-five feet. The size of the mesh varies from seven to ten inches. During the early part of the season the small mesh net is most generally used, but from June to August, when the fish are uniformly large, those who possess a net of each class use that having the larger mesh. With the best care a gill-net becomes almost worthless after two years' use, and the work of repairing occupies much time and involves a great deal of labor. After the net has been dried and received any repairs necessary it is transferred from the rack to the boat, being placed astern in such a manner as to make the casting a simple task. Nearly all the fishing is done in the dark, most of the men abandoning their work as daylight approaches and going home after depositing their catch at the cannery or fish station. Those who remain out utilize the stove and cooking utensils with which every boat is provided, so as to render a trip ashore for meals unnecessary, and resting on board resume their work later. Going to and from the fishing grounds it is no unusual thing to see a fleet of 500 boats scudding along with their white sails glistening in the sun and forming a picture that delights the eye. Catches aggregating 3,000 pounds are made occasionally, while at other times the night's work is hardly sufficient to pay for repairing the nets. At the Receiving Scow or fishing station fishermen can deliver their catches conveniently when salmon are running freely, the station being visited daily by a gasoline launch or plunger, in which the fish are conveyed to the cannery.

The method of seining is generally profitable, although disappointments are sometimes met with. The outfit of a seiner consists of ten men, four horses, seine, a large scow and a flat-bottomed boat, and his operations are necessarily confined to favorable portions of the beach or slightly submerged islands, which at low tide afford an opportunity of hauling up the seine and removing the fish. The seines used in the Columbia are about 1,500 feet long, graduating in depth from 16 feet at the ends to 160 feet in the center, their value being at least $1,000. The launching of one of the flat-bottomed seiner's boats is a heavy job. After being loaded with the seine the boat is left stranded until flood-tide, when the crew can have the assistance of the receding waves in getting the craft far enough out to permit the use of the oars. On starting out to make a haul one end of the seine is left on shore, and to this a horse is hitched, while the boat's crew row out until all the seine is in the water. Then the boat is rowed down stream and gradually shoreward until, when the beach is reached, the seine forms a semi-circle. Another horse is then called into requisition, and is driven up the beach. As soon as there is room a third horse is attached about fifty feet behind No. 2, then No. 1 is taken off the end and follows No. 3, and so on until the head of the beach, which is but 200 feet wide, is reached. Meanwhile the other end of the seine has gradually been hauled down stream until the ends meet, thus completing the circle. When the seine has been hauled in so that the lead and cork lines are on the shore, the center or widest portion still remains in the water in a bag-like formation. This also reaches shore in due course, the fish are taken out and the work begins again. These hauls are generally made between tides. Three or four hauls are made each outing, and a total catch of 1,500 for one outing is considered good.

The seiners' scow is the abode of both man and horse, divided into two parts, in one of which the men cook and sleep, the other serving as a stable. The scows are generally kept near shore and rest on the sand at low tide.

If a good location can be secured the fish trap is the most profitable salmon-catching device in use on the lower Columbia. The first cost is considerable, and frequently traps are destroyed by the large quantities of drift that are carried toward the ocean in freshet season. Large trees, brought down by the force of a current having a velocity of five or six miles per hour, occasionally lodge between the piles on which the trap is suspended, and soon demolish the entire structure. This means a direct loss of from $600 to $1,000, and indirectly very much more. The trap consists of four parts, viz: The lead, the heart, the tunnel and the pot. The lead is formed by driving a row of piles from 200 to 300 feet long, and along these, from the sand or bottom of the river to a point above high water mark, stretching netting which has been previously coated with tar for purposes of preservation. At the end of the lead is the heart, also constructed of netting, or trap web, in the shape of the organ from which it derives its name. At the lower or narrow end, the heart opens into the tunnel, which is also formed of web without ends, and tapering toward the pot, a distance of ten feet. At its junction with the latter, the tunnel is almost two feet in diameter, the other end being four feet, but once inside, the fish are secure, the action of the water on the small aperture through which they enter being such as to make escape almost, if not quite, impossible. Salmon, when they run against the web with which the lead is constructed, immediately head for deep water, and, following the lead, in a few moments are in the heart. Swimming around this, looking for a means of escape, they reach the opening known as the tunnel, and through this they dash into the pot. The latter portion of the trap is forty feet square, and unlike the heart, has a bottom of netting, so that when the fish are removed it is only necessary to raise the pot out of the water.

The operation of removing the salmon from the trap is simple, being performed by the raising of the pot out of the water. This done, the fish are as if in a huge dip-net and as easily reached. A single trap requires the attention of two men, who can, if necessary, attend to more than one trap.

In unloading the boats, when the fish are brought direct to the cannery, lines with hooks and baskets attached are let down to the boat and a few minutes are sufficient to transfer the catch to the cannery, where they are immediately weighed and then left in charge of the cleaners.

The boats used by the fishermen of the Columbia are of a design peculiar to themselves and especially adapted to the service in which they are engaged. They are built with a view to enable them to live through the storms occasionally prevalent on the lower Columbia, and are the outcome of continued experiments for many years. They are known universally as the Columbia River fishing boat, are pointed at each end, twenty-five feet long, with a beam of from seven to eight feet, have a carrying capacity of 6,000 pounds, and cost $250 each. When well handled they are safe boats, but the great risks taken by the men too often result in fatal accidents. The mortality among Columbia river fishermen, due almost entirely to accidents or foolhardiness, is usually high, and in exceptionally stormy seasons has been known to reach almost three and one-half per cent of the men engaged. Sudden squalls are, of course, responsible for the capsizing of many boats, but a majority of the fatalities are generally due directly to either inexperience or foolhardiness, or a combination of both. The more daring of the men favor the shoal water, and drifting too close in shore, perish in the attempt to recover their nets. Once in the breakers, the chances in favor of rescue are exceedingly doubtful, and while the life-saving crews of Fort Canby and Point Adams comprise well drilled and equipped branches of the life-saving service on the Pacific Coast, lives are frequently lost before a helping hand can be outstretched to the unfortunate ones who are victims of their own temerity.

Many of the unmarried fishermen reside in the scows and thus avoid the necessity of paying house rent, while enjoying the dual pleasure of owning a home and being able to change its location at will, by taking advantage of the high tides and towing their scows wherever fancy dictates. The owners, if of like nationality, as a rule anchor or beach their homes near each other, and hence the name of Scow Town.

G. L. B.

From the annual report of the Commissioners of Pensions made public at the beginning of this month it appears that the enormous sum of $141,539,453 was paid out during the last fiscal year on account of pensions, and the Commissioner states that the roll is increasing not only in numbers but also in value. A special division has been established to adjudicate claims arising out of the Spanish war, though only one hundred of this class had been filed up to the close of the fiscal year, none of which had been dealt with when the report was issued. During the year 17 survivors and 211 widows of the Indian wars and 46 survivors and 502 widows of the Mexican war were pensioned. There are surviving five widows and seven daughters of the Revolution. One survivor (dead), payable to his widow, and several widows of the War of 1812 were granted pensions during the year just closed. Pension claims pending June, 30, 1898, numbered 635,059, of which the Commission estimates not more than 75,000 as genuine. He states that there have been and are a large number of widows who have never been pensioned or have not filed claims. The soldier husbands, for some reason, had not claimed pensions and their widow had not filed claims.

General Pando, of the Spanish army, was not far wrong when he said the United States army organization was in need of a *corps sanitaire*. If he were to take a stroll in the Presidio, as he may have done for anything we know, for he admits inspecting other encampments, he would find plenty of warrant for his strictures. When on the reservation lately it occured to me that it would be pleasant to escape the tearing northwest wind by passing through the shrubberies adjoining one of the principal roadways. It didn't take me long to satisfy myself that this intended embellishment of the grounds had been turned into a common latrine. Before the coming of the volunteer this was not so, and I was at once reminded of what an officer of that branch of the service had said just recently. He told me that in his camp there had been practically no sickness, because camp regulations were strictly enforced. The fact of the matter is that the way the raw levies of Uncle Sam have been allowed to exist has been a menace to public health, as well as themselves. From what I discovered, it is but right to point out to the military authorities responsible for the sanitary condition of the Presidio that the unfrequented part of the grounds are in a most disgusting state, unhealthy for the troops quartered there and totally unfit for the public to resort to.

In London the women are blamed for the proposed increase in the premiums on the insurance policies of cyclists. It is said that women are much more reckless riders than men, and though they may not "scorch" so much, they dodge around corners and fly under the noses of horses in a reckless fashion.

THE INSURGENT LEADER

An Impression of the Career and Personality of Emilio Aguinaldo.

The impression of Aguinaldo's personality which may be gathered from Manila correspondence is that of a crafty and unscrupulous diplomat, as clever as a Russian and as ruthless as a Spaniard, who will not move before he is ready, and in action capable of proceeding to any extremity. He is of humble parentage, and obtained his early education at the establishment of the Jesuit fathers at Manila. He was a servant there. Being of good intelligence and bright address, Emilio soon distinguished himself among his compatriots and enlisted the interest of the priests who gave him the education which has so helped his career. When he had learned all the fathers cared to teach, the youth retired from their service and with funds which he had managed to save commenced the study of medicine. In pursuit of his object he went to Hongkong, and there began to realize that the oppression under which the Filipinos suffered was not the condition of life anywhere else. The iniquities of Spanish misrule were revealed to him in comparison with the freedom and justice of English administration, and it is not extraordinary that he developed then a determination to assist the movement against Spanish aggression gradually spreading throughout the islands. At that time the exactions of the tax gatherer were extraordinary. Ten per cent of the average earnings of the natives were confiscated for poll tax, and the officials were accustomed to stop men on the street and demand that they show receipts for its payment or at once be brought to the *Cuartel*. Imprisonment meant being drafted for service against the Moros in the fever-stricken districts of Mindanao, and he was indeed lucky who escaped death by fever or bullet.

When, after smouldering for a long time, the rebellion finally broke out, Aguinaldo at once engaged in it. His personal courage and his diplomatic tact soon made him a leader. A band of followers as bold and unscrupulous as himself chose him for their personal chief, and he became a terror to the Spanish. When that Government decided to purchase the peace their arms could not win, the young Filipino came in for the lion's share, $400,000, of the bribe, which he carefully kept for his own purpose. It was over this sum that he fell out with Atachio, one of the bravest of the sub-leaders, who imagined himself entitled to a division of the spoil. Aguinaldo soon after went to Hong Kong and was preparing for the second revolution when the United States declared war on Spain. Incited by Consul Williams, and supplied by Admiral Dewey with arms and ammunition, the insurgent returned to his native land and achieved a series of successes that made him master of the country round Manila by the time our troops had landed at Cavité.

Aguinaldo's followers are in the main devoted to him, because they believe the success of their cause is due to his leadership. They are not blind, however, to his ambition or his schemes. Under all the man's exterior of polish and quiet reserve, there is a hard, cruel disposition that will hesitate at nothing, however cold-blooded, to accomplish his purpose. A look at his face and a study of his manner are sufficient to satisfy one on this point. The dream of a republic of the Philippines is a grand conception wherewith to dazzle the natives, but no one knows better than Don Emilio himself that the idea is of the stuff dreams are made of. The only government he has in contemplation is a dictatorship for himself.

The arbitrary character of the insurgent leader is shown by his treatment of Atachio, who, in spite of his differences with Aguinaldo, came forward to assist him when he again invaded Luzon. At the first opportunity Atachio was arrested, together with his brother, cousin and two nephews, and it is supposed he was shot. Among the four survivors, who are imprisoned in a house in San Roque, is a clever, far-seeing individual, Sandigo, who has told Aguinaldo that a republic would be nothing more nor less than the prey of the great powers. This man looks to the protection of the United States in the interest of his people, in the hope that the day may come, although he will never live to see it, when they shall have reached such a stage of enlightenment as to be fitted for self-government. Aguinaldo is now but 27 years of age and all the men who are working with him are young like himself. Possessed of the courage and stoicism of their race, together with proved fighting ability and a consummate tact in diplomacy, the latter shown in their dealings with the American commanders, they exercise decisive control over the rank and file of their followers. In manners and address they are polite and agreeable, intercourse with European civilization having given them a certain distinction of style. They adopt the reserve and hauteur acquired from their former rulers, the Spanish, and thereby impart dignity to their position. The people in general are, on the other hand, simple, genuine and hospitable, with unbounded belief in the wisdom, ability and good faith of their leaders, and especially in Aguinaldo, whose word is their law.

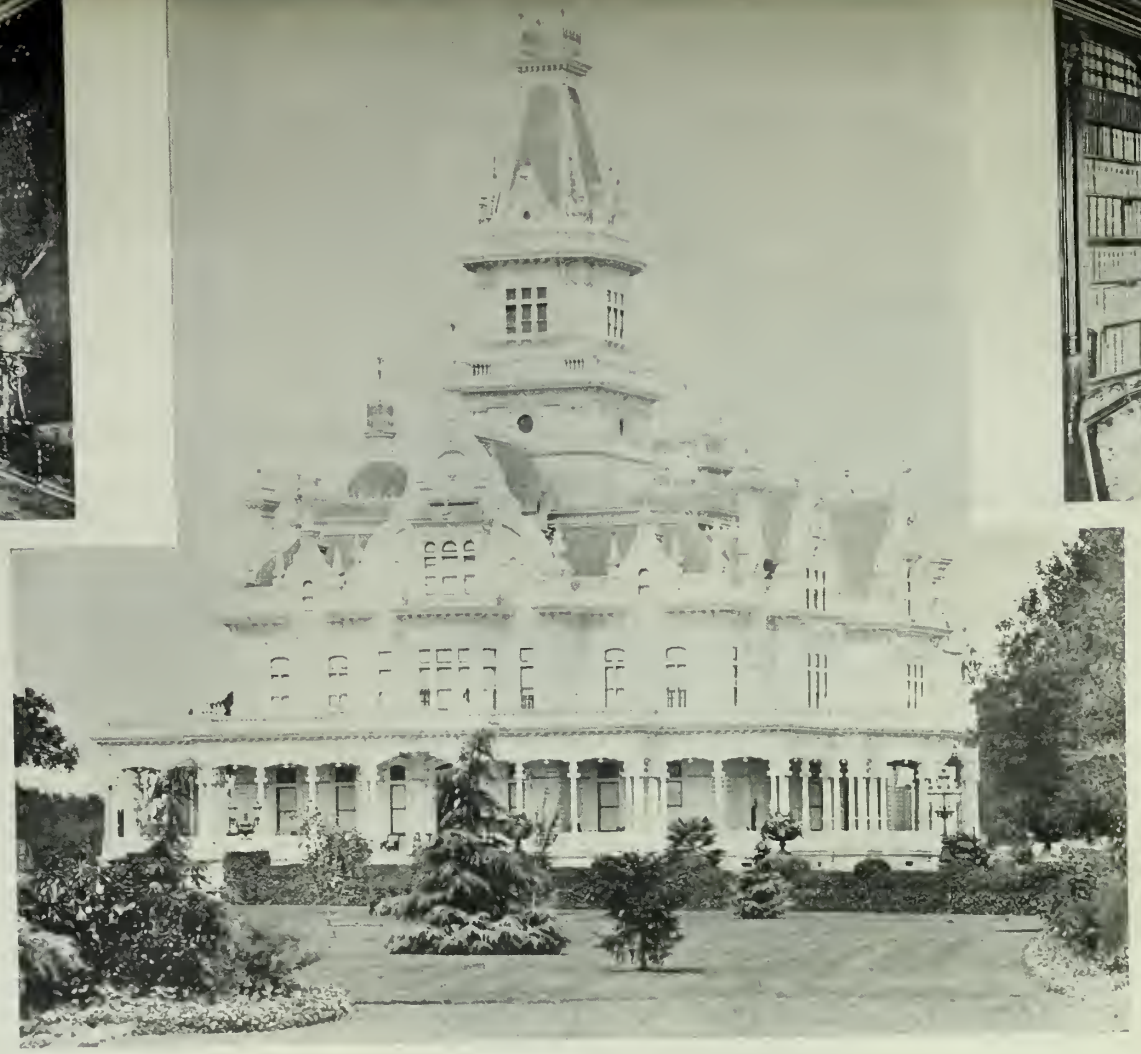
Some very interesting particulars have been furnished by Assistant Secretary of the Treasury F. A. Vanderlip in the September *Forum*, relating to the $200,000,000 war loan. The total subscription amounted to $1,394,000,000, equivalent, speaking roundly, to $7 for every $1 of bonds offered to the public. The accepted subscribers numbered 300,000, 230,000 of whom will receive bonds varying in amount from $500 to $20 and aggregating $101,000,000, slightly more than half the total amount of the loan. All individual subscriptions exceeding $4,500 were declined, and the popular character of the investment has been thoroughly proved. That the Government should have received tenders seven-fold the amount required for its three per cent bonds and that these should have been quoted at 105 while hostilities were in progress is an eloquent tribute to the standing of the nation. After the lists closed it was discovered that certain of the subscribers had been acting as dummies for capitalists, who by taking over their allotments were enabled to secure considerable holdings. The matter has been receiving attention, and if possible this scheme will be frustrated.

The originators of trade in Tampa were two Cubans, Ybor and Munraris, who were forced to leave Havana many years ago. Their first business was the manufacture of cigars, after which they established a brewery and ice plant.

Dining-Room

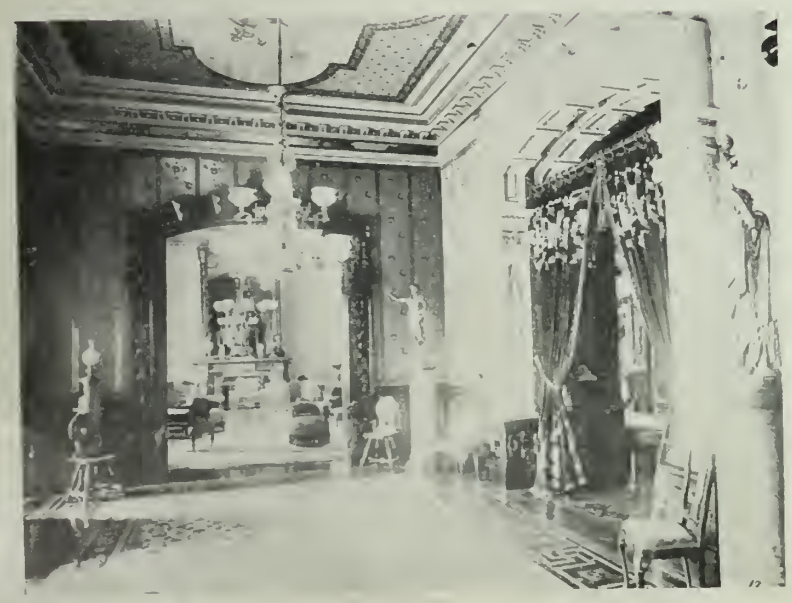
Library

Drawing-Room



The Flood Mansion

Guest Room



Main Hall

The Fountain

Main Hall

VIEWS OF THE FLOOD MANSION AT MENLO PARK

(See page 3)

Schonbrun, the Summer Residence of the Emperor, where he is now in Retirement

Emperor Franz Joseph

Entrance to the New Royal Palace,in Vienna

The Late Empress of Austria

View of Vienna, with Bridge Dedicated to Elizabeth in the Foreground

THE AUSTRIAN TRAGEDY

Characteristic Views of Vienna, of the Imperial Victim, and the Ill-Starred Emperor.

The Drowned Who Do Not Die.

By FRANK NORRIS.

I want to tell you what I know about McBurney in this story. Part of it is what the old fellow himself told me concerning his life, and part is what I myself know about his death. I can see no good reason why the tale should not be set down in this place, for McBurney is dead long since and the girl was dead even before McBurney saw and loved her.

I only knew McBurney as the captain of an inside life-boat station, where the surf-boat was not called out twice in a twelve-month. He was finishing his life there quietly, quietly, in company with his crew of eight Scandinavians, an aged geranium that never flowered, and a bass viol upon which regularly every Sunday afternoon McBuruey played the only tunes hc ever knew, "Blessed Be the Tie That Binds" and "Let Us Haste to Kelvin Grove."

But for all this McBurney had known the meaning of a life of extraordinary action aud adventure when he was younger. He had filibustered down to Chili and the Argentine, had been shanghaied out of Callao on a beach-combing venture, and had even begun life as a thorough-paced deep-sea diver and government-certificate man. Of this latter career he was curiously loath to talk. He would tell me tales of filibustering, shanghaing and piloting all up and down the coast, from Buenos Ayres to the Aleutian Islands, till the hair of my head stood up with excitemeut. But he dodged speaking of his diving experiences by saying:

"Divers don't like to talk of what they see below. It preys on the mind and gets you to thinking."

McBurney's station was on the shore of San Francisco bay, midway between Black Point and the Presidio. I went out to see him three times a week. Early Tuesday mornings we cruised out of the Golden Gate in the smaller boat, Weduesday evenings we played backgammon and McBurney made grog, and on Sundays we took a walk along the drain on the other side of the Presidio, getting back to the station in time for five o'clock supper and the bass viol.

By putting together the tales he told me over the backgammon board, or sitting on the drain, or between "Kelvin Grove" and "The Tie That Binds," I had a perfectly consecutive story of McBurney's life from the time he was a choir-boy in York cathedral till the day of his appointment as captain of Life Boat Station, No. 8"—all except oue period of five years, around the time when he was nineteen or twenty. I followed him easily enough until he reached California as for'mast hand on a revenue cutter. There I lost him, and only picked him up again some half dozen years later as ice-pilot aboard the *Rogers*.

Another point I could not fail to notice was the character of McBurney himself. You may say what you will, and I also have made less for the extravagant ideals of life than for its plain work-a-day realities, and have elected for myself sensation rather than sentiment, yet a man cannot for long entertain a deep and sincere affection without its leaving a mark upon him thereafterwards. McBurney had had his romance. Of that I was persuaded. There was a certain sweetness, a serious, firm grip of his upon the basic instincts of priuiitive good, that could be explained in no other way. There was something Homeric about lhe man. So that, little by little, I had come to know very well the various chapters of the old fellow's life—excepting always the clue chapter. The pattern was all very well but for the one note of color that should bring the whole scheme into harmouy. At last, however, I found it. McBurney told me the last story of all. It was an extraordinary story, as you may see for yourself, nearly beyond belief.

It happened of a Sunday. I had gone out to the station early in the afternoon, to find McBurney pottering about his bloomless geranium and grieving that it should never come to flower. He had had the plant I cannot guess how long, but it was so old that its budding was out of all qnestion. Still McBurney obstinately cherished the hope that it would some day blossom.

"It may be," he said on this occasion, "that the sea air is a bit too sharp. Perhaps, if it was put under a glass case now—what do you think? Or if I trimmed away some of the young leaves? It's not beyond hope. No, I'll not believe it. I'll not have it so. Surely, some day we'll have a flower on it. Some day it will be as fresh as ever. I can remember it, not so very long ago. You should have seen it then; red flowers as big as your two fists, and smell! Why, I think you could have smelled it in the other room."

He turned away to reach down his gardener's trowel, which, with the prim nicety of old men who live alone, he always kept upon the top shelf of his closet in a lidless cigar box. As he opened the closet door I was surprised to notice on the floor the complete armor of a deep-sea diver—helmet, breastplate, pumps, rubber shoes and all. I knew that McBurney had his outfit somewhere about the station, but heretofore I had imagined that it stood in the attic. It was in perfect condition now, and the copper helmet had been newly rubbed with suet.

"Why, hello, McBuruey," said I, "what's this all? Going diving again?"

He closed the door and looked at me a moment, then:

"I got a bit of chemical loam from a gardener in Golden Gate Park to-day. I'm going to try it. I think it might help."

"Better get a new plant," I suggested. From the sharp way he looked at me I could fancy that my remark had actually hurt him a little. But he said nothing, and I fell a-wondering at the strange contradiction in a man who had sat down to meat with buccaneers, and had seen men knifed for the boots they wore, but who could yet find interest in cracked bass viols and bloomless geraniums. All the rest of that afternoon he was unusually silent and preoccupied, and I let him have his thoughts to himself. We took our accustomed walk a little later, around the old fort at Golden Gate, then along the broken drain that follows the line of the hills there—and from whence one could see Fuji-Yama, if one could but see over a curve of the great earth—to a point where the land shrugged a bony shoulder out of the surf and shut out the wiud. Here we turned and climbed part way up the hill to a certain level spot where we knew we could sit down, and where sometimes we found blackberries and blue iris. McBurney took out his pipe and filled and lit. For quite five minutes neither of us spoke, pretending to be interested in a Cape Horner, a huge deep-sea tramp, held almost uotionless in the middle passage between the heads of the Gate, the tide at her bow and the wind at her back.

"Mate," said he at length, "I want you to go somewheres with me." Where, indeed, wouldn't I have gone with McBurney in those days?

"Right," said I upon the instant, and the old fellow continued, looking seawards and to the south with unseeiug eyes:

"There's a ship down there I want to see again be.ore I"—— He cleared his throat: "A ship down there I want to see—a passenger packet from Tahiti, the *Allouette*. She's there off one of the Catalina islands."

"I didn't kuow that the Tahite boats called al the Catalinas," said I.

"They *don't* call at the Catalinas," answered McBurney, dreamily. "But for all that I'm going down to the Catalina Islands, come next week, to visit the packet *Allouette*, that's off the west coast of Catalina, and that weighed her anchor out of ——, Tahiti, with nine passengers and her crew."

"I've never seen her," I put in.

"Nor I," answered McBurney; and, before I could find a reply, went on: "Nor I, mate; only her ghost, as one might say. Listen now, and I'll tell you what I've never told a man or woman yet.

"I was diving in those days for the K. & B. Wrecking Company. Just a lad I was, only turned twenty, but I could take the pressure up to the seventies and more, like an old haud. I was at work on the caissons of a pier head at San Diego, when Catalina sent down in a hurry for a diver to bring up the bodies from a Tahiti packet that had gone down in a squall off the west coast of one of the islands. I went.

"When I got to the wrecking float I was told that the bodies of all the crew and those of two of the passengers had come up. But seven of the passengers were still below. I was to take a "stray line" down and send them up."

McBurney paused a moment. "You never heard, perhaps, how bodies act in the water when they don't come up," said he. "Ill tell you, then, that they sit in their places, or staud or lie as the case may be, as natural as if in a parlor, an' still—very still, until the water about them is stirred or a bit of a current set going. Then they raise their arms, and turn their heads, or, perhaps, if they are sitting up they lie dowu quiet like, as if they were very tired au' going to sleep. You can't believe sometimes that they are drowned and dead. Sometimes, mate, you won't believe that they're dead. Old divers have a saying, you know, that a man—or a woman, either, for the matter o' that—isn't really dead till the body comes up; that they only die when the air touches them, an' that they still have a kind of a life down there amongst themselves, in all that green and gloom of the sea bottom—some kind of a life," he muttered; "yes—yes; *some* kind of a life, surely.

"I went down where the *Allouette* sank—a huudred and seventy feet of water—an' that's a wonder deep dive. It's a pressure of over eighty pounds, and some men paralyze at that, aud die in their armor. But I wasn't down long. Six of the bodies I found, four men, the stewardess, and a boy, sent them up, then came up myself aud reported. But there was one more down below, they told me. It was the body of a girl; a girl of nineteen. She was the daughter of an orange grower of Los Angeles, and an only child—a beautiful girl whom everybody loved. Her mother was dead, and her father was way off in Mexico at the time of the wreck. I'd heard of her, you see, but I'd never seen her. The men on the float, some dozen of 'em—newspaper reporters, the coroner, the wrecking hands, and the like—would have it that I should go down again and have another try. I did so. Though I was bleeding at the ears even then. This second time I crawled into the dining saloon through a dreadful pile of wreck—the ceiling had fetched away—and came up to a bit of a door that looked like the entrance to the linen closee; but when I opened it I saw that it was a little stateroom.

"And there, sure enough, was the girl, sitting on a red plush lounge, opposite the door, quite natural. She wore some kind of a white muslin dress, an' a little smart chip hat, an' was holding a satchel in her hands just as if she were waiting to go ashore. Her eyes were open, and she was looking right at me and smiling. When I pulled open the door," said McBurney, "it set the water in motion, and she dropped the satchel an' got up an' came towards me smiling, and holding out her arms.

"I jumped back an' shut the door, an' sat down in one of the screw chairs in the saloon, for I waa fair turned with the queerness of it. When I had gotten over the strait, I made ready to send her up. But as it was, I never went into that stateroom again. I began to wonder if, after all, it wasn't better to leave her as she was. You see, I was a bit young then, an' sentimental like, as all folks are who have to do with the sea. I thought of that crowd of men up there on the float, an' she the only girl, an' they handling her about an' staring at her, an' she not knowing, with never a relative of hers inside a thousand miles, an' no woman to take care of her. And then I remembered the old divers' superstitions about folk never really dying till they came up to the surface. Of course, that was foolishness; but I believed it then—I don't know, maybe I believe it now. But, anyrate, I told myself that at that moment she was lovely an' sweet an' all, in her little chip hat an' her little muslin frock; but if I sent her up she'd be buried, put into a hole of dirt with the worm an' the dark. If I left her away from the air, shut up there in that little stateroom, a hundred and seventy feet deep, in that still, quiet, green water, she'd always stay as she was—always be young an' sweet an' pretty—always be nineteen.

"The key was on the inside of the stateroom door. I locked the door without opening it an' battened down the ventilator so that nothing—no fish or anything—could get in. I went on the outside of the ship and saw to it that the porthole of that stateroom was fast. Then I took a last look through the port. She was lying down on the floor near the door on one arm, and her face hidden as though she was sorry I had left her so; an' one hand reaching out a little, palm up, as though she was waiting for me to come back—as if she expected that I *would* come back some day, and wanted to tell me that she wasn't angry. Then I signaled to be pulled up, an left her that way, just waiting, you know, quiet-like, and all alone in that still green water. On the float I told them I hadn't seen anything, an' no doubt the current had carried her away.

"There was some talk of my company raising the *Allouelle*, a little afterwards, but I reported she was broken up so bad that it wouldn't be worth while. People quit talking about the *Allouelle* in less than a fortnight, an' her father married again down in Mexico, an' has got another daughter by now. In a year's tiine the whole business was forgotten. But I never forgot it. You see, a lad at just that age—a seafaring lad—when he gets an impression it sticks an' sticks, and goes deeper. Maybe it turned my wits a little, maybe they're still turned. I've never forgot her. I forgot, though, about being frightened, and only remembered the pretty way of her coming towards me smiling and holding out her arms. And though I've grown to an old man, *she's* always stayed young, just as sweet an' fresh an' pretty as she was the first day I saw her. Somehow, I never could take to other girls after that, or love anybody but just her. I always remembered her down there in all that still green water, waiting for me to come back and open the door. An' remembering her like that, always kept me straight and clean, I guess. An' everybody else has forgotten her but me; nobody knows she's waiting there, an' her father has another daughter by now. So she's only got me, you see. Just belongs to me. I never saw her again. I came away the next day and never went back. That was a long time ago. But next week I'm going to get a sloop an' go along the coast to the Catalinas, an' go down and see her. I'm getting old, now, you see. An' old men, after a while they kind of get young again in a way. Move in a circle, as it were. Maybe my circle is nearly done, but I feel today as I felt that day when I first found her, an' we were both twenty. So I guess I'll go down there."

"But McBurney," said I, "how would it be? This was all so long ago. Would she be just the same?" "Maybe I'm wrong. I don't know much about such things, but the action of the sea water——"

"No, no," he answered. "There was no air, you see. Practically the place was hermetically sealed. I battened down the ventilators an' locked the door. She is just the same to-day as she was so very long ago when I first saw her. It can't be otherwise. No, no. I'll not believe it so. I'll not have it so. They never really die, you see, so long as they stay below."

McBurney's pipe was out. The Cape Horner had long since passed the heads with the turning of the tide, and by the time we reached the Presidio on our way home, the Farallones were standing out purple-black against the conflagration of the sunset.

That next week McBurney got his leave of absence, and found a man by the name of Hodgson, a retired sea captain, to take his place. We chartered a seagoiug sloop, hardly bigger than a whitehall, and cleared for the Catalina Islands. These islands lie southward, not very far off the California coast, and are almost tropical. The Coast Survey people had buoyed the wreck of the *Allouette*—much harm the old packet could do at that depth—and McBurney located it by this means almost immediately.

I shall never forget the old fellow's agitation on the day we arrived and tied up to the buoy. What the emotions were that conflicted in his poor old troubled brain, judge you. He was to see again the girl he had loved quite half a century ago, and whom he had never seen alive. Also he was for the last time to look upon a dead face. There was something of the funeral in it, and something of the wedding. It was a strange situation.

When I had helped him on with the armor and openad the sea-cock at the helmet's throat, I noted that he had the Dereual rod (it is a sort of very sharp knife) under his weight belt.

"It's shark water," he explained. "But there's no danger."

He had already told me the kinds of peril hc really incurred. His lines—the life- and air-line—might be frayed and cut by friction against a sharp edge of brass or copper, or the pressure might become too great for him.

"As a lad I stood it well enough," he said, "but I'm an old man uow, an a hundred an' seventy feet is a wonder deep dive. See," he went on, holding up a key, "here's the key to her stateroom. I've always kept it."

I laced down the helmet. We said good bye, and as we shook hands I felt his calloused palm quivering against mine. He was as excited as a boy—a boy of twenty. He went over the side.

For some time I could follow the red gliut of his copper helmet, dropping away under the shadow of the boat. Then at length it disappeared, and only the shifting weight and pull on the life-line was left me. I paid it out over the boat's side until suddenly it fell limp, and I knew that McBurney's feet were set on the deck of the *Allouette*. I turned the wheel of the pump unsteadily, my heart knocking at my palate, for it is not good to see a living man descend into the nether world from out the light of day. The two lines ran slowly out, now pausing, now giving out by jerks. Once he signaled that I was giving him too much air, and as I slacked the pump and watched the lines still running out, I could fancy that I traced his movements thus. That long, straight, even run marked his progress down the deck. The shorter flight, after that moment's pause, no doubt indicated his descent down a hatchway. Now he was upon the berth deck; now in the saloon companion-way; now crawling over that pile of wreck he spoke of, that almost barred entrance into the saloon (an easy place there for the lines to be sliced in two); now he was in the saloon itself; and now—was not his hand upon that stateroom door—and now—— There was no further movement of the lines. McBurney must be there, there in the open doorway of that little stateroom which he had left so many years before.

The lines had ceased to run out and ten and fifteen minutes passed without a movement while I turned at the pump and looked out on the indifferent face of the blue, broad Pacific that held there in its depths so strange a little drama. The sloop lay some hundred feet off a rugged tree-grown shore, desolate but for a sheep or two and a bird or two. The heat lay close over the ocean like the shutting down of a great warm palm. The water talked incessantly under the sloop's fore-boat, and a blue dragon fly arched like a bow lighted from time to time upon the boat's painter. But for the plaint of the unwilling pump and the talking water it was very still.

Presently I looked at my watch and was surprised to note that McBurney had been down over an hour. At so great a depth I knew this to be dangerous, and passed another half hour in increasing anxiety, waiting for some signal from him. When two hours had gone by I could wait no longer and warned him by a pull on the life-line.

Then I cannot tell what certain empty feel upon the line itself caught at my heart. I hauled in quickly. The line came home slack. I drew at the air-line. That, too, returned to the boat without resistance. When I had drawn

(Concluded on page 12)

Elmore's Cannery

The Seiner's Scow

Loading the Nets

Mending Nets

At the Wharf

Astoria from the West

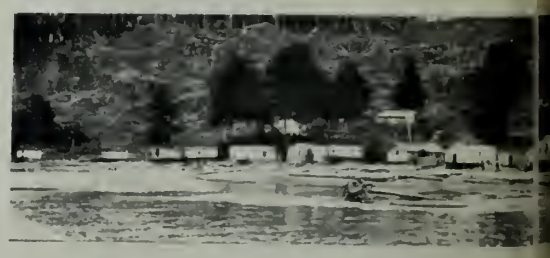
Fishing with Gill Nets

Loading the Seine

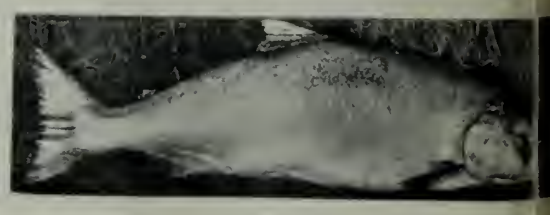
Taking Out the Seine

Waiting for the Tide

Fishing Boat



Scowtown



A Chinook Salmon

E.

Astoria from the East

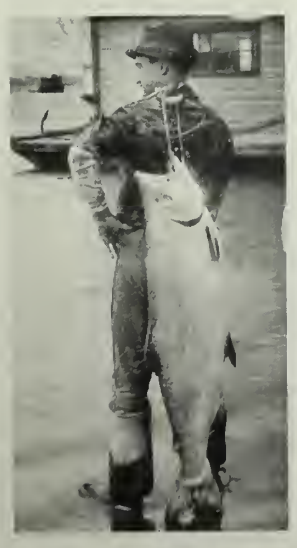
Coming in with the Catch

Fishing Station

Pushing Off

Hauling In

At the Wharf



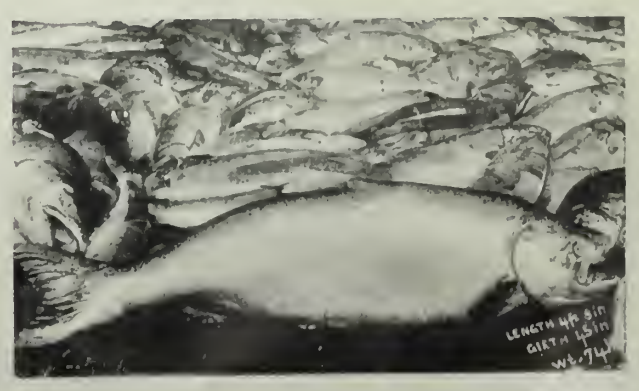
A Beauty

Emptying the Trap

Trapping

Hawthorn's Cannery

The Haul



A Good Catch

AT ASTORIA, OREGON

both in I found them cut in two. Had McBurney cut them with his knife, or had they been severed by some sharp edge of brass or copper in the wreckage? I could never tell.

I believe I only fully came to myself by the time I had the sloop half way round the island on my way to the little town upon the shoreward side to tell of what had befallen. Then I remembered myself aud asked what good would come of it. My mind retraversed the same course as that which McBurney had already outlined to me. His body confined down there below the decks of the *Allouette*, in the little stateroom, would never rise. Why not leave him there. How did I know that he had not wished that end—planned for it even. Or, supposing his death had been accidental, was it not, after all, best to leave the two of them as they were, the old man and the girl of nineteen, deep down in the calm untouched quiet of the ocean floor? And I recalled what McBurney had said, and half believed, of the legend of the deep sea divers; how that the drowned are not always the dead. So I left them there together and came away.

The other day I received a letter from Hodgson, the sea captain, who took McBurney's place at the lifeboat station. He wrote to ask what he was to do with some of the old man's belongings. Hodgson spoke of the backgammon board, and the cracked bass viol, and asked if I would care to have them. Then he added:

"He had a geranium plant here too, but if you don't mind I'd like to keep that. It's blossomed out all of a sudden and makes the place look rather gay."

MINING IN THE PHILIPPINES

Favorable Indications Prompt an Official Survey by the U. S. Government.

The United States Geological Survey has dispatched Dr. George F. Becker, the well-known mining expert, to the Philippines to investigate the deposits of precious metals in that quarter. Very little is definitely known of the geology of the islands, and their mineral resources are wholly undeveloped. All the streams on the eastern side of the Luzon bring gold down from the mountains, and the sand and gravel of even of the smaller of them show color. The absence of roads has restricted such little mining work as has been done to the coast districts, so far as the use of machinery for the purpose is concerned. From the earliest times Spanish travelers have enlarged upon the latent wealth of the archipelago, aud when the islands were first occupied gold was an article of traffic amongst the natives. Nowadays, outside of the large towns, dealings in gold are extensive, its local value being from $10 to $11 per ounce, its impure state rendering it worth little more. At Mambulao there are the remains of large works, and records exist giving the regular output as one thousand ounces weekly from quartz crushing.

It is known that there is considerable auriferous land in the province of Benguet, in the center of Luzon, and in northeastern Surigao, on the island of Mindanao. It is believed that the formation whence the gold of the streams is derived continues throughout the range of mountains that forms the backbone, so to speak, of Luzon. Paracale gold dust is well known in Manila, though few inhabitants of that city have any idea where Paracale is. It is a thriving village and its yield of dust is fused into tiny ingots, a small sea shell serving as a mold, so that each ingot takes the shape of the shell, at the same time bearing the test mark of the Chinese merchant. In Mindanao the people generally carry gold about in little bags and use it as money. It is said that nowhere in the world, outside of the Philippines, the Treadwell mine of Alaska excepted, is pay ore found within a few hundred yards of the anchorage of seagoing vessels. In one place on the Pacific coast of Luzon a narrow peninsula juts out into the ocean—a headland of white and glittering quartz. This is a vast deposit of gold ore, and at the present time is being prepared for the reception of a crushing plant and appurtenances. As might be expected, native mining work is exceedingly primitive and wasteful. The people readily adapt themselves, however, to scientific methods and make good workmen; consequently there should be no difficulty in the development of mining under American control.

Large deposits of copper are known to exist, and the Ygorrotes, who inhabit the central mountains of Luzon, have carried on copper mining for centuries. Copper utensils made by them are commonly used in Manila. The ore found at Muneayan contains upwards of 16 per cent of copper, 24 per cent of sulphur, 5 per cent of antimony, and 5 per cent of arsenic. The natives get their copper by placing fragments of ore-bearing rock in a round hollow in clayey ground, with which a conical funnel of stone is connected. A fire is lighted in the cavity, and blowers of bamboo are used for producing the draft. Iron ore of great purity has been found in different parts of Luzon, and is used ia the local smithies and small foundries for making arms and implements. Coal mining has been entirely neglected, but there are undoubtedly valuable deposits on several of the group. Gems of value have been found in the interior valleys of Luzon, and as beautiful pearls are often brought to Manila for sale there is reason to believe that the pearl-bearing oyster exists on the coasts of the islands.

The Chamber of Commerce of Bochum, referring to the fact that American pig-iron was recently sold in Germany, expresses fear that this may be the beginning of a lively competition, unless Germau rail freights are materially reduced. The report denies that the lower price of the American product is due to the greater technical excellence of its mining, and says that it is due to the low freights in America.

Artificial teeth made of paper are furnished by the dentists of Germany. They are very comfortable, retain their color, are much lighter than china teeth, and decidedly low-priced.

Herr Krupp has purchased the Duke of Altenburg's estate, Pilo, where he will erect a large gun factory and establish practice grounds.

Ian Maclaren is coming for a short lecturing tour on the Pacific Coast.

THE INDIAN CONGRESS

Representatives of the Tribes Gather at the Trans-Mississippi Exposition.

The Indian Congress at the Trans-Mississippi Exposition is an absolutely unique exhibit and iu many ways the most interesting on the grounds. When the Congress was formally opened August 4th, delegations from thirty-five tribes had assembled, aggregating five hundred Indians. The northwest corner of the grounds is giveu up exclusively to the big Indian camp. There they are liviug in primitive style, housed in tepees of tent cloth, birch bark wigwams or rush mat wickiups, each tribe adopting its original style and manner of habitation. The most notable tepee is made of buffalo skin, and represents the typical home of the Blackfoot tribe, which has become rare and valuable with the rapid extermination of the buffalo. The government has not assembled at Omaha its more civilized, but its wilder proteges, and the tribes it has conquered with most bloodshed are the most prominent at the Congress and the ones eagerly sought by visitors.

When told, before coming to the Congress, that they would meet other Indians, their chief fear was it would be necessary to renew the old tribal feuds. But once on the ground, this idea was soon dispelled and it is now amusing to see with what formality the tribes exchauge civilities. For instance, when the Sioux pay an early call on the Arapahoes, the visitors, dressed with great care, march to the Arapahoe village, singing as they advance. The Arapahoes meet them with a song of welcome. Formal haudshakiug

Mr. Frank Davey

follows, with an exchange of gifts, and peace is declared between the two tribes.

The Rosebud Sioux are the handsomest, most stalwart Indians on the grounds, and have several chieftains among them, old men who have fought many battles with other tribes and faced the whites on more than one occasiou. Dr. War Eagle, a full-blooded Iroquois, with an English vocabulary that might belong to a descendant of the Pilgrim Fathers, has charge of the health of the camp and manages the enteatainment features. Apaches, Chippewas, Foxes, Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Navajoes, Nez Pierces, Crows, Umatillas, Choctaws, Cherokees and other tribes are all well represented and there is a thoroughly genuine ring about the whole collection. Captain W. A. Mercer, U. S. A., is in full charge of the Congress and is assisted by Mr. J. R. Wise of the Indian office at Washington.

The ration system of feeding has been adopted, and the squaws do their own cooking. Five days' rations are issued, aud at first some of them, Indian-like, ate the whole supply at once and clamored for more. They receive meat, potatoes, bread, coffee, tea and vegetables. A bakery on the grounds turns out 275 loaves of bread daily, but many of the Indians prefer to make their own bread, and are given flour. They knead out dough into flat loaves and cook them in grease over a little blaze; for Indians always make small fires, explaining: "Boston man make big fire and have to get far away; Siwash make little fire and get near it." Accompanied by guides the Indians are taken around the grounds in squads, and they enjoy the exposition sights keenly, particularly the fireworks, though at first they quaked before the bombs and rockets. A free rein on the Midway would be dangerous on account of their love of firewater.

The Sirdar, Sir Arthur Kitchener, is unpopular with the army, even among those serving with him. He has difficulty in getting aides-de-camp, and is absolutely merciless in regard to work. But he does not spare himself in this respect, and brooks no contradiction or advice. His brother, Colonel Kitchener, who has charge of the transportation of the expedition, shows some of the Sirdar's qualities. General Kitchener will probably receive a grant of $125,000, and be raised to the Peerage, when he is expected to take the title of Lord Kitchener of Khartoum.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN HONOLULU

A number of people will tell you that the light of Honolulu is not good for artistic work, that the pictures are flat and lack atmosphere. I find it just the reverse. It is my opinion that you can make portraits as well as landscapes equally as good here as in any part of the world. I find that the light of the Hawaiian Islands and Japan are about the same. Of course, one must use common sense and know how to handle the camera when making a picture. Photography is mechanical, except posing and lighting and not being able to change your light; when making a landscape wait your opportunity for the change of atmosphere and effect, which is great in Honolulu.

There is an immense field for good work on these lovely island and photography cannot do them justice, for the colors are the most fascinating part. When you visit Honolulu you imagiue you are transported into a great conservatory, and if it were not for the abominable electric poles (you find more gigantic pieces of timber to the square yard in Honolulu than any place upon the globe) and garden fences, which are not necessary, it would certainly be more like the proverbial garden of Eden than any place I have visited.

The avenues are loaded with flowers of great perfume and vividness of color impossible to describe. The streets are sometimes carpeted with the beautiful red flower that falls from the Pouceanna—Regia tree. Another wonderful and grand sight is the Golden Shower tree, the flowers of which are like festoons of delicate pieces of gold.

The luxuriant growth of fruit trees growing wild, as if inviting you to pick and quench your thirst, bowing their limbs within reach of your hands, loaded with delicious fruits, begging you to accept, like the unselfish native who says "help yourself," "take all I have, you are welcome, you are a stranger, we wish to mak you happy."

It is the extreme good nature, lack of thoughts of the morrow and confidence placed in the white man that has, and is, making the good people of these islands suspicious and cynical. They are lovers of nature's gifts and appreciate them, especially the flowers, and their custom of loading you down with them is very lovely. What is more beautiful and soothiug than to have wreaths of these perfumed gems put around your neck as a token of friendship aud welcome.

When this custom dies the beauty of the Hawaiian is no more. FRANK DAVEY.

The average American General cuts a very poor figure when placed alongside the average American soldier in the ranks, or even a volunteer private of a few weeks' standing. One of the lessons we have learned from the Spanish war is just what most well-informed and observant people led us to expect, namely, that the rank and file would fight and campaign like heroes, and the commanders, with a few exceptions, would muddle pretty nearly everything they had to do And now that the fighting has stopped—it is too soon yet to say it is all over—there seems to be a general rush amongst the Generals, war department, medical and combatant, to "get from under." Admitting there has been a good deal said by the yellow journals that is wide of the truth, actual facts, sensational beyond anything the untruthful section of the press can concoct, show that the men who have been wearing the uniform of Uncle Sam have been worse treated than any body of soldiers belonging to any country that ever went into the field. What is going to be done about it? That is what the country wants to know. There is uot the least interest in reading what General This thinks of General That. When one takes away the other's military character, it amounts to self-accusation. Fortunately we have been far removed here from the worst of the scenes, and ouly now and again has a starved and fever-stricken soldier come back to us from the East. But nevertheless we have actual knowledg of the situation and realize how large a field for their work is before the investigating committee which begins its session to-day. With few obstacles of any kind to create difficulty, we have seen in our local camps and on board the transports leaving for the Philippines, how cruelly neglectful the responsible authorities can be of a soldiers's needs on service.

From the first our war with Spain was a series of rapid surprises, with everything favoring this country. Now that hostilities have terminated, it is possible to consider what is probably the most surprising feature of the whole struggle—the American losses in killed and wounded. Beginning with the first attempt to land troops in Cuba, and ending with the surrender of Manila, it is found that the Navy had one officer and eighteen men killed and three officers and forty men wounded, and the Army, twenty-three officers 231 men killed and eighty-seven officers and 1,316 men wounded, a total of twenty-four officers and 249 men killed, ninety officers and 1,356 men wounded. It may be said that almost all of the American casualties occurred in the three-days' operations before Santiago de Cuba. Spanish casualties are unknown, yet we may assert that many single battles in our Civil War were fought with greater losses in killed aud wounded than the eutire casualties on both sides in our war against Spain.

Mulhall, the English statistican, has just made a calculation of the wealth of the principle nations of the world, based on values shown by real estate records, buildings, merchandise and railroads, as well as the circulatiug medinm of each county, and places the aggregate wealth of the United States at $81,750,000,000. This is $22, 20,000,000 larger than the aggregate of Great Britain, which holds second place; double that of France; equal to that of Russia, Italy, Austria and Spain combined; and more than seven times greater than that of Spain. In connection with his tabular statements Mr. Mulhall calls attention to the fact that while most of European countries have attained their growth, the United States is apparently on the threshold of an industrial development of an extent of which it has never dreamed.

The Chinese prefer shrimps to almost all other fishy diet. They are brought in swimming about in water flavored with oil aud vinegar.

A DEBUTANTE'S DIARY

Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

It is usually either a feast or a famine with me, Diary dear. I wish I could regulate social affairs to please myself. Last Saturday I was almost too tired to enjoy myself, and this week there has hardly been anything to enjoy. I have seen a number of the girls, however, and we have all discussed the prospects for next winter. The invitations for the Friday Fortnightly's are out and the meetings will take place as usual in Lunt's Hall. As I told you before, Gertie Bates' class and the Saturday Night Cotillions are to be abandoned and instead is Miss Miller's class, which will meet on alternate Saturdays in Golden Gate Hall. I think the Cinderellas will be given during the winter, but they are chiefly young married people's dances and we girls do not find them wildly exciting. Arthur likes them and says it pays to be nice to the young matrons, who give capital little dinners and understand the art of making a man comfortable. I suppose we shall also have the Monday nights and, therefore, shall have as goodly a list of clubs as last year.

But, when the time for dances arrives, how we shall miss the regulars—Lieutenant Wolfe, Merry England, Mr. Gardiner, Mr. Wilcox and dear little Jacky Haines. What we must do if any more of the 'Varsity Club men go in for matrimony, I do not dare to contemplate—we shall simply have to dance with girls. I shall be distracted if Tom Berry, Ed Pringle or Bert Dibblee become engaged, although I have heard all sorts of rumors. However, it won't matter so much if they do not announce their intentions, for so long as an affair is supposed to be secret the young people may devote themselves to others, but once an engagement is announced, the man might as well be manacled and the girl marked "hands off." I think it horrid. Now I like the men just as well as before and one does not want to marry every fellow, in fact the law won't permit polygamy, and yet—but it is no use tilting against windmills and whatever is has actually got to be.

What shall I discuss first this week? There is so little to tell, and that not wildly interesting. We had the Paper Chase at San Rafael, but it was not a very good one—to be frank, it was quite the reverse. Whether Paper Chases are no longer what they once were, or that people are losing interest now that the novelty has worn off. There were remarkably few entries. Sam Boardman and Mrs. J. J. Crooks won and simply came in on a trot. I intended riding, but my horse sprained his knee on Saturday morning and Mamma would not allow me to ride any other. I also took in the golf game, both in the morning and the afternoon. The children had a tournament in the morning and little Constance de Young carried off the honors. She plays wonderfully well for a child and made the distance in eighty strokes. In the afternoon we all practiced and Tom Berry and I went round the links together. Mr. W. E. Dean is among the more recent enthusiasts and already plays a very fair game. Fred Murray also plays and Mr. Birlem.

On Monday Aunt Sybil invited me to go with her to the New Comedy Theatre to see "What Happened to Jones." You know Lillian Young, daughter of Brigadier-General S. B. M. Young, was in the cast and all of her friends went to see her. The house was really packed with a very fashionable-looking audience. We were highly amused. Harry Corson Clark took the part of Jones and, to me at least, he is inimitable in comedy. Lillian Young did excellently, considering she has just begun on the stage, and was not very nervous. She is quite a pretty girl, tall and slight—rather on the Gibson type, it seems to me. I saw the Woods, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, who was accompanied by a party of young people, and among them the Loughboroughs, Gertie Carroll, Lizzie and Billie Whittier, Ethel Keeney, Romie Wallace, Nat Wilson and several others. Mrs. Martin delights in entertaining young people and is always taking some of us about.

Bicycling is again becoming quite popular and every day some crowds go out to the beach. Among the very best cyclists are Marie Voorhies and Florence Ives, for they go regularly. Of the younger girls I think Ethel Keeney one of the best, although Alice Hoffmann, who excels in athletic sports, runs her a close second. I had a letter from Rose Hooper the other day. She is back at work in Dresden after a very enjoyable tour in Switzerland.

Most people are still out of town. The Hopkins' talk of returning next month. Ella Morgan is visiting the Tompkins in San Rafael, and Margaret Salisbury is with the Chauncey Boardmans. The Boardman baby is not very strong, and I understand that the physicians advise absence from San Francisco for the coming year or so. I am sorry, as Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey were among the pleasantest of the younger married set, and particularly agreeable as chaperones. They have taken a very pretty house over in San Rafael. Will Page has gone on a fishing trip to Tahoe, and will be away for a few weeks.

I hear there is great distress among the football element in Berkeley over the news that young Cadwalder is not to play in the intercollegiate match. You know, he was a "center" at Yale last year, and there is some law or another that prevents him coming in. Not being sufficiently conversant with football ethics to give you full particulars, I simply repeat the tale as 'twas told to me.

MISS GRACE FISHER
Who made her debut at the Baldwin on Monday night.

The great event of the week is primarily the Horse Show at Burlingame, and pretty nearly every one down there has invited a crowd to remain over Sunday and participate in all the fun. On Friday the morning is to be spent judging the stallions, hackneys, roadsters and saddle horses. In the afternoon there will be Four in Hands and the ladies' saddle horses. Caro Crockett, Mabel Champion, Mrs. Walter Hobart and Mrs. H. T. Scott are to ride, The pony jumping finishes the programme for Friday, but the day of days, which we especially anticipate, is Saturday. Everybody is to be there, all the smart town people are going down, and every one from Mountain View, Menlo, Belmont, Redwood City and San Mateo is to be there. Very few of the unmarried men are riding, but all the other fellows. There are more ladies than at the usual horse show, both among riders and drivers. Princess Poniatowski, Mary Scott, Mrs. Charley Baldwin, Mrs. Tobin, Miss Kruttschnitt and Mrs. Joe Tobin are to tool either single or double teams. I hear of several minor festivities afterwards, but none of sufficient importance to record.

Let me see, oh, yes, I got my usual budget of letters on the *China*, but will only give you a brief detail this week. Papa saw General Green and of course inquired about Gerald Rathbone. The General said Gerald was doing splendidly, and was very keen on being in the thickest of the fight. He said he would not return, but wanted to remain in Manilla and see all that was to be seen there. He was in the trenches all the night of the great fight. Is not that splendid? Now, Diary dear, I must say adieu. Your ever devoted MISS CRICKET.

* *

Never has the country aronnd Lake Tahoe been more beautiful than at present, the weather being the finest ever known there. At Deer Park Inn there are still a number of people who are amusing themselves fishing and hunting. A four-pound trout was caught yesterday in the Truckee river, near the Inn, and something like seven dozen quail and grouse was the total of the day's hunting.

The Woman's Professional and University Club is now organized and is arranging to obtain suitable headquarters. A benefit performance is to take place in the Maple Room of the Palace, on the afternoon of the 30th, at which Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew, assisted by some prominent musicians, will give a recital in aid of the new organization. Something especially good is expected.

Miss Hilda Newman, formerly one of the most prominent members of the "Abbey Cheney Amateurs," has just returned from a three years' visit to Vienna, where she has pursued her musical studies under Leschetizky. Miss Newman announces a piano recital at Sherman & Clay's Hall, Thursday evening, September 29th. Before her departure Miss Newman was considered one of the most promising of the young pianists and she has made giant strides since then. She anticipates giving lessons, as well as playing in concerts and private musicales.

* *

In Oakland, in spite of the fact that the summer season is a thing of the past and the winter yet to be defined, they are actually having a very gay time—dining, wining, announcing engagements and marrying and giving in marriage. Last week several notable events were on record. Firstly, the marriage of pretty Miss Mattie Knowles and Mr. Bliss of Glenwood, Nevada. The Knowles family being in mourning for their father, Captain Knowles, only the intimate friends of the young people were invited. In Oakland, however, where everybody is either related or connected by marriage, "intimate friends" is a rather elastic term and a goodly company witnessed the nuptials. The ceremony was celebrated in the drawing-rooms of the Knowles home, which are large and capacious. The decorations were chiefly in pink amaryllis and ferns. The wedding procession was led by little Joseph Adams and Will Bliss, nephews of the bride and groom. Then came the maid of honor, Miss Ruth Knowles, in a fetching gown of pure white satin; then the bridesmaids, Misses Alice Knowles and Tinie Bliss, in pale pink frocks prettily arranged. Miss Mattie Knowles made a very attractive bride in her gown of white silk covered with real lace. The corsage was cut plain and trimmed in lace. Mr. Walter Bliss was best man. Afterwards a capital dinner was served and the young people went to Lake Tahoe for their honeymoon. The Bliss family is heavily engaged in lumbering and Glenwood, a charming little town on Lake Tahoe, is their headquarters.

A wedding that is causing much pleasant anticipation is that of Miss Alice Stephenson and Mr Robert Lee Stephenson, which is to take place about the 12th of October at the bride's home in Fruitvale, and Miss Anna Clay, Miss Margaret Sinclair and the Misses Glide, of Sacramento, are to be the bridesmaids. Miss Stephenson is a very popular girl and has collected any number of beautiful engagement cups—more, it is stated, than either Mrs. Oscar Long or Mrs. Harry Miller.

A very smart affair was the reception given by Miss Gertrude Allen to Miss Louella Williams, of Scranton, Pennsylvania, last week. The Allens have lately taken the Kirkham home on Oak street, which is especially adapted for entertaining. On this occasion the rooms were decked in bamboo and ferns and great bowls of flowers were placed in unexpected places about the house. The ballroom was draped in flags artistically arranged, while the remainder of the house was in blue and gold, pink and green and white and blue—each room was in a different scheme of color. Miss Allen was assisted by Miss Quinan, Miss Kent and Miss Grace Govrill. The programmes were unusually well designed and the music excellent. Dancing was continued until eleven thirty when supper was served. A novel feature of the affair was the split basket in which supper was served for two. Each maid chose her partner and they had a tete-a-tete supper. Among the girls who looked especially well were Miss Sallie Quinan, Miss Marietta Havens and Miss Pauline Fore.

A farewell luncheon was given last week by Miss Jean Howard in honor of Miss Ray Wellman, prior to her departure for the College of Technology, Mass. It was a girls' affair and consequently very jolly. Among those who were bidden were Miss Grace Gorrill, Miss Grimwood, Miss Kate Chabot and Miss Harriet Kittredge. The decorations were in white sweet peas with maiden hair fern scattered over the cloth. Another luncheon that was more than ordinarily pleasant was given by Mrs. E. K. Belden in honor of Mrs. Williams of Pennsylvania. The table was massed in Virginia creeper and the autumn tints were combined in the candle shades and the ices. Among those invited were Mrs Henry Morris, Mrs. Howard, Mrs. Gorrill, Mrs. Egbert Stone, Mrs. Coogan and Mrs. Beck.

The tea given by Miss Mae Tucker at the Golf Clubhouse on Saturday afternoon has been generally voted the most thoroughly enjoyable reception of the season. Miss Tucker received the guests in a soft white gown and, in the quaint background afforded by the burnt redwood finishings of the clubhouse, made a pretty picture. A string band played during the afternoon and the guests wandered over the links, or else settled themselves in the wide comfortable chairs on the porch or in the cosy window seats. All the decorations were in pink—a color particularly becoming to Miss Tucker.

Mrs. Wetherbee has been obliged to postpone her tea to the ladies of the Old Ladies' Home, as she is laid up with a severe attack of pneumonia.

Mrs. Folger has gone East to spend some time with her daughter, Mrs. LeGrand Tibbetts. She is accompanied by her son, Mr. Athearn Folger.

The Misses Lucy and Alice Moffitt, Miss Margaret Clay and Miss Annie Sinclair are at present the guests of Miss Chabot at Villarenci. Mrs. Knowles and Miss Ruth Knowles leave for New York next week.

Some of the finest Venitian furniture and art goods ever brought here are now on exhibition at the store of P. Rossi & Co., on Sutter street. In the latest shipment are some veritable *chefs d'œuvres* in the way of chairs, settees and cabinets, old Italian faience and bronze, odd Parisian laces and tapestries. Some idea of the treasures may be gathered from the fine pieces in the window, but an inspection of the stock is the only way its rarity can be realized. The advantage the P. Rossi Company has over all competitors is that having establishments in both Paris and Venice, it can get hold of rare pieces from the important European collections.

Pears'

To keep the skin clean is to wash the excretions from it off; the skin takes care of itself inside, if not blocked outside.

To wash it often and clean, without doing any sort of violence to it, requires a most gentle soap, a soap with no free alkali in it.

Pears', the soap that clears but not excoriates.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

MOORE'S POISON OAK REMEDY
Cures Poison Oak and all Skin Diseases. Sold by all Druggists.

Cotillion Hall, at 1310 Polk street, has been thoroughly renovated, and is now under new management. Terms reasonable for balls, etc.

The best guitars are now sold at exceedingly low prices. A fine rosewood style can be had for $15 at Mauvais', 760 Market street.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes, Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

IMPORTANT!

GREAT NOVELTIES
IN
French Drapery
Lace Curtains
Artistic Furniture

In French, Italian and Colonial Styles
Special Designs.

Estimates for Interior Decoration Furnished Free. Get our figures before entrusting your orders with other concerns.

THE P. ROSSI CO.
117 Sutter Street
Bet. Kearny and Montgomery, San Francisco

THE GREAT LEADER OF CHAMPAGNES!
G. H. Mumm & Co's EXTRA DRY

While words tell, statistics prove. The importation of G. H. MUMM & Co's EXTRA DRY in 1897, aggregating 72,775 cases, or 42,293 cases more than of any other brand, is certainly the most striking evidence of the great popularity of this famous brand of champagne, and particular attention is called to the fine quality, purity, and natural dryness of the wine now coming to this market.
Used at almost all notable banquets, balls, weddings, etc.

CREAM OF LEMON

California Cream of Lemon is made entirely from the soluble substance of the whole lemon. It contains no chemicals or adulterants. Used as a bath soap it not only cleanses the skin quickly and thoroughly, but leaves it delightfully soft, smooth and white. Being a natural skin food, it cannot be excelled for babies' baths. It keeps the skin sweet and pure, and prevents all irritation. It is a skin tonic and a skin builder It restores faded complexions to the freshness of youth, and removes wrinkles. After using the Cream, either in the bath or otherwise, the skin is strengthend, invigorated and beautified.
It retails at 15 cents. Ask your druggist for it. If he will not supply you, send 20 cents and we will send a three-ounce collapsible tube of Cream of Lemon prepaid to any address in the United States.
BALLOU & COSGROVE
Sole Agents for the United States, San Diego, Cal
Most druggists sell it—all druggists should.

Mrs. Anna Von Meyerinck
HAS REOPENED HER
SCHOOL OF MUSIC
For Voice Culture and Piano.

Complete Conservatory Courses, including Instruction in Harmony, Theory, Chorus and Sight Singing, Ensemble Playing, Languages and Physical Culture. Special Preparation for Church Choir Work (weekly rehearsals with the choir of Park Congregational Church)
Lectures on Musical Topics.
Terms for Full Course of Fifty Weeks, $75, (payable in monthly installments of $6 25)..
Private Instruction, $15 and $20 per month.
Special Seminary Courses for Teachers.
Coaching for Lighter and Grand Opera by Mrs. Henri Fairweather.
Further particulars may be obtained at the School 841 Fulton street, San Francisco. Reception hours, 12 to 2 daily.

Moët & Chandon
(LARGEST AND OLDEST CHAMPAGNE HOUSE IN THE WORLD)

White Seal (Grande Cuvee) is unsurpassed in quality, dryness and flavor *New York Times.*

Mme. Adèle
FROM PARIS
Prices Moderate
Artistic Millinery
350 Hayes Street, San Francisco

Sioux and Assinaboine

Arapahoe Village

Types of Sioux

Cheyennes

Zuy-a hiyaye (goes to war) Chief of Sioux, and Capt Mercer, U. S. A.

Woman of Fox Tribe at Beadwork

INDIAN CONGRESS AT THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI EXPOSITION AT OMAHA

Photos by F. A. Rinehart

BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

e of Variety in the Editing of Maga- zes—On Essays and "Pagan Papers."

difficulty of preserving a level of excel- in a magazine is better understood by an than by the public. However energetic the conductor of a publication finds his pations do not always mature, and that ntributors often promise more than they erform. The great object among maga- s nowadays is to have the man of the nt tell how it happened. If the hero is vailable, his lieutenant or a bystander o. Literary talent is of secondary im- ice as against participation in the event. nonth's *McClure's* has two stories of the battle ofl Santiago, and the writers were e ships that battered Cervera's fleet. ne of them would have amply sufficed. 's such a thing as too much warfare, and persuaded the public craves variety in erary pabulum at this turn of the game. he same connection it might be suggested he interest of John A. Hill's locomotive or Cy Warman's rail adventures, is not solute as to warrant consistent produc- uonth after month. The danger of run- on one key is expressively exhibited by ork of Octave Thanet, whose latter s are loosely woven and quite without exture that distinguished her contribu- of last year. "How the War was Re- l" is a good deal better than Arthur Bris- s article in the *Cosmopolitan*, however, Robert Barr's yarn is rather amusing. ot one of the tales has any flavor of real or characteristic workmanship, and it is s direction that *McClure's* should excel. opos of stories, Mrs. W. K. Clifford con- es to *Cosmopolis* a superb story, "A an Alone," which is worth a library of msy tales that have lately been served to the magazines. Next to *The Monster*, it best fiction of the year. A real figure is nd a real problem is developed. The re- s a story of serious and vital interest roots into the very depths of life. Not day is such a tale written, but an st inspiration invariably tells. Compare, stance, the work of Margaret Deland in current *Harper's* with that of Octave et in *McClure's*. One is literature—the sublimated journalism. In one there is nd conscientious workmanship and a cer- noble irony together with that atmos- which surrounds a work of serious art. e Thanet's is superficial cause and effect ommonplace tragedy compounded after a e. Hamlin Garland is a writer who, oc- nally in his shorter stories, is both true rtistic, and the gift is especially notable la Darcy.

* *

e latest book by Ella Darcy, *The Bishop's ilemma* (John Lane), is an example of admir- workmanship applied to an unattractive e. The decrescendo movement in a story uch more difficult to render successfully a crescendo. In the latter the interest ympathy of the reader invariably follow ortunes of hero or heroine, whereas in a ning career one invariably assumes a al attitude. The unfortunate young t who figures in this fine story is a victim heritance and environment. In the scheme of things he is misplaced, and fails through the disparity between his nature and his role. The art of the book is in the realization of this Father Fayler, who lives in its pages as he may have been in life. The rendering of the atmosphere of Hattering, and the absolute individualizing of the subordinate characters gives one an impression of extraordinary reality. Nothing could be more natural or truer than the birth and growth of the young priest's love for the unfortunate companion of Lady Welford. It is the love that would arise instinctively and unwittingly in the heart of a priest—an effluence of his manhood, and with no dross of passion or sensuality in it. Only after one has read the narrative of this pale and gentle romance to its inevitable conclusion is the consummate art of the writer realized. The skill employed in subduing the colors to the facts, in the gradation of the events in their proper relation to the characters is superb. The scene between the Bishop and the young priest, in which the latter reveals all that has happened, is really masterly. However unattractive, *The Bishop's Dilemma* is quite the ablest work Miss Darcy has yet done.

* *

Considering how popular are the essays of the masters, it can hardly be urged that a love of this form is an acquired taste. It is an educated taste undoubtedly, though one need not be a scholar to delight in the prose of Charles Lamb, of Stevenson, or the wise and witty commentaries of Montaigne. In America there have grown up some fine practicioners of the essay art—Miss Repplier, for instance, who has the sure touch and the clear tone the form requires. In essay style are the disquisitions of E. A. Godkin, which make literature of politics. Surely those subtle and beautiful expositions of Japanese life and philosophy which Lafcadio Hearn has sent home from the Orient are essays, too. In the absence of some better term we must include as essays the superb renderings of mountain and forest scenery that are signed with the name of John Muir. The term that Le Gal lienne chose for his little essays on moods and feelings—"Prose Fancies"—expresses best their quality. Infinitely better than their creator are these charming literary sentimentalities, but they are essentially feminine in tone—delicate, graceful and tender, suggesting the personality of a charming girl.

* *

With these I would never dream of comparing *Pagan Papers* (H. S. Stone & Co.), in which Kenneth Graham expresses his delight in the open air, the clear sky, in liberty and unconventionality and unrestraint. It may be the style is often overwrought, alembicated ,over much, but all these charming papers have the touch and distinction which mark the work of the born essayist. There is the intimate air which never degenerates into familiarity, the suggestive memories which never become reminiscence—the fine blending of individual thought, aspiration and experience, which constitutes the fascination of the *Essays of Elia* and of *Virginibus Puerisque*. The custom of decrying fine writing compels one to choose one's phrases in praising the passages of beautiful prose which these papers contain. Admirable work it is, and opulent in statement, but in no sense florid or ornate. Sometimes, indeed, there is passion and exaltation in it. Take, for instance, this passage from "The White Poppy:"

"A riot of scarlet on gold, the red poppy of our native fields tosses heavy tresses with gipsy *abandon:* her sister of the sea-shore is golden, a yellow blossom that loves the keen salt savour of the spray. Of another hue is the poppy of history, of romance, of the muse. White as the stark death-shroud, pallid as the cheeks of that queen of a silent land whose temples she languorously crowns, ghost-like beside her fuller blooded kin, she droops dream laden, *Papaver somniferum*, the poppy of the magic juice of oblivion. In the royal plenitude of summer, the scarlet blooms will sometimes seem but a red cry from earth in memory of the many dews of battle that have drenched these acres in years gone by, for little end but that these same 'bubbles of blood' might glow to-day; the yellow flower does but hint of the gold that has dashed a thousand wrecks at her feet around these shores: for happier suggestion we must turn to her of the pallid petals, our white Lady of Consolation. Fitting hue to typify the crowning blessing of forgetfulness! Too often the sable robes of night dissemble sleeplessness, remorse, regret, self-questioning. Let black, then, rather stand for hideous memory: white for blessed, blank oblivion, happiest gift of the gods! For who, indeed, can say that the record of his life is not crowded with failure and mistake, stained with its petty cruelties of youth, its meannesses and follies of later years, all which storm and clamor incessantly at the gates of memory, refusing to be shut out? Leave us alone, O gods, to remember our felicities, our successes: only aid us, ye who recall no gifts, aptly and discreetly to forget."

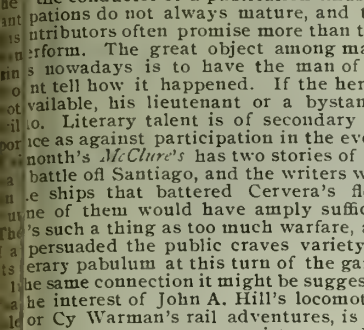
I cannot stop without a note on the "Bohemian in Exile," the memory of Fothergill, who, having labored, decided he would have no more of the conventional life, bought a Whitechapel barrow and a donkey, and went out into the world, a nomad. The writer met him later out on a ridge remote from the hospitable world, smoking his brier pipe on the shaft of his cart, and he drifts into rambling talk of his experiences.

"The spell of the free untrammeled life came over me as I listened, till I was fain to accept of his hospitality and a horse-blanket for the night, oblivious of civilized comfort down at the Bull. On the downs where Alfred fought we lay and smoked, gazing up at the quiet stars that had shone on many a Dane lying stark and still a thousand years ago; and in the silence of the lone tract that enfolded us we seemed nearer to those old times than to those I had left that afternoon, in the now hushed and sleeping valley of the Thames."

Or of the old cashier of some ancient city establishment, whose practice it was to spend his yearly holiday in relieving some turnpike man at his post and performing all the duties appertaining thereunto. Alas he came to a bad end, this clerk, for he was hanged for horse stealing.

"Through the faded ink of this record do you not seem to catch, across the gulf of years, some waft of the jolly humanity which breathed in this prince among clerks? A formal precisian, doubtless, during business hours; but with just this honest love of horseflesh lurking deep down there in him unsuspected, sweeteuing the whole lump. Can you not behold him, freed from his desk, turning to pursue his natural bent, as a city-bred dog still striveth to bury his bone deep in the hearth-rug? For no filthy lucre, you may be sure, but from sheer love of the pursuit itself! All the same, he erred; erred, if not in taste, at least in judgment: for we cannot entirely acquit him of blame for letting himself be caught."

C.



"How Do I Look?"

How frequently woman asks this question! How much ought and study she devotes to it! It is tural. A woman hates to think that she growing day by day less charming and tractive and youthful to her husband's es than in the days of courtship. A woman may always retain her charms d the vivacity and freshness of youth if e will take the proper care of her health. tremendous percentage of ill-health in omen is due to weakness and disease of e distinctly feminine organism. Dr. ierce's Favorite Prescription is an unfail- g remedy for all disorders of this nature. allays inflammation, heals ulceration, ops debilitating drains and soothes and nes the nerves. It preserves in a woman l the charm of healthy youth. Thou- nds of women have testified to its mar- lous merits.

"Favorite Prescription" is sold by all re- pectable dealers in medicines. Deal only here you are honestly treated. Any store- eeper who tries to give you a substitute r what you demand is not treating you onestly and you should take your trade lsewhere.

"For nine years I have suffered with falling f internal organs," writes Mrs. Mary Williams, f Raleigh, Wake Co., N. C. (Box 196). "I was roubled with bearing down pains. I had indi- estion and female weakness and nervousness. could not sleep at night. I was constipated nd had urinal trouble. The doctor here said hat no medicine would reach my disease. Dr. ierce's Favorite Prescription, 'Golden Medi- al Discovery' and 'Pleasant 'Pellets' have ured me."

An every-day necessity in the home. A good home medical work. Send 21 one- ent stamps, to cover mailing only, to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., for a paper-covered copy of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. Cloth binding 31 stamps.

BOOKS RECEIVED

China in Transformation, by Archibald R. Colquhoun. Harper & Brothers.

A Great Lord, by Clara Louise Burnham. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Both Sides of the Border, by G. A. Henty. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Puritans, by Arlo Bates. Houghton Mifflin & Co.

War Memories of a Chaplain, by H. Clay Trumbull. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Moral Imbeciles, by Mrs. S. P. McLean Greene. Harper & Brothers.

A Study of a Child, by Louise E. Hogan. Harper & Brothers.

CITY OF PARIS.

DRY GOODS COMPANY

Housekeeping Department

During the past week we received and have now on sale a direct importation of Genuine Irish Table Linen, either by the yard or in cloths, with Napkins to match, AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

Also, a choice line of patterns of the celebrated JOHN S. BROWN & SONS Table Cloths in sizes 10-10, 10-12 and 10-14, either with or without Napkins. Anyone thinking of purchasing fine linens should not miss this opportunity.

Special Buy of White Marseilles Bedspreads

130 11-4 full size at $1.50; value $2.25
175 11-4 full size at $2.25; value $3.00
143 11-4 full size at $2.75; value $3.65

Flannels! Flannels! Flannels!

Our stock of Flannels for the Fall season just received, comprising full lines of

Striped and Plaid Jerseys, 36-in. Plain, Ripple and Double Face Eiderdown,
Striped and Plaid Scotch Flannels, Beautiful designs in imp. French Flannels

Comforters

Over forty cases just opened in Figured Silkoline, Sateens, etc., with fine white cotton filling; very light, but warm; prices $1.25 to $3.50

Eiderdowns

WE MAKE THIS ONE OF OUR STRONG LINES

Fine Down Comforters in Figured Sateen, from $5 up
Fine Silk and Sateen Figured (Special), $10 each
Figured Silk both sides, confined styles, $12.50 up

Plain Silk and Satin Combinations at the Lowest Prices.

City of Paris Dry Goods Co.

S. E. Corner of Geary and Stockton Streets, UNION SQUARE

COUNTRY ORDERS PROMPTLY AND CAREFULLY ATTENDED TO

HAWAIIAN ADVERTISEMENTS

Coffee, Fruit and Grazing Lands

FOR SALE OR TO LEASE

8,000 acres in fee simple — 5,000 acres leasehold
IN THE CELEBRATED COFFEE DISTRICT OF KONA, ISLAND OF HAWAII
Also, some desirable lots in the City of Honolulu
Apply to J. M. MONSARRAT
Real Estate and Financial Agent, HONOLULU, H. I.

Hawaiian Trust and Investment Co., Ltd.

Paid Up Capital, $30,000

Makes a Specialty of Hawaiian Securities and Real Estate. Correspondence solicited.

G. R. CARTER, Manager

References — Welch & Co., San Francisco; Bank of Hawaii, Honolulu

W. C. ACHI & COMPANY

Real Estate Brokers

We will buy or sell real estate in any part of the group. We will also buy or sell Stocks in any corporation in the Hawaiian Islands.

Office, 10 West King Street, Honolulu, H. I.

The Royal is the highest grade baking powder known. Actual tests show it goes one-third further than any other brand.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

LONDON

London, Sept. 7th.—It is difficult to describe anything with wild enthusiasm when the sun, which has either studiously avoided, or capriciously coquetted with your windows during the past season now insists on staring in constantly, and allows no blind nor shutter to interfere with his rather late devotion. The long-continued drought which has brought discomfort to the rich has seen want and suffering in the poorer quarters, and should it continue much longer a water famine seems immiuent. In the meantime we wear the lightest of summer costumes, and I can hardly venture to say how little we do put on when hidden from the public eye.

The Thames looks more than ordinarily inviting these days and is covered with every variety of pleasure craft from morn till midnight. There are remarkably few accidents, and no one seems to understand why, but I suppose the Providence that looks after children and fools keeps an eye on the river during the summer season.

But we unhappy Londoners are not the only ones complaining of the heat at present. At all the "bads" where the upper Ten Thousand are taking their various cures these same conditions prevail. Princess Christian, the Empress of Austria, Lord Davey and his daughter, Lord Ludlow, Miss Bertha Lopes, Lord Speucer and the Montagues are at Mannheim. Mr. and Mrs. Labouchere and their small daughter are at Marienbad. The Labouchereshave a handful in this sprightly, healthy, young creature, who is their only child and a trifle spoiled. She is unusually attractive for a fourteen-year-old, and quite gipsy-like, with twinkling black eyes, black hair and an unusually brown skin with rosy cheeks. In manner she recalls her father, and comes out with droll cynicisms that makes one immediately think of the editor of *Truth*. She would be termed saucy in America, but here is merely piquantly impertinent. She will be a prize worth winning, from a pecuniary standpoint, one of these days, as Mr. Labouchere has amassed a large fortune—half a million pounds at least.

The Salisburys are at Contreville, the Frenchiest of French resorts, and Lord Hugh Cecil is dancing devoted attention on his mother. He wheels her round everywhere and was the topic of all the English and Freuch visitors. He is a curious looking youth, rather ascetic in appearance, very pale and thin. He is a great church man and the most brilliant politician in his family. He has more glow and enthusiasm than his father, and yet has the same refinement and elevation of diction. Lord Hugh Cecil is the only unmarried son of Lord Salisbury and is believed to be the favorite of the Prime Minister.

Numbers of people are going to the coronation ceremonies in Holland, and the greatest interest is taken in the sayings and doings of young Queen Wilhelmina. The Dutch are simply wild over her and are making a cult of their sovereign just now. She is a bright, impulsive girl, and the direct antithesis of her mother, Queen Emma; she shows a great deal of determination in getting her own way, and has the obstinacy we are wont to consider a Dutch characteristic. I am told that Queen Victoria wonld like to marry the young Queen to one of her favorites. Prince Francis of Teck and Albert of Coburg Gotha are among the aspirants for her hand. But so far Queen Wilhelmina has made no one her confidante, and it is said she intends to rule alone for a while and enjoy her freedom to the uttermost. As the days of young Queen Wilhelmina approach, those of the aged Queen of Denmark seem gradually drawing to a close, and her condition is considered very serious. Although she is a year older than King Christian she has always seemed to have had a greater hold on life than he, and it was not until after the disastrous Turco-Grecian war that she showed signs of failing health. The result of that war was a great grief to both of King George's parents, and Queen Louise has never been able to get over it.

Apropos of royal marriages a story is now being filtered through court circles anent the betrothal of Princess Sybilla of Hesse-Cassel, niece of the Queen of Denmark, and Herr von Fincke, an officer in the German army. All the relatives of the young people approve of the match save the Emperor of Germany, whose youngest sister is married to the elder brother of Princess Sybilla. As usual, he has been most disagreeable, and has compelled Herr von Fincke to resign his commission in the German army. The young couple have been devoted for the past three years, and have earnestly implored the young Emperor to give his consent to their nuptials. This he has absolutely refused to do. Now they have decided to take the matter into their own hands and will be married on September 2d at Weishaden. Princess Sybilla has $20,000 a year of her own, and will have her widowed mother for a neighbor. The young man will certainly be none the worse for his marriage, for both the Emperor of Austria and the King of Denmark have offered him posts in their armies.

Miss Goelet is accredited again to the young Duke of Manchester, and rumor states that this wedding meets with the sanction of not only of the Duchess of Manchester, but Her Grace of Devonshire as well. May Goelet is a favorite with both ladies, and she has a purse that Fortunatus himself would not despise. It is to be hoped, however, that she will acquire sense enough to spurn the alliance, for the young Duke is not a good parti for any self-respecting woman.

The Prince of Wales is really recovering and soon expects to walk. All sorts of means have been devised to make his first step as easy as possible. Curiously enough it is said that the Prince's accident was predicted by a palmist whom he had consulted, and who, in addition to this fact, said that England would be engaged in war with a first-class power before the winter, and that Queen Victoria would die in July. The Queen still lives and the war seems as far off as usual, but time, which brings all things about, may yet see the prophecy fulfilled.

The Czar's disarmament question is still agitating us all, and speaking of disarmament reminds me that the last time it was proposed was in 1866, by Napoleon III, just four years before the Franco-Russian war, and in those days a really great war seemed much farther off than it does to-day. The Emperor of France was called a dreamer of dreams, and ridiculed especially by Bismarck. The ex-Empress Eugenie is again in England, suffering from aggravated rheumatism, and, like the Queen of Denmark, her death can only be a question of a short time. She is a sad wreck, and no one would believe that the white-haired lady with the furrowed cheeks who limps painfully along with the aid of a crutch could have once been the most beautiful woman in Europe. Queen Victoria is very fond of the ex-Empress, and both the royal widows wished to make a match between the Priuce Imperial and Princess Beatrice. It is said that when the news of his sad fate in Zululand reached her, Princess Beatrice was deeply distressed. However it may be, she is a fast favorite with the ex-Empress and will inherit the bulk of her fortune.

Recently the ex-Empress sent for Emile Ollivier, Minister of France during the Third Empire, and it is said that the interview was very affecting.

What a change has come over the fortunes of these two since the time that Olivier led France to her undoing to please his mistress! As the Empress rose to terminate the interview, she said to her former Minister:

"I am glad to have seen you; nothing has been left to me but sad memories. Fortunately my end is uear. Adieu."

And so they parted.

Hard times are no respecters of persons, and peer and pauper alike have felt the steely haud of poverty during the past few years. The braver among them, instead of being content to hang on as little brothers of the rich and sponge on their fortunate relatives, have put their shoulders to the wheel and are actuallly earning their own living. A week or so ago I told you of the De Courcy who was on one of the P. & O. steamers, but he is only one of many. The eleventh Earl of Seafield is engaged in some business enterprise in New Zealand. Sir Edward Elton is the proprietor of pottery works in Somerset, the Earl of Caithness is a fruit grower in Dakota. Eric Lascelles, son of Lord Harewood, is steward on board the Orient Company boats, and the second son of Lady Randolph Churchill has become a stockbroker in London.

But women of good family who have gone into trade are even more numerous. The pioneers of the movement were Lady Granville Gordon, who for some years kept a millinery establishment at Park street, Grosvenor trading as "Sierre." Mrs. Franklin, mother of Lady de Trafford, as "Vera," also had a bonnet place in Lower Belgrave street. Mrs. Charles Gurney, mother of the present Lady Dudley, had a flourishing dressmaking place in Mortimer street. Mrs. Talbot Coke, wife of Colonel Talbot Coke and sister of Lady Glyn, decorates houses. Miss Frith, daughter of W. P. Frith, the celebrated artist, keeps a shop for old furniture in Fulham Road. Mrs. Wellesley, a relative by marriage of the Duke of Wellington, has a florist's shop, and Miss Kerr, daughter of Lord Frederick Kerr, has a registry for servants. Dressmakers among the *haute monde* are not at all uncommon. "Vanite" of Grayton street is Mrs. Archie Stuart Wortley. "Machinka" is in every day life Mrs. Jack Cumming. "Ethel Waters" is the name of the lady who married Mr. Noble, son of Sir Andrew Noble, the millionaire. Lady Mackenzie keeps a shop in Sloane street. Several women of position are on the stage. Miss Granville is Mrs. Seynge, wife of an officer and daughter of General Stuart. Miss Ellis Jeffreys is Hon. Mrs. Frederick Curzon, daughter-in-law of Lord and Lady Howe. Mr. Francis Vane Tempest, an actor, is a son of Lord Adolphus Vane Tempest.

And so the prejudice against trade is gradually dying away in England, which is rapidly becoming modernized in other ways. Noblemen are parting with their most cherished ancestral possessions and the time seems at hand when the possession of an empty title will mean practically nothing. The latest of the ancient places put on the market are Tintern Abbey and Raglan Castle, the property of the Marquis of Worcester. These are among the show places of England, and have for years been the resort of tourists from all parts of the world. Here is a chance for some Colonial Dame or Daughter of the Revolution to purchase not only an ancestral home but a well developed family tree as well. If none of the Dames or Daughters is a Somerset, they may be connected indirectly, and that is certainly sufficient in these days of wisely discriminating students of heraldry.

KATRIONA.

For fine custom-made Footwear, go to Dietle's, 235 Bush street.

Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist, 806 Market Street

NEW YORK

New York, Sept. 15th.—The Newport season is virtually over, and has been dull enough in all conscience. Though the Count of Turin lent his presence to this resort, and various other notables drifted there at the behest of Mrs. Potter Palmer, there were seldom at any festivity enough men to go round. Harry Lehr and Lispenard Stewart have been the only available beau, and when you know their relation to Society you will understand what a lack of entertainment there has been. However the Horse Show proved something better than a *succes d'estime*. It attracted a brilliant gathering, and though the horses were magnificent, the women were, to my mind, really the finer spectacle. All the plutocrats sent their finest steeds and smartest equipages, and really the hackneys were superb. Excursions had heen arranged from Narragansett and Jamestown, and besides the fashionables there was a goodly array of towuspeople in attendance. All the belles were present, and the occasion was made notable by the appearance of Mr. and Mrs. George Vanderbilt. She is a decidedly handsome woman, but dislikes, almost as much as her husband, the ordeal of being lionized. Indeed they make rather a shy couple, though of course they must submit to a series of luncheons and dinners from the members of the family.

Another attraction, besides the equine or feminine draperies, are the returned warriors. Most of the great houses had a boy at the war and you can readily imagine what fatted calves are being slain over their return. Many of these scions of distinguished families were in the Rough Riders, but the others went out with the Porto Rican contingent, which is now on its way from the front. These young men are the heroes of the moment. Undoubtedly they have done a tremendous service to the country in demonstrating that wealth is no bar to patriotism, and that the plutocracy is as ready to enlist and fight for the country as the democracy. Apropos of the quality that may be in dancing men, I cannot help thinking of Grafton Cushing, whom I saw working like a stevedore at Montauk Point unloading the supplies sent the soldiers by various Massachusetts societies. He is a son of "Bob" Cushing of Boston and Newport, and I believe he has led more cotillions than any other man of that set. He did not enlist, but when his services were requisitioned he left Newport in the height of the gaieties and went to work with a will. He is a big fellow, and one day a couple of professional longshoremen, who had been watching his work, said: "Say, young fellow, you ought to get a place on the police force—you'd make a daisy cop." Cushing smiled, "Think I've a better job," he replied.

The latest sensation in a theatrical way is "The Turtle" at the Manhattan Theatre, in which Sadie Martinot disrobes. After all, the performance is rather suggestive than actually indelicate, and the newspaper comment on it is much more offensive than the show. Time was, indeed, when Miss Martinot may have proved an allurement, but it is long ago. In spite of her earnest efforts to be thin, she has much more embonpoint than goes with grace, and the trick of her eyes and the tone of her voice are an old story. The plot turns on matrimonial complications, to which a divorce and a second marriage are incidental, and the disrobing is in the last act. Miss Martinot, who is the wife, bursts into the bridal chamber of her ex-husband and proceeds to remove her garmenting. The preliminaries are shed in full view of the audience, and when the lady is reduced to corsets and petticoats she retires behind a screen and one by one the other necessaries are gaily flung over the top. The expose is of very charming lingerie, rustling pink silk, transparent cambric and ribbon drawn laces, but really one can see as much and more in a dry goods window. However, the critics are holding up their hands, and Alan Dale engages himself in the *Journal* denouncing the indecency of the spectacle, while Mr Hearst's artist, between the columns, shows us exactly what takes place. That is the proper journalistic caper, however, and you gather both the interest of the sin and the merit of the denunciation.

Apropos of Hearst and the *Journal*, it seems to me that Arthur Brisbane, who for a long time was connected with the *World*, is now *charge d'affaires* with an immense salary and an interest in the circulation. He is a genius at sensationalism and understands the bad art of big headlines and broken columns better than any of his fellows. Besides, he has an electric energy which enables him to keep up the strain, and as his personal connections are excellent, he has no difficulty in covering the country. There have been many changes in the management recently. When Hearst went to Santiago the estate stepped in and interfered quite vigorously with the expenditures. A Mr Carvalho was put in charge of the business office and the reign of economy began. Carvalho won his spurs on the *World* and is one of the ablest newspaper financiers in the country. He began to cut down the salaries of the stars and soon had the expenditures down to a reasonable basis. In the meantime Mr. Hearst was off at Santiago investigating the expensive war service which Morrell Goddard had organized. The most costly journalists in New York were at the front representing the paper and were being consistently scooped every day. The *Sun*, which had undertaken to do the entire affair through its own reporters, was obtaining infinitely better results, and the editor was curious to learn how a service that cost huudreds where he spent thousands sh prove so much more effective. The repor were attending to business, and the trai the *Sun* gives its men is such as to en them to write clearly what there is to exp So whenever anything happened they there and back to a telegraph office before high-priced luminaries had begun their ticles. On returning Hearst endeavore make a combination with Paul Dana, wh now the man of the *Sun*, but to this I would not consent. "There is the Laffan bureau, however," he is reported to have "which will sell you news if you want to it." Mr. Laffan is the brilliant journalist, is general superintendent of the institut and with him Mr Hearst finally made arrangement, turning over the stars to fan's orders, together with dispatch boats other facilities. Since then the *Journal* not been scooped. The episode is a tribut the power of organization over mere wea In the meantime there is no denying that paper is going ahead. It has outstripped *World*, which is rather on the toboggan, may soon pay. Its German, Sunday evening editions are profitable. I should be surprised if Hearst finally recouped outlay. I trust, however, he will begin to moderate the saffron of his enterprise believe he is anxious to do it.

The event of last week here was the Tol dinner at the St Denis Hotel, in honor of 70th birthday of the uovelist. Though a gregation of eminent literateurs had un taken the affair, the best of them sent ap gies. W. D. Howells, who was to have sided, was unavoidably detained and a Leipziger acted as chairman. The talk not remarkable and it was not critical. M ister Woodford, who was in the papers an Madrid when hostilities broke out, was guest of honor for some unaccountable rea and the entertainment included also a spe from W. M. Kane, M. P. Why Mr. Kane, is not connected with literature or Tolstoy Joe Jefferson, or Minister Woodford sho have participated in such a celebration is h to understand. Israel Zangwill, in a fr coat, made the talk of the evening, but w his effort was clever, it was in no way rem able. He did say that the saying al every dog having its day was also true every dogma, but otherwise he refrained f scintillating.

By the way, Hall Caine is in town super ing the rehearsals of "Glory Quale," wh Viola Allen is soon to produce. He is a su mild man, and his literary rank seems to h been settled by the reporters, who in viewed him about the Anglo-American ance and not about books. DALTO

Dr. G. A. Danziger, Dentist, 22 Geary street

The HIGHEST POIN

in the science o whiskey disti is reached in th famous old

Keyston

Monogra

A full quart of whiskey, of ca vating flavor, unexcelled for medicinal purp

Pacific Coast Agents

Sherwood & Sherwo

SAN FRANCISCO
PORTLAND LOS ANGELE

$100—Reward—$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased learn that there is at least one dreaded dise that science has been able to cure in all stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Cata Cure is the only positive cure known to medical fraternity. Catarrh being a const tional disease, requires a constitutional tr ment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken in nally, acting directly upon the blood mucuous surfaces of the system, thereby troying the foundation of the disease, giving the patient strength by building up constitution and assisting nature in doing work. The proprietors have so much faitl its curative powers, that they offer One Hu red Dollars for any case that it fails to c Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

GERMEA

The Ideal Breakfast Di

HE BANK OF CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO

Capital and Surplus . Six Million Dollars

ILLIAM ALVORD.....President
HARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
HOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier
VING F. MOULTON.....Second Assistant Cashier
LEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

CORRESPONDENTS

ew York..... { Messrs. Laidlaw & Co. / The Bank of New York, N. B. A.
altimore.....The National Exchange Bank
oston.....The Tremont National Bank
icago..... { Illinois Trust and Savings Bank / Union National Bank
hiladelphia.....Philadelphia National Bank
. Louis.....Boatmen's Bank
rginia City, Nev...Agency of the Bank of California
ondon.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
aris.....Messrs. De Rothschild Freres
erlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft
hina, Japan and East Indies.....Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China
ustralia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

etters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

he German Savings and Loan Society

526 California St., S. F.

uarantee Capital and Surplus.....$2,135,820 60
apital Actually Paid Up in Cash..... 1,000,000 00
eposits June 30, 1898.....26,486,987 06

OFFICERS

President, B. A. BECKER
First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER
Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN
Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT
Assistant Cashier, WM. HERRMANN
Secretary, GEORGE TOURNY
Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER

DIRECTORS

. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann, Ign. Steinhart, N. Van Bergen, E. Rhote, H. B. Russ, D. N. Walter and N. Ohlandt.
Attorney - W. S. Goodfellow

San Francisco Savings Union

532 CALIFORNIA ST.

Deposits July 1, 1898.....$23,356,130
Paid Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Reserve Fund..... 182,009
Contingent Fund..... 435,515

. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

DIRECTORS

George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, George Tasheira, E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate, and Farms and Farming Lands in the country. Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.
No charge is made for pass book or entrance fee.
Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco

33 POST STREET

Below Kearny Mechanics' Institute Buildin

Guaranteed Capital, $1,000,000
Paid Up Capital, $300,000

JAMES D. PHELAN, President
S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-President
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier
C. B. HOBSON, Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS—James D. Phelan, S. G. Murphy, John A. Hooper, James Moffitt, C. G. Hooker, Frank J. Sullivan, L. P. Drexler, Robt. McElroy, Jos. D. Grant.
Interest paid on deposits.
Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks.
When opening accounts, send signature.

CONNECTICUT

FIRE INS. CO.

OF HARTFORD

Assets. $3,300,000. BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.
COLIN M. BOYD,
Agent for San Francisco
501 Montgomery Street

Thuringia Insurance Co.

OF ERFURT, GERMANY

Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248

PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT
204-208 Sansome Street, San Francisco
VOSS, CONRAD & CO,, General Managers

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL Building and Loan Ass'n of California

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and Gen. Manager.
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

FRANKLIN K. LANE G. WHITFIELD LANE

LANE & LANE

Attorneys and Counselors

Removed to
1409-1412-1413 Claus Spreckels Building

The Photograph.

A hundred miles from Aden Her Majesty's troopship Idena steamed aloug, bound for home.

All day the fierce sun had streamed down with blazing beams which those on board endured, cursed or giumbled at, according to their various dispositions.

The sensation of the day had been provided by a Lascar stoker, who, rushing from the inferno of the engine-room, leaped headlong overboard, mad for one delicious plunge into coolness after enduring the torments of heat.

"Man overhoard!" rang out. Engines were reversed. Ladies started from languid recumbency. A smooth-faced subaitern offered a hundred to one against "the nigger being picked up," but no one troubled to listen to him, for the water hereabouts is swarming with sharks. However, just as horror became subdued into resignation, a black speck was seen, still swimming vigorously. A boat was lowered and the poor wretch was dragged back, collapsing utterly when certain of safety.

All this, however, had happened six hours ago. The incident had been discussed, commented on and capped by similar cases, and long before the dinner bell rang the customary state of boredom had again set in.

After dinner, when the sun had finally disappeared, and the stars shone out of the wonderful luminosity of a southern night, some one (probably the major's wife) proposed a dance, and presently the notes of a waltz rose and fell, alluring with its languorous lilt of melancholy sweetness even those who vowed they "didn't dance" to seek out partners.

Among the many who circled around were the officer in command, Captain Assheton, and his partner, Miss Phyllis Welsh.

The ladies of the Dovecot denied that Miss Welsh had any claims to the attractive adjectives by which the men on board ship described her charming manners and face. They emphatically agreed among themselves that the only epithet she deserved was that of being "an outrageous flirt."

Whatever her character might really be, tonight more men than Captain Assheton thought Miss Phyllis Welsh looked "uncommonly fetching." Her eyelids, heavy with dark lashes, drooped as though to hide the exulting brightness of the eyes they shaded, while excitement restored the bloom which a year spent in Indian gayeties had somewhat paled.

As she glided round she breathed quicker than the heat of the evening or the motion of the dance accounted for. She wondered at her own sensations. To experience the delight, fear, rapture and doubt which it had amused her to make others feel half terrified half charmed her.

Once raising her eyes she met full a glance from Captain Assheton, and a thrill of certainty swept away the last doubt whether or not her love was returned.

"Let's come and sit it out," said Captain Assheton; then he added, "I want to speak to you—to tell you, Phyllis"—. He stopped abruptly on perceiving an orderly coming up to speak to him.

"Well, what is it? he asked peremptorily.

"Please, sir, the doctor says Private Robinson is seriously ill."

Captain Assheton turned apologetically to his partner. "I must leave you for a few minutes. Will you wait for me here? I shall be back in five minutes."

"Yes," assented Miss Welsh, leaning back languidly in a deck chair. "I'll wait for you here if you're not too long."

Captain Assheton and the orderly strode away.

Custom had not yet steeled Assheton's heart against feeling a pang of sorrow when called to visit the poor fellows whose dying words it was his duty when officer in command to note and report.

When Tommy Atkins dies there is no useless fuss made over the event. No loving hand clasps his to strengthen him during the last struggle. No tears fall to tell him that even he, poor fellow, has some one who will miss him. No! The doctor merely reports him "seriously ill." The officer on duty comes to stand by his bedside and note down whatever message "Tommy" may choose to send to mother or sweetheart waiting for him at home. Then a few hours later, if on land, "Tommy" is buried in a coffin the price of which the Government stops out of his pay, or, if he die on board ship, with some shot tied to his ankles, overboard he is dropped, to sink out of sight and join that weird company of shrouded corpses which stand upright, drifting and swaying in the currents of the sea, halfway between the bottom and the surface of the ocean.

On reaching the stifling deck where the sick, the wounded and the dying lay, the orderly stopped beside the berth of Private Robinson.

Usually the officer in command knows nothing of the man whose dying words he has to report, but, as it chanced, Assheton had heard something of Private Robinson's career. He knew that Robinson was "a gentleman ranker," one of those good-looking, reckless, unlucky fellows against whom fortune seems to have a spite.

As Assheton came to the side of his berth the dying man stared up with a curious expression of defiant despair. Above him, beside him, all around the deck lay other sufferers, listening and watching to hear what "the poor beggar" had to say.

It was hardly the place for confidences, and Assheton felt fully the embarrassment of the position. Robinson, however, had reached the time when the world recedes into the background of one's consciousness, and what has to be done must be done at once, or left forever unaccomplished.

He feebly strove to take something from under his pillow.

"Can I reach that for you?" asked Assheton gently.

"I've waited too long," said Robinson. "I intended to send this back myself, but somehow I put it off from day to day. I couldn't bear to part with it." He stopped a minute as he succeeded in lifting up an envelope, then he continued: "I want to send this back to her, and tell her that though she sent me to the devil—I loved her to the end." He added, as Assheton took the envelope containing the photo from him, "The address is written at the back of it."

"Is there nothing else I can do for you?" said Assheton huskily.

"Nothing. Thank you, sir," replied Robinson, and Assheton felt he was dismissed.

He turned away in silence and left the hospital deck.

As he again passed through the dancers the waltz was hastening to its conclusion, and the laughing, talking company were dispersing in search of ices and comfortable seats.

Phyllis Welsh was still sitting where Assheton had left her.

"You weren't long," she said, smiling. "What did 'Tommy' want to tell you? Do tell me all about it."

Something in her words grated against Assheton's feelings. He sat down and replied slowly: "He asked me to return a photo to a girl, and tell her that, though she played him false, he loved her to the end."

"Oh!" cried Phyllis. "How interesting it sounds! Have you got the photo there? Do show it to me."

"You must not ask me to do that," said Assheton gravely.

But Phyllis was not accustomed to having her wishes ungratified. She leaned forward and looked up with her wonderful dark eyes glowing. "Will you refuse the first request I've ever made of you?" she urged.

"Of course, if you insist" —— hesitated Assheton.

"I do insist! I must see what the girl is like! Some common, vulgar creature whom the poor fellow idealized into a piece of perfection."

"Probably," assented Assheton dryly, taking the envelope from his pocket and producing the photograph.

With eager curiosity Phyllis bent over.

For the space of a second she stared, rigid with astonishment and dismay; then exclaiming, "Give it to me! Oh! give it to me!" she tried to snatch the photograph from Assheton.

It was too late. Assheton, with blank disgust, had already recognized the beautiful likeness.

"Give it to me!" she stammered.

"Certainly," replied Assheton. "It was what I promised to do."

He dropped the photo into her hands and strode away.

For health and strength: Damiana Bitters.

Satisfies
that dry taste
in the mouth.

BattleAx PLUG
HIGH QUALITY LOW PRICE

Remember the name when you buy again.

Successful candidates

Should be as particular in the selection of their political printing as they would be in purchasing a suit of clothes. Thousands of voters will be unable to meet the candidate personally, but a neatly printed card with his portrait thereon will bring him recognition and votes. We do this class of printing. The Wave is a sample of our work.

BROWN, MEESE & CRADDOCK
(Incorporated)
419 Sacramento Street.

THE LATEST STYLES IN
CHOICE WOOLENS
H. S. BRIDGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors
622 Market St. (up stairs) opp. Palace Hote
Bicycle and Golf Suits

WINDOW SHADES
The Only Manufacturer on the Pacific Coast
Any size or color painted to order Plain, Dado, Fringed or Lettered. Hand-Made Opaque Shade Cloth a specialty. Wall Paper, Paper Hanging,
WM. McPHUN
1195 Market Street, cor. Eighth, opp. City Hall

PATRICK & CO.
RUBBER STAMPS
STENCILS, SEALS, BRANDS, ETC.
318 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

Golden Eagle Hotel

Seventh and K Sts., Sacramento

First-class in every respect. All modern conveniences. Bus at every train. GRAY & TITUS, Props.

U. S. Senator George C. Perkins

Hon. Henry T. Gage

Republican Nominee for Governor

AND

Hon. Jacob H. Neff

Republican Nominee for Lieutenant-Governor

WILL ADDRESS THE PEOPLE

AT

WOODWARD'S GARDEN PAVILION

ON

Saturday Evening, Oct. 1st

E. C. HART, Secretary.

FRANK McLAUGHLIN,
Chairman Republican Executive Committee.

Baldwin Theatre

FRIEDLANDER, GOTTLOB & Co., Lessees and Mgrs.
A Season of Productions!
Beginning Next Monday, Sept. 26th
FRAWLEY COMPANY
AND BLANCHE BATES
First time in this city of E. H. Sothern's Great Romantic Drama
An Enemy to the King
Regular Frawley Prices—25 cents to $1.00
Next play—"The Last Word"

Orpheum

Week commencing . . . . . Monday, Sept. 26th
Mr. & Mrs. R. J. Dustan & Company in the Comedy Sketch entitled "The Man Upstairs"
Lew Hawkins Monologuist and Comedian
Anglo-American Quartette—Male Voices
Saukey Brothers, Original Gymnasts
Mlle. Jeanne Franko, Violin Virtuose
Bessie Bonehill, England's Great Impersonator
The Two Paolis, the Trick Clowns and Acrobats
Louis Cazeau, Magician and Illusionist
The Biograph with an Entire New Set of Views
Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c.

Tivoli Opera House

MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING, Proprietor and Manager
Ninth Week of the Grand Opera Season
Monday, Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday Evgs., Gounod's Tragic Opera, **Romeo and Juliet**
A Perfect Production in Every Detail
Tuesday, Thursday and Friday Evenings and Saturday Matinee, by universal request, Verdi's Favorite Work, Il Trovatore
Next—Last of Grand Opera—**The Bohemian Girl**
A Regal Revival!
Popular Prices : : 25 and 50 cts.
Matinee Reserved Seats 25c. Tele. Bush 9

Alcazar Theatre

FRED BELASCO, Lessee : MARK THALL, Manager
Telephone Main 254
Week of Sept. 26th—Only Matinee Saturday
Nat Goodwin's Character Drama
IN MIZZOURA
Prices—15c., 25c., 35c., 50c.
In preparation—"The Wife"

New Comedy Theatre

(Formerly the Popular Bush)
Direction, M. B. Leavitt. Alf Ellinghouse, Res. Man.
Last Week
HARRY CORSON CLARKE
Monday Evening, Sept. 26th—Every Evening, including Sunday. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday
George H. Broadhurst's Farce-Comedy Success
What Happened to Jones
Popular Prices. Matinees 25 cents to all parts.
October 3d—The Great Triple-Alliance—LeRoy, Fox & Powell, and High-Class Vaudeville

Alhambra

Corner Eddy and Jones Streets. Telephone S. 435
Farewell week of Mr. & Mrs. Sidney Drew
The Admirable Corinne
First appearance of the Four Olifaus
Ford & Lewis, the Bowery Boys
The Marvelous Austins Aimee, the Human Fly
McBride & Dallon, Irish Comedians
Nat. M. Brigham, the Great American Ballad Tenor
Powers & Hyde and Twenty Colored Members in a Grand Cake Walk
Popular Prices—Reserved Seats 25c. and 50c. Box Seats 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday 25c. all over the house; Children 10c.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

400 GRADUATES SECURED POSITIONS IN PAST TWO YEARS

LOW RATES!

San Francisco Business College

Only Experienced Bookkeepers and Reporters Employed as Teachers. Send for Catalogue.

1236 MARKET STREET, S. F.

Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson's Academy

1427 Franklin St., near Post

Reopens August 1, 1898. English, French, German and Spanish Boarding and Day School. Begins with kindergarten and prepares for universities, business and society. Drawing and painting. Cultured home training. Excellent table. $30.00 per month. Music in all its branches, if desired, extra.

Lyceum Preparatory School

For the University, Law and Medical Colleges. Accredited with Stanford University and Cooper College. References—President Jordan or any Stanford Professor.

PHELAN BUILDING.

California College of Osteopathy

Rooms 607-608-609 : : Emporium Building
Market Street, San Francisco
We permanently cure Constipation, Nervous Prostration, Rheumatism, Diabetes, Locomo or Ataxia and other so-called incurable diseases. Those suffering from troubles pronounced incurable by doctors of medicine should investigate. Consultation Free. Write for Literature.

Los Angeles Military Academy

A Classical and English Boarding School
Re-opens Sept. 14th. Catalogue on application

The Solly Walter School of Illustration

Evening Classes
Tuesdays and Thursdays
26 O'Farrell Street, San Francisco

TO CHICAGO IN 31-2 DAYS

TO NEW YORK IN 4 1-2 DAYS

VIA

Chicago Union Pacific

AND

Northwestern Line

Through Pullman and Tourist Sleeping Cars Daily. All meals served a la carte in Dining Car. For full information, address

R. R. RITCHIE,
General Agent Pacific Coast
No. 2 New Montgomery Street (Palace Hotel)
San Francisco, Cal.

THE THEATRES

Passing Comment on Contemporary Performances.

A description of Modjeska's interpretation of the role of Cleopatra is bound to be comparative. In recent years we have seen Fanny Davenport and Sarah Bernhardt in Sardou's piece, but Modjeska enacts Shakespeare's version of the Egyptian drama. In a degree this handicaps one's judgment, for as a play, viewed from the dramatic standpoint, the Parisian's is infinitely preferable to the Elizabethan's. In the former, action follows close upon action, and you are not compelled to listen to a dozen or more insignificant people drawling through their lines. "Antony and Cleopatra" as a play drags—especially in the latter scenes, and one becomes tired of the endless repetitions and prolixities.

Modjeska makes Cleopatra a very delightful and fascinating woman, but not one for whom a man would barter kingdom, honor or life. She is not passionate enough, but is too refined and spirituelle. Even her fury is placid, and does not terrify as did the rage and wrath of Bernhardt. This was especially noticeable in the scene when the slave brings the news of Antony's marriage to Octavia. Bernhardt took the man and beat his head against the floor in a fit of uncontrollable fury. Mojeska abused him, it is true, and chased him with a dagger, but you never feel for a moment that had she caught him she would really have killed him. In the death scene Modjeska and Bernhardt were more on a plane, and although Sarah departed in the more tragic fashion, Modjeska's death was really more queenly and fitting her stormy life.

Grace Fisher did excellent work as Charmian, especially after the first scene, when she warmed to her part and lost a certain self consciousness that had caused an excess of gesticulation. Her lines were admirably given.

* *

The presentation of "What Happened to Jones" at the New Comedy has brought increased patronage to that house. Harry Corson Clarke and his company give a most creditable performance, and the excruciatingly funny situations in which the piece abounds are made the most of throughout. Clarke himself well acts the leading part, and the members of his company on the whole are nicely suited to their several roles. Henry Hockey as Professor Goodly, John Allison as the Bishop of Ballarat, Maude Allison as the Swedish servant, and Adele Clarke as Alvina Starlight are entirely satisfactory, while the two California ladies, Lillian Young and Olive Snider, both create a favorable impressions. With their many personal advantages the two last named, given a little more stage experience, should take rank in their newly-adopted profession.

* *

The Austin's aerial act is the best feature of the Alhambra's programme this week. More thrilling work has been seen here, but these acrobats have rather a diffident air that distinguishes them from the average feminine athlete and really go through their act with unprofessional modesty. Their fault, in common with most of the work at this house, is an absence of dash. Too much time is wasted between feats. Corinne has the air of a superior young person who is condescending to her audience and goes through her songs and music in a very perfunctory manner. If this artist intends deserving prominence on the vaudeville stage she must have more spirit and verve. Vocally she has the advantage over Bessie Bonehill at the Orpheum, but there is a world of difference between their work. The Englishwoman is mobile, vivacious and fascinating, whereas Corinne is indifferent and self-conscious. The Sydney Drews are an excellent card and their act is put through with a snap and dash which deserves commendation.

* *

Felix Morris is again the best feature of the Orpheum programme, and that is saying a good deal. As "Jim, the Vagabond," he does admirable work, the role being as fully individualized as that of the "Old Musician." The work of Hines and Remington, especially of the former, is decidedly out of the common. Really she is a *rara-avis*—quick-witted, clever, sparkling and delightfully fresh and original. Miss Bonehill's manner is better than her voice, and this week she sings a catchy little sailor song, using a silken Old Glory by way of a background. Her accent and the Stars and Stripes do not harmonize exactly, but the rendering is none the worse for that. Mlle. Franko plays the violin very prettily, and Louis Cazeau is quicker with coins than any prestidigitateur the Orpheum has ever had. As for the Paolis' dog, he is indeed a star.

* *

DRAMATIC NOTES

"The Signal of Liberty," a war play, goes on at the California Theatre October 2d.

The next musical evening at Byron Mauzy's Hall is set for October 7th. Mr. Bernard Mollenhauer will direct.

"In Mizzoura," Augustus Thomas' most successful play, goes on at the Alcazar next week, "The First Born" being retired until further orders. Howard Scott and Mabelle Bowman are late additions to the company. "The Wife" is slated for early production at this theatre.

The latest feature at the Alhambra will be the Three Olifans, who do grotesque dancing and acrobatics. Ford & Lewis produce a sketch called "The Bowery Boy," and there will be one week more of Mr. & Mrs. Sidney Drew and of the Austins, whose acrobatic performance has attracted so much attention.

"An Enemy to the King" has the boards at the Baldwin next Monday night for one week. The Frawley Company with its new recruits will be seen to the best advantage. Miss Bates does Julie de Varion and Miss Georgia Welles and J. P. Keefe make their first appearance.

Blanche Bates will open her New York season with Augustin Daly's company early in December. She remains with the Frawley Company during its Baldwin Theatre engagement, playing Julie de Varion in "An Enemy to the King," Vera in "The Last Word," Flavia in "The Prisoner of Zenda," and the Quaker girl in "The Dancing Girl."

Among the new acts at the Orpheum next week are Mr. & Mrs. E. J. Dustan in a one-act comedy, "The Man Upstairs;" the Sankey Brothers, gymnasts, do balancing, juggling and contortion; the Anglo-American Quartette promise the latest songs; Lew Hawkins brings a budget of new funnyisms. The holdovers include Mlle. Jeanne Franko, the Paolis, Bessie Bonehill, Louis Cazeau, and the Biograph.

There have been eight weeks of grand opera at the Tivoli, and the season is drawing to a close. On account of the great success of Goldmark's opera, "The Queen of Sheba," it will be repeated next Tuesday and Friday evenings. On Monday, Thursday and Sunday evenings and at the special Saturday matinee, Gounod's tragic opera "Romeo and Juliet" will be given. On Wednesday and Saturday evenings, Verdi's "Il Trovatore," with Fraulein Marie Brandis as Leonora; Mary Linck, Azucena; Rhys Thomas, the Troubadour; Signor DeVries, Count di Luna; William Schuster, Ferando.

We believe it is an ascertained fact that the consumption of whisky in San Francisco is larger, in proportion to population, than in any other city in the United States. One is therefore hardly taken by surprise on reading that a special train of eighteen cars left Philadelphia last week with a full consignment of "Keystone Monogram" whisky for Messrs. Sherwood & Sherwood of this city. The cars were elaborately decorated and attracted considerable attention on the overland route. In addition to this important shipment the same firm has received no less than three whole train loads aggregating sixty-seven cars containing 6,700 barrels of Schlitz Milwaukee bottled beer for shipment to Manila. It is stated that these shipments of liquor are the largest that have ever crossed the continent.

Insist Upon Having Your Ticket to New York Boston, or Other Eastern Cities

Read over the Nickel Plate (N. Y. C. & St. L. R. R.), the popular low-rate short line. Quick time, unexcelled accommodations, and no extra fares charged. Jay W. Adams, Pacific Coast Passenger Agent, 37 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Clothing, curtains, blankets, etc., cleaned or dyed. Pacific Cleaning and Dyeing Works, 353-357 Tehama street. Telephone South 40. J. Spaulding & Co.

THE NEW BOOKS
AS ISSUED
AT
ROBERTSON'S
126 POST ST.

For those who appreciate Comfort and Attention

A QUIET HOME
CENTRALLY LOCATED
OCCIDENTAL HOTEL
SAN FRANCISCO
WM. B. HOOPER, MANAGER

Hotel Belvedere

Opened for the Season May 1st

Belvedere, Cal. MRS. A. T. MOORE.

Blake, Moffitt & Towne

DEALERS IN
PAPER
55, 57, 59 and 61 First Street, San Francisco
Telephone Main 199

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON
Phone Main 5178

Sutter Street Hammam

TURKISH AND RUSSIAN BATHS
415 Sutter Street, between Stockton and Powell
Open Day and Night for Gentlemen
For Ladies, from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

Centennial Stable

Boarding and Livery
Carriages, Broughams, Victorias, etc. First-Class in every respect
1521-1523-1525 California Street
Bet. Polk and Larkin
Telephone East 378 M. CONLON, Proprietor

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, the famous orator, statesman, railroad president and millionaire, in an interview said of his recent visit to Del Monte: "I visted Monterey, and I call it the most beautiful place in the world. Monte Carlo cannot compare with it. Its seveteen mile-drive is unparalleled for fineness."

Specially reduced rates for the winter months of November, December, January and February, are offered, as follows:
Single room, with board for one person, by the month, $65. Double room, with board for one person, by the month, $70; two persons, $135.
Best room, with board for one person, by the month, $75; two persons, $145. Best room, with bath and board for one person, by the month, $80; two persons, $155
Small parlor suites, with board for one person, by the month, $80; two persons, $155. Daily and weekly rates remain as heretofore—from $3 to $5 per day

For further information, address **GEORGE SCHONEWALD, Manager**
Hotel Del Monte, Monterey, California.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway wharf San Francisco.
For Alaskan ports, 10 a.m. Sept. 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, Oct. 3; transfer at Seattle.
For B.C. and Puget Sound ports 10 a.m. Sept. 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, Oct. 3, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, 2 p.m. Sept. 16, 21, 26, Oct. 1, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a. m. Sept. 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, Oct. 4 and every fourth day thereafter.
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), at 11 a.m. Sept. 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, Oct. 2 and every fourth day thereafter.
For Mexican ports. 10 a. m. 18th of every month.
For further information, obtain folder.
The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing.

Ticket Office: 4 New Montgomery St (Palace Hotel)

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen. Agts.
No. 10 Market Street, - San Francisco, Cal.

OCEANIC Steamship Company

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S. S. "Australia," **Honolulu only**, Wednesday, Sept. 24th, at 2. p.m.
S.S. Alameda, **for Australia**, Wednesday, Oct. 5th, at 2 p.m. Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Cape Town, South Africa.

Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.
Freight Office 327 Market St.
J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO General Agents

Santa Fe Route

The Most Comfortable Way to Travel Across the Continent!

Through Pullman Parlor and Tourist Cars Every Day
Meals at Harvey's Famous Dining-Rooms

Get full particulars at Ticket Office

628 MARKET STREET
SAN FRANCISCO
1118 Broadway, OAKLAND

A. K. DAGGETT

Drawing of Deeds and all Legal Papers a specialty
NOTARY PUBLIC
14 Montgomery St., S. F
Telephone 305

"Remember the Name!"

Certain individuals who do not patronize American industries
Run off with an idea that in order to get good wines they must use
European products, when there is no necessity for
So doing, and in these stirring and patriotic times of
To-day everybody should feel a keen interest in
American products which are of deserving merit,

Both for the reason that they are used
Largely among American citizens, and made by
Americans for American people in America
Now and always, and therefore we ask you to give the
ARESTA BLANCA California Wines
A fair and impartial trial at your club or home

With anything of like cost from France.
Inasmuch as these wines have been acknowledged second to
None in comparison with goods from the
European countries, wherever exhibited, you
Surely are in favor of American goods.

WETMORE - BOWEN CO.
140 Montgomery Street San Francisco, Cal.

MRS. M. E. PERLEY MRS. S. V. CULP

DECORATIVE KERAMIC ART STUDIO

215 Post Street

All Branches of China Painting Taught
Morning Class: Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, from 9 a. m. to 12 m. Afternoon Class: Daily, from 1:30 to 4:30. Lessons $1 each. Private Lessons $1.50 each. **TRY OUR ROMAN GOLD.**
Telephone Grant 43

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

Main Office, 510 Montgomery St.
SAN FRANCISCO
Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper Information
Advauce Reports on all Contract Work
Telephone Main 1042

Brushes

For barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bathhouses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candymakers, canners, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paperhangers, printers painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners tailors, etc.

BUCHANAN BROS.
TEL. 5610 609 SACRAMENTO ST
BRUSH MANUFACTURERS

We will send "The Wave" for Four Months to any address in the United States

For One Dollar

The Best Illustrated Paper West of New York

"The Wave"

Topics of the Day Ably Discussed

Subscribe Now

Address
Subscription Dept. "The Wave"
24 Montgomery St.

GREENBAUM'S

White and Dark Violet

The Most Fashionable Perfume
Possesses the Odor of Fresh Violets

128 POST ST. UNDER BOHEMIAN CLUB

BONESTELL & CO.

Dealers in **PAPER**

Fine Coated Papers a Specialty

401-403 SANSOME ST.,
San Francisco, Cal.

JOE POHEIM, THE TAILOR

Makes the best fitting clothes at 25 per cent less than any other house on the Pacific Coast. See Prices:

PANTS TO ORDER	SUITS TO ORDER
$3.50	$10.00
4.50	13.50
5.00	15.50
6.00	17.50
7.00	20.00
8.00	25.00
9.00	30.00

The firm of JOE POHEIM is the largest in the United States. Rules for self-measurement and samples of cloth sent free.
201 and 203 Montgomery St., cor. Bush.
844 & 846 Market St. 1110 & 1112 Market St.
SAN FRANCISCO.
485 Fourteenth St., Oakland. 603 & 605 K St., Sacramento.
143 South Spring St., Los Angeles.

BAJA CALIFORNIA

DAMIANA BITTERS

Damiana is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. Damiana Bitters are known on their merits. (Send for Circular.)

NABER, ALFS & BRUNE, Agents
323-325 Market St., S. F.

NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

Two "chums," who worked side by side in the same coal-pit, fell out over a girl and refused to speak to each other for several weeks. It was ineffable torture to both of them, for the two had relied on each other to relieve the tedium of work in the mine; but neither seemed inclined to make the first attempt at reconciliation, and so the estrangement promised to become permanent. One morning, however, the elder of the two came up to his companion and laid a gaudy and expansive lady's waistbelt at his feet. "What's that for, Jack?" asked the other, awkwardly. "For thee to try thi luck wi', owd man," answered Jack. "She wouldn't take it fro' me." "Who wouldn't?" "Tha knows who weel enough. She slapped my face when Ah offered it to ber, and axed me if Ah took her for a champion fat woman in a penny show. Thee try her wi' it nah, an' see if tha fares ony better." Entering into the spirit of the thing the younger collier sought the girl and offered her the belt, which she accepted with gushing rapture. "Ah thowt so, owd man," said Jack, lugubriously, when be heard the result of the interview. "Bnt we're pals again, aren't we?" "Reyther!" answered the lucky suitor, fervently.

Ex-Governor Proctor Knott and a Danville lawyer were discussing the rival claims of Sampson and Schley to the credit of smashing Cervera at Santiago. The lawyer took the ground that the honor was Sampson's alone, and showed a tendency to ignore Scbley. The Governor listened: "Your position on this controversy settles a point of conscience tbat has worried me many a long day," he said. "One day, many years ago, I was walking through the woods with a boy friend when we saw a rabbit run into a sinkhole. We stood around awhile and I left to get some fire to smoke bim out, telling him to keep watch while I was away. When I got back the boy had the rabbit. I promptly took it away from him, claiming that it belonged to me because I had told him to catch it if it came out. That was fifty years back," continued the Governor, "and you are the first man who has ever agreed with me that the rabbit was mine."

The parents of a certaiu California millionaire were excellent but humble people, who, having come to the Coast early, had caught on and prospered. Nothing was too good for their son and they saw to it he had every advantage, including an excellent education. About the time he graduated some of his young friends had arranged to go to Europe, and nothing would suit the old people but that their boy should go along too. One day, soon after his return, the father, taking him aside, asked what he had liked best of all he had seen on the other side. The boy replied that, everything considered, he bad been most impressed with the Egyptian Sphinx. A little later the old people were in conference, and the youth beard the old man say emphatically: "Durned ef I don't send over and buy him one of them there sphinxes."

Lord Eldon, when Attorney-General for England, was in the habit of closing his speeches with some remarks justifying his own character. At the trial of Horne Tooke, speaking of his own reputation, he said: "It is the little inheritance I have to leave my children, and by God's help I'll leave it unimpaired." Here he shed tears, and, to the astonishment of those present, Mitford, the Solicitor-General, began to weep. "Just look at Mitford," said a bystander to Horne Tooke—"what on earth is he crying for?" Tooke replied, "He is crying to think what a small inheritance Eldon's children are likely to get."

A certain wealthy San Josean was driving in a new dog cart on the Alameda—a very smart turnout it was, with a faultless groom up behind. Unfortunately he ran into an Italian's vegetable wagon, upsetting the contents into the road. There was a great outburst of indignation and Dago oaths from the Italian, from which the capitalist appealed to a motorman who had witnessed the accident from his car. "It was not my fault now, was it?" said the capitalist. In rich brogue the motorman replied: "Your fault—indade, no, sir. Shure 'twas the fault of that fool of a coachman of yours allowing you to drive."

A young Newcastle engine-fitter, who wished to catch a steamboat that was just about to start, rushad into a tobacconist's shop near at hand and shouted, "An oonce o' baccy as quick as ye like!" The shopkeeper was an old man, and be quietly asked, "Shag or twist?" "Twist!" "Black or brown?" "Broon!" "Thick or thin?" "Onny sort!" Then the customer bounded to the door; bnt he came back with a woful expression and snarled, "Nathor shag or twist, nor black or broon, nor thick or thin, nor onny sort, for ye've lost me the boat wi' yor windy taak!"

A fairly good-looking couple of German extraction came to the home of the Rev. Dr. Mitchell of Ovid and told him they wanted to "git married." After the service had been performed according to regulation the man said: "How much do I have to pay for this?" "Whatever you please or can—there's no fixed charge for marrying," responded the minister. "That's good," said the German, taking on a very business-like air, "let's call it $2 down, and if she proves all right I'll give you some more some other day."

Rndyard Kipling was sitting in a room that be used for a study in a certain well-known London hotel, when a gentleman appeared at the door unannounced, followed by two schoolboys. "Is this Rudyard Kipling?" inquired the gentleman. "Yes," answered Kipling. He turned round. "Boys, this is Rudyard Kipling. And is this where you write?" he continued. "Yes." "Boys, this is where he writes." And before Kipling had time to ask them to take a seat they were gone, boys and all.

J. J. GILDEA

CLOTHIER

OVERCOATS

From $7.50 Upwards

Kerseys, Meltons, in any shades, Coverts and Vienna, Silk-Lined and Faced to the edge.

SUITS

From $7.50 Upwards

Cheviots and Worsteds, in plain or fancy shades, Imported Clay Worsteds, Vicuna and Unfinished Worsteds in Cutaway Frocks, Prince Alberts and Full Dress.

Our Boys' and Children's Department our Specialty.

J. J. GILDEA

756 Market St., cor. Grant Ave.

Formerly "Examiner" Office.

THE UNAPPROACHABLE COLDNESS

...OF...

THE Alaska REFRIGERATORS

HAS WON FOR THEM

MANY WARM FRIENDS!

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.

Pacific Coast Agents

309 to 317 Market Street, San Francisco

If we made it, it's proper!

We are giving

demonstrations daily in the art of correct tailoring. Our customers are models of neatness and fashion, and we take pride in having them such. If you are particular—if your clothes must be just so—then we want you for a customer. Won't you let us demonstrate this with you?

GRENNAN BROS. Telephone Black 2465 850 Market St.

COTTON SAIL DUCKS

22-inch in all numbers Medium, Soft and Hard

ALSO

Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks

From 30 to 120 inches wide

Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks

Manufactured by Murphy, Grant & Co.

Mount Vernon Company Baltimore . . Pacific Coast Sole Agents

Beware of Imitations

This is a fac simile of the package

Genuine Diamond "L" Tea

Pure and Uncolored

GEO. A. MOORE & CO.

208 California St., S. F.

For sale by all grocers

PALACE AND GRAND HOTELS

Now Under One Management

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1400 rooms — 900 with bath

Rooms, $1.00 and upward Room and Meals, $3.00 and upward

A beautifully illustrated book, containing floor plans and rate card can be had for the asking. JOHN C. KIRKPATRICK, Manager.

HOTEL WESTMINSTER

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLANS LOS ANGELES, CAL.

The Finest and Most Complete Hotel in the City. Everytbing New.
The Highest Standard of Perfection Maintained in all Departments.

F. O. JOHNSON, Proprietor.

Louis Roederer Champagne

HIGHEST GRADE IN THE WORLD

E. LA MONTAGNE & SONS
Sole Ageuts
45 Beaver St., New York

LOUIS ROEDERER · UNITED STATES · Champagne

Three kinds, all of equal excellence:

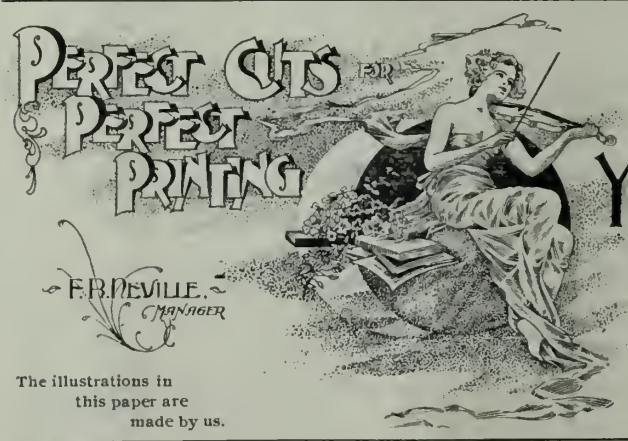
BRUT
GOLD SEAL
A Perfectly Dry Wine

GRAND VIN SEC
BROWN SEAL
The Perfectiou of a Dry Wine

CARTE BLANCHE
WHITE SEAL
A Rich Wine

MACONDRAY & CO.
Sole Agents Pacific Coast
116 California Street

573-579 Market Street, San Francisco | R. H. PEASE, Vice-President and Manager | 73 and 75 First Street, Portland, Ore.



TELEPHONE MAIN 5506.

YOSEMITE ENGRAVING COMPANY

MAKERS

24 MONTGOMERY ST.

The illustrations in this paper are made by us.

REPSOLD SELECT VINTAGE

OF ALL OLD WINES
REPSOLD'S OUTSHINES
WHEN AN EPICURE DINES

THIS BRAND OF WINE IS SOLD AT ALL FIRST CLASS HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS

Office, 416 Pine Street

WHEN LEAVING THE THE CITY PLACE YOUR VALUABLES IN THE

Safe Deposit Vaults

OF THE

First National Bank

N. W. Cor. Bush and Sansome Sts.

Office Hours: 8 a.m. to 6 p.m.

EVERY POSSIBLE SAFEGUARD TO PROPERTY
REASONABLE RATES
PROMPT ATTENTION

SOHMER PIANOS ARE THE BEST

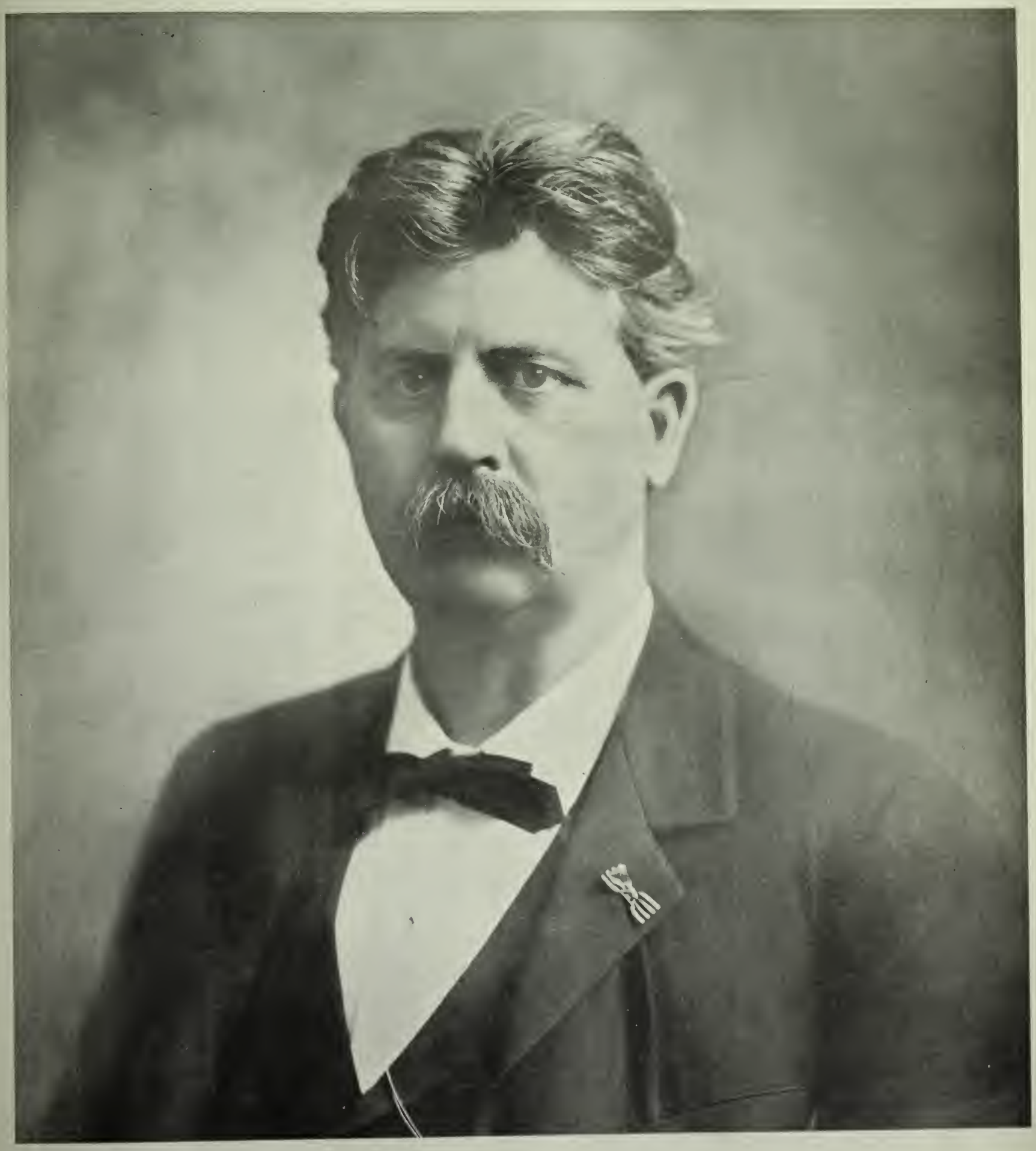
BYRON MAUZY

308-314 Post Street

This Paper not taken from the Library.

THE WAVE

VOL. XVIII. No. 14 SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 1, 1898 PRICE 10 CENTS



HENRY T. GAGE

NOMINEE OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY FOR GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA

Photo by Marceau, Los Angeles

THE WAVE

Is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $5.00 per year. Sample copies free on application.

The trade is supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 342 Geary street; east of the Rocky Mountains by the American News Company, New York.

The Wave is kept on file and is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France; 31 Union Square, New York City; 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 206 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

For advertising rates and on all other matters pertaining to city business, address Trevor Cory, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Eastern representative, D. M. Foltz, 34 Park Row, New York.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 1, 1898

CONTENTS

Editorials	2
Things and People; by Boswell Jr.	3
Statesmen and Soldiers in Honolulu	4
Incompetent Shafter	5
Life at Long Beach	5–7
The Republican Ticket	6
Street Life in Mexico	8
The Capture of Manila; by Robert Porter	9
Our Troops at the Philippines	10 11
San Mateo Horse Show	12
The Jew as a Fighter	12
London Letter	13
The Open Air Horse Show at Burlingame	14
A Debutante's Diary	15
An Aristocrat's Letters: a Review by C.	16
The World of Ideas	17
The Theatres	18
New Stories Re-Told	20

THE COMING SENATOR.

The *Examiner* declares, but it makes the statement without the slightest warrant, that if the next Legislature be Republican then the next United States Senator will be Mr. De Young. The purpose of this statement is, of course, to stampede Mr. De Young's Republican enemies to supporting the Democratic Legislative ticket The morning journal cannot really believe that Mr. De Young will be chosen Senator, if it is advised as to recent political events which should be in its possession. Without enteriug into any personal discussion of the merits or demerits of Mr. De Young or any candidate for the office in question, it is improbable—nay, more than that, impossible—that Mr. De Young could be nominated to the office.

We have again and again stated the people of the South desired a Senator in preference to a Governor. As long ago as last November public opinion in the South was crystallized upon this subject, and it has never changed. The South did not, as we have already pointed out, demaud the nomination of Mr. Gage or any other Southern man to the office of Governor. The people merely acquiesced in the proceedings at Sacramento, which gave expression to the wishes of Northern California politicians. The Republicans South will vote for Mr. Gage, as a Republican, just as they would have voted for any other creditable selection the Northern politicians might have chosen to place at the head of their ticket. At any other time, in any other year, the great body of the people of the South would have supported Mr. Gage for the nomination with enthusiasm, for they believe him to be an honest, capable and independent man; indeed, it was this knowledge of his character and reputation that led the politicians North to settle upon him as their choice. But the people South are determined upon one thing, viz., that the Gubernatorial question and the candidacy of Mr. Gage shall not alter or amend their ideas with respect to the United States Senator. For two years or more it has been accepted as part of the political policy of the party that the South should put up the man to beat Stephen M. White, and all political events, North and South, were long ago adjusted to that condition, and so remained until thirty days prior to the late convention. Recent events indicate that the Southern people are neither deceived nor disheartened, and have not abandoned their cherished hope.

The *Examiner* should take notice that it will be impossible to rob these people of their right.

The Wave several weeks ago advised the Republicans of the South that the decision of this question was very largely in their own hands, and urged them to instruct their legislative candidates to vote first, last and all of the time for a Senator from the South. We urged them to instruct for the *principle*, and so render it impossible to defeat it. This is precisely what they have done. Los Angeles County has instructed her ten legislative nominees to so vote. San Diego has likewise instructed her three candidates, Riverside County has instructed her Assemblyman, and Orange, San Bernardino, Ventura and Santa Barbara will act in perfect harmony with this movement. How, then, can Mr. De Young be elected Senator? If on joint ballot the Republicans poll sixty-seven votes at the coming session of the Legislature, they will be doing fairly well. With fourteen votes, in three counties alone, pledged outright to the principle of a Senator from the South, where can Mr. De Young's votes come from? It requires sixty-one votes to elect. Fourteen from sixty-seven leaves fifty-three, which is eight short of the required number, not to speak of the other Southern counties, and not to mention Humboldt and Mendocino counties, which have pledged their legislative nominees to Ulysses S. Grant Jr. If the political editor of the *Examiner* will study this situation with a little care he will come out of the investigation with astonishment written on his face and a firm conviction that no political power on earth can nominate Mr. De Young.

The sly politician may bide his time at Sacramento when the delegation from the South may be lured into a party caucus, the deliberations and conclusions of which will bind him to vote for someone beside a Senator from the South; but in this case the sly politician will have bargained without his host, for the legislative ticket south of Tehachapi will be too wise and too loyal to their people to enter any "blind caucus" that will overturn the express wishes of their respective county conventions. A division of sentiment in the South will be encouraged and every trick of the trade will be brought into play, but they will avail nothing. The Los Angeles *Record* (Independent) has pointed out that the large floating vote in the South having Republican tendencies would vote for Stephen M. White and the Democratic legislative ticket, if the Republican conventions in the South were half-hearted in this matter. They have not been half-hearted, but have fully endorsed the principle and pledged their legislative delegates to it, hence it may be safely asserted that the South will send to the next Legislature a solid Republican delegation, with a strong public sentiment behind them, fighting for the principle so dear to the hearts of their constituency.

A STUPID ACCUSATION.

The following extract is clipped from the *Argonaut*:

As early as last October the San Francisco Wave began a crusade against the candidacy of Henry T. Gage. It inundated the offices of interior editors with circulars against him. It solicited opinions hostile to Gage from politicians known to be against his candidacy. It printed broadsides of these hostile opinions. It denounced Gage as a traitor to his State and his party for daring to run for Governor. It denounced all who chose to support him as being also traitors to their party and their State.

Its chief fault lies in the fact that every statement in the article is untrue. The facts are these: As early as last October The Wave began to sound popular opinion in the south to ascertain whether it preferred a Senator or a Governor, and the answer came with overwhelming force in favor of a Senator. That was the popular sentiment, which it would not be wise politically to disregard. We were not making a crusade against the candidacy of Mr. Gage, but as far back as December 17th wrote him that we had proven to our satisfaction there existed in the south an overwhelming majority favoring State Senator and that we desired to publish pictures and biographical sketches of such candidates for senatorial honors as the south might have to present. We volunteered to perform this service without pay or hope of pay, and requested by return mail a photograph of himself and a brief history of his life written by his next friend. This course was pursued as to all other senatorial candidates, and as late as April 16th we were aiding and abetting Mr. Gage in his candidacy for United States Senator. The Wave did not invade the offices of the interior press with circulars against him, nor did it print broadsides of hostile opinions. It simply adhered to the principle of Senator from the south just as it had commenced and just as it will finish. It is somewhat indiscreet of the *Argonaut*, which pretends to speak for Mr. Gage, to declare that he was a candidate for the place as early as last October, a circumstance which perhaps an *Argonaut* editor is too dull to comprehend, but which Mr. Gage will no doubt hasten to deny the authenticity of. The Wave has no quarrel with Mr. Gage, nor does it expect to receive any favors from him. We believe him to be an honest man, good lawyer, but no politician.

INTERNAL ANARCHY IN CHINA.

Recent events in China have been taken as indications that the Anglo Russian agreement implied from the statements of Mr. Balfour in the House of Commons prior to the adjournment has no real existence. When Li Hung Chang's deposition followed closely upon the removal of M. Pavloff it was conceded that British influence was once more paramount, but with the sudden return of the wily Chinese statesman to power once more, under the auspices of the Dowager Empress, and the relegation of the Emperor into the background, Sir Claude MacDonald seems again to have lost his hold. Maybe things are different from what they seem at first sight and we may safely look for the unexpected to happen. The movements of the British fleet in Chinese waters are significant and are evidently prompted by the belief that things may take a serious turn at any moment at Peking. Everything points to the fact that the end of the present dynasty in China is rapidly approaching, and while the press telegrams that come to hand daily chiefly relate to the conflicting interests of European powers under existing conditions, the main point to keep in view is the internal condition of the empire. None of the powers are particularly desirous of seeing the Manchu dynasty swept away immediately, but they will of course act promptly to protect their interests when that event does happen. And that it is near at hand the increasing activity of the rebels in the south shows clearly enough. Not only to the continuance of the present dynasty is this rebellion fatal, but it also constitutes a menace to the peace of the world.

Amongst the Southern rebels there are upwards of 400 Chinese-Californian miners, mostly natives of the province of Kwang-tung, who are very active indeed. General Su, Commander-in-Chief of the Southern forces, who has been coquetting with the French at Tonquin, and Liu, the Chief of the Black Flags, are both dangerous persons and ready for any undertaking in which there is a promise of blood and treasure for reward. The main trouble will undoubtedly occur in the Yangtse Valley, which is the immediate sphere of British interests, but the disaffection exists in many other directions, and only needs a little fanning to burst into flame. Many recent events have tended that way. In Shanghai there has been considerable rioting and bloodshed, French sailors and volunteers coming into collision with the mob and killing about twenty of them. In addition to this disturbance in French-town there was a smaller emeute in Hong-Kew (the American concession). The province of Hunan is likewise in a very unsettled condition, and altogether there are numerous signs of troublous times in the immediate future.

In the meantime, the Russians are represented as being ready to support the Manchu interest by every means in their power, so long as the Dowager Empress and Li Hung Chang retain control by virtue of the *coup d'état*, while England, on the other hand, is partial to the Emperor, who for all practical purposes has been superseded. How things may eventually turn out it is not possible to foresee, but it seems most probable that the final break-up will be brought about by the growing strength of the rebel movement, which the central goverment at Peking is not capable of holding in check.

The sympathies of the public have been given in liberal measure to the men of the Seventh California Volunteers. With an ardent desire to serve their country, recruits from Southern California readily came forward on the formation of the regiment, hoping that after a short stay in this city they would be assigned for duty in the Philippines. Although the first of any outside troops to arrive here and on the ground before the First California Volunteers had mustered in camp, the latter obtained the privilege of joining the first expedition to Manilla, due, it is believed, to the failure of Colonel Berry, commanding the Seventh, to press the prior claims of his corps at the proper time. When the peace protocol was signed and active service appeared to be no longer in prospect, the patience of the men became exhausted and most of them expressed a strong desire to return to their ordinary avocations. This sentiment, however, was not pleasing to their commander and he opposed and even misrepresented their wishes. The War Department ultimately decided to commence the work of disbandment, the details of which had been almost disposed of, when another change came and it was officially notified that the regiment had been designated to be sent to Manilla as soon as returning transports were available. At the same time leave was given to any of the enlisted men desiring to be discharged to make immediate application, which five-sixths of the entire regiment lost no time in doing. Notwithstanding this evidence of their earnestness to obtain discharge Colonel Berry persists that the men wish to go to Manilla. They did, undoubtedly, but they don't now, for the simple reason that they have no confidence in Colonel Berry, whose misrepresentation, under the guise of paternal regard, has driven them to the verge of desperation and mutiny. It now remains to be seen whether the War Department will adhere to its last order or revert to the determination to disband the regiment.

The return at the beginning of the week of Mr. Irving M. Scott, vice-president and manager of the Union Iron Works, from a four months' trip to Europe, is a reminder of the importance that has accrued to San Francisco through the name obtained by his company in the shipbuilding world. The primary object of Mr. Scott's visit abroad was to offer the services of the Union Iron Works to the Russian Government in connection with their plans for naval extension. In introducing the claims of his concern he was able to point to the fact that his yards are many thousands of miles nearer to the Russian-Pacific littoral than any similar establishment, and the splendid performances of the U. S. S. *Oregon* during recent hostilities with Spain, afforded him strong ground in urging the merit of his work. According to present intentions the Russian shipbuilding programme will not be definitely announced until the beginning of the new year, and no final decision has yet been reached as to the amount of work, if any, that will be given to foreign builders. It is therefore too early to state if San Francisco will be given the opportunity of supplying any vessels for the Russian navy. In the meantime the new battle-ship *Ohio* and the three torpedo craft lately contracted for by the United States Government have to be put upon the stocks, and there will be, therefore, no interruption in the activity which has characterized this establishment in recent years.

THINGS AND PEOPLE

There is a good excuse for devoting attention to political affairs at this juncture. We are in the midst of the campaign. The results mean much for all of us. In San Francisco the struggle for municipal office is fraught with especial significance. Two years hence the administration of the city will be controlled by a new organic law which strictly regulates the granting of franchises. Consequently corporations wishing to obtain public privileges under ruling conditions must apply for them to the next Board of Supervisors, A "clean-up" is the usual consequence of such a contingency. The so-called City Fathers barter the public birthright for private gain. To avoid just this it is that so much trouble is being taken in the selection of Supervisors. In the Democracy Mayor Phelan has been given the privilege of naming the men who will govern the city with his aid. It is his purpose to find twelve men on whose integrity absolute dependence may be placed, and this dozen will have the endorsement of the Non-Partisan party. Certain of the names already suggested are satisfactory. A novelty in party politics is the nomination by the Democracy of John Lackman, a Republican, who will therefore be elected without opposition—a fine reward for honest service. Virtue, you see, is not always its own only reward. In the Board of Education a similar course is being pursued, and men of character are being sought and invited to offer themselves. The greatest care is being taken to avoid a recurrence of the scandals of the present regime. Captained by Dr. Ragan, the incumbent Board has run amuck and has shown itself without principle, virtue or public spirit. With a fair Mayor, this cannot happen under the the New Charter, and it may be avoided in the meantime by the election of good men to office.

***

At writing, the Democracy has almost finished its labors and the Republican municipal ticket awaits only its finishing touches. It has been very apparent to aspirants that the Committee of One Hundred was by no means a programmed organization. A fair field has been had by the candidates, and while some men enjoyed the favor of the leaders, that was no bar to the success of their opponents. It must also be said that in spite of Crimmins and Kelly rule, in the Republican camp we are offered some excellent candidates. Charles L. Patton ought to make a strong run even against so popular an official as Mayor Phelan. He is a successful lawyer and is a great factor in the leading fraternal organizations. Besides, he is wealthy and ambitious and will have the enthusiastic assistance of the *Call*, for John D. Spreckels believes in Mr. Patton's future. I. J. Truman has been identified with reform politics for many years. So has H. N. Clement, who was one of the charter makers and is a candidate for the Superior Bench. Asa R. Wells for Auditor is an excellent nomination and W. L. Fitzgerald for City and County Attorney is beyond criticism. John D. Siebe has served honestly and well as Assessor and Mr. Tilton has been an excellent Surveyor. As to the merits of the Superintendent of Schools, Reginald Webster, they are obvious. Police Judges Low and Joachimsen are the incumbents and have done well. That these men are at the beck and call of the Kelly-Crimmins gang is incredible. They have been selected for their own availability and I am sure cannot be controlled.

***

The Committee of One Hundred has put up a strong ticket containing several elements of strength. It is a young man's ticket and wears decidedly a Native Son aspect. Most of the nominees are Californians and no less than two of them have graduated into politics from journalism. John H. Grady, the candidate for Auditor, has been president of the Native Sons. So, too, has R. P. Doolan, who is prospectively Superintendent of Streets. Both are active and popular and should make a strong run. The former has been Tax Collector and is now in the real estate business. Mr. Doolan's father is a capitalist and his occupation is that of assistant appraiser. John A. Brown, up for County Clerk, is a buyer at J. J. O'Brien's and a man of good repute. Martin Meagher, for Recorder, is one of the older generation and a strong and influential citizen. He made a big run for State Controller some years ago and will be a hard man to beat in town. He is a capitalist and the uncle, I believe, of Peter Donahoe. Franklin K. Lane, the candidate for City and County Attorney, graduated from journalism into the law. He is a fine speaker and possesses an excellent legal mind. The prestige which resulted in his nomination was won in the deliberations of the Charter Convention, where his intelligeuce and knowledge of municipal law proved very valuable. He is young, active and popular and ought to get enough votes to win even against so experienced a campaigner as Judge Fitzgerald. Barclay Henley as District Attorney will be beyond reproach. Jack Bonnet, now License Collector, has been put forward for Sheriff. A Native Son and a champion handball player, his political career is based on journalistic experience. Mr. Bonnet was a first rate newspaper man before he became the best License Collector San Francisco ever had. His opponent will have a hard fight. James Denman is also an irreproachable candidate, and the same may be said of Dr. Dodge's aspirations to be Assessor. Altogether we have an embarrassment for once in the matter of good men, and the last year of the Consolidation Act should be a year of good government.

***

Considering the action of the conventions in nominating such good men, the endorsement of the Non-Partisan organization becomes of the greatest importance. What will its convention do? Great efforts are being put forth by the various candidates to secure votes in the body, and its members are called upon to make some fine distinctions. The presumption is that it will take the best men irrespective of party, though the effort will be to nominate an equal number from the two tickets. It has been suggested that for County Clerk the Non-Partisans might select M. C. Haley, who made a good record during his incumbency four years ago. Unfortunately this gentleman consorted with strange gods and lost the confidence of the good men in his own party. His participation in the Buckley movement was a serious blunder, from which he will find recovery difficult.

***

Rather a revelation of the ambitions of Governor Budd was his complaint in the State Central Committee that the One Hundred Committee of the Democracy had appointed a sub-committee on legislative aspirants, and that this course was unfair to candidates for the Senatorship. For some time past the Governor has made us happy by declaring himself done with politics. We believed his public career at an end. Yet, here he bobs up again a possibility to be disposed of. Imagine this intolerable Mountebank in the United States Senate! Think what pretensions such an unmerited distinction would excite in his shallow breast! With no quality of heart or mind that wins consideration among honest men, he dares aspire to the highest gift of the State. Such presumption deserves stern rebuke. The infliction of Governor Budd was the consequence of several errors and a trick. Now that the penalty prescribed by the Constitution has been exacted and deliverance is at hand, there must be no question of further punishment. We are through with Governor Budd. The fact, it may be added, is that no such sub-committee as he imagined had been suggested or selected, so his suspicions were unwarranted. However, his complaint constitutes a warning of what may be the cost of a Democratic Legislature.

***

The accompanying photograph of Aguinaldo furnishes an expressive picture of this very aggressive young man. The

face expresses something of the determination and shrewdness which have characterized his negotiations with the Americans. The features are of pronounced Malay type, though the cheekbones appear scarcely so prominent as they usually are in men of that race. The exact blood lines of this individual I do not recollect having seen stated, and possibly there may be some slight mixture of Spanish in his extraction, which would of course have toned down the Oriental characteristics. There is great similarity in the cast of features, shape of head, upstanding hair, color of the skin, comparative smallness of stature and other respects between the Malay and the Jap, and most persons unfamiliar with the former race would pronounce Aguinaldo from his likeness, to be Japanese. However, his physiognomy is merely that of an ordinary, fairly well-bred young man of Malay blood.

***

The farmers fail to agree with Congressman Maguire in his declaration that single tax cuts no figure in this campaign. I have it on excellent authority that with each day of the fight the Democratic candidate grows weaker. Had the election occurred two weeks ago, if the general expression counts for anything, he would have had an overwhelming majority, but campaigns are not made in a day, and it is evident that mature consideration reacts against his aspirations. He regrets now the single tax complexion of his State Central Committee, which is made up of men of his own stamp and faith. This committee is virtually without issue in the campaign, the only work being done for the ticket is that which Judge Lawler is accomplishing. The error of selecting untried men for positions requiring experience is not easily to be atoned for, and Mr. Maguire is discovering that a fight for Gubernatorial honors is a very different contest from that for Congress.

To conduct successfully a war requires the services of many men in divers capacities. It happens there is often as much courage and patriotism exhibited by the officer who never moves from his desk as are displayed by the man who leads a charge against flying bullets at the front. During the recent difficulty with Spain a great deal of necessary work has been performed by officers who have only the consciousness of duty performed to compensate them for their services to the Government. The chance to lead a brigade or captain a battle-ship cannot fall to every man, but the glory accorded Clark or Roosevelt should not blind us to the great energy of Captain Bradford, for instance. A case in point is afforded by Major J. L. Rathbone, a graduate of West Point, who, prior to retirement had considerable army experience. Major Rathbone, before hostilities broke out, proffered his services to General Shafter and subsequently to General Merriam. With his experience of affairs and knowledge of local business conditions he was enabled to render inestimable service to the department. For five months he devoted his entire time and energies to the Government's service, and such was the value set on his work by Major-Generals Merritt, Green and Merriam that they wrote letters to the War Department asking that arrangements be made to appoint him at least to an adjutant-generalship. Though hundreds of politicians who really did nothing for the Government were loaded with honors, Major Rathbone, who had everything to recommend him and possessed the training and experience essential for the work, was passed over. However, he has the consolation of having done his duty and of having amply repaid his obligation to West Point.

***

We could ill spare the Hotel Vendome. It did as much for San Jose as the Hotel Portland has accomplished for the Oregon metropolis. The serious fire which came so near destroying this beautiful edifice is to be regretted, but could not, like so many other casualties, be helped. It remains only for the owners to restore the hotel to its previous condition with all the speed they may.

***

The steamer *Bertha* arrived from St. Michael in the middle of the week with a considerable number of passengers, and, it is said, about half a million in gold dust from the Yukon. Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr., of the Alaska Commercial Company has also returned from Dawson, having been in the Northwest all summer. He reports that the Yukon river was running dry when he left, and by this time will be closed to navigation. Nothing of importance in the way of new strikes has recently been heard, and it looks very much as if a good deal of fresh prospecting work will have to be done to provide employment for the present population of Dawson. There has been a great deal of sickness during the summer, chiefly typhoid fever caused by impure water and the want of drainage, and a large number of deaths have occurred, sometimes as many as ten in one day. Though according to general report the population has lately been stated at 30,000, Mr. Sloss states that a census taken last month showed the total to be 17,000 only. There was no fear of any shortage of supplies for the winter, and returning miners say that a considerable fall in prices was being looked for when they left at the beginning of this month.

***

Between Catalina Island and the main shore there is a cross current which provokes a most uncanny twist in the waters of the strait. Caught in the grasp of this current the ferry steamer which conveys passengers to and from the island takes on a double motion, something between a bob and a jerk, which is warranted to disturb the equanimity of an Italian fisherman. You can imagine the effect on the average traveler. This explanation is essential if you would realize the sufferings which Hon. John T. Gaffey underwent crossing recently under severe conditions. A leading Los Angelan, and much given to yachting in the smoother waters of Santa Monica, Gaffey has his own yacht and has supposed himself far beyond the perils of *mal de mer*. Yet he suffered its worst pangs, and in language improper to suggest here called down imprecations on the strait, the current and the Pacific. As he lay sick and sorry in his chair upon the deck, the captain of the steamer proffered sympathy and suggested, "Next time you'd better make the crossing in your yacht, Mr. Gaffey." "My yacht—yacht, did you say?" the sufferer almost shouted. "That yacht, sir, is for sale—for barter, for hire. I'd trade it against a rattlesnake, and I want you to know if the deal is ever made, sir, I'll burn the snake."

BOSWELL, JR.

The Republican gathering to-night at Metropolitan Hall is one of the most important of the campaign and an opportunity to hear some vigorous oratory will be given. A big gathering is inevitable.

MOUNTED BAND, FOURTH U. S. CAVALRY

Princess Kaiaulani

DINNER GIVEN BY PRINCESS KAIAULANI IN HONOR OF THE ANNEXATION COMMISSIONERS

Photo by Davey

Governor Dole and General Otis in the Palace Grounds

Lined Up in the Palace Grounds

At Luncheon

Battalion Drill of the First New Yorks

SNAPSHOTS IN HONOLULU

By Oscar F. Campbell, Hospital Corps, United States Army

INCOMPETENT SHAFTER

Richard Harding Davis' Appalling Indictment of the American General.

The first clear statement of the American operations before Santiago is that of Richard Harding Davis in the October *Scribner's*. Commencing with the disembarkation at Baiquiri, he describes Shafter's campaign with special reference to the charge at San Juan. Throughout the country there is an impression that this movement was mismanaged. Before Santiago had fallen criticism began to be heard. Since then murmur after murmur has arisen, though no one, thus far, has specifically set forth the errors or ascribed a cause. It has remained for Mr. Davis to tear off the mask of professional secrecy and to disclose to the county what army men could not reveal as to the incredible incompetency of General Shafter. From the beginning the affair was misconducted. The casualties that shocked the nation were the consequence of a disregard of military precautions and an appaling ignorance of all the principles and practices of warfare. The story, as told by Mr. Davis, constitutes a terrible, indeed a blood-curdling, indictment of the system under which such a man as Shafter was appointed to command and sustained in power, and I predict that this publication will cause a sensation of the first order.

The landing of the troops at Baiquiri and Siboney forms the basis of the first criticism—the object of the Santiago campaign being to aid the operations of the fleet. Clearly the forts should have beeu the point of attack. Had the army landed at Aguadores, or, had it marched from Siboney to the mouth of the harbor, its object would have been accomplished, and with but slight loss of life. Instead, the city was attacked—for reasons doubtless explicable to Secretary Alger and General Corbin. The manner of disembarkation at the crazy wharf at Baiquiri is then described. As a preface to this the engineering corps should have been detailed to repair this pier, but Shafter had the *Alamo*, on which the engineers were, off at Aceraderos building pontoon bridges for the Cubans. At Siboney there was no pier at all. To add to the confusion, the transport captains acted with a disregard of their duty, which should have led to their prompt suppressiou. To their misconduct and the absence of direction Mr. Davis attributes the failure to land supplies. Instead of keeping at anchor close in shore, these men rode out at sea miles off, lest their precious vessels should sustain an injury. Of course, a real General would have put an end to such disobedience, as General Miles did at Ponce when the stevedores mutinied. Three minutes were given them to return to work or be ironed. They surrendered. "I was on six of these transports," says the correspondent, "and on not one of them did I find a captain who was in his attitude towards the Government anything but insolent, un-American and mutinous. When there was firing of any sort on shore they showed themselves to be the most abject cowards, and put to the open sea, carrying the much-needed supplies with them."

To continue with the campaign: After the fight at Quasimas the army was advanced along the single trail which leads from Siboney on the coast to Santiago. Here it was encamped for six days, and the rest was appreciated, save that there was no tobacco, none having been landed from the transports. Even an amateur General would have set about reconnoitring the country through which the advance was to be made, but nothing in this direction was done save by General Chaffee, who himself explored the country round San Juan. Mr. Davis says there were scores of young officers ready to make surveys of the trails and the fords, and hundreds of Rough Riders who were professioual scouts and trailers, but no such service was required of them. Whoever cared to might walk out a mile and a half beyond the outposts and look over the basin that lay in the great valley which leads to Santiago, but that was all. The consequence was that no map of the country was made and all the Generals had to go upon was a rough schoolboy draft marking the trails, from which each made a copy. To commence with, then, there was uo plan of campaign whatever, and no attempt at creating one. The next bad error was committed in permitting the Spaniards to entrench themselves on the hillside of San Juan. In full view and within gunshot of the Americans the enemy dug his rifle pits, and not an effort to embarrass him was put forth. The situation and its possibilities were fully realized by the regular army officers:

Five days before the battle of Sau Juan General Chaffee, in my hearing, explained the whole situation and told what should be done and foretold what eventually happened if certain things were left undone. It was impossible, he said, for the army, without great loss, to debouch from the two trails which left the woods and opened on the country before the San Juan hills. He suggested that it would be well to cut trails parallel with the entire front of the wood aud hidden by it, and with innumerable little trails leadiug into the open, so that the whole army could be marched out upon the hills at the same moment.

"Of course, the enemy knows where those trails leave the wood," he said; "they have their guns trained on the openings. If our men leave the cover and reach the plain from those trails alone they will be piled up so high that they will block the road." This is exactly what happened, except that instead of being led to the sacrifice through both trails the men were sent down only by one of them, and the loss was even greater in consequence. This is recorded here because even if the general in command did not know what to do, it is satisfactory to remember that we had other commanders there who did, with less political influence, but with greater military intelligence. It is quite safe to say that there is not the least doubt in the minds of any of the officers of the Fifth Army Corps, that had the attack on Santiago been planned by Generals Chaffee, Kent or Lawton, it would have been conducted as admirably as was the Porto Rican campaign, under Generals Miles, Schwan, Henry and Wilson, and with the loss of one-fourth the number of men who were sacrificed under the command of Shafter.

"It was not on account of Shafter, but in spite of him, that the hills were taken," continues Mr. Davis. He proceeds then to explain what the comuanding General ordered and the irretrievable disorder and destruction that followed his plan of campaign. The signal to advance seems to have been given the entire army at one time, and dire confusion resulted. The men were then encamped within five hundred yards of the Spanish rifle pits in the San Juan basin. Next day it was discovered that their position was absolutely covered by the enemy's guns. The programme was to attack El Caney and then press forward to San Juan, and in pursuance thereof Capron's and Grimes' batteries set about firing early in the morning. The futility of this artillery attack is explained by Mr. Davis, who says that instead of the sixteen 3-inch guns, which constitnted the equipment of the expedition, the sixty guns left behind at Tampa would have been few enough for the work. The attack resembled the act of going to a fire with a hook-and-ladder company, leaving the steam engine and hose in the engine house. Early in the morning General Sumner got orders from Shafter to advance with his division down the Santiago trail and halt at the edge of the wood. There he was told to await orders. He did not receive any further orders until the troops of his division had taken the San Juan hill. Imagine the regiments advancing along in a narrow trail and deploying through brush, right under the enemy's guns! Into the jammed and crowded trail they fired. There was not a single yard of ground for a mile to the rear that was not inside the zone of fire. Yet our men were not allowed to attack. Orders had not been given. They could not retreat because the trail was blocked. A terrible picture of this awful stop is given. The courage and placidity of the men under this pitiless ordeal is declared to have been extraordinary. The losses were terrible—and unnecessary. The end came when the balloon went up and concentrated the fire of the enemy, which the men of the First and Tenth Infantry, packed together beneath it, received. The situation was desperate. There was but one thing to do: go forward and take the San Juan hills by assault, and that is what they did. Says the writer:

To charge earthworks held by men with modern rifles, and using modern artillery, until after the earthworks have been shaken by artillery, and to attack them in advance and not in the flanks, are both impossible military propositions. But this campaign had not been conducted according to military rules, and a series of blunders emanating from one source had brought seven thousand American soldiers into a chute of death, from which there was no escape except by taking the enemy who held it, by the throat, and driving him ont, and beating him down. So the generals of divisions and brigades stepped back and relinquished their command to the regimental officers and enlisted men.

"We can do nothing more," they virtually said. "There is the enemy."

Roosevelt, Davis says, was without doubt the most conspicuous figure in the charge. "General Hawkins, with hair as white as snow, and as yet far in advance of men thirty years his junior, was so noble a sight that you felt inclined to pray for his safety; on the other haud, Roosevelt, mounted high or horseback aud charging the rifle-pits at a gallop and quite alone, made you feel that you would like to cheer." The charge up the hill, as it appeared to Davis, differed from all the pictures the papers have given. Here is his account:

They had no glittering bayonets, they were not massed in regular array. There were a few men in advance, bunched together, and creeping up a steep, sunny hill, the tops of which roared and flashed with flame. The men held their guns pressed across their breasts and stepped heavily as they climbed. Behind these first few, spreading out like a fan, were single lines of men, slipping and scrambling in the smooth grass, moving forward with difficulty, as though they were wading waist high through water, moving slowly, carefully, with strenuous effort. It was much more wonderful than any swinging charge would have been. They walked to greet death at every step, many of them, as they advanced, sinking suddenly, or pitching forward and disappearing in the high grass, but the others waded on, stubbornly, forming a thin blue line that kept creeping higher and higher up the hill. It was as inevitable as the rising tide. When it had reached the half-way point, and we saw that they would succeed, the sight gave us such a thrill as can never stir us again. It was a miracle of self-sacrifice, a triumph of bull-dog courage, which one watched breathless with wonder. The fire of the Spanish riflemen, who still stuck bravely to their posts, doubled and trebled in fierceness, the crests of the hills crackled and burst in amazed roars, and rippled with waves of tiny flame. But the blue line crept steadily up and on, and then, near the top, the broken fragments gathered together in a sudden burst of speed, the Spaniards appeared for a moment outlined against the sky and posed for instant flight, fired a last volley and fled before the swift-moving wave that leaped and sprang up after them.

And now as to General Shafter. In dealing with hiut Mr. Davis does not equivocate, but states with ruthless impartiality the characteristics of his conduct:

General Shafter saw the field of battle only once before the fight took place. That was on June 29th, when he rode out to El Poso Hill and surveyed the plain below. He was about the last officer in his army corps to climb that hill and make this survey, and he did not again go even that far to the front until the night after the battle, and he did not see the trenches for days after the battle had taken place. His trip to El Poso, which was three miles distant from his headquarters, was apparently too much for his strength, and the heat during the ride prostrated him so greatly that he was forced to take to his cot, where he spent the greater part of his stay in Cuba before the surrender. On the day after the battle of San Juan, he said, hopelessly, to a foreign attache: "I am prostrate in body and mind." He could confess this to a stranger, and yet, so great was the obstinacy, so great the vanity and self-confidence of the man, that, although he held the lives ahd health of 13,000 soldiers in his care, he did not ask to be relieved of his command. Instead, he relieved General Wheeler of his command, and while General Wheeler was living in the captured trenches under a constant fire, Shafter himself remained three miles in the rear. I do not not think his not coming to the front was due to personal timidity, although in their anger and exasperation at his absence his officers freely accused him of allowing his personal safety to stand in the way of his duty; in other words, they called him a coward, and so little regard had they for him that I have heard a colonel countermand his orders in the presence of other generals. His remaining in the rear was undoubtedly due to physical disability, and to the fact that he was ill and in pain.

There are some people who claim that the very fact of Shafter retaining command when he was suffering showed his bull-dog pluck and courage, but I cannot accept that point of view. A man who could not survive a ride of three miles on horseback, when his men were tramping many miles on foot with packs and arms, and under a tropical sun; who was so occupied and concerned with a gouty foot that he could not consider a plan of battle, and who sent 7,000 men down a trail he had never seen, should resist the temptation to accept responsibilities his political friends thrust upon him, responsibilities he knows he cannot bear. This is the offence I impute to Shafter, that while he was not even able to rise and look at the city he had been sent to capture, he still clung to his authority. His self-confidence was untonched. His self-complacency was so great that in spite of blunder after blunder, folly after folly, and mistake upon mistake, he still believed himself infallible, still bullied his inferior officers, and still cursed from his cot. He quarreled with Admiral Sampson; he quarreled with General Garcia; he refused to allow Colonel Greenleaf, Surgeon-in-Chief of the army, to destroy the pest houses in Siboney; he disobeyed the two orders sent him by General Miles from Tampa and again from Washington and directing him not to allow our soldiers to occupy Cuban houses, he insulted all of the foreign attaches collectively, and some of them individually, and he related stories in the presence of boy officers which would have been found offensive in the smoking-room of an ocean steamer.

A statement such as this will inevitably provoke controversy. Yet the writer is very sure of his facts, is one of the cleverest observers in the world, and was right in the midst of battle. He accompanied Shafter on the *Seguranca*, and had innumerable opportunities of seeing the man. His companion throughout the campaign was Captain Arthur H. Lee, the British military attaché, who would supplement the writer's intelligence by his own accurate knowledge. Much of what is here supplements the criticism of General Miles. It is claimed that Harding Davis is animated by a personal resentment against General Shafter. To judge from his early expressions he commenced with feelings of extreme friendship for the commander. Yet, in view of such incompetence and the horrible slaughter the obstinacy and incapacity of the man engendered, Mr. Davis' expressions are mild. A terrible heritage of shame is the fate of the men responsible for the blunders and disasters of that awful campaign, and we may be sure it eventually will be exacted.

LONG BEACH

Where Oregonians Go for Sea Bathing and Salt Breezes.

Portland people have a beach of thirty miles in beautiful, uninterrupted length to be fashionable on in midsummer. They are not only fashionable, but withal so comfortable and happy that one is not surprised to find all kinds of seaside cottages here—except vacant ones.

Long years of wind and sand have formed a ridge running the entire length of the beach. On this ridge twenty-five feet high, now well sodded with green grass, with pine trees for a background, are situated the cottages and the commodious hotels overlooking the breakers. The slope of this remarkable beach, but thirty gradual feet to the mile, makes it one of the finest extant for bathing. Fifty miles off shore, flowing from north to south, is the Japan current. At this point it is a current of cold water. One can easily mark its presence by the strip of fog suspended above it, into which the sun drops nightly as into a bed of red and yellow haze. There is also a counter current flowing north along the shore from the Columbia river, casting up in its flotsam and jetsam of sea life, or rather sea death, great trees of driftwood, monster whales, fish-nets, and often the poor fisherman himself on his last voyage. The yearly driftwood furnishes fuel in abundance for the kitchen stoves and fireplaces of the cottages and for the great Saturday night bonfires. When the season is at its height it is a never-to-be-forgotten spectacle to see the mile upon mile of huge bonfires reddening the sky the entire length of the beach, until one might well imagine the gods had gone to war again. It equals a gorgeous electrical display.

Long Beach is a peninsula two or three miles wide, lying to the north of the Columbia river on the Washington side, and stretching between the ocean and Shoalwater bay. Upon the near-by promontory stands Fort Canby and the lighthouse.

Long Beach is indeed the place where river and ocean meet. There farmer and seafaring man grasp friendly hands. It is the trysting place of mountain zephyr and savory sea breeze. The place of green lawns and yellow sands; of home-like cottages and wide hammocks strung over verandahs; of rosy-cheeked, wholesome Portland girls, lithe of limb and large of waist; of sturdy, tanned children. It is the place where the dinner table groaneth continually with good thiugs, as it were, a perpetual thanksgiving and Christmas feast, so abundant are the fruits and vegetables, the crabs and oysters and clams. It is the place of ducks from Shoalwater bay and of cranberries from its marshes.

The cottages are crowded thickly on the ridge, for the first five miles of the beach, and some novel and beautiful ones are to be seen. One that is particularly atrractive is built entirely of driftwood, artistically bleached, as it came from the ocean. Fish-nets are draped at the windows, and every article of furniture bears out the harmonious design. Further down the beach is a quaint, out-of-the-ordinary house, shaped like a Greek cross. It was built by two Swedes, and is an exact reproduction of the Swedish house of fifty years ago.

The gradual sweep of Long Beach making it so perfectly safe for bathing, renders it perilous for mariners There is an old tradition, handed down from Indian to Indian, that the ship once touching Long Beach touches it forever. Unwary, indeed, is the captain who, sailing near these shores, does not order frequent soundings to be made. While the breakers seem yet afar, his ship may be in shallow seas, and so quietly does it sweep upon the beach as to be utterly stranded without creating any commotion, scarcely interrupting the game of dominoes being played on deck.

At the southern end of Long Beach are the famous fishing rocks, where sea bass, rock cod, tom cod, flounders and pogies are drawn out with such rapidity as to make the place a veritable paradise for male anglers, and the reverse for women. The tide has a bad habit of cutting the rocks off from the main land. When the waves come rolling in at twilight anxious maidens and matrons may be seen gazing at the spray-dashed rocks, like so many deserted Marianas in their moated grange, for the individual who outstays the alloted time. He must cling as for life to the sea-washed rocks until morning breaks.

One reaches Long Beach from Portland on one of the many elegant steamboats which land at Ilwaco, the fishing and canning village at the southern end; or the train takes one very quickly to Astoria, meeting there a tug which crosses the sometimes choppy Columbia.

The fact has already been stated, with the principal reasons, that the activity in the Klondike regions is rapidly diminishing. On the American side of the boundary line prospectors have already begun to change their search from gold to coal. Alaska abounds in an excellent quality of lignite, readily accessible and easily worked in comparison with gold. It is only about two years that the territory has been considered a commercial coal producer.

THE REPUBLICAN TICKET

Brief Sketches of the Characters and Careers of the Members of the State Ticket.

That our readers may learn something of the characters and careers of the men who have been selected by the Republican party to govern California during the next four years, The Wave devotes considerable space to the State Ticket. For the most part, the candidates have all served the public before and are men of proven capacity and fitness. There is no lack of brains or of intelligence and it is certain that, if elected, they will justify the confidence reposed in them.

Henry T. Gage, the Republican nominee for Governor, has long figured as one of the leading lawyers of Southern California. He has been prominent politically by reason of his individuality and professional repute, but has given little of his time to political matters. Born in New York forty-four years ago of Irish and American stock, Mr. Gage has been in California since 1877. He has participated in most of the important litigation fought in the Southern courts, and is one of the men whose force and influence must be counted upon in all big lawsuits. Outside his profession he is largely interested in agriculture and mining, and the impression of his individuality current among his own people is that of a vigorous, resourceful, honest man, who certainly possesses the character and capacity to rule the State without the assistance of manipulating advisers.

It may be said that Jacob H. Neff is the most popular man in California. Long identified with mines and mining, his reputation for honest and square dealing has become almost proverbial. This regard and respect have been exhibited in many ways. Mr. Neff has been State Senator, Sheriff and Prison Director, and, perhaps, has done more to secure the passage of the laws allowing the resumption of hydraulic mining than any one else. A Pennsylvanian by birth, Mr. Neff is a fine, whole-souled, capable old gentleman, and when called upon to preside over the Senate in his capacity as Lieutenant Governor, will do so with tact, intelligence and good sense.

STATE JUDICIARY.

The Judicial portion of the Republican State ticket is particularly strong. Both candidates are able, upright men, of fine ability, and years of judicial life have brought them both that ripe experience so necessary upon the bench. That they are formidable antagonists is evidenced by the despicable character of the attacks made upon them. Hon. T. B. McFarland, the senior candidate, is known among laymen the length and breadth of the State as an honest, rugged, whole-souled, kindly-natured gentlemau of the old school; among lawyers his decisions are regarded with infinite respect and his decisions are never questioned. Thongh age rests upon his shoulders he preserves all the virility of youth, and his written opinions are couched in vigorous Anglo-Saxon that breathes a force and manliness of character seldom found, even with younger men. Years of faithful and untiring service entitle the public servant to respectful consideration even at the hands of one's political opponents. He should be exempt from false and infamous tales which may with the credulous obliterate a lifetime's labor. To dignify such tales with denials would be to confer distinction on slander. Judge McFarland will receive his full party vote and that of every Democrat who has knowledge of his high character and rare attainments.

Judge W. C. Van Fleet, the other Repnblican candidate for the Supreme Bench, has been subject to attacks equally villainous. An opinion written by him and concurred in by his associates has by yellow journalism been distorted into an unrecognizable shape, and intelligent voters have been given to understand that Justice Van Fleet has decided that "the life of a poor man's son is not as valuable as the life of a rich man's child." This appeal to ignorance and passion does not have the sanction of any lawyer fit to practice; this construction of Judge Van Fleet's opinion is not sustained by a single reputable man versed in the law. It is the wild, mendacious assertion of individuals not only ignorant of the statutes but equally indifferent to the truth.

The decision was founded on the law of damages as it has been expounded since the law itself was born. The law says that damages for the death of a child may be recovered on the suit of the parent to the extent of the value of the services of the child. This is cold and uncomforting, but it is the law. The parent can recover the probable amouut that such child would earn during its minority and no more. Judge Van Fleet did not create the law—he merely applied it. A jury had awarded six thousand dollars damages. An appeal was had, wherein appellant urged that the judgment was excessive. The first question for the court to decide was—is the defendant responsible? It answered in the affirmative. The next question was—Are the damages excessive? The court held that it was not reasonable to suppose that a child situated as was that of plaintiff could, before reaching his majority, have earned the sum of six thousand dollars, hence the award of the jury was excessive. Had the parent of the child been rich instead of poor the opinion must have been the same. Indeed, under the conclusions the poor man could probably recover larger damages than his wealthier neighbor, inasmuch as in all likelihood the son of the rich man would probably not earn a dollar during his minority, and therefore no damages would be recoverable.

Judge Van Fleet is a conscientious, intelligent jurist; his opinions show careful thought and painstaking work, and among lawyers of every shade of politics it is deeply regretted that such tactics are considered necessary to secure the defeat of a public servant who has so long proved faithful to high trusts reposed in him.

STATE OFFICERS.

Conditions of space compel us to deal briefly with the other members of the State ticket. However, what the voters wish to know is the condition in life and experience of the candidates, and these facts are all here set forth. The nominee for Secretary of State, Charles F. Curry, was born in Illinois, but has passed most of his life in San Francisco. He was Assemblyman for the Twenty-sixth District in 1887, and subsequently was appointed superintendent of one of the postoffice sub-stations. He was elected County Clerk by a large majority some four years ago. Mr. Curry has always been a loyal party man and possesses distinct executive ability.

Truman Reeves, candidate for State Treasurer, is an old Grand Army man, fought in twenty-two engagements during the Civil War, and lost his arm in the bloody battle of Cold Harbor in 1864. He was elected to the State Legislature in 1882 and 1884 from San Bernardino and has three times been Treasurer of that county. He is an ideal man man for the office and will undoubtedly get the solid vote of his party, together with several thousand Democratic votes throughout the southern country.

Tirey L. Ford, who has been nominated for Attorney-General, made a fine record as State Senator and had an opportunity to gather a valuable acquaintance, while at Sacramento, with the business affairs of California. He is unusually well posted on mining law, having made a specialty of questions relating to hydraulic and mineral mining, and is very capable of handling intricate legal questions. He is decidedly an orator, has been attorney for the Harbor Commission, and unquestionably is one of the strongest nominees on the ticket.

The candidate for Clerk of the Supreme Court, George W. Root, is a very capable man and has had considerable experience in engineering, farming and surveying. He has also been connected with the Internal Revenue service, and latterly has occupied the place of Chief Wharfinger of San Francisco. In executing the various duties assigned to him during his career he has always displayed honesty and capacity and has made many friends. He is a Native Son, and in that order has a large and enthusiastic following.

E. P. Colgan, nominee for State Controller, is a Santa Rosa man and son of pioneer parents. He has twice been Sheriff of Sonoma County and in 1790 defeated John P. Dunn for State Controller, repeating the victory four years later with thirty thousand votes to show. He has proved himself capable and energetic, and in the execution of the duties of his office has shown singular impartiality.

Another competent official is M. J. Wright, who has been renominated Surveyor-General. He is a Connecticut man, sixty-five years of age, and his first appearance in politics was as Postmaster at Vallejo during the eight years' administration of President Grant. Two years later his county sent him to the State Senate. His incumbency of the surveyorship has indeed been wise and intelligent, and he seems to be one of the men who is almost certain of re-election.

Fresh in the minds of the community is the foolishness which resulted in vetoing the appropriation for the State Printing department two years ago, in the face of the protests of intelligent men belonging to both parties. The Superintendent of the State Printing Office has, during the years of his incumbency, proved himself a fine executive. No one so thoroughly understands the duties of the position. He was given charge of the office by Governor Markham in 1891 and was elected to succeed himself in 1894. A practical printer, the records of the department show that during his administration the volume of work has increased, while the expenditures have been kept down.

The nominee for Superintendent of Public Instruction, Thomas B. Kirk, is a thoroughly trained teacher and a graduate both of Kirksville Normal School in Missouri and of the State Normal School of San Jose. His first post in California was in Colusa County in 1873. Subsequently he went to Fresno and at once took a prominent position among the educators of the San Joaquin Valley. He was elected Principal of the schools of Fresno and some years later was made County Superintendent. In 1893 he was president of the State Teachers' Association. His handling of the educational institutions of Fresno has been noticeably able, and it is because of the reputation he won there that he has been asked to extend the field of his usefulness to the schools of the State.

THE CONGRESSIONAL TICKET.

Congressman Barham, who was selected in the First District, is almost certain of re-election. This is his third nomination, and the opposition against him can hardly be said to be formidable. The estimation of the district is freely accorded Congressman Barham, who has proved a valuable man in Washington. Born in 1844, in Mississippi, he was brought to California by his parents in 1849. He was educated at Woodland and taught school there for three years. In 1868 he was admitted to practice. Settling in Santa Rosa he climbed steadily to the top in his profession, and was regarded as the leader of the bar of Sonoma county. His election to Congress was a very proper recognition of his character and ability.

Never has it been so necessary to elect good men to Congress as in the present crisis. If California is to realize her future, it is essential that Republican Congressmen be sent to Washington, because in the success of that party the interests of the State are bound up. On the Administration side some excellent men have presented themselves for the suffrage. In the Second District Frank D. Ryan, one of the best known young men in the State, is the candidate. He is a prominent Native Son and has held the highest offices in that order. He has been District Attorney of Sacramento County, Chief Clerk of the Assembly and Secretary of this Senate in the Legislature. His reputation has always been that of a fine lawyer, and in his official career he has been especially successful. He would prove a valuable representative.

In the Third District Victor Metcalf is certain of election. He is a type of man who will do well at Washington, being possessed of talent, capacity and force. A lawyer by profession, Mr. Metcalf gives up a successful practice to enter National politics, but he is sure to be a success, and his representation will prove of importance to the State.

Another good nomination is that of Julius Kahn in the Fourth District. A man of fine presence, a capable lawyer and an eloquent speaker, his experience in the Legislature at Sacramento showed him possessed of talents which win recognition in large assemblages. He is brave, honest, an enthusiast in political affairs and sure to win influence in the House where Maguire so signally failed. Mr. Kahn in his early days was an actor and supported Booth, Salvini, Joe Jefferson and other lights of the stage. Personally, he is an agreeable and honest gentleman, who has scores of friends and well-wishers.

The reasons why Californians obtain so little at the hands of Congress is undoubtedly due to the State's bad habit of changing Representatives. Only the very exceptional man can do much at Washington in his first term. He gains experience and an insight into the etiquette of the House, without which it is almost impossible to secure even a hearing. It was entirely proper that Congressman Loud should be renominated, for he has done good work at Washington and has risen to some rank in the House. The friendship and notice of Speaker Reed have been accorded him, and he is on the way to higher honors. Having become a prominent figure in Washington, his usefulness will become the more apparent as time goes on.

The candidate from the Sixth District, R. J. Waters, is one of the most prominent Republicans in Southern California. He is connected with a number of financial and commercial institutions in the Southern metropolis, and is prominently identified with the evolution of Redlands. Mr. Waters commenced life as a professor in Latin and mathematics at Franklin Institute, Shelburne Falls, Mass., then he studied law and practiced many years in Chicago. He has lived in the South some twelve years, has always been an ardent Republican and has hosts of friends in both parties who will help to send him to Washington.

The candidate in the Seventh District, Hon. J. C. Needham, enjoys the friendship of all parties in the environment in which he lives. He is comparatively a young man, was born of pioneer parents, spent his early days upon a farm, graduated from the law school of Ann Arbor, Michigan, and has practiced law for many years in Modesto. The law firm in which he is a senior partner is one of the foremost in the San Joaquin Valley, and has an enviable reputation for integrity and ability. Mr. Needham has been chairman of the Republican central committee, and is a well-known figure at the State conventions of the party.

BOARD OF RAILWAY COMMISSIONERS.

In its selection of Railroad Commissioners the Republican party has shown great discretion. Some excellent men have entered the lists, and it is pretty certain a majority of the board will be of that party. R. B. Edson, the candidate in the First District, is an Illinois man and a schoolfellow of Shelby, Cullom and Hitt, so well known in national politics. He has had lots of business experience and is a firstrate party man, having voted for every Republican candidate for President from Lincoln to McKinley. The home of the Edsons is at Gazelle, Shasta Valley, Siskiyou County, where the family settled in 1863. There they built up a large business, and to-day their firm of Edson Bros. is one of the strongest and most highly esteemed in Northern California. They are extensive farmers and are notably good to all their people. Indeed, their service is sought after by all energetic workmen in that section. Mr. Edson has had the general management of the firm's interests and he has the knowledge, fidelity and grasp essential for the office.

C. S. Laumeister, who has long been regarded as one of the most popular men in San Francisco, is of German parentage, but has been in California since 1858. A miller by trade, he has been successful by honest industry and has become prominent politically because of his loyal services and his intelligent and equable administration of the offices intrusted to him. For two terms he was Sheriff of San Francisco and made a fine showing in the fight for Mayor two years ago. He is a first-class business man and will make a good Commissioner.

In the Third District the candidate is Nehemiah Blackstock of Ventura. He came to California in the early seventies and began the practice of his profession in the beautiful town of Ventura. Capacity soon won him clients and subsequently he succeeded to the large practice of the late Judge Hines. Until 1884 he was independent in politics, but through his admiration for James G. Blaine and the protective tenets he represented he became a Republican. In his candidacy for Railroad Commissioner Judge Blackstock considers himself unpledged to any party, regarding the office as in no sense a political one.

BOARD OF EQUALIZATION.

The importance of electing able men for the Board of Equalization is well understood nowadays throughout California. In the Third District the Republicans have put forward Henry Osgood Purinton. He was born in Maine in 1837, and came to California in 1856 and has passed his life in farming and mining. He was clerk of the U. S. Land Office at Sacramento, and in these several lines has acquired the information and knowledge essential to the role he aspires to fill.

A prominent member of the mining community of Calaveras county is Alexander Brown, candidate for the State Board of Equalization in the Second District. A man of sturdy character, he wields great influence in his district, and is certain to roll up a large vote. He will bring to the execution of his duties a knowledge of the equities of mining, and a valuable appreciation of values throughout the foothill counties.

In the First District J. G. Edwards has been nominated. Mr. Edwards is a Grand Army man, who has lived in San Francisco since 1871. He is prominently identified with the insurance business and is editor of the *Coast Review*, this journal is one of the cleverest and best of its kind in the country. The same capacity and steadiness which Mr. Edwards has evinced in directing it will be utilized to the best advantage of the State in connection with the Board of Equalization.

In selecting a candidate from the Fourth District the convention could not have done better than in re-nominating the incumbent, Mr. George L. Arnold represents a large and wealthy part of the State, and has shown himself one of the fairest and most impartial members of the Board. He has invariably discharged his duties with intelligence and discrimination, and certainly possesses the good will of his constituents.

The excellent pictures of the members of the Republican State Ticket have been obtained from various photographers to whom credit is hereby given. For the portraits of G. L. Arnold, Tirey L. Ford, T. B. McFarland, C. S. Laumeister we are indebted to *Taber*. The portraits of Frank D. Ryan, R. J. Waters, Truman Reeves, Jacob Neff and George W. Root were made by *Bushnell*. The fine picture of A. J. Johnson came from *The Elite*, and that of E. B. Edson from the *Dorée* gallery.

Beach Scenes

Preparation for the Bath

A Piece of Driftwood

A Pleasant Retreat

The Fishing Rocks

Fort Canby Lighthouse, where Long Beach Begins

A Venture on the Life-Line

LIFE AT LONG BEACH, WHERE OREGONIANS GET THE SEA BREEZES

STREET LIFE IN MEXICO

From Photos by W. J. Belcher

CAPTURE OF MANILA

An Interesting Description of the American Attack and the Bombardment.

On the seventh of August we were saying, "This may be war, but it certainly is not magnificent. On the contrary, it is extremely irritating." There was a rumor abroad that General Merritt brought with him some well-meaning Old Lady to manage the campaign, and the way things are being done bears out the rumor. The flurry and hustle and rush, the ordering and countermanding, leaves matters at night as they were in the morning, but during the day preparations to obey one order are hardly under way before bewildered-looking brass-buttoned gentlemen come on board with contrary directions. Faithfully the men fall to to obey their new instructions, and they are lucky to be allowed six hours continuity before a countermand arrives.

This whole Philippine invasion would seem farcical, a blot on the arms of the United States, a miserable sequel to a glorious victory, had we not known that American beginnings always seemed unpromising, but always proved efficient. One Sunday morning, three months gone, Dewey destroyed the Spanish fleet and captured Cavite. What the Admiral accomplished on that Sunday morning so far is our sole achievement here. Our seeming inadequacy was so apparent to Aguinaldo, self-elected President of the Philippines, that he ordered us to land no more troops. To be sure, that was before the Old Lady at headquarters took charge and we had a man at the helm. Dewey's answer was the landing of what troops of the Second Expedition were still on board and a demand that the Rebels move over in their trenches, which they did. So the men of the first two expeditions found trenches ready-made, which in war is somewhat of a convenience. It was from these trenches that the Pennsylvanians fought one night after a Fool had disjointed the plans of the Head of Things, and brought battle where there should have been none. It is a good story, and the story of a fight, so worth the telling.

When the Americans took the Insurgent trenches, the Filipinos moved to the right, so our soldiers found themselves on the left of a body of men surrounding Manila—that is, the rebel lines are to the west and north of the town, and ours to the south. Still to the left of the Americans, between the troops and the bay shore, is a swamp that had been a paddy field. This swamp and The Fool had brought the boys in blue some trouble when Utah came to their aid. It seems Dewey promised the Spaniards that so long as they did not begin hostilities, he would not attack without a warning. But just here the Brilliancy of the Fool flared. He was on outpost duty. An old convent stands half a mile from the American trenches, and he was ordered forward as one of a guard to protect some workmen altering the building. Mr. Fool connected with some native brandy (12½ cents a quart), and arrived at a stage of brilliancy that recalled him to himself as a crack shot; so he crawled upon the roof (roofs here are broad, and anything but steep), and began to pot Spanish sentinels walking Spanish outposts five hundred yards away. Half a dozen shots and The Fool's bullet reached his man—the Spaniard dropped. For a few minutes the two outpost lines, each thinking itself attacked, blazed away at the other. The two reserves came up, and for a few minutes a general engagement seemed inevitable, but the Spanish withdrew.

The Fool was marched off under arrest, and our boys breathed more freely, for the danger was past. But they did not know. Their experience with the sons of Castilia was limited, and when night came they slept. It was about ten that the Spanish opened fire. Away off to the American right, from Spaniards fronting the Insurgent lines, came a vicious cross-fire. Pennsylvania was under fire for the first time. Mauser bullets came whistling by, splitting the air with a noise like the near-by rending of silk. There is little comfort in a trench at night with your enemy's bullets whistling by and pat-patting on the clay half a dozen inches from your head. You feel like a rat in a trap, and, human like, retaliation seems your first duty. It is a lesson new troops have always had to learn. And the Pennsylvanians have, and able as the bravest and best, had to take their lesson. They were eager, very eager, and with the over-enthusiam of youth, they underestimated their enemy and threw away their ammunition. Lying there in the dark they watched the flashes of the rifles and listened to the fast-arriving bullets till they could endure no longer, then they began.

They fired at the flashes, but forgot that a Mauser carries yards and yards further than a Springfield. They forgot that in this air at night distance is deceptive. They forgot, till their cartridges were all done, that when a man has but forty rounds he must husband every bullet, and shoot only when a shot will tell. They forgot that the Spaniard is peerless as a night fighter and in guerilla strategy. All these things they forgot as they sent their huge Springfield slugs to plough up the ground hundreds of yards short of the men who were attacking. But whatever slipped their minds in the heat and excitement of their first taste of the real thing, they remembered that they were men and Americans, and the heart of them never quailed for a moment. They were lying in ditches that held two feet of water and whose sides were as wet and slippery as a mass of potter's clay, for it does not rain here—the floodgates of heaven are opened and tons of water sweep down in almost a solid mass, and the opening happens four and five to twenty times a day.

Here these boys were, with their forty rounds gone, standing helpless in the dark, with messengers hurrying back to camp for more ammunition, expecting least of all things to be rushed, when out from the swamp on the left appeared a column of trouserless Spaniards. They had navigated the morrass one thought impassable, flanked our left, and there they were shooting down the length of our trenches. Volley after volley they fired point blank down the unprotected lines of our men. A charge was impossible, the condition of the ground prevented any formation for protection, and with their useless guns in their hands, our soldiers, huddled in the ditches, were being shot like sheep. Just then Utah was sent to the rescue. They wheeled their guns into action, and on the next Spanish volley caught the range, and caught it true. A moment later shell after shrapnel shell was bursting over the attacking party. Now, a Spaniard will face anything but bursting shrapnel, and in a few minutes the half-clothed Castilians were making their way back through the swamp, hardly in so high spirits as when they came on. Then the Spanish batteries began to cover their retreat, and felt for the range of our trenches. All that night they kept trying to return us our own medicine, but their shrapnel all over-carried or fell short. We counted our dead that night. They were ten, and our injured forty-four, nearly all wounded through from shoulder to shoulder, where the flankers, standing on the embankment, fired the length of our trenches.

The next evening Manila got the range of the trenches, and night after night for a week they kept shells exploding over our soldiers' heads, until Dewey threatened to turn the *Monterey's* big guns on the city without further notice. Since then there has been no trouble from Spain's soldiers. Some deserters came in, wearied of half rations and horse meat, to tell us that General Agusti had given up command and left Manila in the hands of his lieutenant.

The ships of the third expedition sailed into the harbor on August 1st. For seven days the troops lay idle on the vessels. The weather was a little rough, and as all landings had to be made through the surf, the General would not take the chance of losing equipments, stores and ammunition from overturned lighters, more especially as these lighters had proved themselves hard to handle. Dewey originally had ten of them, but in disembarking the first and second expeditions five were lost. So the men for a week were confined to the cramped transport quarters and restricted to the unpalatable transport food. Of course there was a great deal of criticism, and the opinion expressed about the ability of the several commanding officers was certainly anything but flattering. The one thing that seemed remarkable to able critics was the absence of floating pontoon landing stages. Two men, one a British engineer, the other an old soldier of the Civil War, remarked on this neglect. The *Newport*, carrying engineers, was in Manila eight days already when we arrived, yet in that eight days and in the week following they had done nothing to facilitate the landing, and no more did they do in the week following, and the five thousand men of the third expedition were disembarked in small boats. It was Sunday, the 7th, when the last soldier had pitched his tent near the little village of Paranaque, some three miles from Manila, and about half a mile from the Spanish earthworks. All this time General Merritt's flag was flying from the *Newport*—he had not yet been to the front. At such a time everyone, from camp-follower to Colonel, feels competent to criticise the Head of Things. And what a roasting Merritt did get from the ten thousand troops, the twelve hundred jack tars, and the hundreds who made up the crews of the transports! He was senile—obsolete. He would bring us disaster, or if not that, he would rob us of glory by his bungling. Peace would be declared before we got into Manila—then where would we be? If these growlings came to the General's ears he was supremely indifferent. Coatless and collarless, he sat working over the plans of attack with our immaculately-attired Admiral. He would not attack, he said, until he was "damned" good and ready. And then he would make things hum around Spanish ears.

All day of the 9th he was closeted with Dewey, and that evening went ashore and to the front. It was agreed that next morning the bombardment of the city should take place, and that simultaneously the infantry attack on the Spanish intrenchments should occur.

But when the 10th dawned the General had out a signal asking delay, and the jack tars went about their work cursing landlubbers in general and soldiers in particular. It seems that the disposition of the troops did not please the General, and that on a personal investigation he did not find the men strongly enough intrenched to please him. But we who knew nothing of his whys and wherefores began to believe that two weeks' stay had put the spirit of Spain into our commander, and we went about saying to one another, "*Manana! Manana!*" In the days before the bombardment took place it became a current joke. "When are they to begin?" "*Manana!*" One day passed, then another. It was the same. The morning of the 13th came yesterday. We heard from reliable sources that the bombardment would surely come to-morrow, so we sought a ship, that we might follow in and see and face the glow and glory of battle. We slept that night on her. There was an untraceable rumor afloat that the fray was to begin at five in the morning. We knew that warning had been given for two days. Launches were flying back and forth between Manila and Cavite—launches flying the flags of England, of France, of Norway, of Japan, and of Belgium, going back and forth, back and forth, loaded with those who, under the protection of the flags, sought refuge from Dewey's big guns. Germany had loaded those who claimed her flag upon two steamers and carried them down the bay, out of danger. We knew, too, that the foreign battleships had been warned out of range, for on the same day they all weighed anchor. The Germans, French and Russians sailed out towards the sea, but the English and Japanese lifted anchor to move over and join our fleet, and during the engagement they lay in Cavite bay.

We believed that five o'clock would hear the first gun, so we ordered coffee for that hour, hastily gulped it, grabbed our glasses, and hurried to find vantage points for observation. We had no need to use our glasses, for the whole fleet lay at anchor, swinging lazily with the tide. Our infinite disgust found vent in one word, *Manana!* It was at breakfast, nearly 9 o'clock, that some one rushed into the dining-room to say that the *Monterey* was getting up her anchor. We left our table to hurry on deck. Sure enough, the anchors of all the ships were coming up. There was no hurry. Slowly the chains came on the decks under a stream from the hose that washed away the clinging mud of the bay. Anchors up, the ships swung into line, and, following the *Olympia*, headed for Manila. Half way there the formation for battle was begun. The *Olympia*, the *Boston*, the little chaps *Manila*, *Petrel and Callao*, armored with hung chains, moored off to the right, the flagship and the *Boston* to strike at Spain's batteries; the others, moving in closer, acted as an artillery support to aid the advance of General Merritt's troops. To the left the *Baltimore*, the *Charleston* and others of the squadron made a frowning line that reached past Manila towards the Germans anchored a little down the bay from the city. There was a chance that Germany might cut in; therefore this formation. That they intended to is hardly to be believed, but if they had any such intention, the presence of the *Monterey* was enough to win a change of mind. The monitor turned from the flagship and made a long detour to the left, then headed for the shore. In, in, she went until it seemed that she could go no further, but still on she sped, till hardly half a mile from the beach. Suddenly, then, she swung to the right, headed toward the *Olympia*, which, from a lesser detour to the right, had reached a point opposite the Spanish trenches fronting our troops. Slowly at that close range the *Monterey* skirted the city line past the formidable Spanish batteries, vainly trying to draw their fire. Once down, then back and down again, but there was nothing from the shore to indicate Augusti's Spanish artillerymen had even seen her. Meanwhile, the *Olympia* and the three little chaps were very busy.

At 9:21 there was a flash—a huge blaze like the sudden flame from some immense blast furnace; a moment later a great creamy cloud rolled lightly away from the flagship—not an ugly, menacing mass of black smoke, but a lazily-rolling cloud that tossed and spread itself against the grey of a rain-sodden sky and the green of a rain-soaked land. No fleecy cloud against a summer sky could look more innocent than that volume of smoke which left the *Olympia's* eight-inch gun and hurled death and ruin at the Malate forts. Hardly had the white cloud followed the first flash than another blaze flashed out. Then, one after the other, they followed so fast that it seemed impossible for gunners to get the range, load and fire with such tremendous rapidity. The *Olympia* began the action with one of the eight-inch guns in her forward port barbette. She fired perhaps fifty shots without reply from the frowning cannon of the Malate batteries. When the California and Colorado troops captured this battery, as they did before noon, they found the nine-inch guns every one with a charge in and every one with the breech-block removed. The Spaniards saw the *Monterey* coming slowly along; they saw her big tens and twelves, and they knew too well by sad experience the accuracy of American gunners, so they took no chances. Imagination of what havoc would have followed the half-ton missiles of the monitor sufficed them. Besides, they were hungry, and war is not the same game on an empty stomach as on a full one, so they tore the breech-blocks from their Krupps and fell back to the Escolta forts.

The *Olympia's* fire was destructive. It tore great gaps in the masonry of the older forts, and ploughed up the gravel and sod of the newer earthworks, but it was nothing so deadly as the volleys from the little *Callao* and hardly larger *Petrel*. These little light-draught boats were moved in close and raked the Spanish trenches for a mile inland. For over an hour they poured a rain of rapid-fire missiles into the enemy's lines. Hotchkiss and Diggs-Shroder guns went tap-tapping with a sound to those on shore just like the tap-tapping of a myriad of woodpeckers on a forest of dead trees. The noise of them was gentle enough, but the blow of them was death. Six hundred dead, the Spaniards report, and at least four hundred of them died within the range of the *Callao* and the *Petrel*. The system of earthworks built to defend the city was magnificent. In the open country trenches were dug in every conceivable direction—some of them concealed so that an advancing enemy could be flanked and ambushed at almost any minute of their advance. All these trenches led into little towns, where narrow streets were barricaded in such a manner that a thousand determined men might have held a hundred thousand, had they realized and utilized their own advantage. These barricades were built of sand and mud stowed in mats, each mat used as a huge brick to build a wall high as a man's head. The barricades were built across the road in two halves, each half overlapping the other, and one half a little more than a cart breadth behind the other, so that traffic was not hindered. In every street of the towns leading to the city these barricades were built not more than two hundred yards apart. Had it not been for the warships' rapid-fire guns, these works would have been invulnerable. As it was, the fire from the *Callao* and *Petrel* followed the defenders as they fell back from position to position, and as fast as they would fall back California, Colorado, and part of the Twenty-third Regulars, stationed on the American left, would follow in, with no need to fire their guns.

The last stand was made at the Escolta battery at about 11:30 in the morning. Here the division on the left fired its only volleys, and then only one or two, for the white flag was hung out by the Spaniards after a few moments' fighting. Long before this the *Olympia* had ceased firing, and the gunboats as well. It was at 11:50 that the flagship ran up on her signal line in the international code the flags that read, "Will you surrender?"

There was no answer just then. The *Olympia* came opposite the magazine, where was stored much of the Spanish ammunition. Two shots the Yankee gunners took at it; both landed squarely in the heart of it, and in a moment it was a smoking ruin—a perfect death trap—from the bursting shells, exploding from the impact of the shot and the fire that followed the first explosion.

It was close on 11 o'clock when the the white flag was raised, and two hours later the news came through officers sent ashore to represent Admiral Dewey and General Merritt that the Spanish were ready to capitulate. At 5:30 that afternoon General Merritt had signed the last paper, and ten minutes later the American flag went up amid the wildest of cheering from our fleet and from the crews of the merchant ships in the bay. All the while of the bombardment and the negotiations, the big English man-of-war *Iphegenia* held the position she took in the morning between Admiral Dewey's fleet and the German ships. It may have been only chance, but it looked concerted.

On land all the troops did not have so easy a time as the divisions on the left. Away on the American right and to a great extent in the centre, the rapid-fire guns of the fleet were of no service. Here occurred the hardest fighting and here, where the greatest opportunity was, the men showed that the Volunteer of America is second to no soldier in coolness and capacity.

This division on the right was some five miles inland; their hardest fighting was done after the city had surrendered. From one trench to another they drove the Spanish. The first stand was made at an old block house. Minnesota and the Twenty-third attacked, with the Astor Battery as their artillery. The Spaniards retreated, leaving forty dead and wounded. There they fell back into their trenches, the American firing line following close. Once the Minnesotans were flanked. They had driven the enemy so hard that most of them had taken refuge in an old church. Following eagerly down the road, our men found that they had got by one of the spur trenches the Spanish had thrown out from their main trenches parallel with the roads, just for such a surprise. It was Captain Bjornstad of Company H who was caught. He had thrown away his sword and taken

(Continued on page 12)

In Old Manila

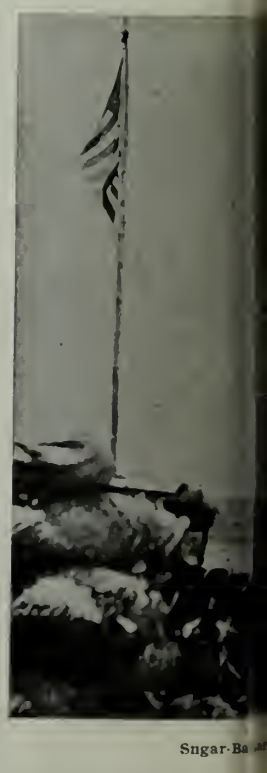
Interior of Fort Malate

Old Fort at Cavite

Disembarking

On the Main Street

Gateway to Arsenal and Navy Yard at Cavite



Old Church at Manila, where Spanish Soldiers are Confined

Within the Navy Yard at Cavite

OUR TROOPS A

Snapshots in Cavite and in Manila, by Dr. La

eet

ila

Malate

Arsenal at Cavite

Gate and Wall of the Cavite Arsenal

The Work of an American Shell at Malate

The Fort at Malate After the Bombardment

Main Street

One of the Gates in the Old Wall, Manila

Cathedral in Manila

First Colorado Disembarking

PHILIPPINES

irteenth Minnesota Regiment, and Dr. Breed.

SAN MATEO HORSE SHOW

A Successful Exhibition in the Grounds of the Burlingame Club.

One of the natural results of the growth of modern country life is the outdoor Horse Show. In the East a regular circuit of shows has been in progress since May last, and hardly auy center of fashion in the neighborhood of New York is now without an annual function of the kind. While each exhibition is modeled more or less on the lines of the great winter exhibition at Madison Square, each one has a distinct character of its own and illustrates the leading feature of the district in which it is held. At one the plain riding and driving element is most conspicuous, at another a coterie of coaching devotees is especially prouinent, while in a neighborhood where the grand sport of foxhunting is indulged in exhibits of the horses used in the chase are numerous. The methods of the old-fashioned country fair have been greatly improved upon, and by giving attention to matters of equipment and encouraging exhibitors to exercise proper taste and skill in displaying their stock a useful spirit of rivalry, especially among people of ample means, has been developed, much to the interest and advantage of the various competitions. For those who appreciate the sporting characteristics of a horse show, there are attractions in the open air fixture that the indoor event can never realize. The grounds chosen for the display are usually well adapted by nature for the purpose, picturesque, and easily converted into a proper arena for the work of a show, with comfortable accommodation for spectators as well as the horses, their owners and attendants who take part in the contests.

Encouraged by the success which attended the winter shows at the Mechanics' Pavilion, the members of the Burlingame Country Club have during recent summers placed their grounds at the disposal of the San Mateo County Open Air Horse Show Association for the purposes of an outdoor show, and from a small beginning the annual event has now assumed considerable importance. This year it developed into a two-days' function, and was held on Friday and Saturday of last week. There were altogether thirty classes, of which four were devoted purely to the breeding interest, the remainder being for saddle and harness horses, variously classified in accordance with regular horse show practice. It is very desirable that the breeders of stock in this State should arrive at a better understanding of the excellent opportunity which shows afford for bringing producers and purchasers into closer touch with one another, and enabling them to ascertain the requirements of the market. Unfortunately, California is at the present time devoting little attention to the breeding of fancy stock, and in fact, with the exception of Mr. John Parrott's Baywood Stud at San Mateo, there is no establishment in the State where that business is systematically conducted. Having placed the excellent imported hackney stallion Green's Rufus at the head of his stud a few years ago and gradually collected a number of well-shaped mares, mostly trotting-bred, he has raised some capital half-bred hackney stock, all of which is being well cared for and skilfully broken under his own supervision. Though Mr. Parrott engaged in the business purely from the love of horses, and not for profit, those who saw the get of Green's Rufus that were exhibited last week can quite believe that his venture will turn out well, a conviction that would certainly be confirmed by an inspection of all the stock to be seen in his paddocks.

Though California is pre-eminent in breeding thoroughbreds and trotters, there was no display under these heads at this little country show that calls for notice. The exhibits of saddle and harness horses were decidedly meritorious, and the care and finish with which the animals and equipages were turned out and handled on the ground most creditable. Fully as much attention was devoted to details as if the coutests were being conducted in the presence of the large audiences which gather under the roof of the Pavilion when the winter shows are held. In single, pairs and fours there was one harness class under each head for California-bred horses, and in the two former sections the entries were fairly numerous, but the quality of the animals fell considerably below the standard of the open classes. Mr. John Parrott's mares, Pepita and Paquita, scored a triumph in the pairs and were first and second respectively in the single class, being beautifully turned little animals with brilliant action and abundant quality. The open harness classes were chiefly noticeable for the success of animals well known iu Eastern show rings, such as Mr. W. S. Hobart's Monarch and Performer, Pride and Prejudice, Frills, and the ponies Spot and Lightfoot.

As a fashionable gathering, the show at Burliugame was a pronounced success, and quite as much so in the way the whole afiair was conducted. Major J. L. Rathbone acted as President, Mr. F. J. Carolan as Secretary; Prince Poniatowski, Mr. E. D. Beylard and Mr. John C. Kirkpatrick were the Judges, and Mr. Richard Graham, well known in coaching circles and as Ringmaster at the San Francisco horse-shows, acted in the latter capacity on this occasion. For the first time in the history of local horse shows, in fact it might also be said of any notable sporting event, the daily papers handled the subject seusibly, without indulging in caricature and feeble ridicule, a change of attitude to be commeuded. It was not correct, however, to point to the show as emphatic proof of the merits of California-bred horses in particular, for those who are acquainted with the origin of most of the prize-winners know exactly to the contrary. As before remarked, the breeding and training of fancy stock is a neglected industry in this State, and until prosecuted with the same enterprise that prevails in the East this state of things is likely to continue.

CAPTURE OF MANILA.

(Continued from page 9)

a gun along with his men. Thcy got a log, threw it down in the soup-like mud of the track, aud behind this rude barricade a squad of them cleaned out that trench, the occupants retreating to the church. Lying behind the log the men werc literally buried in the mud, only their head and shoulders showing above the road. The conditions may be judged when it is known that Bjornstad himself used three guns in this little melee, the first and second becoming so fouled that others were passed him by some of his men who could from the shelter of a near-by house get the dirty pieces again in shape for service.

At the church to which the Spanish left had now retreated, the stubbornest resistance of the battle was experienced. Here the Astor Battery did great service, and after a half hour's fighting the Spanish fell back again, but left behind four dead Americans and a number of wounded. Among the latter was Captain Seibach of the Thirteenth Minnesota, who was shot through the lungs, and whose life for a long time was despaired of. After leaving the church the Spanish retreated step by step, the guns of the Astor Battery pounding away at them. They had artillery, too, as the shattered carriages of the Astors' pet guns will attest, but their handling of it was hardly better than the handling of Montijo's guns and the aim hardly surer than the aim of the infantry handling Mausers. It is estimated that the Spanish in all the operatious against us about Manila have fired something like a million rounds of Mauser and Remington ammunition, and to show for this wasted lead there were some one hundred Americans hit, most of them by stray bullets that fell far beyond the firiug line. Under such inaccuracy of aim the naturally confident Americans advauced with a boldness that under any other circumstances would have been criminal rashness, rushing down thc narrow streets of villages in columns of fours, marching straight up to the barricades while the Spanish hustled off to the next.

In such a street it was that Captain Bjornstad suddenly felt himself spun violently to the right, as if, he said, someone shouldered him in a football game, with a sensation along his left side as though someone had struck him a terrific slap on the naked skin. Then as he wheeled and was falling, there came another slap on his shoulder, a grinding feel of splintering bone, and he knew that he was wounded a second time. What did he care? He was up at once. The wound in his side was bleeding, but a handkerchief stuffed into the bullet hole stopped the flow. He was up and away at the head of the column again. They were going at the double about two hundred yards down the road when the world grew black and Bjornstad waked up to find himself in the hospital. So it went. Officers were wounded, and went to their work; men were wounded and held to theirs. Men would run into the field hospitals, be attended to, and hustle back to the fighting line.

It was long past twelve o'clock when in a little village, not far from Manila's suburbs, the Spanish seemed to disap-

J. C. Kirkpatrick's Team Harvey Mac and Mate
Exhibited at the Open Air Horse Show at San Mateo

pear. The Astor Battery was following them up, but they halted. Before them was a stretch of five hundred yards of narrow road, curving off at the end, liued along the entire length with huts. The presumption was that beyond the curve was auother line of barricades. Lieutenant Lacker with eight men of the Minnesotans was sent to reconnoitre. Behind them came the Astor Battery with two guns, mud up to their axles. Cautiously along the stretch Lacker led his men right up to the turn. Sure enough there came the Spanish fire from a trench some two hundred yards further on, where the road twisted again. The two curves gave the defenders a double advantage, as only half their position was exposed. Word was passed on to the advance from the Astors to get cover as they were ready to fire. Lacker's men jumped for doorways and fell in close to the walls, waiting. For two or three minutes they waited. Then they saw the Spaniards coming over the barricades and rushing down upon them, A glance behind showed that the Astor's guns fouled with mud and sand, were jammed. The first sergeant was lying dead between them, and while some of the men were working desperately to free the cartridges and get their guns in working order, the others had drawn revolvers, the ouly weapons they had, and were advancing to protect their battery. It took but an instant to act. Lacker lined his men on their faces across that road. way, and for a minute or two Springfield slugs traveled in such numbers toward the line of Spaniards that they must have fancied the Minnesotans had acquired some new type of magazine guns. The fire from the nine Springfields held the enemy long enough for the battery to get its guns in shape, when the same steady advance began again, aud the Spaniards were driven from point to point until they reached Malate, where the sight of the white flag over Manila stopped hostilities.

When the Stars and Stripes went up that night our soldiers were all in Manila or its suburbs, but none of them fancied that because the Spanish had surrendered their work was ended, They all fear more fighting, for the insurgents are surly and inclined to resent the presence of guards that prevent them comiug in to loot the city. Every native who is allowed to pass is first searched for arms, and the assortment of knives and antiquated firearms that has thus been accumulated wonld stock a curio shop.

Trouble with these natives seems inevitable. No more do they grin and place one brown forefinger against the other and announce, *Americanos, Philippinos—amigos* (friends). Now it is, *Americanos, Espanolas—amigos—Bah!* followed by a stamp of the foot and a spitting on the ground.

ROBERT PORTER.

The nicknames of some of the new states are: South Dakota, Swing Cat State; Washington, Chinook State; North Dakota, Flicker-tail State; Montana, Stub-toe State; Nebraska, Blackwater State; Nevada, Silver State.

Statistics of Ohio show among other things an unsatisfactory conditions of marital affairs. During the past year more than 7,000 applications for divorce were filed in the State.

THE JEW AS A FIGHTER

His Record in the Spanish War and in Former Campaigns.

It will be a surprise to many people to learn that, although exact records are not at present available, there were something like 4,000 Jews in the Army and Navy during the war with Spain. These men were recruited from all walks of life, and included many officers. In the inquiry Into the Maine disaster Lieutenant-Commander Marix, a Jew, acted as Judge Advocate Geueral, and Jews were among the soldiers who saluted the flag when it was hoisted over the municipal building at Santiago. There was not an engagement during the war in which Jews did not take part, and many Jewish names appear on the lists of killed and wounded and of those who died in the hospital When the war broke out the Jewish press throughout the country reminded their people of the horrible persecution of the Hebrews by Spain, from which land they had been driven forth, stripped of their property, which was confiscated by their oppressors. In New York it was proposed to form volunteer organizations composed of recruits from the Ghetto and have Jewish companies and possibly battalions or regiments. One prominent Hebrew citizen even telegraphed to the President, stating that 5,000 Israelites were ready to answer his call in New York City alone. The movement was not encouraged, however, by the leaders of the Jewish community, who pointed out that a Jewish regiment would be as much an anomaly as a Catholic, a Methodist or a Presbyterian military body. They recommended the enlistment of men of Jewish faith, not as Jews but as American citizens, and in consequence every regiment that left New York had Jews either in its ranks or amongst its officers.

Some people had doubts whether the regular army ration, which is partly composed of pork, would be acceptable to the Jewish soldiers, but it was pointed out by the rabbis that it is the duty of the Jewish citizen to conform to the laws of the land and the requiremeuts of its military regulations in regard to subsistence. It was even declared by them that the observance of the Sabbath is not compulsory when it conflicts with the Jew's duties as a citizen, a point that was decided in the time of the Maccabeans. Although there are no Jewish chaplains in the army, there have been Hebrew services at camp whenever soldiers desired or when the last rights were performed for the dead. A proposition to have a parade of Jewish soldiers in New York was spoken of recently, but did not commend itself to men of standing in their community. Their idea is that on parade the Jew is a soldier first and last; his religion should not be questioned and he himself should not make a show of it.

Following the Civil War a well-known writer ventured the assertion that the Jews took no part in the conflict, a statement that called forth a protest from Simon Wolf, who gathered the facts and published them in a work that received considerable attention. In his book he says:

"They not only risked their lives in the War for Independence, but aided materially with their money to equip and maintain the armies of the Revolution. That they took part in the earliest stages of resistauce to the encroachments of the mother country is proved by the signatures to the non-importation resolutions of 1775. Nine Jews were among the signers of these resolutions, the adoption of which was the first organized movement in the agitation which eventually led to the independence of the colonies. The original document is still preserved in Carpenter's Hall, in Philadelphia, and the following are the names of the Jews on that early roll of patriots: Benjamin Levy, Samson Levy, Joseph Jacobs, Hyman Levy, Jr., David Franks, Matthias Bush, Michael Gratz, Barnard Gratz and Moses Mordecai. A direct descendant of the last-named signer is Colonel Mordecai, who is now the commmandant of the Arsenal at Watervliet, N. Y."

The number of Jews iu this country at the time of the Revolution was small, but, nevertheless, they were represented in the Continental Army, and Mr. Wolf's statistics show that there were several Jewish officers of rank uuder Washington, who at the close of the war thus expressed himself in answer to addresses presented by Hebrew cougregations:

"May the children of the stock of Abraham who dwell in this land continue to merit and enjoy the good will of the other inhabitants, while every one shall sit in safety under his own vine and fig tree, and there shall be none to make him afraid."

When the war of 1812 began the Jewish population of the United States was reckoned at 6,000, and the muster-rolls of the period include many Israelites, one of whom was Brigadier-General Bloomfield, Colonel Nathan Myers being at the time iu command of the port of New York.

The Jews from time to time have been honorably represented in the Navy, from the grade of able seaman to flag officer, and Captain Uriah Phillips Levy is credited with having brought about the abolition of corporal punishment in that service.

The following list gives the number of Jews who served in the various wars: In the Continental Army, 46. In the War of 1812, 44. In the Mexican War, 58. In the Civil War—staff officers in the Union Army, 16; in the Confederate Army, 24; officers in the Confederate Navy, 11; soldiers in the Union and Confederate armies, 7,984.

Many of the Jews who were members of the present volunteer army have been discharged, but their names are on record, so that the fact is established that the Jew has done his share of the fighting.

The Legion of Honor is not an expensive order. The Cross, which is only worn on great occasions, is supplied by the State for the modest sum of 15 francs. The article, however, is said to be of inferior quality, the jeweler who has the monopoly of its manufacture being obliged to have recourse to indifferent material in order to make a "living profit." In consequence a certain number of the newly decorated prefer to purchase their Cross from the jewelers of the Palais Royal, who make a specialty of the trade, and whose charges vary from 20 francs to a maximum of a louis and a half. The economically minded may procure second-hand crosses, but it is more surprising to learn that it is possible to buy second-hand strips of ribbon at any of the old clothes shops in the district of the Temple.

LONDON

Frivolous Princess Who Creates a Scandal With Her Camera.

London, Sept. 7th.—The ambition of the ermometer to rise beyond all precedent con-nues to render London unbearable, but the eat wave as a subject of conversation has no nger the charm of novelty. Nothing, prac-cally, is going on here save a few rather od performances at the various theatres. he two plays which are attracting the reatest amount of attention are "The Gipsy arl" at the Adelphi and "The Termagant." iss Olga Nethersole is the heroine of the tter play and wears some very gorgeous stumes. When she first appears, her cos-me is a soft white silk, semi-concealed be-eath a pale green drapery that is shaded off to rainbow effects of pink and pale blue. A rselet bodice of white silk heavily em-roidered in emerald and gold is worn with is. Miss Nethersole has a rather effective ead-dress of beetle's wings, and a wee cap of old studded in emeralds is placed far back pon her head. Her second costume is a ueen of Sheba like attire of gold tissue with great square train embroidered in diamonds, alling from her shoulders. Ropes of diamonds wined with gold are hung from the front, and he stomacher and open petticoat are pow-ered in brilliants. The dress is somewhat eavy and Olga looks as if she were hardly ble to drag it along.

The play is exquisite, as far as the lines are oncerned, but from a dramatic standpoint here is hardly enough "story" in it. Beatrix, "the Termagant," is a Spanish lady who has never known the power of love. She longs for congenial spirit, a man who can at once harm and subdue her. She is a curious com-bination of dove and lioness, storms one moment, coos the next. At last an adventurer, who had been in the New World with Colum-bus, comes to her castle and falls in love with her. At first she ridicules his pretensions, but ends by succumbing to his charms. But she will not permit him to see that she has yielded, and, suspecting him of carrying on an intrigue with her maid, she bids him begone. As soon as he has left she discovers her mistake and summons her lover. He is brought to her mortally wounded and she takes poison and falls dead beside his lifeless form in true Shakespearean fashion. The part is admir-ably adapted to Olga Nethersole, for she has the passionate poetic temperament and can throw real feeling into her work.

The high light that beats upon a throne ren-ders discretion not alone the better part, but the essential of common sense. A curious lack of this quality is noticeable in the family of the Duke of Coburg and the female members are always in some scrape. A year ago the quarrels of the Grand Duke and Duchess of Hesse were current topics in Europe—to-day the Crown Princess of Roumania is furnishing food for the gossips. She is a very young woman and inclined to be frivolous. Perhaps she has found matrimony and motherhood a bore, and the court of Roumania slow. However it may be, she has developed a strong mania for flirtation, and will allow any man who is in the least attractive to pay her attentions. Her husband at first remonstrated and finally quarreled with her, and she then left Roumania and has spent her time at the various German watering places. At Swal-bach she joined her sister, the Grand Duchess of Hesse, and the two young women were ap-parently on the best of terms and enjoying themselves. The Crown Princess is a camera fiend and never goes anywhere without her kodak. On one occasion when the sister went to take a mud bath the Crown Princess ac-companied her, and, as the Grand Duchess emerged from the mud, took her picture. There is nothing improper about the picture, but it is absolutely hideous, and the Grand Duchess of Hesse, being a singularly attrac-tive woman, was furious at being thus por-trayed, and now the twain no longer speak. To add insult to injury, the Crown Princess has given copies to all their different friends and relations. The Grand Duchess is a very sensi-tive woman and hates practical jokes, and it is said that this is one cause of the many quar-rels between herself and her husband. In the Crown Princess of Roumania's case all the sympathy is with the husband, who has been most devoted and is in general considered a good fellow. King Charles sides with his nephew, and the Queen of Roumania consoles the young man by pointing out to him how very much happier he would have been had he married her maid of honor, instead of the Princess of Coburg.

Curious where the Coburgs get their eccen-tricities. Their mother, Princess Marie of Russia, was a rather quiet sort of woman, and has been an excellent wife and mother, while the Duke of Coburg, who was H. R. H. of Edinburgh, had his flirtations in his young days, but for many years has been as steady as a farmer and affords a distinct contrast to his brother, the Prince of Wales.

An interesting topic has been the coronation of Queen Wilhelmina and it was announced that Queen Victoria would confer upon her sister Queen the Order of the Garter. But it was afterwards found that since the reign of Henry VII no woman had been admitted to this order. The Queen then abandoned the idea and instead intends conferring the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert on both the Queen Regent and the young Queen. This order, which was established in 1862, is for ladies only.

The Queen is a conservative old lady, and will not allow either gas or oil in the lighting of her especial apartments at Windsor. She has wax candles of a peculiar pattern, which are removed and renewed every day. In other apartments gas and oil are utilized, and there is also an electric plant in the grounds of Windsor, but this has not been much used.

The Prince of Wales is now able to walk a few steps, and is accordingly jubilant. He has a surprising amount of ingenuous boyish-ness, and is as delighted at small pleasures as a schoolboy. This is never so apparent as when the Prince has a horse in a race. He is overwrought and serious, and watches the event with the greatest eagerness. If his horse wins he looks positively triumphant, and does not attempt to disguise his pleasure. When one of his string won a race a year or so ago the Duke of Portland whispered his congratulations both upon his victory and the manner in which the crowd had cheered him. "A thoroughly popular victory, sir, and a magnificent reception," said the Duke. "Mag-nificent, indeed!" answered the Prince; "why it was worth more than ten millions of sol-diers!" The Prince was doubtless thinking of the manner in which Continental sovereigns protect their thrones.

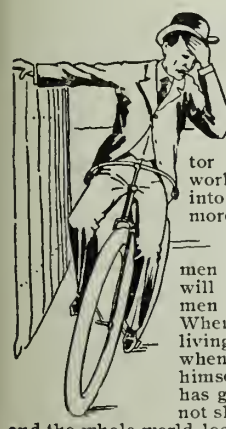
One does not often hear of a whole family noted for its cleverness, especially among the upper Ten Thousand, but the daughters of Lord and Lady Tyssen-Amherst of Hackney form the notable exception. The Amhersts are great friends of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Princess Maud, now Princess Charles of Denmark, was very fond of the Amherst girls, and frequently visited them. There is no son in the family, but each of the six daughters shines in some especial art. One daughter has quite a talent for verse, and has written some charming poems. Another is a musician and composer, while a third—Hon. Sybil Tyssen-Amherst, has written a play which will probably be produced by Mr. Charles Wyndham next season.

The son of Madame Antoinette Sterling promises to be a great success as a concert-singer. The original intention of his parents was that the boy should study law. He did well at Eton and Oxford, but when his mother found that all his natural taste was for a musi-cal career, she allowed him to follow his bent. "Better a fine musician than a poor lawyer," said the boy; "and there are so many poor lawyers." Mr. Mackinley, the husband of Madame Antoinette Sterling, was a splendid musician also, though not a professional one.

In the family of the new Viceroy of India not even the baby of a month old is exempt from notoriety, and we learn how admirably the small daughter of the Curzons is be-ing brought up. The little maid has seven attendants, so there is no fear that her wants will be neglected. Mrs. Curzon has studied the scientific method of bringing up her child, and is putting her knowledge to practical use. In the first place, the little one is allowed to cry as often and for as long as it wishes. It is bathed only every second day, and then in water that is almost cold. It is never handled except by the nurses and is always carried on a pillow. Instead of the usual time-honored cradle, with draperies of lawn and silk, Baby Curzon sleeps in a small canvas hammock slung like those used by sailors. In its dress, too, the infant is quite different from the ordi-nary everyday baby. Her main garment is a long shirt of white, light wool, open from neck to hem and fastened by safety pins. Then she wears a triple garment fastened on the shoul-ders by ribbons. It consists of a cambric pet-ticoat, a flannel petticoat and a dress. The child wears no abdominal bands and has neither strings, tapes nor buttons upon her garments. No rocking is permitted in the Curzon nursery lest the motion may disturb the little one's mentality.

I recently made a short trip into Devonshire and Dorset and visited a few of the more famous places there. One that was particu-larly interesting to me was Forde Abbey, the home of Mr. William Herbert Evans. This abbey was founded in 1140, and is notable as being the only Cistercian monastery in com-plete preservation in England. It is said that Henry VIII spared Forde because the roof was not of lead when other monasteries suf-fered because they were protected in more costly fashion. The cloisters are now used as a conservatory and Mrs. Evans has turned the Chapter house into a chapel. The entrance hall is 55 feet long and 30 feet high and has a magnificient plaster ceiling by Inigo Jones. The Forde tapestry covers one side of the drawing-room upstairs and there is more of it in a reception room on the first floor. This tapestry, which is priceless, was coveted by the notorious Catherine of Russia, who offered the Squire of Forde Abbey $150,000 for it. He refused and the interesting piece of work re-mains in the possession of his family, becom-ing more valuable as each year goes by. The subject is that of the cartoons of Raphael. Mr. Evans has a valuable portrait of "Nell Gwynne" by Sely. He is a great collector and has a number of art treasures gathered in Italy and Spain. Until his marriage, in 1894, he was an ardent sportsman and traveled all over the world in search of big game. The Hon. Mrs. Evans is the youngest daughter of Viscount Bridport, who is also Duke of Bronte in Sicily. She is a great favorite of the royal family and was maid of honor to Queen Vic-toria for eight years. Her father is groom in waiting to Her Majesty.

KATRIONA.



When you have a sick horse you do not hitch him up to a sulky and take him to the race track for a little healthful spin. You doc-tor him. You cannot work or recreate a man into good health any more than you can a horse. Bicycling will make healthy men more healthy; it will make unhealthy men more unhealthy. When a man has been living in too big a hurry, when he has worked himself out, when he has got so that he does not sleep or eat, or rest, and the whole world looks gloomy to him, it is time for him to take medicine. Then, when he is braced up a bit, it is time enough for him to take to the bicycle.

When a man's nerves have an edge on them, so that the least little disappoint-ment rasps on his temper like a file, when his stomach and liver and nerves are de-ranged, and he is continually gloomy and melancholy, he should take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It makes a man as hungry as a fisherman and sees to it that all the vital elements of the food are absorbed into the blood. It braces up the liver and puts it to work in the right way. It drives all bilious impurities from the system. It fills flesh, nerves, brain cells, sinews and bones with the life-giving ele-ments of rich, red, pure blood. It makes a man healthy and then a bicycle will make him strong. Medicine dealers sell it, and have nothing "just as good."

"Through your skillful treatment I am once more a well man," writes J. N. Arnold, Esq., of Gandy, Logan Co., Neb. "I suffered for years with constipation and torpidity of the liver, irritation of the prostate and inflammation of the bladder. I took six bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Pellets' and am permanently cured. You have been the means of saving my life."

A man or woman who neglects constipation suffers from slow poisoning. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxa-tive, and two a mild cathartic. All medicine dealers sell them. No other pills are "just as good."

"A PERFECT FOOD—as Wholesome as it is Delicious."

WALTER BAKER & CO.'S

BREAKFAST COCOA

"Has stood the test of more than 100 years' use among all classes, and for purity and honest worth is unequalled."
—Medical and Surgical Journal.

Costs less than ONE CENT a Cup.
Trade-Mark on Every Package.

WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD.,

TRADE-MARK. Established 1780. DORCHESTER, MASS.

The Mauvais Music Company have in press two of the best coon songs of the day. One, a march song by Jones & Albert, entitled "He is My Soldier Man," is being sung by Kelly & Violette at the Olympia. The other is by Murray & Wolff, and is called "Well! Shake Hands and Tell Your Papa Good Bye." Look out for them!

Clothing, curtains, blankets, etc., cleaned or dyed. Pacific Cleaning and Dyeing Works, 353 357 Tehama street. Telephone South 40. J. Spaulding & Co.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes, Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

Dr. G. A. Danziger, Dentist, 22 Geary street

CITY OF PARIS.

DRY GOODS COMPANY

Commencing on Wednesday Next

We will show for the first time
Correct Styles in....

NEW MILLINERY

AT

POPULAR PRICES!

Specimen 1—French Felt Walking Hat; trimming of two shades of silk velvet; fancy spangled wings and rhinestone ornaments, $8

Specimen 2—Draped Silk Velvet Turban; trimming of fancy drooping wings on rich tucked velvet and brilliant jeweled ornament, $12

Specimen 3—Fancy Braid Turban; garniture of fancy porcupine quills on silk velvet of any shade, $10

Specimen 4—Tucked Silk Velvet Walking Hat in all shades of velvet; trimming of ostrich feathers, guinea quills, and ribbons with fine steel ornaments, $15

Specimen 5—Silk Velvet Toque; trimming of two tones of velvet, aigrette, coin spot quills and jeweled rhinestone ornament, $15

Specimen 6—French Felt Hat; folds of velvet on rolling brim; trimmings of ribbon, and ostrich feathers in the new colors—castor and royal purple—$18

Above styles can be had in all the popular combinations of colors.

Catalogues sent on application.

City of Paris Dry Goods Co.

Southeast Corner of Geary and Stockton Streets, UNION SQUARE

Mail and Express Orders receive immediate attention.

REPSOLD SELECT VINTAGE — REGISTERED BRAND

California State Exposition 1898

First Prize and Premium Award, Repsold *Cognac*
First Prize and Premium Award, Repsold Select Vintage *Montecito*
First Prize and Premium Award, Repsold Select Vintage *Burgundy*
First Prize and Premium Award, Repsold Select Vintage *Gutedel*
Special Mention of Honor, Repsold Select Vintage *Sauternes.*

THIS BRAND OF WINE IS SOLD AT ALL FIRST CLASS HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS

Office, 416 Pine Street

The Crowd

Richard Graham, Ringmaster

Prince Poniatowski and Mr. Beyland Judging Pairs Under 14.2

Four-in-Hands Under 14.2—F. J. Carolan first prize

Miss Kruttschnitt Driving "Chiquita"

A Crack Rig

Sporting Tandems

Ringmaster Putting on Prize Ribbons

Tandem-Driving Competition

W. S. Hobart Driving Pride and Prejudice

Mrs. W. S. Hobart's "Entry"

Judging Ladies' Pairs

A DEBUTANTE'S DIARY

Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

Life is love, the poets tell us, Diary dear, and, in spite of our parents' careful training to the contrary, we are bound, in these days of unforeseen engagements, to believe that there must be something in Cupid's darts, after all. I have grown so accustomed to having the unexpected happen that surprising information is no longer astonishes. Yet, Diary my dear, when I was informed of the engagement of Miss Genevieve Goad and Mr. T. C. Williams it was only very admirable breeding that prevented my betraying my absolute surprise. I always have believed that Genevieve was clever, but never dreamed she would take us all in so utterly. Now when any man is devoted to me all the girls become aware of the fact sooner or later, but so many have showered attentions on Genevieve that it was impossible to find where she had set her affections. Mr. Williams is to be congratulated, as she is not only an unusually pretty girl, but well dowered by Fortune into the bargain. How people know what the Goad estate is assessed for, but I heard Papa telling Judge Morrow the other night that he believed each of the girls to have been left a quarter of a million dollars. Mr. Williams is quite well to do himself, I understand, and is a general favorite. He has spent some time at San Rafael recently and seemed very pleasant and might almost say, fascinating.

I have heard of other engagements that would almost surprise you as much, Diary dear, but have been bound to absolute secrecy. You do detest secrets so! In the first place, it is very hard not tell your especial crony, and then, after having sealed your lips with the utmost vigilance, your own particular friend will come to you and say: "I thought Lily was so great a friend of yours." You reply: "Well, what of it?" "Now, don't you think it is very strange that while half the town has heard of her engagement, she has not told you?" Then if you are foolish you will inform your friend that you knew all along, and she will be furious that you have not deemed her sufficiently discreet to impart your knowledge to her. On the other hand, if you pretend to be equally surprised, she will think that "Lily does not care so very much for you, after all." Therefore, when I have had a long conversation with Aunt Sybil, who is well named when it comes to worldly matter and is a splendid counsellor, I keep my mind to myself.

Well, I must tell you all about the Burlingame Horse Show. Phew, what fun we had! All our own especial set—the real Country Club people, with whom I must say I have become very chummy. I don't know how it is, but some people have two sets of manners —one they keep in cold storage all summer and only bring it out for use in town during the winter. This set is frequently characterized by a deep devotion to the lorgnette, a ramrod stiffness of bow and a greeting that would chill a salamander. In the country, the reverse is the case—cordiality, graciousness and farsightedness being the proper thing when away from the busy haunts. In any case I prefer the country side, and at the Horse Show every one put his best foot foremost to make it a howling success. The Hobarts, Crocketts, Hopkins, Kruttschnitts and Crockers had large house parties and drove down to the show in their smartest clothes and in the prettiest of traps. The natural surroundings of the Country Club are in themselves almost sufficient to assure success, but when in addition to this you have glorious weather, fine horseflesh and gaily gowned women, Paradise itself might remain unopened to the Peri and she could find happiness at Burlingame.

On Friday afternoon Aunt Hilda and we girls drove down in a new rig Uncle Harold has recently purchased. We wore light white serge frocks and trimmings of the Club colors, very effective, too, by the way. As soon as we arrived we all chatted over the respective merits of the various steeds, and said what horses should receive the prizes were we the judges. I must admit, however, that we could find no fault when the ribbons were awarded, and I have never seen judges who were so fair in their decisions. The portion of the programme of both days which I found to be most interesting was the driving of Walter Hobart. He drove four little piebald ponies, the most bewitching little creatures imaginable, and did so splendidly. I was much pleased with the ladies' driving, and proud of the manner in which Princess Poinatowski acquitted herself. You know, she carried off the blue ribbon. She looked very charming, too, and was gowned with her accustomed taste. Mary Scott won the second prize with her beloved Lancer, and did very well, as did Rebecca Kruttschnitt. Mrs. Hobart's horses were awarded the first prize for pairs. Henry Crocker won the blue ribbon for big coaches with California bred horses. The horses I should really like to own are Mr. Kirkpatrick's black team Mac and Mate, for they are really stunning beasts and make one think of the fairy princes of our childhood's days, who always appeared in chariots drawn by coal-black horses. The hurdle jumping was very pretty, and I was very much disappointed that Baron Alex von Schroeder's bright particular star was not there to admire the manner in which he jumped over the hurdles. Walter Hobart always jumps well and sits his horse as if he were part of the animal and not an alien. Walter carried off the greater number of the blue ribbons, but, then, no one doubts for a moment that his horses and rigs deserved their success.

Some of the traps quite took my fancy. Frank Carolan's is tremendously smart and dashing-looking, and he always looks effective in that high hat of his. I can't say I like tall gray hats as a rule, but they give one height and breadth, which is, after all, what we are looking for. We had luncheon on the steps of the Club House, which was gaily decorated. About one hundred and sixty people were there, and during the meal a band accompanied the play of our knives and forks with the sweet music. I must say the food was capital and served in first-class fashion. In the evening every one had dinners. The Scotts had a crowd. Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson entertained the Chases and Tevises and a number of other people. The Joe Tobins had the De Ruyters, Kate Clement and Miss Schneely. Although all were pleased at the decision of the judges in the greater number of exhibits, some little feeling was shown when the Hobart rig was awarded the prize in the ladies' carriage class, as many of the audience thought the Carolan or Tobin equipage should have had it. It all arose through a misunderstanding. You see, the points were fifty per cent for the horses and fifty for the equipment, and the award to the rig was made purely on points, the steeds and equipment being just right. We were all very much surprised at George Pope's failure to take part in the show. Curious, is it not, and I think unreasonable. He has a stable full of fine horses, most of them prize winners, and yet will not give the rest of us an opportunity of passing upon their merits. Had I known about it in time, I should have gone to Mrs. Pope and told her that her husband was behaving in a very unpatriotic fashion. For to be a Californian and not to help your State even in matters of Horse Shows is unpatriotic, don't you think? It was remarkable how few city people came down. You could practically have counted them. I am afraid this lack of interest is going to develop the worst kind of cliquiness and I am convinced we have enough of that sort of thing now. However, the San Franciscans were really not missed, and the affair went off brilliantly. Uncle Harold says it was mostly Major Rathbone's work, and that he is as good an organizer as there is anywhere.

That evening I returned to San Rafael, as I had promised to ride up Tamalpias on Sunday. I was well nigh exhausted when I reached home, but a warm bath soon revived me. Quite a party of us started off on Sunday morning, although the gray lowering clouds seemed harbingers of rain. There were Therese Morgan, Della Davidson, Mrs. Crooks, Sam Boardman, Emerson Warfield, Mr. Crooks and one or two others. We all wore our country riding habits and came up to the Tavern in true "hayseed" fashion. We had a lovely ride as the day was cool enough to make the exercise exhilarating. In spite of the clouds we had a splendid view from the top of the mountain, and were it not that I might be accused of exaggeration I could truly say we saw the street cars in San Francisco. That seems what Papa calls a "tall story," but there is some truth in it, for if we did not actually see the cars we saw the streets. We had lunch at the Tavern, and I must say, Diary, I never saw a slower crowd of waiters than those who are employed there. It seems an effort to make them get you anything, and they take so long carrying out your order that by the time your meal arrives you have lost your zest for it. There were a number of people at lunch, however, in spite of the threatening weather.

On Monday and Tuesday I really did nothing save play golf, gossip and rest, so time has hung rather heavily. Wednesday has also passed without incident and although I am going to the theatre on Thursday I cannot say I am wildly enthusiastic. Never mind, Diary dear, October is almost here, and there will be something of interest to describe to you. Adieu for another sunnight. Your ever devoted

MISS CRICKET.

* *

On Saturday afternoon, October 8th, from 3 to 6 o'clock, the teachers and pupils of the Hamlin School (Van Ness Seminary) will give a kettledrum at the home of the school, 1849 Jackson street, to help the fund of the Red Cross Society's Convalescent Home, at the Presidio. The Fifty-first Iowa Regimental Band will be in attendance during the afternoon, and there will be dancing in the gymnasium. Mrs. Alfred Abbey, Mrs. Carroll-Nicholson and Mr. Edward Xavier Rolker have consented to sing. Punch and Judy will entertain the younger guests, while gifted experts in the mystic art of palmistry will be at the disposal of those who desire to lift the veil from the future. Refreshment will be served.

The marriage is announced of Miss Shiels and Dr. Ernest Kinloch Johstone. The ceremony was quietly celebrated at the Episcopal Church in Mill Valley, by Rev. W. E. Howett. Only the immediate relatives were present.

* *

After a rainy season prophets invariably predict a drought, so after the myriads of luncheons that have occurred during the past week in Oakland it is safe to anticipate a dearth of midday meal festivities in the future. Luncheons have been the text of everybody's entertainments, and every variety of menu, from the most elaborate to the sandwich and cheese affair, has been in order. Oakland people seem to have cultivated the qualities of the good disciples, to go wherever they are led; hence if one lady entertains her friends at a tea all the others do likewise. If, on the contrary, a dinner be the order of the hour, then a perfect round of dinners is bound to follow. Of the luncheons during the week those especially noteworthy were given by Mrs. George Wheaton, Mrs. Edwin Goodall, Mrs. H. N. Phillips, Mrs. Boone of Berkeley and Miss Olive Middleton of Highland Park.

The Wheaton luncheon was very well arranged. The house was a mass of American Beauty roses and the table decorations were very fine. The lakeside congregated here, the H. M. A. Millers, McNears, Waters and Whitneys. The Phillips affair was informal, but none the less pretty. It was given by Mrs. H. W. Phillips in honor of Mrs. Henry Morris and her sister Mrs. Williams, who are at present visiting at the Phillips house. Among those invited to meet them were Mrs. Goodman, Mrs. Lewis and Miss Morgan. A particularly smart event was the luncheon given by Mrs. Edwin Goodall in honor of Mrs. Knowles. There were both maids and matrons invited, and the table decorations were in roses and carnations. Among the ladies bidden were Mrs. A. J. Ralston, Mrs. Webb, Mrs. Folger, Miss Mary Dunham, Mrs. Pennoyer, and others.

Miss Olive Middleton gave a farewell feast to her friend Miss Jennie Crellin prior to the latter's departure for New York. About a dozen maids were invited, and all came in the sweetest of frocks. The table was decked in asters and ferns, and looked exceedingly attractive. Miss Ruth Metcalf, Miss Sharon, Miss Lohse and Miss Hofacker were a few of the girls whose appearance commended itself. Mrs. Boone is especially fortunate in her home, which is admirably adapted for entertainments. The dining room is admirably decked in China and Dresden blues, which are if possible more fetching than the Dutch delft. A capital luncheon was served to about twenty ladies. Mrs. Clinton Day, Mrs. Garber, Mrs. Hathaway and Mrs. Denicke were among those invited.

After the myriad of luncheons a tea comes rather as a relief, and if numbers be any criterion then Miss Florence Sharon's reception to Miss Williams of Scranton, Penn., was a great success. The Sharons' new home in Piedmont is built in the old Mission style of architecture, and the rooms are large and square. The various rooms were adorned with different colored flowers. The halls and reception rooms were in red, the drawing room and the music rooms were filled with palms and maidenhair fern. Miss Sharon was assisted in receiving by Miss Williams, Miss Allen, Miss Pope and the Misses Lohse. Afterwards a jolly dinner was served to those who assisted in receiving, to which a number of others were invited.

Although the old ladies of the Home at Temescal were deprived of the outing promised them by Mrs. Wetherbee, Mrs. Wellman stepped nobly into the breach and gave them a picnic. A commodious bus was provided and the poor old ladies had a capital time in the woods. It was delightful to see how much enjoyment they got out of their outing, and made one wish there were more people to give these unfortunate and lonely survivors an occasional red letter day.

The winter cotillion club has again been reorganized by Miss Alys Miller, and is to meet at Reed's Hall on alternate Saturdays. The German will take place on Saturday, October 1st, and is to be led by Miss Marion Goodfellow and Mr. Cleve Baker.

Miss Anna and Miss Grace Holt have gone on to Germany after a summer spent in Switzerland. Misses Ethel and Carmen Moore were at the Hague for the coronation of Queen Wilhelmina, and were at the same hotel as all the Ambassadors and Indian Princes. They will visit Antwerp, Paris and London before returning, which will be some time in November. Miss Alice Herrick, who has spent the past several months in Honolulu, has returned. Mrs. Isaac Requa is again in Piedmont, and seems much better after her rest at Del Monte. Mrs. Requa has returned to her Red Cross work with renewed energy.

An Irish peasant was once asked whether he knew what an Irish "bull" was. "To be shure I do," he replied; "if you was dhriving along a high road and you saw three cows lyin' down in a field and wan ov thim's standin' up —that wan is an Irish bull."

Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist, 806 Market Street

Cotillion Hall, at 1310 Polk street, has been thoroughly renovated, and is now under new management. Terms reasonable for balls, etc.

MOORE'S POISON OAK REMEDY
Cures Poison Oak and all Skin Diseases. Sold by all Druggists.

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

Half the Beauty

of a wheel is its brilliancy. That half is easy when you know how. Use

Electro-Silicon POLISHING CLOTH.

It's a wonder worker for polishing bicycles—both plating and enamel, and always ready, the "SILICON" is in the cloth. Sometimes you want a hasty polish, simply to "rub up" Jewelry, Silverware or the Toilet ware on your dresser, it's done in a "jiffy" with this cloth. It's just as harmless as Electro-Silicon itself. Largest and best made.

Size 10x12, 10 cts. post-paid.
Of leading dealers same price.
The Electro Silicon Co., 30 Cliff Street, New York.

IMPORTANT!

GREAT NOVELTIES

IN

French Drapery
Lace Curtains
Artistic Furniture

In French, Italian and Colonial Styles

Special Designs.

Estimates for Interior Decoration Furnished Free. Get our figures before entrusting your orders with other concerns

THE P. ROSSI CO.

117 Sutter Street

Bet Kearny and Montgomery, San Francisco

THE GREAT LEADER OF CHAMPAGNES!

G. H. Mumm & Co's EXTRA DRY

While words tell, statistics prove. The importation of G. H. MUMM & CO'S EXTRA DRY in 1897, aggregating 72,775 cases, or 42,293 cases more than of any other brand, is certainly the most striking evidence of the great popularity of this famous brand of champagne, and particular attention is called to the fine quality, purity, and natural dryness of the wine now coming to this market.

Used at almost all notable banquets, balls, weddings, etc.

NATURE'S TOILET SOAP

The lemon is a natural skin healer, cleanser, builder and beautifier. It is a skin food—grateful, refreshing and healthful.

CALIFORNIA CREAM OF LEMON

is made from the soluble substance of the whole lemon. It contains neither chemicals, fatty matter nor potash. Its regular use in the bath gives the skin a remarkable clearness, a freedom from all roughness or blemish, and a velvety softness and suppleness. It both prevents and cures tan, sunburn, freckles, pimples, and all similar skin blemishes, diseases and irritations, restores faded complexions and removes wrinkles.

It retails at 15 cents. Ask your druggist for it. If he will not supply you send 20 cents and we will send a three-ounce collapsible tube of Cream of Lemon prepaid to any address in the United States.

BALLOU & COSGROVE

Sole Agents for the United States, San Diego, Cal

Most druggists sell it—all druggists should.

Mrs. Anna Von Meyerinck

HAS REOPENED HER

SCHOOL OF MUSIC

For Voice Culture and Piano.

Complete Conservatory Courses, including Instruction in Harmony, Theory, Chorus and Sight Singing, Ensemble Playing, Languages and Physical Culture. Special Preparation for Church Choir Work (weekly rehearsals with the choir of Park Congregational Church)

Lectures on Musical Topics.

Terms for Full Course of Fifty Weeks, $75, (payable in monthly installments of $0.25)

Private Instruction, $15 and $20 per month.

Special Seminary Courses for Teachers.

Coaching for Lighter and Grand Opera by Mrs. Henri Fairweather.

Further particulars may be obtained at the School 841 Fulton street, San Francisco. Reception hours, 12 to 2 daily.

Moët & Chandon

(LARGEST AND OLDEST CHAMPAGNE HOUSE IN THE WORLD)

White Seal (Grande Cuvee) is unsurpassed in quality, dryness and flavor —*New York Times*

Mme. Adèle

FROM PARIS

Prices Moderate — Artistic Millinery

350 Hayes Street, San Francisco

Hotel Belvedere

Opened for the Season May 1st

Belvedere, Cal. MRS. A. T. MOORE.

ROYAL
Baking Powder

Made from pure cream of tartar.

Safeguards the food against alum.

Alum baking powders are the greatest menacers to health of the present day.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

AN AUTOCRAT'S LETTERS

Napoleon's Theory of Style — How He Dealt with the Pope and the Press.

However the philosophers may rage, experience shows that great men are seldom good men. Gladstone, it is true, affords a shining example of rectitude in high place, but he, too, had an unrivaled capacity for making a virtue of expedience. Bismarck, according to Dr. Busch, was a brutal Machiavelli, ready to use any system of subversion to achieve his ends. He played party against party with a fine disregard of consequences to individuals, and to cement the nation his genius had created he did not hesitate to spill oceans of blood. In comparison with Napoleon, however, the autocratic ways of the Man of Blood and Iron seem humble and perfunctory devices of command. I have just read the *New Letters of Napoleon I* (Appleton & Co.), a volume made up from epistles omitted from the edition of the Emperor's correspondence published under the auspices of Napoleon III. Mr. Leon Lecestre, Curator of the French archives, is the editor and Lady Mary Lloyd translates. One can hardly call the letters a revelation, because the austere imperiousness which distinguishes them is a familiar characteristic of Napoleon. They disclose, however, as no other documents do, his stupendous grasp and power of direction, together with the petty meannesses and the callous cruelty of his disposition. Such a style as these letters have, each sentence a blow or a thrust. In denunciation his phrases explode like batteries of artillery. Such tremendous terseness, such superb brevity, are nowhere else to be found. In comparison all other literature is loquacious.

Napoleon had no mercy on prefaces or explanations. He believed that a ruler should rule. As merciless as Jove and as omniscient, he orders towns sacked, ringleaders hanged or shot, and impressed on his lieutenants the necessity of summary vengeance, as he himself exercised it. He writes thus to Prince Murat, the leader of his forces in Spain, in regard to a proclamation, and incidentally expresses his own idea of phraseology:

"Your Order of the Day to the Soldiers about the Burgos affair is a wretched thing. Good God! where should we be if I was to write four pages to the soldiers, to tell them not to allow themselves to be disarmed, and to quote the fact that a guard of fifteen men fired on the mob, as a trait of heroism? Frenchmen are too clever not to laugh at such proclamations. You never learnt that in my school! What are you to do in critical moments, if you lavish proclamations in this way? Three words were all that was necessary. 'The Madrid mob has risen; there is an insurrection; the first soldier who allows himself to be disarmed, or the first sentry who is forced, will be declared unworthy to belong to the army.' And I doubt whether all this would have been necessary."

To M. de Champagny, his Minister of Foreign Affairs, he again states the system of rhetoric he employed and exacted from his officers:

"I send you back your report about Rome. It strikes me as being weak, and contains some doubtful assertions. When you say that the entry of the troops into the March of Ancona was not an act of hostility, you put yourself in the wrong, and bring forward questions which would startle Europe. The style is not sufficiently business-like; what I want is hard reasoning, not picturesqueness. I will ask you, therefore, to remodel this report, and return it to me. Generally speaking, the report has no divisions or plan, and leaves no impression on the mind after it has been read."

These extracts serve to show the vigor of Napoleon's verbal expressions. Throughout this correspondence, strength and will power are in supreme evidence. There is never any doubt or indirection, never the suggestion of indecision. No matter whether the subject be corn laws or the guidance of a kingdom, the Emperor is equally fertile, emphatic and direct. The question inevitably propounds itself—how could one mind possibly compass such a mass of detail. The great executives of our own day are content to exercise authority over a small corps of chiefs whose will in their own departments is pre-eminent, but Napoleon controlled his generals in their campaigns, his governors in their provinces, his ministers in their offices. He swayed church and state, deposed the Pope, kings, princes and bishops; he compelled from potentates the same obedience he exacted from his soldiers. Nothing was too small for him, nothing too great. He scolds his brothers like a termagant, yet he made monarchs of them; he could not endure criticism or contradiction, yet the Code Napoleon is a system of legislation that ensures the freedom of the subject. The ordinary man is prone before such a force, just as his enemies were.

Yet these letters give us the worst impression of Napoleon's character. Because they afforded such indisputable evidence of his tyranny and ferocity, of his paltry spites and brutal exactions they were suppressed in the early edition. Read with the rest of the correspondence they supply balance and shadow alone they are misguiding. It is as though one were given Mr. Hyde without Dr. Jekyll to relieve and humanize him.

The pretension which seems so laughable in the Kaiser to consider himself as the Lord's Annointed is mild in comparison to the assumption of Napoleon. His decrees are the thunderbolts of Jove. Could anything be more sweeping, more crushing than this:

"I send you the Trappist Fathers' letters. The affair had already been mentioned to me. Have the Superior arrested, and shut up in a State prison. Have the seals put on the property of the monastery, and have the Trappist community broken up, so that no more may be heard of them. Take their habits away from them, and inform the Perfect that the monastery is dissolved. There is a Trappist monastery in the Forest of Senart. Find out what is going on there, so that if it shares the sentiments of this other one, I may have it suppressed."

The Emperor has no respect for Pope or priest. Pius VII had excited his hatred and rage — had excommunicated him and his family. His comment is this: "This is an excommunication which will fall upon his own head. No more consideration must be shown. He is a dangerous madman and must be shut up." This high-handed proceeding having been executed, Napoleon has to decide about the custody of His Holiness. Calmly he discusses this new charge as though the prisoner had been but a misguided corporal. The presumption of this epistle to Fouche, Chief of Police, is astounding:

"As for the Pope's permanent residence, what objection would there be to bringing him close to Paris, and placing him, for instance, in one of my apartments at Fontainebleau? I would bring such Cardinals as are my French and Italian subjects to Paris, and leave them there in freedom. It would be an advantage to have the head of the Church in Paris, where he cannot cause any inconvenience. If he makes a sensation, that will only be a novelty. At Fontainebleau I would have him served and waited upon by my own people."

Having subsequently decided that His Holiness shall be confined in Savona, where there is a citadel, he directs:

"You will lodge him in the Bishop's house, where he will be comfortable. You will form a guard of some fifty cavalry, headed by a trusty officer which you will keep at Savona. * * * The Pope will be allowed to do as he likes — to give as many benedictions as he chooses, but care must be taken to prevent any communication with Genoa or with other countries. Take care that all letters written by himself or by his suite are sent to Turin, where you will have them opened, as well as any that may be addressed to them."

Again, he orders that the Pope be allowed every liberty, "that he is to give benedictions and say masses as much as he chooses," but the people are not allowed to get near him in too great numbers, and "no letters addressed to or written by him or by his suite are allowed to come and go." Yet His Holiness had some consideration at Napoleon's hands—more than was shown the press. Continually there are directions to his agents to suppress, or to utilize the journals for the dissemination of news, or the moulding of public opinion. Indeed, he utilized the press in all his campaigns, Fouche acting as his agent. In 1807 he orders: "You must have a great fuss made in the departmental papers over the prosecution of the Irish Catholics by the Anglican Church. For this purpose you must collect every incident so as to paint the persecution in the most vivid colors." Again he writes: "Have articles written bringing the conduct of the King of Sweden, who has shamefully abandoned one of his towns to the enemy, into strong relief. * * * You must have long articles which will faithfully depict the King's weakness, inconsistency and folly" In another place he orders caricatures of England, and quite often he suggests articles to help out some scheme or theory.

On the other hand the press was allowed but few liberties. He writes to Fouche:

"I had also forbidden the newpapers to refer to priests, sermons or religion. Does not the *Journal des Debats* give extracts from sermons, homilies, and other things of that kind? Will the police be good enough to do my will at last? Is it not absurd, and contrary to the nature of sacred subjects, to see them called into question in newspapers full of falsehoods and idle matters?"

It is evident the newspapers had not conducted themselves properly, for we find him soon after writing thus:

"I frequently complain of the newspapers, but I do not believe the orders given them are ever sufficiently positive. This is what you should write to the editors:

"The editors are never to publish any news as to what I have done, drawn either from foreign newspapers or foreign correspondents. There is no difficulty about this. If a foreign newspaper says I have been to the Comedie Francaise, the French newspapers are not to repeat the fact; if they say I have made a treaty, published such or such an edict, it is not to be repeated—for a matter relating to the Government should not come from abroad. Thus, if this rule were followed, one-half of the complaints to which the newspapers now give rise would disappear. It is ridiculous that it should be from a German newspaper that people hear I have sent Gobelins tapestry to the Emperor of Austria. The journalist who draws such a piece of intelligence from a German newspaper must clearly be a simpleton, and no justification can be offered for him."

Disobedience or freedom of action was terribly punished. The *Gazette de France* had a letter about Berlin. Napoleon ordered Fouche to have the editor arrested and imprisoned for a month and someone else appointed in his place. But imprisoning editors was a mere detail in Napoleon's career. To turn from the press to his family, here is a specimen of the Emperor's indignation — in a letter to his brother, Jerome, King of Westphalia:

"You make war like a satrap. Did you learn that from me? Good God!—from me, who, with my army of 200,000 men, lead my own skirmishers, without allowing even Champagny to follow me, leaving him at Munich or Vienna? * * * You have a great deal of pretension, a certain amount of wit, a few good qualities—all ruined by your conceit. You are extremely presumptuous, and you have no knowledge whatever. * * * Cease making yourself ridiculous; send the Diplomatic Body back to Cassel. Have no baggage and no retinue. Keep one table only—your own. Make war like a young soldier, who longs for fame and glory, and try to be worthy of the rank you have gained, and of the esteem of France and of Europe, whose eyes are upon you. And have sense enough, by God, to write and speak after a proper fashion!" C.

Pears'
Get one cake of it.
Nobody ever stops at a cake.

THE NEWEST BOOKS

Brief Impressions of the Late Crop of Publications.

In the way of new books the offerings are most attractive. For instance, the author of *The Descendant*, one of the most promising novels of last year, has a new book, *Phases of an Inferior Planet* (Harper & Brothers), which is sure to attract attention. This is a story of Bohemian life in New York, and fully realizes the anticipation of its predecessor. Here are both power and pathos, and the book is sure to make an impression.

W. Pett Ridge's latest is *By Order of the Magistrate* (Harper & Brothers)—a sprightly tale, the heroine of which is a Coster girl. The dialogue is full of humor, and certainly affords the author an opportunity to exhibit the extraordinary resources of his Coster vocabulary.

A Great Love (Houghton, Miffin & Co.) is in Clara Louise Burnham's accustomed style. The heroine is an unconventional Colorado girl, who comes to Boston to study music and is introduced to some clever and interesting people.

Ye Lyttle Salem Maide (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.) is a story of witchcraft, by Pauline Bradley Mackie, and is an admirable specimen of book making, illuminated with excellent illustrations.

Whoever reads the *Century* needs no introduction to *Gallops* (The Century Co.). These stories are now out in book form, and are quite the best society tales since Van Bibber, besides having a finer literary flavor than the aristocratic sketches of the only Davis. David Gray has a new field, and has it all to himself; a light touch, a distinct humor, and a knowledge of the horse in his various phases are his equipment. The ten stories are a most agreeable and all too brief entertainment.

Whatever comes from the pen of Harold Frederick is important, and though the stories contained in *The Deserter* (The Lothrop Publishing Co.) are hardly of the '98 vintage, they make interesting reading. The power of weaving a yarn is a distinguished gift of this writer's, and however valuable or instructive his material he never fails to keep his reader entertained. They are good stories, the set of five that make up this volume.

Moran of the Lady Letty, by Frank Norris (Doubleday & McClure Co.), made its debut in The Wave, and since has appeared serially in the *Evening Sun* of New York. It is a brilliant excursion in story telling, and bound to familiarize the reading world with the unique literary talent of its author. There is swing, vim and originality in this yarn, and it will be extraordinary if it does not have a wide sale.

The publishers have also been busy with serious themes. One of the most valuable works of the day is *China in Transformation*, by Archibald R. Colquhoun (Harper & Brothers). The author is an Englishman, was a Deputy Commissioner for many years in Burma, subsequently explored in China and acted as correspondent of the London *Times*, and latterly has been concerned in the Celestial Empire over railroad negotiations. Otherwise he was the first Administrator of Mashonaland and has had special missions for the English Government in various parts of the East and West. From all this the competence of Mr. Colquhoun may be realized. The book is very readable, very important and valuable, and is being generously reviewed in this country and in England.

War Memories of a Chaplain, by H. Clay Trumbull (Chas. Scribner's Sons), is concerned with the Civil War, but the point of view is different to that of most commentaries on that great struggle. The idea of the author is to show the thoughts and feelings of the soldier in action during service, and, as he says, the standpoint of a regimental chaplain gives him the opportunity to speak on this subject with peculiar acquaintance and sympathy.

Memories of a Rear Admiral, by Admiral S. R. Franklin (Harper & Brothers), is almost a history of the American Navy, being full of stories and reminiscences of the era between 1841 and 1889. In various capacities Franklin sailed the globe over, and his memories make agreeable reading.

The Early Letters of George William Curtis to John S. Dwight (Harper & Brothers) are of exceptional interest to all American readers, and give an insight into life at Brook Farm and Concord. Some of the most interesting men and women in the literary history of our nation lived there, and the impressions of so delightful a commentator as the editor of the "Easy Chair" are valuable contributions to the history of that curious movement.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, } ss.
Lucas County.
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of One Hundred Dollars for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this sixth day of December, A. D. 1886. A. W. GLEASON,
[Seal] Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, 75c.

BURKE'S

Scotch and Irish Whiskies Old Tom and Dry Gins are standards all over the wide world.

Pacific Coast Agents
Sherwood & Sherwood
SAN FRANCISCO
LOS ANGELES
PORTLAND

GERMEA
The Ideal Breakfast Dish

THE NEW BOOKS
AS ISSUED
AT
ROBERTSON'S
126 POST ST.

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON
Phone Main 5178
Sutter Street Hammam
TURKISH AND RUSSIAN BATHS
415 Sutter Street, between Stockton and Powell
Open Day and Night for Gentlemen
For Ladies, from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

[IE BANK OF CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO

apital and Surplus . Six Million Dollars

.LIAM ALVORD.....President
ARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
)MAS BROWN.....Cashier
'RENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier
ING F. MOULTON.....Second Assistant Cashier
.EN M. CLAY.....Secretary

CORRESPONDENTS

w York..... { Messrs. Laidlaw & Co. / The Bank of New York, N B. A.
timore.....The National Exchange Bank
ton.....The Tremont National Bank
cago..... { Illinois Trust and Savings Bank / Union National Bank
ladelphia.....Philadelphia National Bank
Louis.....Boatmen's Bank
ginia City, Nev...Agency of the Bank of California
ndon.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
ris.....Messrs. De Rothschild Freres
lin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft
ina, Japan and East Indies.....Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China
stralia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

tters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

e German Savings and Loan Society

526 California St., S. F.

arantee Capital and Surplus.....$2,135,820 60
pital Actually Paid Up in Cash..... 1,000,000 00
posits June 30, 1898.....26,486,987 06

OFFICERS

President, B. A. BECKER
First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER
Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN
Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT
Assistant Cashier, WM. HERRMANN
Secretary, GEORGE TOURNY
Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER

DIRECTORS

A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann, Ign. Stein hart, N. Van Bergen, E. Rhote, H. B. Russ, D. N. Walter and N. Ohlandt.
Attorney - W. S. Goodfellow

San Francisco Savings Union

532 CALIFORNIA ST.

Deposits July 1, 1898.....$23,356,130
Paid Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Reserve Fund..... 182,009
Contingent Fund..... 435,515

. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

DIRECTORS

eorge W. Beaver, Rohert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, aniel E. Martin, Alhert Miller, George Tasheira, E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate, and Farms and Farming Lands in the country. Receives deposits. Country remittances may be nade in checks payahle in San Francisco, Postoffice r Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsihility of this bank commences nly with the receipt of the money.
No charge is made for pass book or entrance fee.
Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evenngs, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco

33 POST STREET

elow Kearny Mechanics' Institute Buildin

Guaranteed Capital, $1,000,000
Paid Up Capital, $300,000

AMES D. PHELAN, President
S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-President
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier
C. B. HOBSON, Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS—James D. Phelan, S. G. Murphy, John A. Hooper, James Moffitt, C. G. Hooker, Frank J. Sullivan, L. P. Drexler, Roht. McElroy, Jos. D. Grant.
Interest paid on deposits.
Loans on approved securities. Deposits may he ent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks.
When opening accounts, send signature.

CONNECTIGUT

FIRE INS. CO.

OF HARTFORD

Assets. $3,300,000. BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.
COLIN M. BOYD,
Agent for San Francisco
501 Montgomery Street

Thuringia Insurance Co.

OF ERFURT, GERMANY

Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248

PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT
204-208 Sansome Street, San Francisco
VOSS, CONRAD & CO,, General Managers

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL Building and Loan Ass'n of California

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and Gen. Manager.
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

FRANKLIN K. LANE G. WHITFIELD LANE

LANE & LANE

Attorneys and Counselors

Removed to
1409-1412-1413 Claus Spreckels Building

THE WORLD OF IDEAS

What Science and Invention are Doing to Advance the World's Progress.

The rays of the sun are a source of life on the globe, and in this regard may be divided into heat and chemical rays, the former lying at the red and the latter at the violet end of the spectrum. To study the effect of these rays on vegetation M. Camille Flammarion, the French author and astronomer, made experiments at his observatory of Juvisy. Frames of blue, red, green, and clear glass were used for growing a variety of plants during the past three years, especially the sensitive plant. Under blue glass the seedlings did not grow, but were, so to speak, asleep. Under clear glass they throve well; uhder green glass they were a little weakly; under red glass they shot up wlth extraordinary vigor to four times the height of those under clear glass, and fifteen times that of those under blue glass. They alone flowered, and their sensibility became so fine that the lightest movement made them shrink. The blues, on the contrary, became insensible. Maize, strawberries, vines, haricot beans and many other plants gave similar results. The colored rays from the spectrum of the electric light, filtered by monochromatic solutions, also gave similar results. It may, therefore, be regarded as demonstrated that the red rays of the spectrum, with the exclusion of other rays, enhance vegetable growth, while the blue rays check it. But light plays an important part in the coloring of flowers and fruit. The green coloration of the leaf is known to fail in obscurity owing to the chlorophyll not being developed; and red lilac of Marly becomes white if grown in the dark. Under the red, blue and green glasses lilacs are also deprived of color. By putting lilacs in obscurity when their colors are partially developed we can get a scale of tints on the same plant, even the same branch, from white to bluish red. The purple leaves of alternanthea amaena remain green under red glass; the leaves of geranium change color. size and shape according to the rays. The scent of flowers and fruits is improved by colored light, and full-blown flowers keep longer under the blue glass.

A recent meeting of the Texas Railway Club was made particularly interesting by a report made by S. R. Tuttle, Superintendent of Motive Power and Machinery of the Houston and Central Railroad, on the results obtained from the use for fuel of lignite, large beds of which are near the main line of the road. From this it appears that experiments were first made by burning lignite under the boilers at water stations, and later it was found economical to use it at the car shops, the creosoting plant, and under all stationary boilers. By changing the draft appliances and puting on diamond stacks, it was found that lignite alone could be burned on switching engines, and that a mixture of about equal parts of lignite and Territory or Frisco coal was suitable for road engines. The fuel records of this line furnish interesting evidence in point, showing, as they do, that in January, 1896, in all classes of service, the locomotives made 29.9 miles per ton of coal, at a cost of 11.06 cents per locomotive mile, while in January, 1898, corresponding figures were 28.3 miles per ton of coal, costing 6.41 cents per miles, or a reduction of 4.65 cents per locomotive mile.

An invention, now in practical use, that is destined to revolutionize the present system of aerating milk, water and wine, consists of a specially-constructed bottle and a portable steel capsule charged with carbonic acid gas. The capsule is fitted into the neck of the bottle and the screwing on of the stopper liberates the gas, which is forced into the liquid contents of the bottle. The special bottle, which may be used indiscriminately for any liquid, costs only 75 cents. The small compass of the capsules enables the traveler to carry a gross in a small hand-bag. A dozen of the capsules cost only 25 cents.

Electric locomotives for operating the mountain divisions of the Central Pacific Railway are said to be under consideration. It is believed that sufficient water power can be obtained from the mountain streams in the vicinity of the line to generate the current, and it is proposed to operate the road in this way from Sacramento east across the Sierra Nevadas to Verdi, Nev., a distance of 144 miles. While the above is only newspaper rumor, the high price of coal on the Central Pacific makes the story one which is not at all improbable.

The reports of asphalt taken from the great natural asphalt lake on the island of Trinidad were greater in 1897 than in any previous year since the deposit has been worked. The amount exported during the year was 124,500 tons, against 96,000 tons in 1896, and 84,000 tons in 1895. The greater part of this product came to the United States.

It is said that of 74 new cotton mills in the United States, either projected, built, or begun during the first six months of this year, 71 were in the Southern States.

Insist Upon Having Your Ticket to New York Boston, or Other Eastern Cities

Read over the Nickel Plate (N. Y. C. & St. L. R. R.), the popular low-rate short line. Quick time, unexcelled accommodations, and no extra fares charged. Jay W. Adams, Pacific Coast Passenger Agent, 37 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Poodle Dog Restaurant, southeast corner of Grant avenue and Bush street. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone 429. Blanco & Bruno, proprietors.

For health and strength: Damiana Bitters.

Better than Gold

and better than any other chewing tobacco ever made:—YOU are not obliged to dig for it. The 10-cent piece of **BattleAx PLUG** is the largest piece of really high grade tobacco, and you can get it anywhere in the United States.

Remember the name when you buy again.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

400 GRADUATES SECURED POSITIONS IN PAST TWO YEARS

LOW RATES!

San Francisco Business College

Only Experienced Bookkeepers and Reporters Employed as Teachers. Send for Catalogue.

1236 MARKET STREET, S. F.

Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson's Academy

1427 Franklin St., near Post

Reopens August 1, 1898. English, French, German and Spanish Boarding and Day School. Begins with kindergarten and prepares for universities, business and society. Drawing and painting. Cultured home training. Excellent table. $30.00 per month. Music in all its branches, if desired, extra.

Lyceum Preparatory School

For the University, Law and Medical Colleges. Accredited with Stanford University and Cooper College. References—President Jordan or any Stanford Professor.

PHELAN BUILDING.

Los Angeles Military Academy

A Classical and English Boarding School
Re-opens Sept. 14th. Catalogue on applicatiou

The Solly Walter School of Illustration

Evening Classes
Tuesdays and Thursdays
26 O'Farrell Street, San Francisco

ELECTRIC..

Supplies
Construction
Repairs

CALIFORNIA ELECTRICAL WORKS

409 MARKET STREET

THE LATEST STYLES IN

CHOICE WOOLENS

H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors

622 Market St. (up stairs) opp. Palace Hote

Bicycle and Golf Suits

WINDOW SHADES

The Only Manufacturer on the Pacific Coast

Any size or color painted to order Plain, Dado, Fringed or Lettered. Hand-Made Opaque Shade Cloth a specialty. Wall Paper, Paper Hanging,

WM. McPHUN

1195 Market Street, cor. Eighth, opp. City Hall

PATRICK & CO.

RUBBER STAMPS
STENCILS, SEALS, BRANDS, ETC.
318 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

Golden Eagle Hotel

Seventh and K Sts., Sacramento

First-class in every respect. All modern conveniences. Bus at every train. GRAY & TITUS, Props.

AMUSEMENTS

Baldwin Theatre

FRIEDLANDER, GOTTLOB & Co., Lessess and Mgrs.

Sunday Night—Last time—**An Enemy to the King**

Beginniug Next Monday, October 3d—Second Week

THE FRAWLEY COMPANY

AND BLANCHE BATES

Presenting Augustin Daly's Comedy Success

The Last Word

Regular Frawley Prices—25c. to $1.

Orpheum

Week commencing . . . . . Monday, October 3d

Cawthorne & Forrester, in their novel Comedy entitled "A Damage Suit"
Mr. Hugh J. Emmett, the Versatile Entertainer
Mulvey & Inman, Premiere Character Artistes
Les Freres Carpos, Premier European Acrobats
Mr. Lew Hawkins, the Celebrated Monologuist
Mr. & Mrs. R. J. Dustan and Company, in their sketch entitled "The Man Upstairs"
The Two Paolis and their Celebrated Football Dog
Anglo-American Quartette in New Songs
The Biograph with a New Series of Views

Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c.

Tivoli Opera House

MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING, Proprietor and Manager

Monday, Oct. 3d—Balfe's Ballad Opera

THE BOHEMIAN GIRL

All-Star Cast, New Scenery, etc.

Monday, Oct. 10th—Grand Opening of the Comic Opera Season—the New Operatic Fantasie

THE CIRCUS QUEEN

A Tale of the Sawdust Ring

Popular Prices : : 25 and 50 cts.

Matinee Reserved Seats 25c. Tele. Bush 9

New Comedy Theatre

(Formerly the Popular Bush)
Direction, M. B. Leavitt. Alf Ellinghouse, Res. Man.

To-Night and Sunday—Last Performance of **What Happened to Jones**

Monday, Oct. 3d—Every Evening, including Suuday Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday
Yankee Dewey Dandy

THE SIGNAL OF LIBERTY

Prices never changing—Evenings 15c., 25c, 55c., 50c. Matinees 25c. to all parts
Next—Clever, Lovely, Charming Clara Thropp

Alhambra

Corner Eddy and Jones Streets. Telephoue S. 435

Week beginning October 2d

The Eminent Tragedian, Robert Downing, assisted by his own compauy
George C. Boniface and Miss Nonna Ferner
Will S. Rising and Company
Lillian F. Smith Ford & Lewis Four Olifans
The Marvelous Austins
The Human Fly, Aimee
McBride & Dallon

Popular Prices—Reserved Seats 25c. and 50c. Box Seats 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday 25c. all over the house; Children 10c.

AUCTION SALE

OF THE

Collection of Deakin Brothers

(To close co-partnership)

ORIENTAL AND EUROPEAN

Works of Art

ALSO

Studies and Paintings by Edwin Deakin

At the Maple Room, Palace Hotel!

On exhibition Monday and Tuesday October 3d and 4th

Sales Wedne day, Thursday and Friday, at 2 and 7:30 p.m.

EASTON, ELDRIDGE & CO.
Auctioneers.

Political printing

AS IT...

should be done!

Every Kind .·. Any Quanity
Fair Prices

BROWN, MEESE & CRADDOCK
(Incorporated)

419 Sacramento Street.

We print THE WAVE 'Phone Main 530

THE THEATRES

Passing Comment on Contemporary Performances.

There were no bonquets and but little enthusiasm at the Baldwin Tuesday night. San Francisco has again turned a cold shoulder towards a really fine play, satisfactorily, or at least adequately rendered. Empty chairs yawned even in the orchestra, and the dress circle was almost empty. Yet neither Blanche Bates nor Frawley have ever before done such good work or appeared in so clever a play. Miss Bates has made a really remarkable stride towards the real thing, and bids fair to take her place among the foremost of our actresses. Not, however, in such roles as that of Julie de Varion, hut rather in high comedy parts, where her roguish brilliancy and vivacity would have full play. It may have been imagination, but I fancied that a wave of relieved satisfaction swept over the house at her every touch of arch lightness, while in the lines demanding deeper feeling she gave real satisfaction but once. This was duiing the last act, when she throws herself on her knees and implores de Launay to go. However, she can no longer be accused of overacting. She has apparently overcome that fault, and has gained much in sincerity and simplicity. Her Julie de Varion has a certain sweetness and charm that I have never felt before in any of her impersonations. She is more graceful, more polished, is altogether a vastly softened and refined Blanche Bates, whom I advise everyone to look upon. Frawley was surprisingly good as de Launay. Really, the actor-manager young man makes a most convincing lover—at short notice, too.

There was no better work done in "An Enemy to the King," as seen at the Baldwin, than that of Mr. Sam Edwards, who plays Blaise Tripault and is very amusing in spite of his rather tiresome, much-talked-of mother and equally tiresome father. His lines are not remarkable, for "An Enemy to the King" is pre-eminently a two-part play. All the cleverness, all the interest, is centered in the star roles, which is just as it should he—when we have the stars. An ordinary stock company, however, makes a hetter showing when the parts are more evenly distributed, as, for instance, in "A Marriage of Convenience," where even the comparatively trivial role of French maid was full of possibilities, of which, by the way, Miss Dale made the very most. Still I can readily understand that any company, given the opportunity to play "An Enemy to the King," would be unable to resist the temptation. It is the best drama we have had for years. "Under the Red Robe" is pinchbeck beside it, and "The Prisoner of Zenda" unreal jugglery. Compare the last acts of the three plays if you wish irrefutable evidence. It is a culmination in "An Enemy to the King" and a makeshift in the others.

* *

At the Orpheum this week Lew Hawkins says that Sampson was made a rear-admiral for being at the rear of the battle of Santiago, and intimated that while Germany and France or some other power might decide to mix up with us at Manila, there was one country which would be on our side. England would, for, as Hawkins says, England has an excellent memory. So has Hawkins, for he spared the audience in the matter of old jokes and delighted the house with some new ones, besides several catchy songs. Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Dunstan are in the nature of a shock after the delicate treatment and finesse of Felix Morris' performances. They over-act nearly every detail of their amusing little skit, "The Man Up Stairs." Their support lacks that careful coaching which made the result so harmonious in the efforts of Felix Morris' little company. Miss Weston, as Mary Nolan, an Irish servant, was too realistic to be funny to people blessed with that type of servant, but as a bit of character work she did her part effectively and really saved the Dunstans' act. The Anglo-American Quartette and Sankey Bros. are of the usual Orpheum type. Bessie Bonehill and Louis Cazeau proved as good as ever, but they were hold-overs, though good enough to hear and see again.

* *

The production of Augustus Thomas' little drama, "In Mizzoura," at the Alcazar is in every way successful. The members of the company do justice to their parts and the staging and scenery are realistic to a degree. In the role of Jim Radhurn, the manly, large-hearted sheriff, Ernest Hastings does most excellent work throughout, and so natural is his bearing and the rendering of his lines that one entirely forgets that he is merely acting. George Osbourne, as the blacksmith, is a capital study and all the niceties of the character are carefully portrayed. Howard Scott, as the smooth villlan Travers, is acceptable, and Clarence Montaine well illustrates his versality in the part of Dave, the lout, who hankers after a "stiddy job," though already kept busy at the forge during all the hours of the daylight and now and then overtime as well. Marie Howe, as the blacksmith's better half, is to the life and Missourian "from way back." The youthful Maybell Bowman, who had a great first-night reception, tickles the fancy of the audience immensely as 'Lizabeth, her younger daughter, whose crude speech and manner are such a contrast to her elder sister Kate, with the finish of a "seminery" education. Gretchen Lyons appears in the latter part to some advantage. The play itself was made famous by Nat Goodwin as Joe Vernon, the blacksmith, but any one who goes to see the piece as presented at the Alcazar and comes away dissatified will be hard to please.

* *

DRAMATIC NOTES

The programme for the forthcoming week at the Alhambra is really interesting. Robert Downing, a somewhat familiar name in heavy tragedy, plays the Arena act out of "The Gladiator." There occurs a fine sword combat in this scene. Next comes Offenbach's operetta, "The Rose of Auvergne," in which Will S. Rising will be supported by Lilian Kemble and Elmer Ellsworth. George C. Boniface and Miss Mona Ferner give a little comedy, "A Game of Lobby." There is also the eminent rifle shot Lilian S. Smith, the Four Olifans, besides the Austin Sisters. It is a first class bill and should attract big houses to this comfortsble theatre.

"The Bohemian Girl" has the boards at the Tivoli next week, filling in the interim before the opening of the comic opera season. Elvia Crox will sing the title role, Mary Linck and Helen Merrill will alternate as the Gypsy Queen; Rhys Thomas, Thaddeus; Wm. Pruette, the Count; Edwin Stevens, Devilshoof, and Phil Branson, Florentine. On Menday evening, October 10th, the comic opera season will open with "The Circus Queen." The title role will be played by Annie Myers, a clever singing soubrette.

The Orpheum has four new acts for next week. Cawthorne and Forrest appear in a comedy sketch, "A Damage Suit," in which they introduce coon songs and some very clever comedy. Mulvey and Inman are a pair of young ladies whose special fortè is dances. The Carpod Bros. are famous gymnasts, and Hugh J. Emmett is a ventriloqual entertainer. Othere on the bill are Mr. and Mrs. Dunstan and company, Lew Hawkins, the Anglo-American Quartette, Paolis and dog, and the Biograph.

Poddie Ross, soprano, who is pronounced by German and Italian critics to be the equal of Melba and Nordica, will give a concert at the Baldwin Theatre next Thursday afternoon, October 6th, at half past three. She is a *colarateur* singer of unusual distinction; her voice ranges from low C to high E, and she trills on C and D. She will be assisted by a symphony orchestra of 35 pieces under the direction af L. Von Der Mehden, Jr., and Hugo Mansfeldt, the pianist.

"What Happened to Jones" has three farewell performances at the Comedy, to-night, matinee to-morrow (Sunday) and evening. It will be succeeded on Monday night by "The Signal of Liberty," the story of which hinges on the late Spanish-American war. The introduction of popular prices at this house has favored the masses. Evenings, 15, 25, 35 and 50 cents; matinees, 25 cents to all parts.

The Frawleys are to give Augustin Daly's comedy, "The Last Word," at the Baldwin next week. It is said to he an excellent play and the scene of it is rehearsed in Washington, D. C. The principal roles will be undertaken by Blanche Bates, T. D. Frawley and Theodore Roberts.

The Wilson-Cleveland Minstrels, coming to the California Theatre, is the largest organization of its kind. There are sixty-three people in the company.

Beginning with the latter part of the month, the California Theatre is booked solid up to next March. Popular prices will prevail.

"Hogan's Alley," one of the strongest farce comedies in the East, will be at the California Theatre in October.

To Clarissa.

A butterfly of rose-lit June
That flits from flower to flower,
And takes the honey of the noon,
And lords it for an hour—

It flashes in the Summer sun,
It floats upon the wind,
And when its miuute sands have run,
Leaves not a trace behind—

So broke Clarissa on my way,
So did Clarissa fly;
But ever since our holiday
Another man am I.

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

TO CHICAGO IN 31-2 DAYS

TO NEW YORK IN 4 1-2 DAYS

VIA

Chicago Union Pacific

AND

Northwestern Line

Through Pullman and Tourist Sleeping Cars Daily. All meals served a la carte in Dining Car. For full information, address

R. R. RITCHIE,
General Agent Pacific Coast
No. 2 New Montgomery Street (Palace Hotel)
San Francisco, Cal.

TRUSTEE'S SALE

The undersigned offers at public auction all the persoual property, consisting of Furniture, Restaurant, Kitchen and Bar Utensils, Wines, Liquors, etc., now stored in the Golden Gate Warehouse, 41 First street, city, and formerly belouging to Nicholas P. Kulievan and Christopher Kulievan.

Said property can be inspected on the premises by application to the undersigned. An Inventory of said property can be seen at the office of Milton J. Green, 185 Crocker Building.

The said property will be sold at public auction on the 7th day of October, 1898, at 11 o'clock a. m.

A certified check for ten per cent of the amount offered must accompany each bid. Right reserved to reject any aud all bids. Sale subject to confirmation by Court.

Return of Sale will be held before Milton J. Green, Referee in Bankruptcy, Room 185, Crocker Building, on Friday, the 7th day of October, 1898, at 1 o'clock p. m.

R. E. CANNELL,
Trustee of the Estate of Nicholas P. Kulievan and Christopher Kulievan, Bankrupts.
Room 306, 328 Montgomery st., San Francisco, Cal.

For those who appreciate Comfort and Attention

A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL

SAN FRANCISCO

WM. B. HOOPER, MANAGER

Blake, Moffitt & Towne

DEALERS IN

PAPER

55, 57, 59 and 61 First Street, San Francisco

Telephone Maiu 199

Centennial Stable

Boarding and Livery

Carriages, Broughams, Victorias, etc. First-Class in every respect

1521-1523-1525 California Street

Bet. Polk and Larkin

Telephone East 378 M. CONLON, Proprietor

U. S. Senator George C. Perkins

Hon. Henry T. Gage

Republican Nominee for Governor

AND

Hon. Jacob H. Neff

Republican Nominee for Lieutenant-Governor

WILL ADDRESS THE PEOPLE

AT

WOODWARD'S GARDEN PAVILION

ON

Saturday Evening, Oct. 1st

E. C. HART, Secretary.

FRANK McLAUGHLIN,
Chairman Republican Executive Committee.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, the famous orator, statesman, railroad president and millionaire, in an interview said of his recent visit to Del Monte: "I visted Monterey, and I call it the most beautiful place in the world. Monte Carlo cannot compare with it. Its seventeen mile-drive is unparalleled for fineness."

Specially reduced rates for the winter months of November, December, January and February, are offered, as follows:
Single room, with board for one person, by the month, $65. Double room, with board for one person, by the month, $70; two persons, $135.
Best room, with board for one person, by the month, $75; two persons, $145. Best room, with bath and board for one person, by the month, $80; two persons, $155
Small parlor suites, with board for one person, by the month, $80; two persons, $155. Daily and weekly rates remain as heretofore—from $3 to $5 per day

For further information, address **GEORGE SCHONEWALD, Manager**
Hotel Del Monte, Monterey, California.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway wharf San Francisco.
For Alaskan ports, 10 a.m. Sept. 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, Oct. 3; transfer at Seattle.
For B. C. and Puget Sound ports 10 a.m. Sept. 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, Oct. 3, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, 2 p.m. Sept. 16, 21, 26, Oct. 1, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a. m. Sept. 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, Oct. 4 and every fourth day thereafter.
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), at 11 a.m. Sept. 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, Oct. 2 and every fourth day thereafter.
For Mexican ports, 10 a. m. 18th of every month.
For further information, obtain folder.
The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing.

Ticket Office: 4 New Montgomery St (Palace Hotel)

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen. Agts.
No. 10 Market Street, - San Francisco, Cal.

OCEANIC Steamship Company

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S. S. Alameda, for **Australia**, Wednesday, Oct. 5th, at 2 p.m. Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.
S. S. "Australia," **Honolulu only**, Wednesday, Oct. 19th, at 2. p.m.

Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.
Freight Office 327 Market St.
D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO General Agents

Santa Fe Route

The Most Comfortable Way to Travel Across the Continent!

Through Pullman Parlor and Tourist Cars Every Day
Meals at Harvey's Famous Dining-Rooms

Get full particulars at Ticket Office

628 MARKET STREET
SAN FRANCISCO

1118 Broadway, OAKLAND

A. K. DAGGETT

Drawing of Deeds and all Legal Papers a specialty
NOTARY PUBLIC
14 Montgomery St., S. F.
Telephone 305

"Remember the Name!"

Certain individuals who do not patronize American industries
Run off with an idea that in order to get good wines they must use
European products, when there is no necessity for
So doing, and in these stirring and patriotic times of
To-day everybody should feel a keen interest in
American products which are of deserving merit,
Both for the reason that they are used
Largely among American citizens, and made by
Americans for American people in America
Now and always, and therefore we ask you to give the
CRESTA BLANCA California Wines
fair and impartial trial at your club or home
With anything of like cost from France.
Inasmuch as these wines have been acknowledged second to
None in comparison with goods from the
European countries, wherever exhibited, you
Surely are in favor of American goods.

WETMORE - BOWEN CO.
140 Montgomery Street San Francisco, Cal.

MRS. M. E. PERLEY MRS. S. V. CULP

DECORATIVE KERAMIC ART STUDIO

215 Post Street

All Branches of China Painting Taught
Morning Class: Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, from 9 a. m. to 12 m. Afternoon Class: Daily, from 1:30 to 4:30. Lessons $1 each. Private Lessons $1.50 each. TRY OUR ROMAN GOLD.
Telephone Grant 43

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

Main Office, 510 Montgomery St.
SAN FRANCISCO
Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper Information
Advance Reports on all Contract Work
Telephone Main 1042

Brushes

For barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bathhouses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candymakers, canners, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paperhangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

BUCHANAN BROS.
TEL. 5610 609 SACRAMENTO ST
BRUSH MANUFACTURERS

We will send "The Wave" for Four Months to any address in the United States

For One Dollar

The Best Illustrated Paper West of New York

"The Wave"

Topics of the Day Ably Discussed

Subscribe Now

Address
Subscription Dept. "The Wave"
24 Montgomery St.

GREENBAUM'S

White and Dark Violet

The Most Fashionable Perfume
Possesses the Odor of Fresh Violets

128 POST ST. UNDER BOHEMIAN CLUB

BONESTELL & CO.

Dealers in PAPER

Fine Coated Papers a Specialty

401-403 SANSOME ST.,
San Francisco, Cal.

JOE POHEIM, THE TAILOR

Makes the best fitting clothes at 25 per cent less than any other house on the Pacific Coast. See Prices:

PANTS TO ORDER	SUITS TO ORDER
$3.50	$10.00
4.50	13.50
5.00	15.50
6.00	17.50
7.00	20.00
8.00	25.00
9.00	30.00

The firm of JOE POHEIM is the largest in the United States. Rules for self-measurement and samples of cloth sent free.

201 and 203 Montgomery St., cor. Bush.
844 & 846 Market St. 1110 & 1112 Market St.
SAN FRANCISCO.
485 Fourteenth St., Oakland. 603 & 605 K St., Sacramento.
143 South Spring St., Los Angeles.

BAJA CALIFORNIA
DAMIANA BITTERS

Damiana is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. Damiana Bitters are known on their merits. Send for Circular.

NABER, ALES & BRUNE, Agents
323-325 Market St., S. F.

THE UNAPPROACHABLE COLDNESS

...OF...

THE Alaska REFRIGERATORS

HAS WON FOR THEM

MANY WARM FRIENDS!

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.

Pacific Coast Agents

309 to 317 Market Street, San Francisco

LAUNCH AHOY!

Leugth 45 ft.; beam 10 ft.; speed 10 miles.

20 H. P. Hercules Gasoline Engine

NOISELESS! SELF-STARTING!

The only absolutely reliable, durable, aud perfectly satisfactory marine gasoline engine.
4 H. P. to 200 H. P.

HERCULES GAS ENGINE WORKS

495 7 Sansome St. San Francisco

Send for New Catalog

If we made it, it's proper!

We are giving

demonstrations daily iu the art of correct tailoring. Our customers are models of neatness and fashion, and we take pride in having them such. If you are particular—if your clothes must be just so—theu we waut you for a customer. Won't you let us demonstrate this with you?

GRENNAN BROS. Telephone Black 2465 850 Market St.

COTTON SAIL DUCKS

22-inch, in all numbers. Medium, Soft and Hard

ALSO

Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks

From 36 to 72 inches wide

Monnmental and Imperial Ounce Ducks

Manufactured by Murphy, Grant & Co.

Mount Vernon Company . . Pacific Coast Sole Agents

Baltimore

Beware of Imitations

This is a fac simile of the package

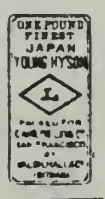
Genuine Diamond "L" Tea

Pure and Uncolored

GEO. A. MOORE & CO.

208 California St., S. F.

For sale by all grocers



25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

In the olden days of street transportation, before cash registers were known, Frank Parmalee, a well-known Chicagoan, was running a line of busses on Halstead street. Among his drivers was an old fellow named Bob Somerset, whom he shrewdly suspected of "knocking down." One night, after a wet day, Parmalee hid himself in the stable and actually caught Bob reckoning up the day's proceeds. He had emptied his buckskin bag out on a sack of oats, and was stacking up silver dollars in two piles. "Here's a dollar for Frank," he said, "and a dollar for me, and a dollar for Frank." He kept on this way until he had all the money equally divided, with a dollar over. Parmalee kept still and waited. Bob looked at the dollar and weighed it in his hand. "Shall I keep it?" he mused. "No, I'll let Frank have it. He has to feed the horses." At this Parmalee broke in and gathered the whole pile. "It's a good thing you had some glimmerings of conscience remaining, you infernal old scoundrel," he said. "If you had kept that odd dollar, I'd have fired you, sure."

When Congressman James G. Maguire arrived home recently from Washington, he arranged for a procession to meet him at the ferry, and there were speeches afterwards at the hall. A reporter on one of the dailies was sent out to do the preliminary work, and told to get the title of each club in the procession. He went up to one man, who wore a red cape and carried a torch, and inquired: "What is the name of this organization?" The reply was, "Me name is Timothy Flaherty, and I live at t'ree hundred and t'irty-eight Climintina Strate, an' I was rigistered lasht Cheusday." "I don't want your name," said the reporter, "what is the name of the club you are marching with?" With a shake of his head, the intelligent worker for Democracy replied: "I don't know the name of th' bloody club! Me name is Flaherty, and I'm marching for Maguire!"

Among some of the moonshiners of Kentucky there exists a striking dislike of negroes. Dan Beard, the artist, met several desperadoes who had each slain their dozen colored men, merely out of a feeling of impatience. There was one fellow in this district who had fifty-three cases against him. He was arrested at last and a trial ordered. His lawyer, a celebrated man in the region, said to the Judge: "Now, see here, Jedge, my client has got fifty-three cases against him. Now, I don't want to plead all my life foah my client, so I'll tell you what I'll do. You throw off fifty-two cases and I'll plead the other one." "Sartinly, sah," said the Judge." The lawyer won his case and a fee of $4,000.

In the County of Wicklow lies the picturesque Vale of Avoca, famous in song. Here is the confluence of two rivers, the Avonmore and Avonbeg, which bears the name of "The Meeting of the Waters," Two British tourists chanced to meet at this spot a girl bearing a pitcher of water, of whom they inquired the name of the river. "The Meeting," was the prompt reply. "Oh! we know that," quoth the tourists; "but what river is it?—what name do you call it by?" "Och!" said the girl, "I don't call it at all; it always comes of itself."

The celebration of the tercentenary of Dublin University in 1692 attracted a large number of graduates of the university and other visitors to Dublin. Two laborers, who were among the spectators of the rejoicings in the grounds of Trinity College, expressed their feelings as follows: "Well, Tim," said one, "thim tarcintinaries does a dale for the thrade in Dublin, and no misthake." "Oh, faix they do," replied the other, "and whin, with the blessin' of God, we git Home Rule, shure we can have as many of them as we plase."

A Wichita volunteer lay many weeks in the hospital at Point Montauk. He was convalescing after an attack of typhoid fever. The doctor on his rounds found him looking very depressed: "What's the matter, my man, you look downhearted." "Yes, sir," was the reply; "I've been praying all night." "Nonsense, man," the doctor exclaimed, "you'll get well—don't despair." "It isn't that, doctor; the truth is that I've been praying that the egg you said I could have to-day would be an ostrich egg."

Telephonic connection had just been established with a remote town in the Highlands of Scotland, and a General Postoffice Superintendent had come along to supervise the installation. "Weel, Mr. M'Lullish, how do you find the new instrument doin' with you?" he said. "Oh, ferry well—ferry well indeet," said the Postmaster; "but"—in a tone and with a look of intense satisfaction—"I see that eet will understant ta Gaelic petter than ta Engliss."

A wealthy manufacturer, who had just made his entry into the House of Commons, was introduced to Disraeli and complimented him on his novels after this fashion: "I can't say I've read them myself. Novels are not in my line. But my daughters tell me they are uncommonly good." "Ah," said the leader of the House, in a voice full of ironic gratitude, "this, indeed, is fame."

When he first appeared in the House of Lords, Lord Morris did not make a good impression, and was himself decidedly put out by the indifference of his audience. A friend asked him about his experience that night, and he replied, "I made wan mistake. I should have practiced spakin' to a lot of grave stones before I addhressed their lordships."

A farmer called at one of the Dublin newspaper offices to have an advertisement inserted. He was informed that the charges were 6s. for the first insertion and 2s. 6d. for the second. "Faith, thin," said he, "I'll have it in the second toime."

PALACE AND GRAND HOTELS

Now Under One Management

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1400 rooms — 900 with bath

Rooms, $1.00 and upward Room and Meals, $3.00 and upward

A beautifully illustrated book, containing floor plans and rate card can be had f the asking. JOHN C. KIRKPATRICK, Manager.

HOTEL WESTMINSTER

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLANS LOS ANGELES, CAL.

The Finest and Most Complete Hotel in the City. Everything New.
The Highest Standard of Perfection Maintained in all Departments.

F. O. JOHNSON, Proprietor.

Louis Roederer Champagne

HIGHEST GRADE IN THE WORLD

E. LA MONTAGNE & SONS
Sole Agents
45 Beaver St., New York

Three kiuds, all of equ excellence:

BRUT
GOLD SEAL
A Perfectly Dry Wine

GRAND VIN SEC
BROWN SEAL
The Perfection of a D Wine

CARTE BLANCHE
WHITE SEAL
A Rich Wine

MACONDRAY & CO.
Sole Agents Pacific Coast
116 California Street

573-579 Market Street San Francisco | R. H. PEASE Vice-President and Manager | 73 and 75 First Street Portland, Ore.

The illustrations in this paper are made by us.

HAWAIIAN ADVERTISEMENTS

Coffee, Fruit and Grazing Lands FOR SALE OR TO LEASE

8,000 acres in fee simple — 5,000 acres leasehold

IN THE CELEBRATED COFFEE DISTRICT OF KONA, ISLAND OF HAWAII

Also, some desirable lots in the City of Honolulu

Apply to J. M. MONSARRAT

Real Estate and Financial Agent, HONOLULU, H. I

Hawaiian Trust and Investment Co., Ltd.

Paid Up Capital, $30,000

Makes a Specialty of Hawaiiau Securities and Real Estate. Correspondence solicited.

G. R. CARTER, Manager

References—Welch & Co., San Francisco; Bank of Hawaii, Honolulu

W. C. ACHI & COMPAN

Real Estate Brokers

We will buy or sell real estate in any part of the group. We will also buy or sell Stocks in any corporation in the Hawaiian Islands.

Office, 10 West King Street, Honolulu, H.

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS 308-314 POST ST.

Warranted for Ten Years

THE WAVE

VOL. XVIII. No. 15 SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 8, 1898 PRICE 10 CENTS

This Paper not to be taken from the Library. ◆◆◆◆

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY

ASSESSOR JOHN D. SIEBE

NOMINATED BY THE REPUBLICANS AND NON-PARTISAN CONVENTIONS FOR ASSESSOR

Photo by Taber

THE WAVE

Is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $5.00 per year. Sample copies free on application.

The trade is supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 342 Geary street; east of the Rocky Mountains by the American News Company, New York.

The Wave is kept on file and is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France; 31 Union Square, New York City; 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 206 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

For advertising rates and on all other matters pertaining to city business, address Trevor Cory, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Eastern representative, D. M. Foltz, 34 Park Row, New York.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 8, 1898

CONTENTS

Editorials 2
Things and People; by Boswell Jr. 3
The Royal House of Denmark and its Descendants 4
The Great War Inquiry 5
The Cuisine in Manila, by Drayton 5
"Chalmer's Gold Piece;" by David Gray 6
Scenes at Camp McKinley, Honolulu 7
Ladies of the Day 8
A Royal Match-Maker.., by Etienne Marcel 9
The Latest Leader 9
The Defenses of Manila 10
The Capture of Manila 11
Indian Life in Mexico 12
"The Californians": a Review by C. 13
The Washington State Fair at Yakima, by Joseph Blethen.. 14
Chili vs. Argentina 14
A Debutante's Diary 15
London Letter 16
New York Letter 16
"Sam Warner's Revenge": a Short Story 17
The Theatres 18
New Stories Re-Told 20

THE TRUE ISSUES.

The ordinary voter will not be permitted to discuss or realize what are the real issues involved in the present campaign if the Democratic press can prevent it. The opposition would have us believe that one of the chief issues of the present campaign is the Railroad Funding Bill, but Senator Perkins, whose attitude in the Senate on this question is well known to the people, thoroughly and completely disposed of this question in his admirable speech of last Saturday night. He declares, and submits proof of his assertion, that the Democrats and Populists settled this issue in Congress. He says:

In the closing days of Congress the Committee on Pacific Railroads, of which Democratic Senators Morgan of Alabama, Faulkner of West Virginia, Murphy of New York and Harris of Kansas were members, directed Senator Morgan to propose an amendment to the deficiency appropriation bill authorizing and empowering the Attorney-General, Secretary of the Interior and the Secretary of the Treasury, by and with the approval of the President, to negotiate the settlement of the indebtedness due the Government from the Central Pacific. The plan contemplates the payment of the full amount due, including principal and interest, payments to be made in twenty semi-annual payments, deferred payments to bear 3 per cent per annum, and in the event of the company defaulting in a single payment, the full amount to become immediately due and payable, and the Government, through its Department of Justice, could proceed against the delinquent corporation. Senator Morgan, who had always opposed every adjustment of this debt, stated that he considered this a satisfactory and final adjudication of this matter, which had agitated the public mind for many years, and he was very glad that it would be taken out of the domain of politics; he also stated that he considered the settlement the more satisfactory, as the Government would by this plan receive its full amount, principal and interest, and that the effect of this arrangement is not to extend the time of paying the debt, inasmuch as the company had only defaulted in a part of the amount, the balance not falling due until 1899. The rules of the Senate are such that no amendment to a general appropriation bill which involves new legislation can be considered in the Senate except by unanimous consent. Therefore this amendment, to prevail, must have had the united sanction and support of the entire eighty-nine Senators who were either present or paired. I consulted with my colleague in relation to the matter, and we personally interviewed members of the Pacific Railroad Committee, who informed us that assurances had been given that an English syndicate had been formed to take up the bonds and pay the Government the full amount of the indebtedness, principal and interest, within the time named by this amendment. Under the circumstances we felt that we would not have been true to the interests of the people of this State or to the interests of the Government which embraces all of the States of the Union did we, for the purpose of making political capital, object to the adoption of the amendment. It therefore had our approval, as it had also of the eighty-nine Senators, among whom were Senator Jones of Arkansas, chairman of the National Democratic Committee; Senator Butler of North Carolina, chairman of the Populist National Committee; there was also present Senator Pettigrew of South Dakota, vice-chairman of the National Silver Republican Committee, and one of the most violent opponents of railroads in the Senate. By this statement you see that the settlement of this Central Pacific debt and the plan proposed and accepted is really a Democratic, Populist and Silver Republican measure and not a proposition emanating from the present Administration. How, then, can our friends in this State, who are conducting the Democratic, Populist, Silver Republican campaign, consistently present such a false issue and expect the people to believe in their sincerity?

Even though this step had not been taken, no man knows better than Mr. Maguire that as Governor he would be powerless to vote upon or in the least affect the question involved. He knows, as well as any one knows, that this is not an issue, and that to pretend it is is a cheap political subterfuge.

Except as it will prejudice our State in the eyes of the world, the question of free silver is not embraced in this campaign. The real question involved is—Does this State propose to renounce the administration and the party that doubled the income of the wool-grower, protected the farmer, the horticulturist, the olive-grower and the manufacturer and made it possible and profitable for them to compete with the producers of other lands? There is another issue which Senator Perkins also adverted and to which we commend our readers. He said among other things:

Let us for the moment dismiss all partisan pride and put behind us every consideration of political preference or prejudice. Let us, as American citizens, look the truth squarely in the face, for it can do no harm. As between man and man, I want to ask of every Democrat, of every Populist and of every free silver Republican within sound of my voice if ever within their recollection the prospects of this nation seemed brighter or more certain than they do to-day?

I want to ask them how and where they would or could improve past conditions any more rapidly or effectually than is now being done. And, finally—and I want to put this question squarely to them—Is not the Republican party fairly and honestly entitled to all of the honor and all of the credit for thia beneficent change that has taken place in the condition of our nation within the past two years?

In times of depression and of public misfortune I do not question the right of a Democrat or a Populist to fish some strange theory of government from out the wastebasket of political economy; but I am inclined to question the motives and strongly doubt the loyalty and the wisdom of the American citizen who, stubbornly turning his face against the truth, refuses to acknowledge this nations undoubted prosperity simply because it has been brought about against his prophecies by the wisdom of a rival political paaty. There never was a better time for straying Republicans to come back into the familiar fold; that never was a better time for Populists to concede that the great principles of Republicanisms are framed for the nation's best interests; and there never was a better time for Democrats to purify their own party by abandoning it until it has settled back to some honest principles that do not threaten the integrity and very existence of our nation.

We cannot and must not put this State on record in opposition to the administration that has now in hand the settlement of the terms of peace, which are quite as important as the war itself. We must buckle on our armor and stand by the man at the helm. We have demonstrated to the world that as soldiers there are no Democrats, no Populists, no Republicans—and we must also show them that as citizens we stand by the chief executive and great commander of our army and navy, no matter what his politics may be.

This is the doctrine that will govern the conduct of the noblest type of American citizens on next election day.

We will vote as Americans, not as partisans, and we shall demonstrate to all the world that, despite the promptings of party pride oa prejudice, we are above all things in the world Americans; that we are true to our country and its flag, and willing, nay, more than willing, eager to sustain our administration and justify this war in the eyes of all the world.

If one figures that the majority of voters in this State do not own property, have anarchistic and single tax leanings, and do not care a farthing for the State or its reputation, then you may rightly conclude that Mr. Maguire will be elected. But if you concede that there is intelligence among the voters, if you concede that men who do not own property may be as much interested in the welfare and reputation of the State as the men who do; if you concede that the Democratic party does hold men of intelligence who have a sense of right and wrong, then you must concede that Mr. Gage will be elected by an overwhelming majority. The real issue of the campaign, the dangers that would attend the election of Mr. Maguire, ought to take every intellegent man to the polls upon election day. It should bring out the class of citizen who too frequently neglects his duty as a citizen, and toward this great silent intelligent vote the friends of State honor and respectability look with confidence.

THE MERCHANTS' ASSOCIATION AS A MUNICIPAL FACTOR.

The Merchants' Association of San Francisco is now well advanced in the fifth year of its existence, and during its short career has been instrumental in bringing about some important improvements in municipal affairs. In New York and other Eastern cities the chief mission of institutions working under the same titles is to stimulate trade and obtain cheap and convenient transportation and other facilities for the benefit of their members. The object of the local organization has so far been to promote improved municipal conditions in this city. By this means the value of property is enhanced, opportunities for successful trading are developed and the general prosperity of the community is added to and conserved. At the present time the roll of membership shows a total of upwards of one thousand regular and active members, including firms in almost every branch of trade. A greater and grander San Francisco is the main aim of the Association, and a good deal of important work has already been accomplished under its auspices.

When the Association was first formed the condition of many of the business streets of the city was a standing reproach to our enterprise and civilization. Ill-paved and inefficiently cleaned as the streets had been for a long series of years, this Association decided to inaugurate its work by a vigorous effort to alter a state of things which was very harmful to the trading interests of San Francisco and a serious drawback to holders and occupiers of property. Attention was first directed to the work of street cleaning. Although the Board of Supervisors appropriated a sum of $80,000 annually for the purpose, the contract system under which sweeping was done was a glaring failure. On investigation it was found that the sum allowed was insufficient, and the association took steps to raise a further sum of $30,000 by voluntary contributions. This amount, added to the city appropriation, enabled the city to undertake and execute a contract for street-cleaning during a period of eight months. The city has since adopted the plans and specifications under which the work was done, and the improved condition of the thoroughfares which is seen to-day is due to the improved system adopted and the constant and friendly supervision of the Association. At the same time voluntary subscriptions have been collected from the owners of property in several of the principal business blocks for the repaving of the adjoining streets and the repavement of Market street now in progress is in great measure due to the efforts of the Association.

Further funds were raised to the extent of $15,000 for the purpose of introducing a modern method of public lighting, and 228 powerful electric arc lamps of 2,000 candle power each were suspended in the center of several of the principal roadways of the city. This system of street-lighting has now been permanently adopted by the municipality and ere long its extension will make San Francisco one of the best illuminated cities in the United States. A plan of affixing the names of streets at each corner was also adopted at the instigation of the Association. Through its efforts a suitable site has been provided within municipal limits for the Wilmerding School of Industrial Arts, and assistance has been given towards establishing the College of Commerce of the University of California. The instrumentality of the Merchants' Association was an important factor in bringing about the new charter so recently adopted by the people of San Francisco. At its request the Citizens' Charter Association and the Charter Convention of One Hundred were convened to prepare a new municipal charter, and the results of its labors was submitted to the Board of Freeholders.

A strict adherence to certain fundamental principles has marked the career of the Merchants' Association, and will undoubtedly insure for it a permanent and successful future. Chief among these is the exclusion of party politics from its proceedings. Although the influence of the Association is constantly exerted in measure for the public welfare, no part is ever taken in politics or the distribution of the public patronage. Whenever possible the aim of the Association is to co-operate with public officials in carrying out all ordinances and laws for the comfort, safety, health and prosperity of the people.

For some months past the President of the Association, Mr. F. A Dohrmann, has been in Europe, and in the course of his travels has collected a mass of information from official sources relating to the municipal government of the chief cities on the continent and in Great Britain. A great portion of this is now in the hands of Secretary Freud, who is now analyzing and collating the facts and statistics furnished. It is obvious that the possession of all the data thus obtained will greatly streagthen the hands of the organization and afford useful groundwork for using its influence in the correction of any evils or defects that at present exist in the conduct of municipal concerns.

When the Merchants' Association first came into existence it was by many supposed that its chief and only object would be to promote the trading interests of its members, that being, as explained above, the function of similar organizations elsewhere. In San Francisco the Chamber of Commerce and Board of Trade, which had been established for many years, were developed and worked upon these lines, and there was therefore no need of a new body that would merely duplicate the duties they perform. The founders of the Association accordingly set themselves to the distinct work of bettering the municipal conditions then prevailing, and they have succeeded in creating a record that entitles them to the thanks of every member of the community. Their action has been public-spirited and not merely selfish, although the members of the Association, as representing about half of the assessed property in the city, have had the strongest incentive to carry out the work to which their energies have been devoted.

The latest feature decided on for the Paris Exposition is a gigantic fountain utilizing the hydraulic force of 12,000 horsepower required for the machinery of the exposition. The fountain is to be thirty-four metres high, and its volume of water over 1,200 litres a second. It will be illuminated by electric lights in every imaginable color.

Three women are members of the Board of Aldermen at Lincoln, Neb.

THINGS AND PEOPLE

Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst's international competition for an architectural plan of grounds and buildings for the State University has progressed as far as the choosing, by the selected jury, of the eleven most meritorious plans among the hundred or more submitted. Not a Californian was named among the eleven, though several San Francisco firms entered the contest. In fact, the nearest the judges got to Berkeley was New York. This causes the smile cynical to twist the mouth of the local architect, as does the news that all the chosen eleven are "school" men turned out of the Ecole des Beaux Arts. "Perhaps school buildings should be built by 'school' men and foreigners," one of them said to me, "but California shall have its chauce to judge." The successful architects are to be brought to San Francisco and here, next June, the jury will make its selection from their final competitive plans. The jury chose the plans of Barbaud & Bernhain, Paris; E. Benard, Paris; F. Blumschli, Zurich; D. Dexpredeller and Stephen Colman, Bostou; Rudolf Dick, Vienna; J. S. Friedlander, New York; Heraud and Echmuller, Paris; Howard and Cauldwell, New York; Howells, Stokes and Hornboste, New York; Lord Hewlett and Hull, New York, and Whitney Warren, New York.

***

With some regret I learn that a clique of Regents and Professors at Berkeley are busily exploiting Professor Carey Jones as an available President of the State University. Professor Jones married a niece of Mrs. Phœbe Hearst, and it is suggested that the selection of this gentleman would be considered a high compliment by the chief benefactress of the institution. Mrs. Hearst proposes to devote a large portion of her fortune to the University, but whatever return is possible must come as it has come to Mrs. Stanford, in the prominence and fame the institution achieves. After all, buildings are only the frame of the college. It remains for the men in control to make that great. Professor Jones has not the caliber requisite for the reorganization and individualization of our State University. A pleasant and agreeable gentleman of several accomplishment and many virtues, he is not a President Jordan. He is not constituted of the clay out of which presidents are made, and no one knows this better than himself. There is but one man in Berkeley now who has the type of personality essential for the responsibility, and I fear there is too strong a feeling against Professor Moses to permit his selection. Possessed of force, scholarship and capacity, he could give the University its body and soul, but being positive he has enemies. It must be remembered that Berkeley is an Olympus of little tin divinities, and he must indeed be an iconoclast who will pull them down. Small, petty minds such as flourish there are averse to a revolutionary element, which may dislodge or disturb their own sanctity. Trouble is inevitable for whoever has the place, and perhaps an outsider with a reputation would have less friction to contend against.

***

There is opportunity for conjecture as to the future of the fortune of Miss Cora Jane Flood. Her recent gift to the University of California is thought to be indicative of even more generous intentions, and it may be she will assist in the execution of the great design, the plans of which have just been submitted at Antwerp. Tne presentation of the Menlo Park estate to the University was the consummation of an old idea. For at least five years Miss Flood had it under advisement. Her father was interested in the University, of which he was treasurer, and she feels the propriety of making it an object of her benefactions. In California people always carp, and I have heard it suggested that Miss Flood relieved herself of a burden in presenting the Menlo property to the University. These captious critics seem to have overlooked the fact that the gift was accompanied by income-paying stock which will more than meet all charges of keeping up house and grounds. Five men have benn able to maintain the place in condition, and there is a revenue from the Bear Creek stock of at least $8,000 per annum.

***

Just how many millions are represented in the Flood fortune is hard to say, for its councils are well kept. The general impression that its dimensions were seriously impaired by the losses in the wheat deal is unfounded. At the termination of the deal Flood and Mackay, it is true, were several millions to the bad, but it was at this time young Mr. J. L. Flood developed a vein of financial talent, and by his management of the properties of the estate more than recovered the losses. Land and mining deals were the medium of this brilliant achievement, and old Mr. Flood was especially proud that it was the work of his son. Since then the estate has grown by leaps and bounds. Neither Miss Flood nor her brother are extravagant, and do not spend a tithe of their incomes. A conservative estimate of the revenue of the property places it between a half and three-quarters of a million a year, and it is very doubtful if they disburse $100,000 between them.

***

Gifts to the University of California do not come in single file, but in battalions. For years it was apparently neglected, then the spleudid generosity of Mrs. Phœbe Hearst established a precedent. Later, followed the gift of Miss Cora Jane Flood, aud now the widow of Dr. John Hall has presented his medical library, consisting of one thousand bound volumes, several hundred newspapers and monographs, to the University. The library is said to be one of the most complete in the United States, and contains some very valuable and rare books on medicine. Dr. Richard John Hall is perhaps better known in New York than in California, for he spent the greater part of his life there. Born in Armagh, Ireland, he was brought to America in his earliest youth, his father, Rev. Dr. John Hall, having received a call to the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, of New York, and settling in that city with his family. The young man was educated in New York and was graduated in the Class of '75 from Princeton University. He entered the College of Physicians and Surgeons and was one of the honor men of the Class of '78. He was appointed *interne* at the Roosevelt Hospital, and on the completion of his service went abroad to pursue his medical studies. On returning he became associated with the late Henry B. Sands, the distinguished surgeon, and subsequently was appointed Demonstrator of Anatouy at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and finally became Assistant Professor of Anatomy at that institution. He was then appointed Visiting Surgeon at St. Luke's, Bellevue, and Roosevelt Hospitals, a distinction rarely attained by any surgeon, and never before by one so young as Dr. Hall. While associated with Dr. Sands, he performed the first operation in this country for appeudicitis, and operated three times for the same disease before it received its name at the hands of his associate. The strain of attending to so large a practice proved too much, and his health having become impaired Dr. Hall left New York and settled in Santa Barbara, where he remained until his death, some two years ago. He became connected with the Cottage Hospital there, and determiued, had he lived, to found a sanitarium for consumption and nervous diseases. In manner Dr. Hall was singularly attractive and genial. He was never too busy to listen to the complaints of even the most insignificaut and humble of his patients—was equally ready to assist the poor as those who were enabled to repay him. Professionally he ranked as one of the three most able surgeons in New York City, and he did a great deal for the advancement of medical science in the United States.

***

Thus far the real pre-eminence of the California girl in stageland has come from numbers rather thau talent. We have claimed Mary Anderson because of an accident of birth, and have laid some stress on the nativity of Marie Burroughs, but the first is only a memory and the latter is hardly a star. The leaders of the dramatic profession were born and developed far from the Golden State, save Maude Adams, who is a product of Salt Lake City. However, the old order changeth, and before the public now are two young women whose distinction will really confer prestige on their birthplace. Blanche Bates and Nance O'Neil are veritable Californians, and the talent that is in them is not of the order of rush-light. Miss O'Neil has power—a real genius for dramatic expression and a physical embodiment so superb as to justify her enacting the greatest roles of heroines and queens. She is now the diamond in the rough, full of light and life and brilliance, but the glow of her talent is obscured by the faults of her art.

THE LATE DR. RICHARD JOHN HALL

Whose Medical Library was Presented to the University of California

That her genius triumphs over her style and expresses itself. in spite of her vehemence and in her extravagances, is proof of its opulence. But the days of ranting and raving melodrama are over, forever, and it behooves Nance O'Neil to accept modern and civilized conditions of art, through which her exuberant energy may be converted into intensity and her power taught repose. The stage to-day is peopled with nonentities, and Nance O'Neil is a fresh and fervid individuality, destined to its highest place, but she delays her destiny in the company she now keeps, mayhap loses her opportunity at its flood. She must remember that her predecessors underwent stern discipline ere their fame became established; that the masters of the art shaped the voice and manner of Sarah Bernhardt, of Fanny Davenport, of Genevieve Ward, of Ellen Terry. Some such guidance as Belasco or Augustine Daly could impart she requires. It is important for the art and for the world that she be persuaded of the necessity.

***

Blanche Bates is naturally an actress—the gift is her's by inheritance. Shs has mobility and a charming vivacity, which, indeed, is but the expression of a highly vitalized physique. The effect and value of intelligent direction she exhibits in a most conspicuous way. She left us a crude but talented young woman. She returns a clever actress with an individual style and a real charm of manner. That she is here only for a few weeks is good, for Miss Bates returns to the tutilage of Daly at the close of the Frawley season. Her failure is superficiality; she is too vivacious, too brilliant; she lacks the softness, the intensity which are the expressions of emotion. But her rendering of Nora Boraueff was far ahead of all her previous accomplishments. The presentation had something of the fascination of the character, though it would have gained by an increase of dignity, of repose between the outbursts of emotion which the role demands. Really it was a brilliant performance, and this actress is to be congratulated on the progress she has made in her profession.

***

The municipal contest promises to be as fierce as though each of the individuals had a four-year term instead of but twelve months of office. There is no denying that innumerable jealousies were born in the local Democratic Convenvention, and while the ticket it put forth is good, the unsuccessful candidates are infinitely more exasperated against the new leaders of the party than if their undoing had been accomplished by Boss Rainey. This is one of the inconsistencies of politics. Decent citizens who will uncomplainingly accept defeat at the hands of a boss want to destroy the organization which promises an honest government for the city because it failed to recognize their sterling worth. Take the Kelly-Crimmins ticket, about which the party was never consulted, there is much more satisfaction over its candidacies than is expressed by the Democrats. Four weeks intervene between now and election, however, and the aspirants will be well threshed out between times. The merits of the two Boards of Supervisors, of the Boards of Education will be weighed, and I imagine common sense will triumph over prejudice and the best men be elected. Considering its source, the Republican ticket is surprisingly good, and there is no doubt it will be well represented in the City Hall next January. I doubt the prediction so freely made, however, that Patton will beat Phelan for the Mayoralty. The present Mayor has not only the prestige of a fine record but also a genuine personal popularity. His intelligence and integrity are conceded, and no "push" opposition can hold against that form of strength. I believe the voting power of the "push" is largely exaggerated, and I've never been able to persuade myself that the office-holders control the town—at least not in this era of the Australian ballot.

***

It seems Rainey has formally become an adjunct of the Crimmins-Kelly combination, with headquarters in the former's saloon. Christopher Buckley has also come to town and established headquarters at the Russ House. This precious combination is gathered together for no good, and it behooves the community to pick its Supervisors especially, with proper care. The ex-boss promenades on the arms of Recorder Glynn and candidate Berthier, who seems to imagine he is still a political entity instead of a shade.

***

The Non-Partisan Convention has, on the whole, done well, though certain endorsements have created consternation in its ranks and aroused much angry feeling. Among others they have endorsed Martin Meagher for Recorder, a first-rate nomination, and Franklin K. Lane for City and County Attorney. I think Mr. Lane will be elected, even against Judge Fitzgerald. Mr. Lane has the advantage of youth, enthusiasm and energy, has never yet held office, while the career of his opponent is that of an invariable office-holder. An excellent public servant, however, Judge Fitzgerald has been, but this election I believe the prizes will go to the young men.

***

In the Democratic party there is great surprise at the *Examiner's* lack of enthusiasm in the party cause. The Monarch is depended upon to furnish the marching music for the electoral battle, and thus far it has shown no eagerness for the fray. With the bosses under one roof one might consider its opportunity admirable, but it is not even attempting to counteract the effect of the *Chronicle's* morning roast of the Committee of One Hundred. The unpopularity which Mr. Hearst's paper provokes to itself between times has generally been offset by its services in electoral campagains, in which it has always upheld reform against bossism, and I should be sorry if its accustomed role is not sustained this season. From a journalistic point of view the *Examiner* will need a local success to balance the defeat of Maguire, which seems at writing the only possible outcome of the struggle.

BOSWELL, JR.

POLITICAL CANDIDATES.

The best Assessor San Francisco ever had is a candidate for re-election this year, and he should be retained in office by an appreciative community. John D. Siebe is a Republican, but men of all parties are his partisans. And with reason, because Mr. Siebe has been this city's Assessor since 1890, and into the duties of that office he has, for eight busy years, carried the business-like methods, the honesty, the punctuality, the courtesy and the clear-headed knowledge of men and affairs which won him success and fortune in his commercial career.

Mr. Siebe's Republican strength will elect him, but good citizens of every party owe him an endorsement for the surpassing excellence of his administration of the office which he has made the criterion of all others in the municipal organization.

Mr. Siebe is one of the best-known men in San Francisco. He is an honored pioneer; he has as wide a circle of acquaintances as a man may have, and he has unnumbered loyal friends gathered about him during his forty-five years' residence in our midst. The firm of Siebe Brothers & Plagemann, wholesale liquor dealers, of which he is the founder and senior partner, enjoys a standing for strength and integrity lower than none in the business community.

John D. Siebe was a respected member of the State Legislature before he was elected in 1890 to the office of Assessor for the city and county of San Francisco. His conduct of that delicate and responsible position has been so conspicuously fair and honorable that again and again he has been returned to office. The community has shown by his continued re-election the confidence it reposes in him, and in this campaign the voters will surely roll up for him another and generous expression of their unlimited confidence.

***

Henry Martin, Republican candidate for Sheriff has long been considered one of the most popular men in town. He is genial and generous, possessed of the golden gift of making friends and avoiding enmities. A power among the Native Sons, he is also distinguished in the Latin Quarter, for he is as prominent in the celebration of the 14th of July as he is at the celebration of the 9th of September. There is little doubt but that he will have the entire North Beach vote, besides the natural strength so popular a candidacy will develop throughout the other districts. Under any circumstances Henry Martin is a hard man to beat, but in a year like this he should certainly achieve success. In his personal relation the candidate for Sheriff is beyond reproach, being wealthy, intelligent and worthy of all responsibility.

King Christian and Queen Louise

Summer Palace, where the Queen Died

Royal Palace in Copenhagen

Prince Waldemar Prince Christian Prince of Wales Prince Frederick King of Denmark

Dowager Empress Princess of Wales Queen of Denmark Present Czar of Russia The Late Czar

THE ROYAL HOUSE OF DENMARK AND ITS DESCENDANTS

THE GREAT WAR INQUIRY

The Administration Agitated by the Criticism of Alger.

The much talked-of inquiry into the conduct of the war is under way at last. From all I can gather the Commission is competent and seems independent. It is composed of men who have distinguished reputations, and I doubt the probability of whitewash being applied in the manner some of the papers suggest. It is preposterous, of course, to attribute everything that went wrong to the Secretary of War. I feel sure he meant well. But he is weak and ambitious, and like so many other weak men, self-willed. Still the system of the Department itself is bad, and the inefficiency of the commissary department was a fertile source of trouble. The method of administration in the army is too technical for any use. The process of expenditure is as complicated as the Strasburg clock. To spend a dime uses up a dozen yards of red tape, besides half a ream of vouchers. The Commission will have to take cognizance of this, and in addition to attributing blame, will be asked to suggest a new organization of the army. Those who are on the inside tell me that the commissary and quartermaster departments will undoubtedly be censured, while the Surgeon-General must make a better explanation than the newspapers have yet printed in regard to the impotence of his administration. The Shafter scandal, the turning down of Miles, and the weak political appointments are the responsibilities Corbin and Alger must shoulder, and it is their privilege to make such excuses as may occur to them.

A hundred and one stories about the war are being exchanged in Washington. For instance, I was told that the first interview between Sampson and Schley soon after the battle of Santiago was intensely bitter. Things were said that both will never forget, for Schley resented Sampson's telegram, and, while he said nothing for publication, undoubtedly expressed his opinions where they did most good. In the controversy as to credit and responsibility, Schley is said to have retorted to Sampson's claims: "Sir, do you recall that after the victory of Donaldson, Halleck claimed that triumph as his. Yet, whoever hears of Halleck to-day in connection with Donaldson?"

Tremendous talk has been aroused by Richard Harding Davis' indictment of Shafter, which appeared in the October *Scribner's*. Such relentless and unsparing criticism as is there directed against the commander of the Santiago expedition has evoked bitter controversy. Shafter's friends attribute an animus, and explain that the General's treatment of Davis was rather cavalier, and that he refused to allow him to leave the *Seguranca* before the troops had disembarked. But Caspar Whitney's criticisms in *Harper's*, while less personal, are equally pointed. Nothing occurred between Shafter and him. Indeed, Whitney was held up as the defender of the army against Bigelow's censures. Certain officers with whom I have talked declare Davis' accusation in no sense an overstatement, erring rather on the side of mercy, and a certain staff officer, who had spent some time on the Pacific Coast, told me he was in no way surprised at what had happened at Santiago, because, as he said, Shafter has no head work whatever, and while in charge of the department used to keep his orderlies busy chasing after one another countermanding orders he had previously issued.

The President is really distressed over the War Department scandals. In spite of the prestige the administration has acquired, in having whipped Spain in three months, together with the additions of new territory and the practical revolution in the position of the nation, the chances seem to favor a Democratic majority in the House of Representatives. The managers feel that the volleys of criticism hurled at Secretary Alger have hurt the party. The men who were starved at Chickamauga and in Cuba have friends throughout the nation, and anything that looks like an effort to sustain the Secretary of War will inevitably evoke hostile votes. Senator Hanna, himself, has become alive to the situation, and it is this anxiety that is responsible for the dispatch of Webster Davis, of Kansas City, an Assistant Secretary of the Interior, who has been sent forth into his native land to do oratorical battle with the enemy. He is the administratiou's pet spell-binder and that means he is a man of unusual power and ability.

The difficulty of finding a successor to Colonel Hay at the Court of St. James is not surprising. Only a very wealthy or a very brilliant man can afford to accept the situation, and they are hard to find. Lowell made up for the lack of riches by his genius. Bayard, though not a millionaire, was certainly well-to-do, and besides, possessed great personal prestige and rare social tact, and was an admirable speaker. Robt. Lincoln was very rich and brought a great name to England. It is now said that Senator McMillan of Michigan is destined for the place. He is one of the multi-millionaires of the Senate, and lives in style befitting his station on Vermont avenue. He keeps a retinue of servants and a superb stable. There is also talk of Joseph H. Choate, who would certainly adorn the position, but Mr. Choate is interested in the most important litigation in America, and would find it difficult to leave his practice. In the same connection, the Dean of American Letters, W. D. Howels, would reflect luster on the Embassy, but such a prize as the English Embassadorship is for political not literary services. Representative Hitt of Illinois is the strongest possibility to my mind. He has the knowledge, standing and wealth the post demands, and though he makes no display, his house in Washington is a fine edifice, and his scale of living is generous.

Apropos of wealth and poverty in the Secretary of State's office, I heard an old Washingtonian contrast the life and character of Judge Gresham and Richard Olney, who occupied the post under Cleveland. The former was poor, honest of purpose, impulsive and quite without diplomatic tact. He left the bench and its moderate salary in response to Cleveland's importunities. Realizing the social responsibilities of the position he attempted to hire a Washington mansion, but the rents were far beyond his means, so he took a suite of apartments at a leading hotel, and his diplomatic breakfasts and state dinners were served by the *chef* at so much a plate. Secretary Olney had abundant means and lived in handsome style in Washington, but no more than his predecessor was he a diplomat, and he did not give a fig for society. He always went into a controversy, national or international, in the role of an advocate, studied his case up diligently and fought for blood. The Venezuelan episode was typically Olneyan. The triumphs of the dinner table he never attempted, but his battles were always fought in the open and waged with an axe.

The engagement of the pretty daughter of General Sickles of New York has recalled much old time gossip. Miss Sickles is a very handsome girl, with auburn hair, dark eyes and an olive complexion, who has spent but little time in the States, having been educated in convents in Paris and Madrid. The prospective groom is Dayrell M. Crackanthorpe, Secretary of the British Legation at Madrid, and a son of Martin Crackanthorpe, Q. C., one of the leaders of the English bar. Their home is the Newbiggin estate in Westmoreland. He is a brother of Hubert Crackanthorpe, the remarkable young writer who committed suicide some years ago. The Sickles tragedy was not the type of event that one forgets with the passing of years. After a career of distinction in New York and a term as Secretary of the English Embassy, Sickles was elected to Congress. In Washington his wife made the acquaintance of Philip Barton Keyes, Attorney-General of the District of Columbia. Keyes was the smartest society beau in the capital, and a notable lady-killer. He boasted that no woman could resist him for more than twenty-four hours, and Mrs. Sickles proved no exception to the rule. It was not long till her husband heard of the *esclandre*, and straightway he went out and shot the betrayer. There was a sensational trial, which resulted in Sickles' acquittal. Then, much to the surprise of society and the consternation of his friends, he forgave his wife, and in the face of a tumult of criticism reinstated her in his home. This action caused so much talk that he had to take notice of it, and he published an explanation in one of the newspapers that effectively stilled all comment. Subsequently he became one of the nation's prominent men — fought through the war and commanded the Third Army Corps at Gettysburg, where he lost a leg, and to-day is a conspicuous figure in New York life. The letter is a superb and manly document, which does not deserve oblivion:

"My reconciliation with my wife was my own act, done without consultation with any relative, connection, friend or adviser. Whatever blame, if any belongs to the step, should fall upon me. I am prepared to defend what I have done before the only tribunal I recognize as having the slightest claim to jurisdiction over the subject — my own conscience and the bar of Heaven.

"I am not aware of any statute or code of morals which makes it infamous to forgive a woman; nor is it usual to make our domestic life a subject of consultation with friends, no matter how near and dear to us. And I cannot allow even all the world combined to dictate to me the repudiation of my wife when I think it right to forgive her and restore her to my confidence and protection.

"If I ever failed to comprehend the utterly desolate position of an offending though penitent woman — the hopeless future, with its dark possibilities of danger, to which she is doomed when proscribed as an outcast — I can now see plainly enough in the almost universal howl of denunciation with which she is followed to my threshold, the misery and peril from which I have rescued the mother of my child.

"And although it is very sad for me to incur the blame of friends and the reproaches of many wise and good people, I shall strive to prove to all who may feel any interest in me that if I am the first man who has ventured to say to the world that an erring wife and mother may be forgiven and redeemed, in spite of all obstacles in my path, the good results of this example shall entitle it to the imitation of the generous and the commendation of the just.

"There are many who think that an act of duty, proceeding solely from affections which can only be comprehended in the heart of a husband and father, is to be fatal to my professional, political and social standing. If this be so, then so be it."

DRAYTON.

Washington, September 30th.

THE CUISINE IN MANILA

Philippine Fare is Monotonous, but Living is Inexpensive.

With thousands of American soldiers in Manila, it is proper that their friends and parents should know something about the living in that far distant clime. The presumption that in the tropics a man may gather three meals a day off the trees has been disturbed by the experience of our troops in Cuba. They seem to have had a hard time filling their stomachs even with mangoes, while bananas and pineapples proved few and far between. Thus far, in the Philippines, there has been an abundance of fruit—but not for nothing. The price asked for a handful of the choicest was low, but in the financial condition of our men a miss is as good as a mile. No money—no bananas, durians or mangoes, as the case might be. Now that the resources of Manila itself are available, conditions may be improved, though General Merritt seems to have created a bad precedent by paying double prices for all supplies. More entertaining than anything that has yet come from the Philippine correspondents is the gossipy account of life in Manila by Joseph Earle Stephens, *Yesterday in the Philippines* (Chas. Scribner's Sons). Not an apostle of annexation is the author, for he declares the joys of existence there to be of a character easily exhausted and hardly compensating for the discomforts of typhoons, earthquakes and climate. It is in regard to eating, however, that Mr. Stevens is to be in evidence here. It seems there are no French restaurants in Manila. The resources of the cuisine are meagre, and certain conditions of climate do not assist the virtue of the meat. The fare, like the life, lacks variety. The staples are soup, chicken, beefsteak and toothpicks—the latter always arranged in artistic piles on the tablecloth. Chinese cooks prepare the food, and it is next to impossible to introduce their immobile intellect to a new dish. On arriving at Manila, the author installed himself at the English Club. Then he and two friends hired a bungalow and set up housekeeping. It must have been a charming place, for bamboo trees surrounded it and the river bounded one side of their garden. They had seven servants at $4 a month each, it being essential in Manila to have an abundance of help, and an equipage with a high-stepping pony that cost $100. But let Mr. Stevens speak for himself:

* * * At the end of the month all expenditures for house-rent, food, wages, light, and sundries are posted together and divided by three, and with everything included, my monthly share comes to twenty-nine gold dollars — less than one of our American cart-wheels *per diem*. Where in the States could you rent a suburban house and lot, keep half a dozen servants, pay your meat bill, your drink bill, and your rent all for less than a single dollar a day! * * * Our cook, for instance, gets forty cents each morning to supply our table with dinner enough for four people, and for five cents extra he will decorate the cloth with orchids and put peas in the soup. To think of being able to get up a six-course dinner, including usually a whole chicken, besides a roast, with vegetables, salad, dessert, fruit, and coffee, for such a sum seems ridiculous in the extreme.

The methods of marketing are almost as noteworthy as the prices of "raw materials." All meat must be eaten on the same day it is killed, since here in the tropics even ice fails to preserve either fish, flesh or fowl. As a result, while the beef and mutton are killed in the early morning a few hours before the market opens — the smaller fry, such as chicken and game, are sold alive. From six to ten on any morning the native and Chinese cooks from many families may be seen bargaining for the day's supply among the nest of stalls in the big market. After filling their baskets numbers of them mount the little tram-car for the return trips to the kitchens and proceed to pluck the feathers off the live chickens or birds as they jog along on the front or rear platform. By the time they have aarived home the poor creatuaes are stripped of foliage, and, keenly suffering are pegged down to the floor of the kitchen to await their fate. Then, when the creaking of the front gate announces the return of the master it is time enough to wring the necks of the unfortunates and shove them into the boiling-pot or roasting-pan that seems but to accentuate a certain toughness which fresh killed meat possesses.

The washing-bill, again, is far from commensurate with the fulness of one's clothes-hamper, and for two gold dollars per month I can turn over to my laundry man — who comes in from the country once a week — as much or as little as I please. Two full suits of white sheeting clothes a day for thirty days make one item of no mean dimensions, and yet the *lavandero* turns up each week with his basketful, perfectly satisfied with his remuneration. Then, too, he washes well, and although, when I see him standing knee-deep in the river whanging my trousers onto a flat stone, I fear for seams and buttons, nothing appears to suffer. And although he builds a small bonfire in a brass flat-iron that looks like a warming-pan and runs it over my coat all blazing as it is, the result is excellent, and one's linen seems better laundered than in the mills that grind away at home.

As servants, these boys of ours could teach much to their more civilized brethren from Ireland or Nova Scotia now holding sway in American families. They take bossing well, and actually expect to have their heads punched if things go wrong. They don't put their arms akimbo and march out of the house if we mildly suggest that the quality of the ants in the cake or the water-pitcher is not up to standard, and actually make one feel at liberty to require anything of them.

Considering the primitive character of the cooking apparatus in use, it is not wonderful that the results are so disappointing. There are no modern cooking ranges in Manila —but why the author does not explain. Here is the utensil that serves its purpose:

A Manila stove is no more nor less than a good sized earthen jar, shaped something like an old shoe. The vamp of the shoe represents the hearth, the opening in front the place for putting in the small sticks of wood; and the enclosing upper the rim on which rests the single big pot or kettle. In a well-regulated kitchen, there may be a dozen of these stoves, one for each course, and their cost being only a peseta, it is a simple matter to keep a few extra ones on hand in the bread-closet. And so, as one goes through the streets where native huts predominate, he sees a family meal being cooked in sections, and is forced to admire the complexity of the greasy dishes that are evolved from so simple a contrivance.

On the glorious Fourth, Stevens and his friends were invited to celebrate on board an American vessel and returning brought away mince pies and doughnuts—inestimable treasures in the Orient. These strange articles of diet aroused the curiosity of the Chinese cook and had to be locked up for safety. This Celestial—an enterprising man for his race—watched them carefully to get an inkling of the composition of these delicacies and finally produced a pie made of well-done roast beef, finely chopped up with sugar and raisins and roofed in with a thatch of pastry. "The effort was worthy of all praise, but the pie was damnable."

The experiences of the author were by no means confined to Manila. Here is a dinner at Orani, a small town on the bay. It was at the largest house there, and the hostess was a sister-in-law of the captain of the paddle-wheel steamer in which bay transportation is effected:

There were four of us besides the half-caste family of the captain's sister-in-law, and an old withered-up Spaniard who used to be governor of the village. Various cats roamed around under the table, and on top were tooth picks built up up into cones, Spanish sausages, olives, flowers, and fruit with an unpronounceable name, that looked like freshly dug potatoes well covered with soil.

Beside each chair was a red-clay jar, into which each participant in the repast could from time to time transfer such articles as were apparently unswallowable, and all around stood thick-lipped serving boys, who looked as if they were only waiting to pour soup in one's lap, or garlic gravy down one's neck. The feast began with soup, and though the family could not very well eat that with their knives, they could the remaining courses. After soup came the *puchero*, that mixture of beans, potatoes, cabbage, tough meat, grass, garlic and grease, and I steeled myself for the fray. Next came cooked hen with a limpid gravy accompaniment, and as the chicken had been alive up to within a few minutes of going into the kettle, the question of attack was difficult. Then followed in succession cow's tongue and roast goat, fish, salad with sliced tomatoes, and dessert consisting of those fluffy affairs of sugar and eggs which taste like captivated sea-foam. As is always customary cheese and fruit were served together, but while a servant had to carry the fruit, the cheese seemed inclined to walk around by itself.

In due season all the debris was removed. A boy went in pursuit of the cheese and the table was cleared for strong coffee that looked dangerous. The mortality, however, among the party was not great, and all those who were able to get up from the table went to take a siesta.

It was formerly the custom at the close of the Parliamentary season in England for the Ministers in power to give a whitebait dinner at Greenwich. This custom was abandoned for several years previous to the accession to office of Lord Rosebery who revived it. Lord Salisbury is averse to the function; consequently it has been dropped. English whitebait are the young of the herring and possess very oily characteristics; hence their superior flavor. Within a few years a demand for whitebait has been encouraged by Anglo-maniacs in this country. The impulse has been satisfied by the substitution of the fry of a certain native fish that are entirely lacking in the qualities of the English species. Every winter the shores of estuaries along our coasts are swept with nets to capture the tiny young of a fish called silversides. These are dry and flavorless and have no resemblance either in form or taste to English whitebait. The only fry of our native fish that can compare with English whitebait is that of the menhaden, if they can be procured of sufficiently diminutive proportions.

Chalmers' Gold Piece.

BY DAVID GRAY.

Despite the demand, clever society stories are seldom encountered in the magazines. The subject requires adroit handling and a thorough knowledge of the background and the twain are rarely united. It was as a portrayer of society types that Harding Davis became noted, but "Van Bibber" was only journalism as compared with *Gallops*, by David Gray, which the Century Company has just published. The brief tales composing the book have humor, cleverness and style. They depict life in a hunting set and have the flavor of the newest American society, such as congregate at Cedarhurst and Meadowbrooke. The tale below is but one of the series, but from it the flavor of the others may be gathered. *Gallops* is abundantly well worth reading.

"There goes a good chap," said the M. F. H., nodding toward Chalmers. The hunting Earl turned in the saddle and looked. He was jogging alongside of the M. F. H., who was taking him into covert with the hounds. (This was only the proper courtesy to extend to so great a fox-hunter.) "He's back this morning from the Rockies," the M. F. H. added; "I'd like to have you know him."

"Beg pardon," observed the Earl, "but isn't he rather queerly turned out?"

The M. F. H., who was sounding his horn, laughed, and spoiled his note.

"Those are pretty awful riding things. They belong to his groom."

"Not very well off—bankrupt or something?" suggested the Earl.

"Thunder, no!" exclaimed the M. F. H. "He's a terrible millionaire. You see, he got back a day sooner than he expected, and they hadn't brought his things down from town. He didn't have time to borrow any breeches, and he wasn't going to miss a run, so he put on the cords belonging to his man's new livery, and an old jacket. They are all ruuning him about it, for he's usually rather smart. I dare say you've seen his yacht, the *Independence Day*, at Cannes. He prowls all over the place after big game, and he's one of the best men in America to hounds."

"Very interesting, indeed," said ths Earl. "I should like to meet him."

The M. F. H. looked back and tried to catch Chalmers's eye; but Chalmers was watching a young woman coming over a big panel of rails in a slashiug way one doesn't often see. It impressed him, and he rode over to Varick, who was dismounted tightening his girths, and asked him who the strange girl was.

"Didn't notice her,, said Varick; "but there are several new ones here just now. There's a professional from some London riding-school, looking about for high jumpers. Colfax is trying to sell her Lorelei at a low price and no guaranty. Then there's a Miss Crackenthorpe, a Philadelphia girl, stopping with the Galloways; and—" He stopped abruptly and listened. Somebody was calling in the distance. It was indistinct at first; but then the breeze swelled lazily and brought a faint "Gone away! Gone away!" from the whip on the farther side of the covert. A moment later the pack picked up the hot scent and set up a terrific yeow-yeowing.

"Hello, they are off!" Varick exclaimed, and, mounting hastily, he galloped after the troop of excited men and horses.

An hour later—they had lost that fox and were after a second one—Chalmers emerged from a big wood-lot and looked about him for signs of the Hunt. There was uo one in sight. It is not pleasant to find one's self a minority of one on the question of inferring a fox's ultimate line from his circlings in the impracticable underbrush—unless, of course, one happens to be right, and has hounds, fox, and everything to himself, in which case he has an exclusive smoking-room story forever after. But Chalmers had neither quarry nor pack.

"Why, oh, why," he murmured plaintively, "do I never hit it right?" He strained his ears for the sound of the hounds; but there was only the rustle of the stray leaves that bobbed across the stubble on the wind. The region was unfamiliar, and, in the desolate stillness of a November afternoon, unprepossessing.

"That wretched fox certainly has doubled back," he said to himself. "I'm out of it, and I'm afraid I'm lost, to boot." He felt hungry, and iuspected a lone and cruinpled saudwich; but he reflected that he would doubtless be hungrier later on, so he put it away. He was searching the dull horizon for the sun, from which to get his bearings, when he was startled by the crash of breaking rails.

He glanced arouud and saw a woman coming a most appalling cropper over the fence between him and the wood-lot. The horse scrambled to his feet, trailing its rider head down, and broke inlo a gallop. The skirt of her habit was hooked over one of the pommels. It all happened as swiftly and inevitably as things happen in a bad dream. It sickened him, but the instant the horse started he started after it. There was no time to follow the runaway and pull him up, for at any moment the woman might swing uuder his hoofs, or be dashed against a stone.

It came to Chalmers that the thing to do was to "cross." This was an experience which he had several times unintentionally provoked at polo. After his first thorough collision he came to before the match was over, and a famous No. 2, who was looking on, bent over his stretcher. "Next time when you see there has got to be a smash," he said, "don't let the other fellow hit you behind the saddle. It's just as well to let him have the spill." This means that a pony run down forward of the girths is not so likely to be thrown off his hind legs, and has a chance of collecting himself before he goes completely over. Chalmers remembered this. He had only fifty yards to ride, and he calculated his pace correctly. The bewildered horse which he was attempting to head off made no attempt to swerve, and they met fairly at right angles. Chalmers was conscious of a stunning shock and of being in a heap with two horses. He wondered where the woman was. As he got up he saw that she had been thrown clear and was lying motionless. A drop of blood was gathering from a scratch on her cheek. He noticed it hang an instant, and then trail down across her face. He was sure that she was dead. There was a numb feeling in his left shoulder, and mechanically he changed the bridle to his right hand. For a moment he stood dazed and silent. The woman's horse picked itself up and went off, and Chalmers still stood, wondering exactly what had happened. Then the woman sat up, and his senses came to him.

"Are you much hurt?" he gasped. His knees felt weak, and he leaned against his horse.

"No," said the girl; "I think I'm only shaken up."

Chalmers watched her anxiously. It was the girl he had noticed taking the fence before the run began. "Yes; it's the riding mistress," he said to himself. It had just occurred to him that he had once met the Philadelphia girl whom Varick had mentioned, and that she was quite a different person. Besides, this girl spoke with a markedly English intonation. She began to turn her head first one way and then the other, as if she were making sure it was really there.

"I'm afraid you've hurt your neck," he said. "Have you any pain—down your back?"

"No," she answered weakly; "but I can't get all those hoofs out of my eyes. It seems as if they were coming down smash! They're worse than I ever had before."

Chalmers had experienced the hoof phenomenon himself, and he knew that it made the first uioments after a bad cropper extremely bewildering.

"Lie down a minute," he suggested.

She collapsed miserably into a heap and began to cry softly. Chalmers turned his head away and wondered what he ought to do. For a man of his age he had been confronted with some exceptionally trying situations, but with nothing upon this order. Besides, this was inwardly distressing. It would have been easier if she had sniffled and "taken on" hysterically; but she wept in the subdued manner of utter wretchednesa. It was very pathetic.

"You poor little thing!" Chalmers murmured. That she was not little, but rather tall, with a classic type of face and a wonderful skin, back into which the pink was beginning to find its way, did not abate the strain upon his feelings. He let his eyes rest on her for a moment.

"It's inhuman to make a woman like that ride for her living," he muttered, "It's devilish!" His ideas about women in the hunting field underwent a rapid revisiou, as is apt to be the case with men who have just seen their first bad side-saddle spill. "And it's only a question of time before she'll be killed. By Jove, she simply mustn't!" Now Chalmers meant this to be positive and final, for at that moment an idea struck him, which he hastily elaborated.

It was a simple solution of the matter. Chalmers had a sister whose fad was her hackney farm and her haruess-horses. She drove four, and tandem, and all other possible ways; but she thought poorly of riding. She needed a confidential assistant (she had told Chalmers that), but a difficulty had confronted her in the prevailing sex of horse experts. This fixed it. He would wire Elizabeth; Elizabeth would wire Miss What's-her-name (he would find that out when he was properly presented) to New York, and the message would be repeated to Oakdale, as if Elizabeth didn't know she was there. Then, by an odd coincidence, Miss Chalmers would turu out to be his sister, and the girl's risks of sudden death thenceforth would be limited to smashed vehicles and that class of accidents frou which she would have almost the saue chance of escape as a man. Presently the girl stopped crying, and Chalmers left off the works of his imagination with a smile. It was diverting to arrange matters for a person whom one didn't know. She lifted her head.

"Will you give me your flask?" she asked. "I'm still a bit faint."

All Chalmers' things were on their way from town, and he hadn't a flask with him.

"I'm very sorry," he began awkwardly.

She sat up and looked him over from head to toe with a swift glance.

"I beg your pardon," she interrupted. "I didn't think. I shall be quite well directly." She rose to her feet, leaving Chalmers somewhat mystified.

"Does your head trouble you?" he asked.

"No," she answered; "I really feel much better. But will you kindly explain to me how you came to be here? I thought I was jumping into an empty meadow."

Chalmers briefly explained that he had lost the hounds, and happened to be at one side when she fell, and afterward stopped the horse. The girl thought a moment.

"But your horse was down on his knees?" she said inquiringly. "I remember that."

"Well," answered Chalmers, "there was a bit of a collision."

"I think I understand," she answered. "That was a very brave thing to do!" Her eyes turned from his face, and Chalmers was somehow impressed for a moment that he was clad in ill-fitting cord breeches. Then she repeated impulsively, "A very brave thing to do!" He felt the red coming into his face.

"Nonsense!" he exclaimed. "The question is, how are we going to get home?" He looked after the runaway horse. It was already in the field beyond. They watched it take the fence and disappear over the brow of a hill.

"Well, he's gone," said Chalmers. He glanced at his own horse with the man's saddle, and then at the girl. Their eyes met, and he fancied by the corners of her mouth that she understood the situatiou.

"When I was a child," she said gravely, "I used to ride straddle always. I think we can manage it if you will shorten the stirrups."

As he stretched out his left hand the ache in his shoulder became a sharp twinge and the hand dropped.

"What's wrong?" she asked anxiously. "Is your arm broken?"

"No," said Chalmers; "if it's anything, I guess it's only the collar-bone. It didn't hurt, aud I hardly realized it was cracked. No consequence, anyhow."

"It is of a great deal of consequeuce," she answered. "I am very, very sorry! Let me make a sling." She unbuckled the curb-rein and triced the arm up with the skill of experience as well as the woman's instinct for doing such things rightly.

"Grateful and comfortiug," he said to hinself; "should be on every breakfast table." Then he blushed at his own joke, and helped her up. Thus they set off in search of the turnpike, Chalmers leading the horse and the lady riding astride. They got over a low fence and through a gate across another field, and then they went into a piece of woods. From the other side of the woods a farm-house was visible, and presently, by winding through lanes and farm-yards, and by opening innumerable gates, they came out upon the highway.

"Well, this has been quite an adventure," said Chalmers. "I feel as if I were an 'Idyl of the King.' Those chaps used to go grailing and things with solitary maidens, didn't they?"

"Where did you hear about the 'Idyls of the King'?" she demanded.

"Hear about them?" he said, somewhat taken aback. "Why, I guess I must have read them."

"It is true, then," she said, half to her herself, and as if she were making a note of it. "Every one reads books in America. I like that about America very much. I'm in favor of popular education. You see, I'm a great radical, and all that sort of thing."

"That's good," said Chalmers. It struck him that she was the right sort to get on with the people on Elizabeth's farm.

"Have you been long in America?" he asked.

"About a month," she replied.

"What do you think of it?" He felt uncomfortable at sinking to this, but he wished to know what she did think.

"It's very big," she said, "and very different—oh, quite different! The people are very odd, and the customs are strange. Have you ever been in New York?"

He said, "Yes," and chuckled.

"Every one travels in America, I've been told. In England they usually stop about the place where they were born. They rarely travel far, unless they go out to the colonies, you know."

"But you have been in London?" he asked, with a straight face.

She smiled, "Of course; I am very much in London," she replied. Then she asked, "Do you live here all the year."

"So she's going to quiz me," he thought. "Well, turn about is fair play. No," he answered aloud; "I am pretty much all the time in New York and other places." As he usually spent the winter poking his yacht into out-of-the-way parts of the earth, he thought that this was specific enough.

"Really?" said she. "And I suppose that most of the gentlemen who hunt here live in town—I mean in New York. Mr. Varick has a town house there, I believe."

Chalmers said that he had. He wondered, though, why she seemed to associate him with Varick. He wondered if she took him for Varick's brother-in-law, Freddy Blake, who was stopping with Varick. He had been taken for him before.

The conversation languished, and for a long time they proceeded at the slow, measured pace of the walking horse. It begah to grow dark. Presently they came to a farm-house which he recognized. He knew that it was only three miles from the kennels, so he felt encouraged. As they were passing the orchard a few old thaws dangled in the bare boughs which overhung the road. In the dusk they were scarcely discernible.

"Are those black spots apples?" she asked suddenly. "I've had no tea at all, and I'm famished."

"You poor child!" he thought. "I'm afraid they're frozen," he said. He hesitated. "I have a sandwich in my pocket, only it's a good deal mussed."

The girl seemed embarrassed.

"No, really!" she exclaimed; "but I can't think of taking it. It's your last one, you know."

"But you must," he insisted. "It's lucky I happen to have it. At the last cheek your friend Mr. Varick divided his lunch with me." He handed her the small silver box. "He gave me the box, too, years ago. I've known him siuce he was a boy."

"Oh, indeed!" she said. "How very nice! Really, you are very good!" She examined the contents of the box rather gingerly, but proceeded to eat them.

"This is very good bacou," she remarked as she munched; "and they usually have such nasty bacon in America."

Chalmers laughed. "I shall have to warn Elizabeth to make an effort in the matter of bacon," he thought.

They trudged aloug for a while, till suddenly the road curved and showed them the lights of the club-house glimmering half a mile ahead, and the village beyoud.

"Where shall I take you?" he asked.

"I think," she replied, "that I will go to the club. My uncle will probably be there."

"Uncle!" Chalmers exclaimed inwardly. "Good gracious! Is she in tow of some horse-dealing relative?" It struck him that his arrangement might meet with some new difficulties. "Well," he thought, "I guess we can fix uucle, too. I have a farm myself."

The big lanterns on the gate posts shed a cheerful light as they turned into the club driveway.

"It can't be much past six," he said. He noticed that she was fumbling for the invisible watch-pocket in her habit. "Just twenty minutes past," he added, holding his watch to the light. "We've made a very good pace—seven miles in two hours."

"I hope your arm hasn't pained you much," she said.

"No; it hasn't," he replied. They came under the porte-cochère and stopped.

"I thauk you very much for all that you have done," she said. "I shall tell my uncle and Mr. Varick about it." She slipped off with the support of his good arm and extended her hand. The next moment Chalmers felt a coin in his palm.

"Oh, I say! I beg pardon!" he gasped. She paused on the steps and faced him. He stood there speechless, with his arm outstretched toward her.

"Please take it," she said. "I know it's different in America, but you must. Of course one can't pay another for saviug her life; I can only thank you for that; but you have been to a great deal of trouble, too. English gold is good everywhere, isn't it? It's all I have with me. But my uncle will be very grateful to you. You must come and see him to-morrow. Please have your collar-bone carefully set. Good night."

She turned and went into the club. The situation burst ou Chalmers. He slipped the gold piece into his pocket and started for the stables. He stopped before he reached them, though He was sitting, doubled over, on a bench by the roadway (it hurt his collar-bone less if he laughed doubled over) when a voice came out of the darkness:

"What's the matter there?" It was the M. F. H. on his way back from the kennels.

"Nothing," replied Chalmers, weakly—"nothing that I can tell you."

"Oh, is that you, Chalmers?" said the M. F. H. "I've been looking all over for you. Hurry up and make yourself presentable. You're dining with me at eight."

"I can't," Chalmers answered. "I've broken my collar-bone, and I hate to feed in company with one hand."

(Continued on page 12)

Lieutenant Turner, Second Engineer

Breaking Camp Under Diamond Head

Engineers' Street

New York Camp

"Philadelphia" at Anchor

The Soldier's Burden

Cleaning Camp

New Yorkers Going into Camp

Engineers' Street

SCENES AT CAMP McKINLEY, HONOLULU, WHERE THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS ARE ENCAMPED

Photos by Oscar F. Campbell

LADIES OF THE DAY

1. The Late Caroline Miskell Hoyt *(Elite Photo.)* 2. Queen Wilhelmina of Holland. 3. The Duchess of Orleans, who has renounced her royal husband. 4. Nance O'Neil *(Vaughn & Keefe Photo).* 5. Nance O'Neil *(Thors Photo).* 6. Miss Anna Rose, Labor Queen of the Topeka Carnival. 7. The late Fanny Davenport *(Taber Photo).*

A ROYAL MATCH-MAKER

The Late Louise of Denmark and Her Progeny of Kings and Queens.

The late Queen of Denmark will go down to posterity as the greatest of European matchmakers. She was indeed a mother of queens, though that title fails to accord her the distinction that belongs to the parent of the King of Greece, of the future King of Denmark, and of Admiral Prince Waldemar, who married the Princess Marie of Orleans. That the children of their Majesties of Denmark were as sightly looking a set of men and maids as has ever beeu reared in a royal family may account iu some degree for their conjugal good fortune, but there have been royal beauties long ere this who consummated no such alliances. To the tact and cleverness of her late Majesty is due the gratitude of her children for their matrimonial success. The isolation of Denmark helped their availability, it is true, for marriage with a Princess of Denmark did not disturb the balance of power. But there were other aspirants, and the offsprings of Queen Louise captured the prizes. She was a mistress of those delicate arts through which the right man proposes and the shy maid accepts. Not alone in matchmaking were the powers of the Queen of Denmark shown. An admirable wife and mother, she was also a political manipulator of the first water. Whoever has married a wife realizes the importance of petticoat influence. Monarchs being men are amenable to the same domestic authority which rules at the humble fireside. By her daughters the power of Queen Louise has been extended throughout Europe. She has been a factor in the concert of Powers of prime importance. Even Prince Bismarck, giant diplomat that he was, acknowledged the sagacity of the old lady of Copenhagen, who in inner circles so frequently nullified his most cherished projects.

Queen Louise was a Princess of Hesse-Cassel and her husband was a younger son of the house of Glucksborg. They married for love—for he at that time had little more than his pay as a captain in the Danish Guards, and his settlements were hardly those of a storekeeper's daughter. But they incarnated the virtues and had the airs and graces of their high estate. In those days thrift was by no means confined to commoners. Their Royal Highnesses made their income meet their necessities, and the economies they practiced then were not forgotten when the tribute of a kingdom swelled their coffers. Throughout Europe they figured as a model couple, and the reputation was not without its advantage, as the sequel shows.

The year 1848 was eventful in the history of Europe. Two important provinces of the kingdom of Denmark, the Duchies of Slesvig and Holstein, revolted against the authority of the Danish king, and in their belligerency were sustained by France and Prussia. The members of the House of Glucksborg joined with the revolutionists against old King Frederick VII, all but Prince Christian, who, true to his allegience, drew his sword on his sovereign's side and served with all honor under the Danish flag during the three years of war which ended with the crushing of the insurrection. King Frederick was childless, and the last scion of the dynasty of Oldenburg, which had for four centuries reigned over Denmark, and when peace was made there came up the iuteresting question of succession to the throne. All Europe was called into consultation and there were candidates by the score. Prince Christian, however, was evidently the favorite, not alone for his bravery during the war and his many virtues, but because of his wife's relationship to the Royal House, her mother having been a Princess of Denmark. In 1855, by a treaty made in London, Prince Christian was designated as the heir presumptive of Frederick VII, and a year later the Danish Parliament confirmed the nomination.

The extraordinary series of weddings which earned Queen Louise the title of "mother-in-law to Europe" began with the engagement of Princess Alexandra, her eldest daughter, to the Prince of Wales. She was a charming girl of excellent education, who had been brought up with much care, and had not only the virtues of her parents but a rare endowment of physical charm. She was wedded in 1863 with due eclat, and next to the Queen, is the most popular woman in Great Britain. Her sister, Princess Dagmar, was only seventeen when, after a great conclave, her hand was awarded to the oldest son of Czar Alexander II, the hereditary Grand Duke Nicholas. I fear the young lady was not consulted by her clever mamma. A gay, lively, beautiful girl, Nicholas, a melancholy and sickly youth, was the last man she would have selected for a life partner. She was gentle, however, and amiable, and in due time he died. On his death bed he exacted a promise from the Princess, whom he had learned to love, that she would wed his brother, Alexander, a splendid, sturdy-looking man, possessed of almost herculean strength, and of a kindly and generous disposition. The engagement was not then entered into, but a year later the Czarowitch became a guest of the family at the summer palace of Fredensborg and courted his bride as if no preliminary arrangements had ever been entered into. At the cottage of Julsbek, a lovely villa commanding a superb view of the Sound, after a long day's outing the royal pair exchanged vows and were duly married a few months later. It proved one of the happiest of royal matches, for the Czar was a devoted husband and his wife adored him. To Fredensborg they came every year for a holiday, and at the dinner table history was made aud unmade, and maps rearranged, to the joy of the mother-in-law, and often to the discomfiture of the diplomats.

The second son of Her Matchmaking Majesty was a gay, handsome, lively youth, who entered the Danish navy at the age of twelve. He was the naughty boy of the family, but also the favorite, and his sister Alexandra demanded that he accompany her to London when she was married to the Prince of Wales. He was then but eighteen years of age and as bright a midshipmite as ever wore braid and brass buttons. About this time the Powers were looking about for a successor to King Otho, who after thirty years of struggle had been deposed from the throne of Greece. The place had been offered to most of the princes of the royal houses of Europe, but the statesmen could not agree upon a candidate. The precious balance of power trembled at the approach of any of them, and the idea was suggested to Lord Jonn Russel as he watched the handsome youth standing beside his sister at the altar, why not he? Denmark had no oriental ambitions and was not concerned in the Balkans. So Vilhelm, as the boy was called, became King George of Greece, and his good mother married him to Olga, the daughter of the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, who was then but sixteen years of age.

Not conteuted with these clever performances the old lady of Copenhagen proceeded further to cement her influence. Her eldest son, the future King of Denmark, she married to the only daughter of the late King of Sweden, who inherited his immense estates and to-day is one of the richest women iu the world, her fortune being estimated at over fifty millions of dollars. Young Prince Waldemar wedded another of the richest Princesses of Europe, Marie of Orleans, daughter of the Comte de Paris. In addition to the millions she inherited from her father this young lady was one of the beneficiaries under the will of the late Duc dè Aumale. Princess Thyra married the only son of the late King of Hanover, the Duke of Cumberland, who besides being a Prince of Great Britain is likewise *de jure* sovereign duke of Brunswick. He ranks as the richest sovereign in Europe. It is evident that Her Majesty's early days had given her such a foretaste of poverty that she was determined to save her children from its pangs. Certainly she succeeded.

The family life of the Danish royal family is said to have been charming. They had burgher virtues, and King Christian loved Queen Louise with an honest and admiring devotion. They met every day at luncheon—a veritable family party—the King surrounded by the children of his sons and daughters. Afterwards half an hour was spent together, gossiping and talking before adjourning for their daily tasks. They met again at dinner, to which their Majesties always came in evening dress. The King was his wife's most devoted cavalier, and never failed to have choice flowers at her plate. At 9:20 there was another assemblage, this time in Queen Louise's apartments, where they partook of tea and "smorrebrod" (Danish sandwiches). A visit to the stables and a rubber of whist finished the royal day; that is, unless there was music, of which Her Majesty is especially fond.

ETIENNE MARCEL.

THE LATEST LEADER

A Portrait Sketch of the Career of Sir Herbert Kitchener.

"The man whom I have always placed my hopes upon—Major Kitchener R. E.—who is one of the few *very superior* British officers, with a cool and good head and a hard constitution, combined with untiring energy, has now pushed

MAJOR-GENERAL HERBERT E. KITCHENER

up to Dongola." Thus wrotc Valentine Baker, the brilliant cavalry officer, of the man who has just conquered the Mahdi's forces at Omdurman. An equally keen judge of men, Sir Evelyn Wood recognized the qualities of Captain Kitchener, of the Engineers, and gave him his first great chance to organize the native levies at Korooko.

Like Wellington, Wolseley and Roberts, Major-General Sir Horatio Herbert Kitchener is an Irishman, having been born in the "Kingdom of Kerry" some forty-seven years ago. He is tall, standing full six feet in his stockinged feet, and dark-skinned—which latter is but natural after twenty years service in Africa. Finding his commission in the Royal Engineers too peaceful, he fought as a volunteer in the two great European wars of recent times—against the Prussians with General Chanzy's army of the Loire, and against the Czar's soldiers in the Balkans, under Baker Pasha. But most of his service has been in the East, where he first went in charge of a party of surveyors in Palestinc.

Here he began to acquire his remarkable knowledge of Oriental languages and tribes, of which many stories are told. For example, at one of his army's camps on the Nile, two Arab date-sellers were arrested as suspected spies, and confined in the guard tent. Shortly afterwards a third Arab prisoner was hastily bundled into the tent. An animated jabbering ensued between the three, and in a few minutes, much to the astonishment of the sentry, the latest arrival drew aside the doorway and stepped out, remarking: "All right, sentry; I'm going to the general." It was Kitchener. Again only a few minutes passed when an orderly hurried up, and a spade was handed to each of the two Arabs, who were marched outside the lines, dug their graves, and were shot. They were dangerous spies and Kitchener had detected them. But once the general's skill in disguises was nearly fatal to himself. He has working at a water mill with some natives, whose conversation he wished to hear, when a Tommy Atkins who did not approve of "niggers" chanced to pass by, and expressed his dislike with a stone, which struck Kitchener on the head. But rude as this experience was, his adventures in the track of Strickland Sahib in Kipling's fiction, and of the late Sir Richard Burton in real life, have proven of yeoman service to him iu his brilliant and unchequered African career. But in this connection it were ungenerous to forget that he has had as chief adviser Slatin Pasha, whose thirteen years' captivity in the Soudan have given him an intimate knowledge of Soudanese tribes.

Probably because he has thus been a wanderer on the face of the earth—a modern Ulysses, who has very literally "seen many men and known their mind"—perhaps also because he has been a terribly busy man from his early youth, Sir Herbert has never married. In his forty-eighth year he is still a bachelor. But perhaps marriage will come in the near future with all the other desirable things that his grateful country is preparing for him. It is stated in some quarters that his honors for Omdurman will include a heavy money grant, in addition to Peerage. Kitchener began his career by very slow steps, taking twelve years to gain his captaincy in the Engineers. But directly his chance came, his coolness and self-command, his indomitable energy, and his miraculous capacity for hard work marked him out as a man of action. The turning point in his career came when General Sir Evelyn Wood undertook the reorganization of the Egyptian army. He took service under Wood in 1882, and in 1885 his marvellous knowledge of the native mind, and language brought him to the front. He was sent ahead of Sir Garnet Wolseley to deal with the native chiefs and officials whose attitude was uncertain. The following picturesque account of him when engaged on this ticklish mission was written by an enthusiastic admirer of the Sirdar soon after the victory of Atbara:

"The first time I saw Kitchener he was alone and unarmed among the semi-hostile Arabs, endeavoring to persuade them that their interests would be best served if they took part with British and Egyptian forces against the Dervish rebellion. It was a strange sight to see this tall, slim, blue-eyed Irishman, armed only with illimitable self-confidence and fearlessness, arguing with, and sometimes threatening, the powerful chiefs, who, for aught he knew, might have been sworn allies of the tribe that had just murdered Colonel Donald Stewart and Consul Power not many miles further up the Nile. When persuasive reasoning failed, he did not shrink from telling these people what their punishment would be when the White Emir and his legions came upon them, meaning Lord Wolseley with the British battalions that were then toiling slowly up the Cataract. Those brave words, in which there was no doubt a touch of boastfulness pardonable in the circumstances, frequently gave rise to angry murmurs and sullen looks, but they were met by the glance of eyes that would not have quailed if looking at grim death—eyes that in such moments glow so curiously that the light in them seems fixed as if suddenly frozen."

It was Sir Herbert Kitchener who went ahead of Sir Herbert Stewart's column with two native guides in the first dash for the wells of Gakoni. Near there a notorious robber leader who had accompanied the Mahdists in their merciless raids was surprised and chased by Nineteenth Hussar scouts. He and his few followers would probably have escaped if Kitchener, who was well mounted, had not overtaken them. Alone, and far ahead of the Hussars, he closed with these ferocious freebooters and called upon them to surrender. The cool daring that had so often succeeded told in this moment. Deceived by it into the belief that they were surrounded by unseen foes whom the bold Englishman had at his command, they parleyed and were lost, for this gave the Hussars time to come up and make prisouers of the band. It was a bold and characteristic act, which established Kitchener's reputatiou with British soldiers.

At the crisis of the Dongola Expedition, when it became necessary to seize a strategic point, so that supplies might accumulate there before the Nile got too low for river transport, tropical storms of violence previously unknown in these regions washed away sections of the railway on which these supplies were in a great measure dependent. Following upon cholera and other sickness in his corps, this fresh disaster seemed overwhelming. But he stood up against it with characteristic fortitude. In twenty-four hours the distribution of forces along the line of communication was so arranged that battalions could be set free for fatigue work on the railway. He went to inspect several points where great damage had occurred, looked at ruined bridges and broken embankments with the eye of an engineer, told the officers that these things must be repaired in so many days, and then, confident in the effect of that word "must," went away leaving them to enter their own resources. Though the task thus set seemed in some cases herculean, it was done somehow, and trains were running again on the renewed line on the very day which he had named for completion of the work.

Sir Herbert Kitchener's courage in battle is as conspicuous as his faculty for organization, whereby he has been enabled to donduct a great and eventful campaign at a cost which seems ridiculously small, by comparison with others. The Sirdar is a strong man, and his faults are the faults of strength. He has, if anything, too little sympathy with or tolerance for human weaknesses. Untiring himself, he expects others to have the same power of endurance, rising early and going to bed late, yet always about and always ready for action. He has not, perhaps, made many firm friendships since his rapid rise to eminence began, but he has known how to keep the old ones, and they are ready to go wherever he leads, as the history of the Soudan for the past ten years should suffice to prove. L. E. F.

Mme. Adelina Patti made her debut as a singer in Cuba when she was only fourteen years of age. She was born in Spain, of Italian parents, and brought to America by her stepfather. The opportunity came to introduce the youthful prodigy at a concert of the Filamonia of Cuba, and timid, awkward little Adelina came on the stage for the first time. She was applauded until the walls re-echoed by the enthusiastic Cubans, who immediately christened her the "wonderful child." Patti, by the way, has become a naturalized Englishwoman, so that she may be enabled to dispose of her fortunes and estates as she wishes.

Hubert George Lyulph Howard, the London *Times'* correspondent, reported killed at Omdurman, was the second son of the Earl of Carlisle. He was born in 1871, and was educated at Balliol College, Oxford. He was a lieutenant of the Twelfth Middlesex Rifle Volunteers, and served in Matabeleland in 1896, where he was wounded.

A Ten-inch Krupp, just as the Spaniards left it

Cobblestone Fort

Bronze Guns

A Bronze Mortar

Part of the Old Wall Around Manila

Interior of Fort Malate, showing Result of Shelling

River Fortifications

Old Manila Wall

Battery of Spanish Guns on the City Wall

THE DEFENSES OF MANILA

Photographed the day after the American Troops took possession, by Dr. Law.

Minnesota Camp

Astor Battery Gun

In the Trenches the Day Before the Fight

A Bit of American Trench

Minnesota Regiment on the Way to Battle

Astor Battery

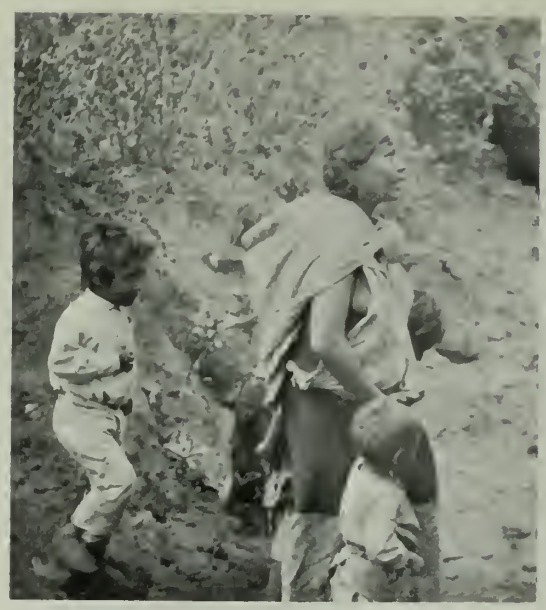
Troops Landing at Paranaque

Gun of Astor Battery, with Spokes Knocked Out by a Shell

Nebraska Troops Laying in Reserve—Insurgents Passing Through the Lines

THE CAPTURE OF MANILA

From Snapshots Taken by Dr. Law of the Thirteenth Minnesota Regiment.



INDIAN LIFE IN MEXICO

Photographed by W. J. Belcher

CHALMERS' GOLD PIECE.

(Continued from page 6)

"It's too bad about your boue, but you've got to come. Your food shall be served to you all cut up, or you can have six courses of soup. But I don't see what's so mighty funny about a bu'sted collar-bone."

"No," said Chalmers; "and you won't telephone right off for the doctor—will you?—or I shall be late." He rose and went on toward the stables. Suddenly the thing struck him in a new light.

"A sovereign," he mused, "must be quite a lot of money for a ridiug mistress to give as a tip. I never thought about that. I wonder who her people were?"

The M. F. F. met Chalmers as he came into the drawing-room.

"Hullo," said he; "all comfy? I want you to know the Earl of Reddesdale. He's been here only a week, but he's disbanded the Fence-Breakers, and he's brought his niece with him, besides. Those are two praiseworthy acts. Because you have foolishly got spilled somewhere, you are going to take her to dinner. Miss Hamilton," he added, "may I present Mr. Chalmers?"

Miss Hamilton turned, and said she would be much pleased. Then she glanced at Chalmers, and her eyes dropped.

"I think," she said, "that I have had that pleasure—this afternoon. Mr. Chalmers brought me home." She touched the Earl's arm. "Uncle," she began, "this is—"

"This is very extraordinary?" ejaculated the Earl. "I thought a groom brought you back, my dear—one of Mr. Varick's men—"

"Oh, uncle!" the girl exclaimed.

When it was quiet enough for Chalmers to be heard he announced that he had something to say. It seemed to him that the chaffing was a little trying for the girl, and he did a very noble thing. With certain reservations he disclosed his hypothesis of the riding-school mistress and drew the fire upon himself. He blushed a deeper red than Miss Hamilton, but it was not so becoming, for his pink coat killed the effect.

"Well, you see," he added ingenuously, "I got back only this morning, and I never saw a woman ride like that who wasn't a professional." Then dinner was announced.

"It was very generous of you to confess all that," she said, when they were seated.

"No," answered Chalmers; "it was only fair. My conscience would have troubled me if I hadn't. But as I have no mama to consult about receiving presents from young ladies, I think I shall keep that sovereign."—"Gallops," by David Gray, the Century Co., Publishers.

The interesting announcement is made that the whole cost of the Nile campaign since 1896 has been only £2,600,000, including £1,000,000 spent upon the Soudan railroads, of which five hundred miles have been constructed during that time.

The sixth Congress for Commercial Training will be held in Venice in 1890, as was decided at the last congress, held in 1898, in Antwerp. The dates set are from May 4th until the 8th. This important congress, to which all foreign Governments are officially invited, has been preceded by those of Bordeaux, in 1886 and 1895; of Paris, 1889; of London, 1897, and of Antwerp, in 1898; and instructive results are to be found in the collection of their acts, showing that the aim of these congresses is to organize and develop commercial training according to the tendencies of modern commerce. Communications and proposals for the Venetian congress may be addressed to the Secretary of the committee, Professor Edourdo Vivanti, Palazzo Foscari, Venice. It is said that the principal features of the coming congress will be a discussion as to the advisability of encouraging suggestions concerning a common commercial language.

The omission of the late Page Brown's name from the Ferry Building which he designed is severely censured by the architects and artists of the city, and there is a movement in the local orgauization to demand that recognition be accorded his services. I am surprised that E. R. Swain, the gentleman who executed the design, has not seen the propriety of some such recognition long ago. Whatever credit is due the plan belongs to Page Brown. It is a pity that the building was not constructed in strict accordance with the original scheme. This called for a higher tower and a more elaborate facade. However, it is a good thing to have a ferry depot.

A DEBUTANTE'S DIARY

...tertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

...n spite of the extreme dullness of the social ...nosphere, and that not so much as a large ... has relieved the monotony of the past ...ek, I have one good reason for rejoicing. ...e invitations for Mr. Greenway's Cotillions ...e out, so all our fears of their dissolution ...re unfounded. I can't tell you, Diary dear, ...w really glad I am, for a winter in San ...ancisco without the Friday-night Cotillions ...uld not seem like a winter at all. The invi...tions were rather later than usual in coming, ...nce the report. So now we are certain of at ...ast four dancing clubs—the Friday Fort...ghtlys, the Saturday Fortnightlys, the Cin...rellas, and Mr. Greenway's Cotillions.

I hear that the report of Emile Brugiere's ...igagement is unfounded, at least so he told ...e the other afternoon when he called; he ...id he did not know how the papers ...anaged to get hold of it, for it was as ...reat a surprise to him as to the rest of ...s. Engagements are curious things in ...ny case, and if one wants to find out ...l the disagreeable things possible about a ...an, the best thing to do is to promise to ...arry him. But don't announce it; for once ...n engagement becomes public property no ...ne will dare say aught but what is pleasant. ...f you would learn everything, just quietly ...ell your best friend as a secret, and she will ...npart the knowledge to her especial crony, ...nd then if the poor man has ever thought ...rong in his whole life you will hear about it. ...ou know, Diary dear, Alice became engaged ...o a charming Eastern man some months ago. ...e had come out here and one of the 'Varsity ...lub men brought him to call on us girls. I ...ound him quite agreeable, in fact fascinating, ...ut fortunately did not fall in love with him. ...say fortunately advisedly, for he took a tre...endous fancy to Cousin Alice and their en...agement followed. That was a few months ...go, and as Alice did not wish to announce her ...ntentions, pledged us all to secrecy. She, of ...ourse, told one or two of her greatest chums. ...ince then her life has been made a burden to ...er, for all her friends have told her the var...ous bits of gossip they have heard of her ...iance. One story she heard was that he was ...n adventurer, who merely desired her for...une—I believe Alice will eventually have $50 ...er month when the estate is divided. An...other was that he was fearfully dissipated and ...ad already been jilted by an Eastern girl ...n that account. A particularly courteous ...aiden announced that he was a gambler, but ...he believed him very nice when sober. Still ...another reported that he was quite illiterate ...nd uneducated, and that he had gained his ...money by nefarious methods. Poor Alice was ...distracted and finally went to Uncle Harold ...and told him about it. He simply shrieked ...with merriment when he heard what a viper ...he had been allowing his ward to cherish. ...Then he said: "My dear Alice, what a ...neglectful guardian you must consider me! ...Don't you know that before I allowed you to ...accept that man's attentions, I sent East and ...found out all about him? Heaven knows, a ...girl takes chances enough in matrimony in ...any case without going in for it blindfold." ...Alice's engagement is still a secret, and she ...continues to hear interesting accounts of the ...misdeeds of her unfortunate fiance. He ...luckily does not know of it, and she would not ...tell him for worlds. It is funny though, is it ...not? The truth of the matter is that when ...people here have not any definite knowledge ...of a man's past, they make up an interesting ...one and weave a tissue of romance to make it ...appear probable. But the world is a small ...place and bigamy is not so possible as it for...merly was. In our grandmothers' day a man ...might have a wife in a few different ports, but ...in our class such events have not occurred ...sufficiently often to make them more than a ...remote possibility.

The Hotel Rafael is gradually emptying, ...and now only a few of the city people are left. ...Last Saturday we had our usual weekly paper ...chase. We started from the hotel grounds ...over the Petaluma road and side hills, and ...ended on the site of the new golf links. We ...had a very exciting time, for just as we ...reached the end Mrs. Crooks lost her balance ...and nearly fell off her horse. I believe she ...would have won only for that, for she had ...been in the lead all along. Baron Alex von ...Schroeder won the gentleman's prize and Miss ...Smith carried off the other. The Smith girls ...ride well, and it is wonderful the improve...ment some of us have made since the begin...ning of the season. Of the younger girls Helen Dean carries off the honors and man...ages her animal beautifully. You have heard, I dare say, that we are to have new golf grounds. The San Rafael Club has purchased nearly five hundred acres of the Wagner ranch, and purposes laying it out. Mr. Tetley has just commenced preparing it and has ever so many holes laid out. Five thousand dollars has already been subscribed. We are to have the prettiest club house in the country. I be...lieve they also talk of having a race track and tennis court, and if they do I suppose we shall prove a formidable rival to Burlingame. I am trying to persuade papa to buy a country house either at Ross Valley or Burlingame, but he said so sure as he did mamma would immediately want to go to Del Monte for the summer. I wonder would she? Never mind, when I marry, I shall have a beautiful home in the country and all the other luxuries the fates deny me now!

Think of it, Diary dear, this is the last week I shall be a debutante, for I am going to the first dance of my second season on Saturday, at Golden Gate Hall. Then instead of having the confidences of an ingennous debutante you will, I hope, see the "Babblings of a Belle." What is causing me much perturbation of spirit is what shall we do for our men? So many have gone, and I do not see any coming forward to replace them. A winter without Allen Wright to lead cotillions, without Gerald Rathbone, without all of our dearly beloved officers! Of course, some of the girls are going away. Ethel Keeney and Leontine Blakeman leave about the middle of

MISS LILIAN YOUNG

"Of the What Happened to Jones Company"
(Thors Photo)

November, and there are only three or four debutantes—Olive Holbrook, who is quite decidedly handsome, is a nice, bright girl; she is tall, dark, and has a fine carriage; Mamie Polhemous, who was to have come out last year, but owing to her father's sad death was obliged to delay her first appearance; Josephine Loughborough, another tall, fair, handsome girl with light eyes and rosy cheeks; and there is one other, but I have forgotten her name.

There was one small tea this week given by the Carolan girls on Wednesday afternoon. It was a girls' affair—the Hopkins, Edith McBean, the Schusslers and the Morgans were there. It was rather jolly, and we all talked of the prospects of the winter and sighed over our hard luck. Eva Moody is to be married on the 12th at noon. At first an evening wedding in church was decided upon, but Mr. Breeden preferred a quiet home wedding, and I don't blame him. Mr. Moody has, I believe, given Eva a pretty home in the country near her brother Fred. We all find Mr. Breeden a very charming sort of man and in Eva he is getting a very fine girl. I believe May Moody and Bertha Dolbeer are to be the bridesmaids. Only the old friends of the family have been invited, otherwise the house could not hold them. The Moodys have lived here so long that their list of acquaintances is really enormous.

And Genevieve Goad is also to be married next week and to start for England on her way to South Africa. What a glorious honeymoon she will have, and I have always longed to visit South Africa and see the diamond fields and the Boers and all that—it must be splendid. Genevieve will really be married without anyone but her relatives around her, on account of her father's recent death. I believe the Goad house is for sale, and I can easily understand how the girls would not wish to keep it now that they are all married, and a big house is so great a responsiblity. It is a very comfortable home and so well arranged. What good times Leila has had there! She says she hates to think of anyone but the Goads living in it. And now, Diary dear, I must bid you a long farewell. When next I confide in you I shall be no longer a debutante. Your own MISS CRICKET.

* *

Two very important weddings have recently been celebrated in Jewish circles—first that of Marco Hellman and Miss Jacoby, and then that of Mr. Clarence Walter and Miss Rosa Neustadter. The Neustadters and the Walters are among the oldest and wealthiest families in San Francisco, and the business houses with which their names are identified are notable for their enterprise, integrity and success. The young people are personally very popular, the groom being a bright and popular young man whose comic talent has often been exhibited in entertainments at the Verein; the bride is well known as one of the handsomest girls in her set—tall and stately, of fine figure and possessed of dignity of character and decided personal charm. The wedding was celebrated at the Neustadter residence on Van Ness Avenue, with all appropriate ceremony, on the evening of Wednesday last. Mr. Herman N. Walter of New York was best man and Miss Florence Neustadter made a bewitching maid of honor.

* *

Luncheons are still the order of the day on the other side of the water, and we have to record three among the entertainments this week: Miss Merle Morrison, Miss Pauline Fore and Mrs. G. W. Henshaw. Outside of luncheons little of interest is offered for record. A new dancing club has been formed by Mrs. T. L. Barker, Mrs. Kittridge, Mrs. Crellin, Mrs. Starr, Mrs. G. H. Wheaton, Mrs. Knight, Mrs. Wright and Mrs. Henshaw. There are to be three meetings during the season. The club will be on the order of the Bachelors and Benedicts, and should prove successful. The meetings occur on Thursday nights and the club takes its name from the day. The first party is set for an intermediate date about the middle of November.

The Fortnightly Dancing Club has reorganized and is to hold its first meeting on October 8th, at Reed's Hall. The patronesses, with a few exceptions and additions, are the same as last year. Among them are Mrs. Sharon, Mrs. Peck, Mrs. Taft, Mrs. Gregory and Mrs. Gorrill.

The dancing clubs are, on the whole, well arranged in Oakland. For the younger set there is the "Winter Cotillion Club," which meets on alternate Saturdays. For those who are still in their debutante days or have been out a winter or two are the "Fortnightlys," and for all are the "Thursday Nights." I believe, however, the invitations have been limited, and only the old "Dieux Temps" crowd have been invited.

Miss Merle Morrison's luncheon was an unusually pretty affair. The decorations were all in yellow. In the dining-room were placed two round tables with great brass candelabras forming center pieces. Each candle had a shade made to simulate a chrysanthemum and from all sides gorgeous yellow flowers raised their heads. For the favors were flowers and little chrysanthemum boxes of salted almonds. Miss Sharon, Miss Randall, Miss Howard, Miss de Fremery, Miss Smith, Miss Marion Randall and Miss Evelyn Craig were among those bidden.

A luncheon in honor of Miss Maud Morrell was given by Miss Pauline Fore. The table was decked in pink amaryllis and looked exceedingly pretty. Miss Havens, Miss Bailey, Miss Sharon and Miss Butz were invited to meet Miss Morrell.

Eight Long Milees to Siboney.

It's eight long miles to Siboney—
You've got to walk or lie;
For there's them that's wounded worse'n you
In the carts that's jolting by—
The carts that's *jolting* by—good Lord!
Packed full of battered men,
And I guess their girls won't know them
If they see them home again.

It's eight long miles to Siboney—
And the road ain't of the best.
That's far enough, God knows, between
A strong man and his rest!
But when you've fought through hell all day,
And your wounds is stiff and sore,
Why, you've had your fill of hardships,
And you don't want any more.

We're human ammunition,
And we're spent like shot or shell
But we're winning for the Government,
And they ought to treat us well.
But maybe they gets reckless,
And they goes it kind of blind,
For they knows there's plenty more like us
That's pressing up behind.

Oh, Uncle Sam! we take your pay,
And we'd better work than talk—
But it's eight long miles to Siboney,
And wounded has to walk.
You needn't spare us fighting,
For we ain't afraid to die—
But take care of those that's hurted now,
And they'll serve you by and by.

Caroline Duer in Collier's Weekly.

Cotillion Hall, at 1310 Polk street, has been recently renovated, and is now under the management of Professor G. Farrell. Rent reasonable for balls, parties, etc. Classes Monday evenings.

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St. stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch

MOORE'S POISON OAK REMEDY
Cures Poison Oak and all Skin Diseases. Sold by all Druggists.

IMPORTANT!

GREAT NOVELTIES
IN
French Drapery
Lace Curtains
Artistic Furniture
In French, Italian and Colonial Styles
Special Designs.

Estimates for Interior Decoration Furnished Free. Get our figures before entrusting your orders with other concerns.

THE P. ROSSI CO.
117 Sutter Street
Bet. Kearny and Montgomery, San Francisco

THE GREAT LEADER
OF CHAMPAGNES!
G. H. Mumm & Co's
EXTRA DRY

While words tell, statistics prove The importation of G. H. MUMM & CO'S EXTRA DRY in 1897, aggregating 72,775 cases, or 42,293 cases more than of any other brand, is certainly the most striking evidence of the great popularity of this famous brand of champagne, and particular attention is called to the fine quality, purity, and natural dryness of the wine now coming to this market.
Used at almost all notable banquets, balls, weddings, etc.

Best for the Skin!

California Cream of Lemon is the best toilet preparation in the world, because it is absolutely free from chemicals, fatty matter or potash. It is made entirely from the soluble substance of the whole lemon. There are other toilet preparations into which the lemon enters, but they are "improved" by the introduction of foreign substances which detract from the natural qualities of the fruit, and are more or less injurious to the skin. Nature does these things better than man. **California Cream of Lemon** is a natural skin-healer, builder and beautifier. It is both a preventive and a cure for all skin diseases and blemishes.
It retails at 15 cents. Ask your druggist for it. If he will not supply you, send 20 cents and we will send a three-ounce collapsible tube of Cream of Lemon prepaid to any address in the United States.
BALLOU & COSGROVE
Sole Agents for the United States, San Diego, Cal
Most druggists sell it—all druggists should.

Mrs. Anna Von Meyerinck
HAS REOPENED HER
SCHOOL OF MUSIC
For Voice Culture and Piano.

Complete Conservatory Courses, including Instruction in Harmony, Theory, Chorus and Sight Singing, Ensemble Playing, Languages and Physical Culture. Special Preparation for Church Choir Work (weekly rehearsals with the choir of Park Congregational Church)
Lectures on Musical Topics.
Terms for Full Course of Fifty Weeks, $75, (payable in monthly installments of $6.25).
Private Instruction, $15 and $20 per month.
Special Seminary Courses for Teachers.
Coaching for Lighter and Grand Opera by Mrs. Henri Fairweather.
Further particulars may be obtained at the School 841 Fulton street, San Francisco. Reception hours, 12 to 2 daily.

Mme. Adele
FROM PARIS
Prices Moderate
Artistic Millinery
350 Hayes Street, San Francisco

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON
Phone Main 5178
Sutter Street Hammam
TURKISH AND RUSSIAN BATHS
415 Sutter Street, between Stockton and Powell
Open Day and Night for Gentlemen
For Ladies, from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

Clutchmans (Squaws) with Pack Horses Bound for the Fair

Exhibit of Indian Relics

Judges' and Grand Stands

Rear of Grand Stand

THE WASHINGTON STATE FAIR AT YAKIMA

CHILI VS. ARGENTINA

A South American Controversy with Dangerous Possibilities.

The present strained relations between Chili and Argentina seem more than likely to end in blows. The exasperating dispute regarding the international boundary line has been the subject of diplomatic discussion for years, and the two countries have been constantly on the verge of an open rupture. There was an attempt to settle the question in 1876 by means of a commission of experts, but without result. In 1878 a further trial was made, but it was not until 1881 that a definite treaty was concluded. In 1895 the exact points at issue were put forward by both sides, and the situation then became acute. Since that time the Chilian people have been eager for war, and though the President and his administration seek to avoid a conflict, if possible, the least overt act on the part of the Argentine Republic will surely provoke a crisis. Argentina will probably be best served by delay, as she is growing richer every day and is not believed to be so well prepared for a fight as her neighbor. Chili, on the other hand, must fight soon, if at all, for she cannot stand the expense of her present war establishment, which is said to represent an annual charge of something like $30,000,000 in gold.

It is estimated that Chili could put an army of 150,000 men in the field within a week, and as, according to the law of 1896, every Chilian between the ages of 20 and 40 must serve in the National Guard, when called upon, her actual forces can be raised to 432,000 The guns and equipments on hand are of the finest and most recent make, while the soldiers are armed with Mauser rifles, are well uniformed, and are said to be as efficient in their drill as any army in Europe. They have German instructors, and the most rigid discipline is maintained; the men are put through a regular course of physical training, and kept thoroughly fit and ready for campaigning. Amongst all classes a spirit of the most ardent patriotism prevails, and when the call for the members of the National Guard to muster for the periodical drill was recently made, more than fifty per cent above the quota asked for sent in applications.

In point of numerical strength, the Argentine militia and National Guard are about equal to those of Chili, but are not as promising soldiers, and are generally anxious to escape service, instead of courting it, as do the Chileans. At a recent call of troops in Argentina, half of the number failed to respond. The population is fully 1,000,000 greater than that of Chili, reckoned at 3,000,000, but is composed largely of Italians, Germans and British, who retain their allegiance to their respective native lands. In Chili, on the contrary, foreigners are few, and every Chilian is ready to fight for his country.

If there should be war between the two republics it will probably be largely naval. Chili has an excellent fleet, consisting of five armor-clads, five cruisers, eleven gunboats, nineteen torpedo boats, together with four destroyers, which were launched in 1896, the latter having a speed exceeding thirty knots. The Chilians are good sailors and their merchant marine numbers upwards of 150 vessels of more than 100 tons each, about forty being steamers. The naval resources of Argentina are somewhat inferior, and in case of a probable engagement in the neighborhood of the Straits of Magellan, the Chilian navy would have the advantage of a special knowledge of those waters, and also a coaling and supply station at Punta Arenas. On the other hand Buenos Ayres might be made the objective point of hostile operations by the sea power in the hope that by means of an effective attack upon their great commercial capital the Argentinians would be compelled to admit defeat. As a question of preparedness and effective fighting capacity the Chilian land and sea forces have probably considerably the advantage of the Argentine army and navy. The land forces of the latter consist of 7,500 regulars and a National Guard of about 350,000. The navy is represented by twenty-eight vessels, including three ironclads and four torpedo launches.

Should a war occur it will hardly be confined to Chili and Argentina. Peru in the past has suffered severely at the hands of the former and hates her with fervent ill-will. Bolivia shares the same feelings for similar reasons, and the people of both these countries believe that if Chili should by victorious in a contest with the Argentine Republic she would at once make an attempt to extend her territory northward, and thus establish her dominion from Cape Horn to the Isthmus of Panama. The Argentine people, on the other hand, think that Brazil would be likely to side with Chili to feed her ancient grudge, and, if possible, recover the territory awarded to Argentina by President Cleveland in the dispute which he arbitrated during his administration. The existing difficulty is therefore a matter of the greatest moment to the entire continent of South America, and the result of the arbitration proceedings under the treaty of 1896, which referred the boundary contentions of Chili and Argentina to Queen Victoria for settlement, is eagerly awaited. Whether the temper of the two nations will brook much further delay is exceedingly doubtful, and if war should break out it is likely to be a particularly bloody affair. In their struggle with Peru the Chilians gave no quarter and invariably killed the wounded, prodding them with their lances or cutting their throats as they lay on the field of battle. The Argentinans are not any more likely to adopt the methods of civilized warfare, and there will, therefore, be little need of hospitals. The Chilian peon is a tough, strong piece of humanity that can exist on the smallest ration and stand all sorts of hardships. He sets little value on his life, heeds not pain, and will do the most reckless and foolish things rather than be thought a coward. The masses of the people are clamoring for war, and it now only remains to be seen whether the Government can hold them sufficiently in check to prevent its outbreak at an early date.

WASHINGTON STATE FAIR

The State of Washington presents two distinct phenomena in geography, having a coast side as distinct from its prairie side as the great range of mountains which separate them are rugged and grand. The "Sound Country," as the coast side of Washington is called, differs in every possible way agriculturally from the irrigated and wheat-growing prairies of the high and dry "East of the mountains" regions. For this reason it is hard to establish a middle ground where a State Fair may be held which will attract the best producers of both sections to make a truthful exhibit of their respective sides of this great State. And it is only the truth to say that while Yakima has given for successive years a creditable State Fair, the exhibition, grounds and attending crowds have been characteristic more of the Eastern than of the coast side of Washington. For this reason The Wave, which this week presents a few views of the Washington State Fair, that opened its sessions at North Yakima on September 26th, may, in subsequent issues, present views of a characteristic fair held on the coast side and representative of "The Sound Country." Two notable features of a fair at North Yakima deserve mention. The exhibition of fruits as presented by the Northern Pacific Railway is always a wonderful study. And the loyal attendance of the Yakima Indian is the most picturesque feature of this annual gathering. The Indian is everywhere present and has become a necessary part of any Yakima affair. Just before the fair these Indians throng into Yakima with ample harvest earnings in their possession, proceed to have the best in the land of eating and drinking, lay in their winter supplies and then wait for the fair. Following this the Indians hold a carnival of their own, a complete picture story of which is hereby promised the readers of The Wave. JOS. BLETHEN.

On the schooner *Sophia Sutherland*, which has returned to San Francisco from a fruitless search for gold among the South Sea Islands, was all the personal property of the late Robert Louis Stevenson. Valima, the historic Samoan home of the gifted author, was stripped from top to basement before the *Sophia Sutherland* sailed, and now stands in the midst of the broad acres that composed the Stevenson place, an empty shell.

"THE CALIFORNIANS"

A few More of Mrs. Atherton's Weird Types Paraded Before the Eager British.

The latest effort of Gertrude Atherton's pen is *The Californians* (John Lane). The scene has San Francisco and Menlo Park for a background. There is a liberal misuse of local color and conditions and the result is a readable volume which the Duchess might have written had she ever entertained serious intentions. However one may rail at her accomplishment, Mrs. Atherton never fails to have a motive back of her plot. In *The Californians*, submerged beneath courtships and aristocratic frivolities, there is an idea—the perversion of a pleasure-loving Spaniard, the son of an old Monterey family, Don Roberto Yorba, into a shrewd and hardened millionaire practicing New England economies. This extraordinary transformation is wrought by one of Sloat's midshipmen, a youthful Yankee named Hiram Polk, who meets Don Roberto at a ball in Monterey in 1846, and enters into an arrangement with the easy and doubtful Spaniard to protect him from the designing Americans, who had even then begun to swarm over the fertile acres of the Golden West. Soon afterwards Polk takes over the Yorba estate of 300,000 acres as the husband of the Don's sister, and henceforth dedicates his life to money-making. He opens a store at Monterey and grows rich on his own account, trading with the easy-going Spaniards, who gradually lose all their possessions to him and to other unscrupulous Yankees.

As the years roll on, Don Roberto Yorba becomes infected with the passion for gold, and unwilling himself on his brother-in-law, grafts the New England virtues of thrift and economy on his ease-loving nature and becomes as noted for his prudence as his ancestors were for their hospitalities. Alone of his compatriots, he has preserved his patriotism, but he realizes this is due to the business capacity of Polk, whom he adores. He marries his friend's sister, a New England school-teacher, and parades importantly the characteristics he has so laboriously acquired. Withal he is without self-confidence, and when death removes Polk his terror of poverty becomes a mania. He condemns his family to practice the most grinding economies, and they live in their great mansion on California set on a mere pittance. In spite of their great income, they have little food and no servants.

This idea, which forms the keynote of the scheme and the character of Magdalena—the daughter of Yorba and his New England wife—are the valuable factors in *The Californians*. The girl is a curious compound of conflicting inheritances. The individual indolence of her race is modified by a true New England conscience. Her instincts and her intellect are continually at war with the results of a most unhappy and misunderstood childhood. She grows up ambitious and intellectual, but with no facility of accomplishment and but slight grace of person. Her mother resents this lack of beauty and is incapable of realizing the refinement and charm of mind. The second motive—Magdalena—is fully exploited, but the other is subordinated. The intention is serious, as I have said, but in the matter of execution the author is at fault. Her style is uneven, and after she finishes with her main characters she seems capable only of superficialities. Magdalena is a figure and her father, though his traits are arbitrary, is consistently developed, but the other factors entering into the plot are inadequately rendered. The truth is, Gertrude Atherton suffers from a faulty literary method. There is no penetration in her phrases, and but little truth in her coloring. A love for glittering generalities pursues her and gives us the wealth of frivolous detail which litters this volume. Still, as the color is intended to be local, it has its interest for San Franciscans. Long passages are devoted to life at Menlo Park, where Magdalena is courted and won by the retired diplomat Trennahan. Subsequently he falls in love with Helena Belmont, the glowing beauty of the narrative, but they separate for causes hereafter to be explained. Here is a picture of Menlo Park, where the Yorbas live in summer:

"Menlo Park, originally a large Spanish grant, had long since been cut up into country places for what may be termed the "Old Families of San Francisco." The eight or ten families who owned this haughty precinct were as exclusive, as conservative, as any group of county families in Europe. Many of them had been established here for twenty years, none for less than fifteen. That fact set the seal of gentle blood upon them for all time in the annals of California—a fact in which there is nothing humorous if you look at it logically; there is really no reason why a new country should not take itself seriously. Don Roberto owned a square mile known as Fair Oaks, in honor of the ancient and magnificent woods upon it."

Being a leader of society, the families all call on Mrs. Yorba, who receives every afternoon on her verandah, clad in black or gray lawn, stiff, silent, but sufficiently gracious. Here is a reception day—the guests have arrived and Magdalena is called upon to help entertain them. It is generally the case that the *dramatis personæ* in Mrs. Atherton's books have their prototypes in life:

"She sat down by one of the guests and stammered out something about the violets. The young woman she addressed was of delicate and excessive beauty: her brunette face, under a hat covered with corn-colored plumes, was almost faultless in its outline. She wore an elaborate and dainty French gown the shade of her feathers, and her small hands and feet were dressed to perfection. Magdalena had heard of the brilliant Mrs. Washington, and felt it a privilege to sun herself in such loveliness. The three elderly ladies she had brought with her—Mrs. Cartright, Mrs. Geary and Mrs. Brannan—were dressed with extreme simplicity.

"'Yes,' replied Mrs. Washington, 'they are lovely—they are, for a fact. Mine have chill-blains or something this year, and won't bloom for a cent. Hang the luck! I'm as cross as a bear with a sore head about it.'

"'Would you like me to pick some of ours for you?' asked Magdalena, wondering if she had better model her verbal accomplishments on Mrs. Washington's. She thought them even more picturesque than Helena's.

"'Do; that's a jolly good fellow.'

"When Magdalena returned with the violets, they were received with a bewitching but absent smile; another carriage-load had arrived, and all were discussing the advent of a 'Bonanza' family, whose huge fortune, made out of the Nevada mines, had recently lifted it from obscurity to social fame.

"'It's just too hateful that I've got to call,' said Mrs. Washington, in her refined melodious voice. 'Teddy says that I must, because sooner or later we've all got to know them—old Dillon's a red Indian chief in the financial world; and there's no use kicking against money, anyhow. But I can't cotton to that sort of people, and I just cried last night when Teddy—the old darling! I'd do anything to please him—told me I must call.'

"'It's a great pity we old families can't keep together,' said Mrs. Brannan, a stout, high-nosed dame. 'There are plenty of others for them to know. Why can't they let us alone?'

"'That's just what they won't do,' cried Mrs. Washington. 'We're what they're after. What's the reason they've come to Menlo Park? They'll be "landed aristocracy" in less than no time. Hang the luck!'

"'Shall you call, Hannah?' asked Mrs. Cartright. 'Dear Jack never imposes any restrictions on me—he's so handsome about everything; so I shall be guided by you.'

"'In time,' replied Mrs. Yorba, who also had had a meaning conference with her husband. 'But I shall not rush. Towards the end of the summer, perhaps. It would be unwise to take them up too quickly.'

"'I've got to give them a dinner,' said Mrs. Washington, with gloom. 'But I'll put it off till the last gun fires. And you've all got to come. Otherwise you'll see me on the war-path.'

"'Of course we shall all go, Nelly,' said Mrs. Yorba. 'We will always stand in together.'

"The conversation flowed on. Other personalities were discussed, the difficulty of getting servants to stay in the country, where there was such a dearth of 'me gentleman frien',' the appearance of the various gardens, and the atrocious amount of water they consumed."

Part I. of *The Californians* is devoted to the childhood and "coming out" of Magdalena and to the courtship of Trennahan. Part II. introduces Helena Belmont, daughter of Col. Jack Belmont, one of the prominent citizens of San Francisco, and who has made a million or two in the Bonanza excitement. Helena, since her childhood, has lived in Paris, but she has returned and is to appear at Magdalena Yorba's ball. This was a much heralded affair and represents San Francisco society as it appears to Mrs. Atherton:

"The old beaux knotted their white ties with trembling fingers and thought of the city's wild young days when Nina Randolph, Guadalupe Hathaway, Mrs. Hunt MacLean, two of the 'Three Macs,' and the sinuous wife of Don Pedro Earle had set their pulses humming. They were lonely old bachelors, most of them, living at the Union or the Pacific Club, and they sighed as the memories rose. That was a day when every other woman in society was a great beauty, and as full of fascination as a fig of seeds. To-day beautiful women in San Francisco's aristocracy are rare. In Kearny street, on a Saturday afternoon, one could hardly walk for the pretty painted shop-girls; and in that second stratum which was led by the wife of a Bonanza king who had been pronounced quite impossible by Mrs. Yorba and other dames of the ancient aristocracy, there were many stunningly handsome girls. They could be met at the fashionable summer resorts; they were effulgent on first nights; they were familiar in Kearny street on other afternoons than Saturday, and their little world was gay in its way, but Society, that exclusive body which owed its inchoation and later its vitality and coherence to that brilliant and elegant little band of women who came, capable and experienced, to the fevered ragged city of the early 'Fifties, still struggled in the 'Eighties to preserve its traditions, and did not admit the existence of these people; feminine curiosity was not even aroused to the point of discussion. One day Mrs. Washington met one of the old beaux, Ben Sansome by name, on the summit of California street hill, which commands one of the finest views of a city swarming over an hundred hills.

"Mrs. Washington waved her hand at the large region known as South San Francisco.

"'I suppose,' she said thoughtfully, 'that there are a lot of people in San Francisco whose names we have never heard.'

"'I suppose so!' he exclaimed.

"'I wonder what they are like? How many people are there in San Francisco, anyhow?'

"'About three hundred thousand.'

"'Really? really?' and Mrs. Washington shrugged her pretty shoulders and dismissed the subject from her mind." * * *

"The ball promised to be a success. There were more young people than was usual at Mrs. Yorba's parties, and more men than girls. They danced and chatted with untiring energy, and between the dances they flirted on the stairs and in every possible nook and corner. Magdalena frolicked little, having her guests to look after; but whenever she rested for a moment there was an obsequious backbone before her. Tiny and fly were besieged for dances, and divided each. The older women sat against the wall, a dado of fat and diamonds, and indulged in much caustic criticism.

"The old beaux stood in a group and exchanged opinions on the relative pretensions of the old and the new.

"'Take it all in all, not to compare,' said Ben Sansome. 'Miss Montgomery is excessively pretty, but no style. Miss Brannan looks like a Parisian cocotte. Miss Folsom has eyes, but nothing else—and when you think of 'Lupie Hathaway's eyes! And not one has the beginnings of the polished charm of manner, the fire of glance, the *je ne sais quoi* of Mrs. Hunt Maclean. Just look at her in her silver brocade, her white hair *a la marquise*. She's handsomer than the whole lot of them——'

"At that moment Helena entered the room.

"The white tulle gown, made with a half-dozen skirts, floated about her so lightly that she seemed rising from, suspended above it. Even beside her father she looked tall; and her neck and arms, the rise of her girlish bust, were more dazzlingly white than the diaphanous substance about her. Her haughty little head was set well back on a full firm throat, not too long. Her cheeks were touched with pink; her lips were full of it. Her cheeks were touched with pink; her lips were full of it. Her long lashes and low straight brows were many shades darker than the unruly mane of glittering coppery hair. And she carried herself with a swing, with an imperious pride, with a nonchalant command of immediate and unmeasured admiration which sent every maiden's heart down with a drop and every man's pulses jumping.

"'I give in!' gasped Ben Sansome. 'We never had anything like that—never! Gad! the girl's got everything. It's almost unfair.'"

It seems too bad that Trennahan, who had been East, should come home just in time for Helena's grand ball at Del Monte and seeing her, at once falls in love with her. She succumbs to his superior fascinations, but he decides that Magdalena engages the better part of his nature and resolves to marry her. Thus he muses:

"There was no great moral battle going on in his mind; he intended to marry Magdalena. One of his pet theories was that one secret of the rottenness underlying the social, and in natural sequence, the political structure of the United States was the absence of a convention. Men were on their knees to women so long as their pleasure was materially abetted by the attitude; but the moment the motive ceased to exist, any display of chivalry toward her would be as useless and wasted as toward the ordinary run of women. It is always the woman of the moment, never woman in general. The so-called chivalry of American men does not exist; the misconception has arisen out of the multitudinous examples of American subserviency to the individual woman—which is part of a habit of exaggeration natural to a youthful nation. There is an utter absence of all responsibility that is not the concomitant of personal desire.

"The new country is full of good impulses with little to bind them together. Children respect their parents if they feel like it, just as they are polite when they are in a responsive mood, not through any sense of convention. The American press is an exemplification of this absence of *noblesse oblige*, and more particularly in its treatment of women. Even when not moved by personal jealousy or spite, the total lack of respect with which the American press treats women who have not in any way challenged public opinion—society women with whom the public has no concern, women upon whom either the misfortune of circumstances or of a powerful individuality has fallen—is the most significant foreboding of the degeneration of a national character while yet half grown. It is individualism, which is a polite term for rampant selfishness, run mad, a fussy contempt and hatred for the traditions of older nations."

However, this nobility avails him naught, for Magdalena finds out the true inwardness of the situation and dismisses him. Then he goes to Honolulu, returns and becomes engaged to Helena. They are deeply in love with one another until Trennahan is unfortunate enough to make disclosures. The incident demonstrates the danger of disclosing too much to a fiancee.

"'Aren't you going to marry him?'

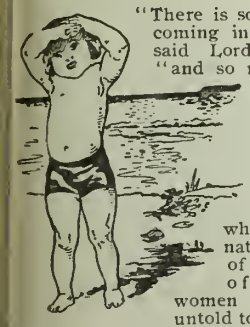
"'Don't be so stern, 'Lena! You don't know all yet. Lately I've been alone with him a great deal, and you know how you talk about yourselves in those circumstances. I had told him everything I had ever done and thought—most, had turned myself inside out. Then I made him talk. Up to a certain point he was fluent enough, then he shut up like a clam. I never was very curious about men, but because he was all mine, or because I didn't have anything else to think about, I made up my mind that he should come to confession. He fought me off, but you know I have a way of getting what I want if I don't there's trouble; and to-night I pulled his past life out of him bit by bit. 'Lena' he's had *liaisons* with married women, he's kept house with women; he's seen the worst life of every city' For a few years—he confessed it in so many words—he was one of the maddest men in Europe. The actual things he told me only in part, but you know I have the instincts of the devil. 'Lena, *he's a human slum*, and I hate him' I hate him' I hate him'"

"'But that all belongs to his past. He loves you, and you can make him better—make him forget—'

"'I don't want to make any man better. I love everything to be clean and new and bright—not mildewed with a thousand vices that I would never even discuss. Oh, he's a brute to ask me to marry him. I hate myself that I've been engaged to him' I feel as if I'd tumbled off a pedestal'"

As for the termination—that is for the reader.

C.



"There is so much trouble coming into the world." said Lord Bolingbroke, "and so much more in going out of it, that it is hardly worth while to be here at all." If a man and a philosopher comes to this conclusion, what must be the natural conclusion of the thousands of suffering women who undergo untold torture in bringing their babes into the world?

Philosophy of this kind is based upon gross ignorance. The fact is, that there is no necessity for the severe pangs undergone by the average woman. If a woman is strong and healthy in a womanly way, motherhood means to her but little suffering. The trouble lies in the fact that the majority of women suffer from weakness and disease of the distinctly feminine organism and are unfitted for motherhood. This can always be remedied. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a sure, speedy and permanent cure for all disorders of this description. It acts directly on the delicate and important organs concerned, making them healthy, strong, vigorous, virile and elastic. It banishes the indispositions of the period of expectancy and makes baby's advent easy and almost painless. It quickens and vitalizes the feminine organs, and insures a healthy and robust baby. Thousands of women have testified to its marvelous merits. Honest druggists do not offer substitutes, and urge them upon you as "just as good."

"I suffered fourteen years," writes Mrs. Mary J. Stewart, of Box 46, Saratoga, Santa Clara Co., Cal., with female weakness, nervousness and general debility. I tried everything to no avail. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery' cured me."

The names, addresses and photographs of hundreds of women cured by Dr. Pierce's medicines are printed by permission in the "People's Common Sense Medical Adviser." It's free. For a paper-covered copy send 21 one-cent stamps *to cover mailing only*. French cloth binding 31 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Every woman needs a great medical book. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser fills this want. It contains over 1000 pages and nearly 800 illustrations.

Insist Upon Having Your Ticket to New York Boston, or Other Eastern Cities

Read over the Nickel Plate (N. Y. C. & St. L. R. R.), the popular low-rate short line. Quick time, unexcelled accommodations, and no extra fares charged. Jay W. Adams, Pacific Coast Passenger Agent, 37 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Poodle Dog Restaurant, southeast corner of Grant avenue and Bush street. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone 429. Blanco & Bruno, proprietors.

Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist, 806 Market Street

THE NEW BOOKS
AS ISSUED
AT
ROBERTSON'S
126 Post St

TO CHICAGO IN 3 1-2 DAYS
TO NEW YORK IN 4 1-2 DAYS
VIA
Chicago Union Pacific
AND
Northwestern Line

Through Pullman and Tourist Sleeping Cars Daily. All meals served a la carte in Dining Car. For full information, address
R. R. RITCHIE,
General Agent Pacific Coast
No. 2 New Montgomery Street (Palace Hotel)
San Francisco, Cal.

Blake, Moffitt & Towne
DEALERS IN
PAPER
55, 57, 59 and 61 First Street, San Francisco
Telephone Main 199

California State Exposition 1898

REPSOLD SELECT VINTAGE

First Prize and Premium Award, Repsold *Cognac*
First Prize and Premium Award, Repsold Select Vintage *Montecito*
First Prize and Premium Award, Repsold Select Vintage *Burgundy*
First Prize and Premium Award, Repsold Select Vintage *Gutedel*
Special Mention of Honor, Repsold Select Vintage *Sauternes*.

THIS BRAND OF WINE IS SOLD AT ALL FIRST CLASS HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS

Office, 416 Pine Street

ROYAL
Baking Powder

Made from pure cream of tartar.

Safeguards the food against alum.

Alum baking powders are the greatest menacers to health of the present day.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

LONDON

London, Sept. 14th.—Not since the tragic death of the Prince Imperial, some twenty odd years ago, has any event created so great a sensation in Europe as the assassination of the Austrian Empress. In a number of ways she was the most interesting personality among the royalties and was surrounded by a number of picturesque romanticisms. Elizabeth of Austria did not belong to the 19th century—but seemed rather a survivor of the mediaeval era. Of all her worshippers Sorrow proved the most persistent and finally claimed her for his own. Her personality was rarely dramatic, and it seemed impossible to disassociate the woman of sixty-one from the fair Saxon beauty of seventeen, who captured the heart of the youthful Francis Joseph. Age could not wither the Empress, and, although she was singularly lacking in vanity in most respects, she would never allow herself to be painted or photographed since Time began to draw furrows and lines upon her smooth cheeks.

Few outside people knew that, in addition to her physical endowments, the Empress was a very intellectual woman and a strong character. Had she been placed in a less exalted sphere, her poetical talents might have won for her a less perishable crown. She wrote charming verse and although, so far, none of her efforts have been published, her friends have collected and arranged them, awaiting the consent of the Emperor before finally giving them to the printer. Until the death of her only son, Elizabeth retained much of her youthful buoyancy. Since then she has been quietly, harmlessly insane. She has wandered over the hills of her property in Geneva, a weird-looking character, in short skirt, high boots, broad Tyrolese hat, and her long, greyish-brown hair, unconfined, streaming over her shoulders and almost reaching to her knees. Her great fad was building villas, and in the last few years no less than forty "bijou residences" have been erected on her Swiss properties. The poor old Emperor is quite heartbroken, and it is feared that the shock may shorten his days. The Empress was well beloved by her subjects, most of whom remember her in the days when she used to appear on horseback at the hunts or ride in state at their festivals.

The Coburg family are endeavoring to achieve a reputation for eccentricity. Not content with the notoriety achieved by his sisters, and their matrimonial infelicities, Prince Alfred, the hereditary Prince, has been giving a fresh fillip to the tongues of the gossips. In Berlin the heir of the Coburgs enjoys a rather extravagant reputation for wild and startling escapades, which might prove highly creditable in a bravo of the last century, but are hardly becoming in the heir of a ruling house. Germany is singularly blind to the faults of the "Lord's annointed," *i. e.*, the royal family, and it is only when some unusually scandalous episode occurs that the general public becomes aware of the fact. Prince Alfred of Saxe-Coburg has outstepped the limit, and has been called to account by his Imperial Cousin, Kaiser Wilhelm. It appears that like many others of his kith and kin, the gambling table has a great attraction for him, and whenever the occasion warrants, indulges his passion. He is a member of the First Foot Guards, and recently, with two of his brother officers, Lieutenant von Goetze and Baron von Planitz, he got into a little game in which he lost $12,000 and Von Goetze all he possessed. Prince Alfred bore his losses as a gentleman, but von Goetze protested and accused Baron von Planitz of cheating, and a challenge followed. The affair got to the ears of the commander of the regiment, who repeated it to the Kaiser. A "court of honor" was summoned, the duel called off, and the resignations from the army of Baron von Planitz and Lieutenant von Goetze accepted. Prince Alfred was reprimanded and given a leave of absence; later he was transferred to another regiment.

For an American, and more especially a New Yorker, to learn that plain, quiet-looking Anna Gould is attaining a reputation for elegance and style in Paris is a surprise, to put it in its mildest terms. A few years ago Anna Gould was a rather sinister-looking girl with black hair, a swarthy, thick-looking skin, heavy, unhappy, almost beetling brows and an insignificant figure. To-day the black hair has become a rich Titian red; the brows, denuded of unnecessary hairs, form a pretty arch; the complexion, by the art of numberless washes, is delicately soft and pale pink and white, and Anna Gould is no longer recognizable in the gorgeous and elegant Comtesse Castellane. In addition, she is considered one of the best dressed women in Paris—a distinction hitherto denied to any one not a Parisian. She has been practically remodelled and not by a beauty doctor, but by Comte Boni Castellane himself, who seems at last to have found a suitable occupation for his talents. The Comtesse has recently bought a magnificent tea gown, for which she paid the small sum of $6,000. It is trimmed in diamonds and made of heliotrope crinkled velvet. The long straight front is of cream-colored *mousseline de soie* and cascades of cream lace. It is bordered with a most stunning jabot of white feathers caught here and there with a diamond crescent. This trimming reaches from shoulder to hem. The sleeve is of velvet laid on in tiny tucks toward the top. On one shoulder is a bunch of purple and white orchids and on the other sprays of violets. There is a long train falling from the waist in straight lines.

Few royalties pay the prices for their clothes that the nouveaux riches, Americans and actresses do. The young Queen of Holland rarely pays more than from forty to fifty dollars for her gowns. The German Empress buys her gowns in Vienna, and pays something like $300 or $350, but the Austrian Empress and Archduchesses think $80 to $150 for their frocks quite enough, and get the best quality at that. The children of the English royal family are dressed more simply than most of the small people of the middle classes. The English keep their boys in skirts until they reach the age of four and a half or five years and never dream of cutting off their hair until they are sent to school. The little children of the Duke and Duchess of York wear simple white pique frocks trimmed in braid. The skirt is tucked, the blouse loose sailor with deep collars and cuffs.

Speaking of dress reminds me that I attended a dress rehearsal of the new piece that is to be put on next week at the Prince of Wales Theatre. The name of the play is "The Royal Star," time, 1830. The gowns are copies from sketches by George Cruikshank, and are really stunning. One I especially admired was of green and heliotrope brocade. The full petticoat was partially covered with a delicately embroidered overskirt of pale green chiffon open in front. The bodice was of white satin muchly fissured, the sleeves leg of mutton, and the hat an immense picture confection or concoction, with embroidered lisse arranged over wire and long waving ostrich plumes, Another dress is of pale pearl-gray satin, panel in front, with satin revers on each side embroidered in shades of pale-gray silk. The back breadths are finished with a satin flounce a foot deep covered in lace, long white satin stoles and a kerchief arrangement of same material. A big hat in grey and white with myriads of plumes, is worn with this costume. Another of the dresses had the never-to-be-forgotten puffings that a few of us remember to have seen in our grandmothers' camphor chests. KATRIONA.

Pears'

It is a wonderful soap that takes hold quick and does no harm.

No harm! It leaves the skin soft like a baby's; no alkali in it, nothing but soap. The harm is done by alkali. Still more harm is done by not washing. So, bad soap is better than none.

What is bad soap? Imperfectly made; the fat and alkali not well balanced or not combined.

What is good soap? Pears'.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, } ss.
Lucas County. }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of One Hundred Dollars for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this sixth day of December, A. D. 1886. A. W. GLEASON,
[Seal] Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, 75c.

The Newspaper.

Father reads the paper
When he comes home at night,
"To find out all the news," he says.
And I suppose he's right;
Yet when I asked, he hadn't read
That Bob, our butcher's cat, was dead.
—*St. Nicholas*

NEW YORK

New York, Sept. 30th.—The opening of the theatres for the season and a few spasmodic political hurrahs are about all that has kept this tight little island from being a very dull place indeed; for society has been doing nothing lately and the people who are in town, or hovering between here and the country, are so diligently attending to their own affairs that there is nothing of gossip going round. However, the club windows are beginning to fill up, there is an occasional stir on the avenues, and the rumbling vans tell of stored furnishings, being taken home. Life is rallying for a promising winter.

There was some excitement for a day or two over the disappearance of the pretty daughter of our wealthy burgher, Frederick King, a retired merchant who lives away up the avenue on the corner of one of the hundreds. Miss Louise King she was: Mrs. S. Lloyd Chamberlain she is. And there, you will say, I might as well stop; but you only think you can guess the rest.

Miss King made a sensational exit from spinsterhood. She loved her Mr. Chamberlain—a fine young fellow, somebody's secretary—and he loved her, but the pater was for bestowing her upon a well-ballasted old bachelor of Glens Falls. Like the maiden in the play, Miss King doubted long between love and duty, and then decided that as she could not do both she would do neither, but would run away to Europe, give her heart to her voice and wed herself to art.

She laid very ingenious plans. She went down to Coney Island for a dip, taking plenty of money, thousands in jewely, and a change of clothing. She appeared on the beach in her bathing dress and sent her maid in to put on hers. While the maid was dressing, Miss King walked to the next bath-house, rearrayed herself from a bundle she carried and left for Philadelphia. The frightened maid reported her mistress drowned and there was a fine frenzy for a while. The whole coast was out looking for her body. Later a letter came from Philadelphia to her distracted lover, telling of her whereabouts and asking what she should do. Her brave resolutions, once ont alone in the cold world, had frozen to death, and she had sought the protection of the Young Women's Christian Association. Mr. Chamberlain and a representative of the King family hurried to Philadelphia and easily induced the truant to go home. There the fatted calf and numerous other good things were haled forth to make a love feast. The parental blessing was given, the pair were married in a private parlor at the Waldorf-Astoria, and now they are honeymooning down in Delaware.

I suppose everybody there has had something to say about the engagement reported to exist between Virginia Fair and the junior Willie K. Vanderbilt. I assure you it is a groundless story. I have that from headquarters. They have been together a good deal at Newport during the season, but that is not significant. Vanderbilt is but a boy and Miss Fair is a belle of several seasons, to whom his homage is due. Besides she is Mrs. Belmont's special friend and protege, and it is quite natural that Mrs. Belmont's son should be devoted and attentive.

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt's candidacy for the Governorship is the one topic at the clubs. That includes the question of his citizenship and eligibly. I could not see at first glance how a man living in Rhode Island could be Governor of New York, but Teddy and his advisers have that all straight they say, and so I look forward to a Roosevelt landslide, so popular is the chief of the Rough Riders. That picturesque organization is about all gone from here now. There is a certain army riff-raff roughing things up around town, and there are a lot of lusty beggars posing in the cast-off khaki of the heroes of San Juan, but the police are holding them down and soon they, too, will disappear.

But I began to write about the theatres. The appearance of Francis Wilson at the Broadway in "The Little Corporal" was the greatest attraction. Wilson is ever a favorite. It is hard to say anything further until, like everybody else, I have had another laugh at his funny bow-legs twinkling about in Napoleonic knickers. "The Little Corporal" is dully foreign, with an obscure plot, or rather an absence of sequence in situation and incident. It would have bored me mightily but for Wilson's gags and gambols and—legs. He is the redeeming feature of the play. I had heard from London that I should find it stupid, and I really went only to hear Denis O'Sullivan sing the role of the Marquis de St. Andre. He sang admirably and acted up to his singing, so that he won warm praise from the morning critics. Too bad the play does not measure up to Wilson and O'Sullivan. It was turned out of Henry B. Smith's machine shop, and the capable Herr Ludwig Englaender was hired to fit it to music. He gave it a catchy setting, which is the saving of the weary lines.

Another of Smith's new plays is "The Fortune-Tellers," which opened at Wallack's Theatre with Alice Nielson, of the old Bostonians, at the head of Frank Perley's comic opera company. The play is Hungarian in tone, and Victor Herbert has distinguished himself in his musical setting. The play is a popular success, in spite of Smith's libretto, and Herbert has a right to be proud.

There are plays and plays on the boards. "The Liars," Henry Arthur Jones' latest London success, has opened at the Empire, with John Drew leading. De Wolf Hopper and "The Charlatan" make place at the Knickerbocker for Viola Allen and Hall Caine's dramatization of his novel "The Christian." Caine is here, by the way, to see it through. Charles Coghlan and "The Royal Box" leave the Fifth Avenue to Joseph Jefferson and his fine company, who will play "The Rivals." The troupes and playhouses are all going on serenely except the "Marquis of Michigan" at the Bijou. The "Marquis" is a fizzle and even Sam Barnard and Alice Atherton could not make anything out of it. How Ned Townse and Glen McDonough could turn out suc thing is a marvel, for it has no notable artis virtue that I or anybody I know has been a to discover. Its first night was a crush, second a crowd, and its later ones dwindled the failure mark. The town, you see, glutted with comic opera. Perhaps th why it is so dull. MANHATTAN

Dr. G. A. Danziger, Dentist, 22 Geary street

SCHRAMSBERG WINES

are sold only in bottles, and are bottled only at the vineyard, after thoroughly maturing in wood . . . Their purity and delicate, mellow flavor has made them famous . . . . . .

Pacific Coast Agents
SHERWOOD & SHERWOOD
SAN FRANCISCO
LOS ANGELES
PORTLAND

Returning.

Now from her summer's little space
Of rest she comes; amid the press
Of life's unceasing strife and stress
To take again her daily place.

And with her, through the certain door
That shuts between that land so fair
And free and this of toil and care,
She brings a goodly gathered store.

She brings with her the tender mood
Of twilight's hour; the dawn's swift glow,
The water's ripple soft and low,
The scent of meadow, field and wood.

The song of birds at early morn,
The shadows fleet, the clouds that pass,
The comfort of the dear green grass,
The rustle of the waving corn.

Stray wefts of fairy gossamer
That float upon the vagrant breeze,
The sweet, small tumults in the trees,
She brings back to the town with her.

She brings by some rare guileless art—
Simple is she and yet most wise—
The summer's sunshine in her eyes,
The summer's sweetness in her heart.
—*Carlotta Perry in N. Y. Sun*

Venvs Matvtina.

She lies at dawn upon the dew-drenched lea
Alone. The white hard light of morning lies
On the throat wavering with the fall and rise
Of her low pulse as of a sileut sea.
The thick coils of her hair cling shudderingly
To her white shoulder: her deep-lidded eyes,
Heavily raised as in a dull surprise
Look through the vacant shadows vacantly.

Her back is to the suurise; the low sound
Of a stream slipping past incessautly
Stirs in her raiment light and white as foam.
But she, her head erect, her hair uncrowned,
With lax white feet and wrist dropped wearily,
Gazes through heaven and earth and finds home.
—*The Athenaeum.*

Clothing, curtains, blankets, etc., cleaned dyed. Pacific Cleaning and Dyeing Work 353-357 Tehama street. Telephohe South 4 J. Spaulding & Co.

GERMEA

The Ideal Breakfast Dish

Political printing
AS IT...
should be done

Every Kind .·. Any Quanity
Fair Prices

BROWN, MEESE & CRADDOCK
(Incorporated)
419 Sacramento Street.

We print THE WAVE 'Phone Main 53

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO

Capital and Surplus . Six Million Dollars

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
J. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON.....Second Assistant Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

CORRESPONDENTS

New York.....Messrs. Laidlaw & Co. / The Bank of New York, N. B. A.
Baltimore.....The National Exchange Bank
Boston.....The Tremont National Bank
Chicago.....Illinois Trust and Savings Bank / Union National Bank
Philadelphia.....Philadelphia National Bank
St. Louis.....Boatmen's Bank
Virginia City, Nev...Agency of the Bank of California
London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
Paris.....Messrs. De Rothschild Freres
Berlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft
China, Japan and East Indies.....Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China
Australia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California St., S. F.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....$2,135,820 60
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash.....1,000,000 00
Deposits June 30, 1898.....26,486,987 06

OFFICERS

President, B. A. BECKER
First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER
Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN
Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT
Assistant Cashier, WM. HERRMANN
Secretary, GEORGE TOURNY
Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann, Ign. Stein hart, N. Van Bergen, E. Rhote, H. B. Russ, D. N. Walter and N. Ohlandt.
Attorney - W. S. Goodfellow

San Francisco Savings Union

532 CALIFORNIA ST.

Deposits July 1, 1898.....$23,356,130
Paid Up Capital.....1,000,000
Reserve Fund.....182,009
Contingent Fund.....435,515

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres. LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

DIRECTORS

George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, George Tasheira, E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate, and Farms and Farming Lands in the country.
Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.
No charge is made for pass book or entrance fee.
Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco

33 POST STREET

Below Kearny Mechanics' Institute Buildin

Guaranteed Capital, $1,000,000
Paid Up Capital, $300,000

JAMES D. PHELAN, President
S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-President
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier
C. B. HOBSON, Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS—James D. Phelan, S. G. Murphy, John A. Hooper, James Moffitt, C. G. Hooker, Frank J. Sullivan, L. P. Drexler, Robt. McElroy, Jos. D. Grant.
Interest paid on deposits.
Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks.
When opening accounts, send signature.

CONNECTICUT

FIRE INS. CO.

OF HARTFORD

Assets. $3,300,000. BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.
COLIN M. BOYD,
Agent for San Francisco
501 Montgomery Street

Thuringia Insurance Co.

OF ERFURT, GERMANY

Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248

PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT
204-208 Sansome Street, San Francisco
VOSS, CONRAD & CO,, General Managers

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL Building and Loan Ass'n of California

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and Gen. Manager.
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

FRANKLIN K. LANE G. WHITFIELD LANE

LANE & LANE

Attorneys and Counselors

Removed to
1409-1412-1413 Claus Spreckels Building

Sam Warner's Revenge

BEING THE TALE OF A SOCIAL EVENT IN THE MOUNTAINS OF GEORGIA.

It was the drummer's story. He had just returned from the Cohuttah Mountains in Georgia.

"One night," he said, "when I had put up at the home of an old mountaineer, I was approached by a big, double-jointed fellow named Sam Warner, who asked me if I would like to attend a dance in Weldon's Cove, on the other side of the mountain.

"How far is it?" I asked.

"'Oh, hit's only a little piece; jest over ther ridge. We kin walk ther distance in 'bout two hours.'

"With some misgivings as to the reception an uninvited guest might be given by the exclusive society of Weldon's Cove, I agreed, and when the sun had sunk to the purple rim of the hill-bound horizon we set out on our journey. Sam was a fiddler, and as he strode along the rugged path he thrummed on the strings of an ancient violin, evoking weird strains that were echoed from rock and brake along the mountain side.

"The trip was a rough one, and it was dark when we reached the crest of the ridge, and all below lay in deep shadow as we began the difficult descent.

"Finally I caught the gleam of a light among the hemlocks in a deep glen at the foot of the mountain, and Sam paused in his walk.

"'Yan's the place,' said he, 'and they're at hit already. Can't ye hear Bone Stafford a-callin' the figgers? I'll bet a gill o' jewsharps that's Hank Thomas a-playin' the fiddle. I'll soon teach him a vallyble lesson when I git ol' Rosum-the-bow chuned up.'

"'Do you reckon they'll give us a welcome and we not invited?' I asked.

"'Oh, that'll be all right. They know me, an' whoever I ax to the frolic 'll be puffeckly welcome. But ye mustn't stan' back, fur ef ye do they'll think ye're proud. Jest pitch in an' swing the gals an' show yer spunk, an' everything'll be all right.'

"A short walk brought us to the low rail fence surrounding the little mountain cabin, over which Sam vaulted with the ease of an acrobat, but not being so sure of my ground I attempted to climb over, and in so doing knocked off the top rail. This brought forth about a dozen hounds and curs of every degree, that plunged and leaped around us, barking and snarling as if they would tear us in pieces. A tall, stoop-shouldered mountaineer appeared in the door of the cabin, when Sam cried out:

"'Keep your dogs off, Squire. They make out like they don't know a frieud er the fambly.'

"'That you, Sam? Come right in. Who's that ye've fotch with ye?'

"'This is a friend o' mine. Squire Weldon. Lemme interjuce ye.' And he proceeded to present me to the master of the mansion. We had a cordial welcome, and the old man led the way to a little shedroom, and in a low voice remarked:

"'I s'pose you-uns has had a hefty spurt uv it over the mountain, and a leetle touch o' corn juice wouldn't hurt ye,' and, pushing open the rickety door, he drew forth a big gray jug, from which he pulled the corncob stopper and passed it to me. I made a pretence of taking a hearty drink and handed it to Sam, who turned it up and held it until about half a pint of the contents had found its way down his throat.

"'Now, jes' you-uns make yerselves at home,' said the Squire. 'Ther hain't no fancy doin's 'bout Weldon's Cove, so jes' bounce in an' buck up to the gals an' enjoy yerselves. Som, you know 'em all; take yer friend an' see that he gits a fair show.'

"We then entered the cabin which was crowded with a throng of mountaineers of every type, male and female. A very much circumscribed space in the centre of the room was left clear for the dancers. The fiddler sat in the chimney corner sawing away for dear life and bawling out the figures of the dance at the top of his voice.

"'Miss Weldon,' said Sam, leading me forward to where a buxom mountain lass was seated on an inverted tobacco box, 'I've fotch ye a new beau from over on van side er ther mountain, an' yer pap says that ye mus' see that he has a good time. Now take holt, pardner, an' enjoy yerself. I've got to chune up ol' Rosum-the-bow.'

"Without any further preliminaries he left me with the girl, and, leaning against the rude board that answered for a mantelpiece, I took in the situation. The girl was not bad-looking by any means. She was of that characteristic type of mountain maidenhood, ruddy-cheeked, fair-haired, bright-eyed and generously proportioned. Her hair hung in long plaits down her back and her short homespun skirt reached to her ankles. Her feet were innocent of shoes or stockings, and she was famed as the briskest dancer in Weldon's Cove, so Sam whispered just prior to the presentation.

"In a few moments the set on the floor was broken up, the male partners retiring to fortify themselves from the big gray jug, and the females going out into the open air to cool off for the next turn; and while the fiddler was wetting his whistle I engaged the belle of the cove for the next set.

"It was but a short time until Sam swaggered into the room, having indulged in another pull at the jug, and, taking his seat, struck up 'Sallie in the Wildwoods,' and called for another set of dancess. I took my place beside the fair daughter of the house, and as I did Sam bawled out:

"'That's the truck, pardner; ye've got hold er the best foot shuffler in ther cove, an' I speck ye're not to shame yer raisin', but to show yer spunk to these here folkses. Han's all roun', go it now, balance to yer partners!' and away we went in the mazy, dizzy whirl of the country dance, the bare feet of my partner glistening fitfully in the firelight as she executed all sorts of complicated manoeuvres in her endeavors to show her skill.

"I did the best I could, but I felt conscious of my awkwardness as I watched the lithe figure of my partner swaying in and out and swooping around and around as she kept time to the different figures called out by the fiddler. As for Sam, he played for all he was worth. Swifter and swifter grew the music and wilder and wilder grew the chant of the figures as he called them out in his sing-song tone.

"I was beginning to breathe in gasps and the perspiration was breaking out on my forehead, when all of a sudden my partner stopped in the middle of a figure.

"'Hol' on, mate,'' she said, 'I've struck a goldfotted splinter in my foot. Lemme git it out.' With that she backed up against the wall, and, leaning on it for support, she raised her foot and began a search for the splinter. 'Hit's right thar, som'ers,' said she, 'but I can't git to it, somehow. See if you can find it.'

"Conscious of the fact that my face was red as a beet, I started forward to comply with her request, when a big-boned mountaineer interposed.

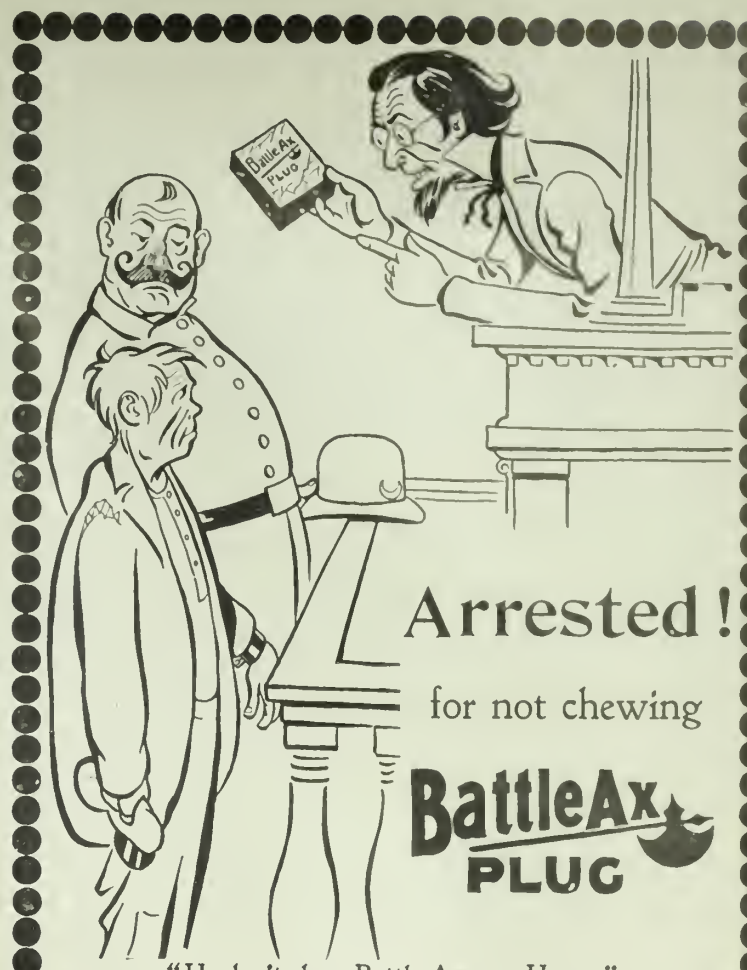
"'Here,' he said, in an angry tone, 'this thing's went fur 'nough. Hit's 'nough fur a rank stranger to come here an' take the best dancer in the crowd all to himself an' keep 'er half the night on the flo', but when it comes to pickin' splinters outen this gal's foot, I don't 'low nobody to do that job but me.'

"This created a big sensation among the merrymakers, and in an instant Sam was on top of the big mountaineer. Somebody blew out the candle, and in the scrimmage that followed I found myself slowly forced toward the door. I felt like I ought to stand by Sam in his dilemma, but just as I was edging myself back into the room he came tumbling out.

"'I've licked him,' he yelled; 'gimme a drink, some o' you fellers, fur it was thirsty work. I s'pose Bone Stafford 'll tend to his own business after this. Hit wa'n't so much the gal that I had a grudge agin him 'bout, but he put taller on the strings of ol' Rosum-the-bow. I would a let him an' my frien' here a fit it out ef it hadn't a bin fer that, but whoever teches that fiddle teches me. Come, let's go. I feel like I could face a regiment o' revynue c'lectors, now that I'm even with Bone Stafford.'"—*New York Sun.*

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes, Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

For health and strength: Damiana Bitters.



"He don't chew Battle Ax, yer Honor."
"He looks it!"

Arrested!

for not chewing

BattleAx PLUG

Ignorance of the Law is no excuse, but ignorance of BATTLE AX is your misfortune—not a crime—and the only penalty is your loss in quantity as well as quality when you buy any other kind of Chewing Tobacco.

Remember the name when you buy again.

The Graphophone

When you get a talking machine, get one on which you can record as well as reproduce sound.
The Graphophone is the greatest and best talking machine. Other so-called talking machines reproduce only records of cut-and-dried subjects made in laboratories. The Graphophone, besides affording marvelous entertainment by reproducing brilliantly and clearly the music of bands, orchestras, popular singers, and all the great variety of records made for entertainment purposes affords infinite personal delight through its power of instantly recording and reproducing at once, and as often as desired, songs sung to it, words spoken to it, or any sound.

Graphophones are sold for $10 and up
Write for Catalogue No. 75

Columbia Phonograph Co.
(DEPARTMENT 75)
723 Market Street, San Francisco

NEW YORK, PARIS, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, WASHINGTON, PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE, BUFFALO.

PATRICK & CO.
RUBBER STAMPS
STENCILS, SEALS, BRANDS, ETC.
318 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

400 GRADUATES SECURED POSITIONS IN PAST TWO YEARS

LOW RATES!

San Francisco Business College

Only Experienced Bookkeepers and Reporters Employed as Teachers. Send for Catalogue.

1236 MARKET STREET, S. F.

Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson's Academy

1427 Franklin St., near Post

Reopens August 1, 1898. English, French, German and Spanish Boarding and Day School. Begins with kindergarten and prepares for universities, business and society. Drawing and painting. Cultured home training. Excellent table. $30.00 per month. Music in all its branches, if desired, extra.

Lyceum Preparatory School

For the University, Law and Medical Colleges. Accredited with Stanford University and Cooper College. References—President Jordan or any Stanford Professor.

PHELAN BUILDING.

Los Angeles Military Academy

A Classical and English Boarding School
Re-opens Sept. 14th. Catalogue on application

The Solly Walter School of Illustration

Evening Classes
Tuesdays and Thursdays
26 O'Farrell Street, San Francisco

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT—BULLION MINING CO.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 1st day of October, 1898, an assessment (No. 53) of five (5) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 11, 331 Pine street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 5th day of November, 1898, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on Monday the 28th day of November, 1898, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors,
R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.
Office, room 11, 331 Pine street, San Fraucisco, Cal.

THE LATEST STYLES IN

CHOICE WOOLENS

H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors

622 Market St. (up stairs) opp. Palace Hote

Bicycle and Golf Suits

WINDOW SHADES The Only Manufacturer on the Pacific Coast

Any size or color painted to order—Plain, Dado, Fringed or Lettered. Hand-Made Opaque Shade Cloth a specialty. Wall Paper, Paper Hanging,

WM. McPHUN

1195 Market Street, cor. Eighth, opp. City Hall

Centennial Stable

Boarding and Livery
Carriages, Broughams, Victorias, etc. First-Class in every respect

1521-1523-1525 California Street
Bet. Polk and Larkin

Telephone East 378 M. CONLON, Proprietor

For those who appreciate Comfort and Attention

A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED **OCCIDENTAL HOTEL** SAN FRANCISCO

WM B. HOOPER, MANAGER

Hotel Belvedere

Opened for the Season May 1st

Belvedere, Cal. MRS. A. T. MOORE.

Golden Eagle Hotel

Seventh and K Sts., Sacramento

First-class in every respect. All modern conveniences. Bus at every train. GRAY & TITUS, Props.

THE THEATRES

Passing Comment on Contemporary Performances.

The Orpheum has secured a very capable team in Cawthorne and Forrester. They appear in a humorous little farce entitled "A Damage Suit," which gives them both a chance to display their cleverness. Miss Forrester, who calls herself Susie, is a stout, smiling lady, very much on the May Irwin order, and she sings two coon songs in a sweet contralto voice. Mr. Cawthorne is a gentleman of very delicate physique withal, but of manly vigor, and his antics are exceedingly droll. Ventriloquist Hugh Emmett is out here again, and with the exception of a fresh coat of paint on his puppets and an odd ladylike manikin, he is very much the same as he always was, but still entertains. The Carpos, a pair of gymnasts, have a very effective way of showing their muscles under all the different colors in the theatre calcium light. Lew Hawkins guys everything from the late war to cold wave in the gallery, and does it so good naturedly that one cannot help being amused.

* *

The reputation of the new Alhambra as an attractive music hall is being well sustained just now by such performers as Robert Downing, the eminent tragedian. He appears in "The Gladiator" with his own company, and with the Gerome arena scene at his back. Will J. Rising, supported by Miss Lillian Kemble and Elmer Ellsworth, produces Offenbach's "The Rose of Auvergne" quite pleasingly. There are other hits on the program, notably George Boniface and Miss Nona Ferner in "A Game of Lobby," but there is almost too much lingerie and suggestion in this turn for a family resort like the Alhambra.

* *

The "Signal of Liberty" has hit the popular fancy, and the Comedy Theatre is to run it another week. The play is based on dramatic incidents of the Spanish war, from the blowing up of the *Maine* to the naval battle of Santiago; and any one surcharged with patriotism and humor may ease his feelings and have a good laugh at the Comedy this week. At the next two Sunday matinees souvenirs will be distributed to the ladies and children.

* *

DRAMATIC NOTES

The Tivoli's comic opera season opens on Monday evening with "The Circus Queen," a merry three-act fantasie adapted from the French by Mr. George E. Lask. To the original sparkling music of Lecocq new numbers have been added by Sousa and Victor Herbert, and new scenic properties have been devised to stage the play handsomely. A bright soubrette, Miss Annie Myers, will make her first appearance here as Angeline, the Circus Queen, with Edwin Stevens in the role of Casimir Goggles, the proprietor of the circus and Angeline's husband. Anna Lichter plays Nivetta, the bride, with Edna Elsmere and Mazy Moore for her maids. Oscar Weil's comic opera "Suzette," formerly played by the Bostonians, is in preparation.

On Monday the Frawley company begin their third week at the Baldwin with Henry Arthur Jones' new drama, "The Dancing Girl." This play calls for a great variety of dramatic action, and the Frawleys will have to do their best work. Miss Blanche Bates plays Drusilla, and the old Quaker, David Ives, will be done by Theodore Roberts. Mr. Frawley plays the profligate Duke of Guisebury, and Mr. Frank Mathieu of San Francisco, a new addition to the company, makes his first professional appearance as John Christison, the humble lover of Drusilla Ives.

The novelties for the new week at the Orpheum are led by Miss Mary Norman, who has made such a success in the East as a caricaturist of society types. Johnson and Dean come, too, with their coon songs and cake walks; and also Howard's trained ponies in their comedy act. The holdovers are Cawthorne and Forrester, the Carpos Brothers, and Lew Hawkins. The Biograph will show a new series of views.

The Alcazar has, as they say in Pike, "done noble" with "In Mizzoura," and on Monday evening will replace it with "The Wife," Belasco and de Mille's Lyceum Theatre success. The company should have a good chance to do itself justice in this play, as it is one of the best acting plays extant. The management has "May Blossom" in preparation.

At the conclusion of the Frawley season at the Baldwin, Henrietta Crossman and Charles Dickson will appear in the new comedy, "Mistakes Will Happen." They will be followed by William Gillette in "Secret Service."

The International Grand Opera Company, booked to appear at the Baldwin Theatre this season, will come with a repertoire of fifteen operas. Three entirely new works are promised.

The Frawleys have in preparation "Love in Tandem" and "Love in Harness," the two Daly comedy successes.

Matthews & Bulger, in their rag time opera, "By the Sad Sea Waves," are easily in the lead in this season's fun.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

The accident to the French steamer, *La Bourgogne*, suggests the idea of dissipating fog by means of electrical charges. Professor Lodge in a series of experiments showed that a bell jar filled with magnesium smoke or with steam could readily be cleared by an electrical discharge. Experiments were also carried on in a room filled with thick turpentine smoke, it being definitely shown that the air could be speedily cleansed of its solid particles by discharges of electricity at a high potential. When electricity is discharged into fog on a small scale the fog coagulates into globules and falls as rain. Perhaps it will on a large scale, too. Mr. Meadie, in the *North American Review*, points out that all steamers and ferryboats are equipped with dynamos which could be made to generate high potential currents of from forty to fifty thousand volts by the use of suitable transformers in series. Within reasonable distance such discharge would dissipate the fog and clarify the air. Of course it could not be expected that the fog would vanish entirely, but an area of moderate size should be clear and ocean travel rendered notably safer.

A new kind of safety paper for banks, &c., is announced, though the inventor's name does not appear. It is a foreign idea, one feature of the invention consisting in printing or otherwise impressing on the paper employed a plurality of sets of lines or marks, one or more of which sets are indelible and the remaining sets delible; these lines or marks are made so fine and so closely alternating or relatively disposed that, in ordinary observation with the naked eye, no single line or mark is distinguishable. Again, the indelible lines or marks are made of a color differing from though complementary to that of the delible lines or marks, so that, owing to their close juxtaposition, they will convey the impression of a color differing from those of either of the sets of lines or marks. Thus, any chemical action or erasure on such paper would, it is claimed, be at once discernible, and the shade made by the two color combinations would be hard to duplicate.

A German dentist named Dr. Herz has made a most valuable discovery, which is likely to prove beneficial to vast numbers of persons. It consists in an inoculant prepared from microbes he cultivates for the purpose. When applied in the case of a decayed tooth it stops the pain, but does not destroy the nerve; further, it again fixes the tooth and makes it possible to put in a lasting stopping. He has already treated a number of cases with it, and they have proved most successful.

GALLAGHER—An' which av ye'er coats will yez put on to-day, Judge?

CANDIDATE MAGUIRE—Truth is, I feel most natural when I've all of them on, Jim, so go ahead.

A Variation.

An angler with a costly pole
Surmounted with a silver reel,
Carven in quaint poetic scroll—
Jointed and tipped with finest steel—
With yellow flies,
Whose scarlet eyes
And jasper wings are fair to see,
Hies to the stream
Whose bubbles beam
Down murmuring eddies wild and free,
And casts the line with sportsman's pride
Where the fish 'neath the bushes glide.

A shock-haired boy with birch-wand light,
Pronged somewhat like a fish's spine,
And on the end a bit of white—
The common kind of grocer's twine—
With naught but great
Ground worms for bait,
Tramps to the water full of glee,
His hat beneath,
Observe the wreath
Of smiles most beautiful to see,
While he casts in the plashing brook
A bended pin—his only hook."

The angler with the costly pole
Comes homeward full of airy grace—
If rapture thrills the urchin's soul
It doesn't blossom in his face.
The former he has twenty-three
Fishes that speckled in the sun.
The shock-haired boy
Is reft of joy—
He's caught what's known as "nary one,"
The rod and reel have won to-day—
Somehow it sometimes works that way!

Lake George Mirror.

The best stock of musical goods, with satisfactory prices and careful, painstaking clerks, that we have seen anywhere, can be found at Mauvais', 769 Market street.

AMUSEMENTS

Baldwin Theatre

FRIEDLANDER, GOTTLOB & CO., Lessees and Mgrs.
Beginning Next Monday
Every Evening, including Sunday
Third Week of the New
FRAWLEY COMPANY
Presenting Mr. Henry Arthur Jones' Great Drama
The Dancing Girl
Blanche Bates in the title role.
Regular Frawley Prices—25c., 50c., 75c. and $1.00

Orpheum

Week commencing . . . . Monday, October 10th
Mary Norman, the Famous Society Caricaturist
Howard's Ponies, the World's Strongest Equine Act
Johnson & Deane, Cleverest Living Colored Artists
Cawthorne & Forrester, in their Novelty Comedy, "A Damage Suit"
Mulvey & Inman, Character Artists and Dancers
Carpos Bros., the Celebrated Gymnasts
Lew Hawkins, Monologuist
Mr. & Mrs. R. J. Dustin and Company in a New Act "Bella's Baby"
The Biograph—New Views
Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c.

Tivoli Opera House

MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING, Proprietor and Manager
Commencing Monday, Oct. 10th
Every Evening Saturday Matinee
Opening of the Comic Opera Season—Superb Production of the Merry Operatic Fantasie
THE CIRCUS QUEEN
Fun, Fast and Furious! Music, Melodious and Catchy! Dances, Graceful and Novel!
Popular Prices : : 25 and 50 cts.
Matinee Reserved Seats 25c. Tele. Bush 9

Alcazar Theatre

FRED BELASCO, Lessee : MARK THALL, Manager
Telephone Main 254
Week of October 10th—Only Matinee Saturday
The Lyceum Theatre Success
THE WIFE
By Belasco & DeMille
Elaborate Staging! Beautiful Scenery!
In preparation—"May Blossoms"
Seats—15c., 25c., 35c. and 50c.—Reserved

New Comedy Theatre

Direction, M. B. Leavitt. Alf Ellinghouse, Res. Man.
To-Night and All Next Week
The American War Drama
THE SIGNAL OF LIBERTY
By the Jossey-Marvin Company
Prices—Evenings 15c., 25c., 35c., 50c. Matinees 25c to all parts; Gallery 15c. Seats at Comedy Theatre and 710 Market street. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.
Monday, Oct. 17—Charming, Lovely, Clever Clara Thropp and her own company in "Here's Matilda."

ELECTRIC..

Supplies
Construction
Repairs

CALIFORNIA ELECTRICAL WORKS

409 MARKET STREET

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, the famous orator, statesman, railroad president and millionaire, in an interview said of his recent visit to Del Monte: "I visted Monterey, and I ca'l it the most beautiful place in the world. Monte Carlo cannot compare with it. Its seventeen mile-drive is unparalleled for fineness."

Specially reduced rates for the winter months of November, December, January and February, are offered, as follows:
Single room, with board for one person, by the month, $65. Double room, with board for one person, by the month, $70; two persons, $135.
Best room, with board for one person, by the month, $75; two persons, $145. Best room, with bath and board for one person, by the month, $80; two persons, $155
Small parlor suites, with board for one person, by the month, $80; two persons, $155. Daily and weekly rates remain as heretofore—from $3 to $5 per day

For further information, address **GEORGE SCHONEWALD, Manager**
Hotel Del Monte, Monterey, California.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway wharf San Francisco.
For Alaskan ports, 10 a. m. Oct. 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, Nov. 2; transfer at Seattle.
For B. C. and Puget Sound ports 10 a. m. Oct. 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, Nov. 2, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, 2 p.m. Oct. 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, Nov. 5, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a. m. Oct. 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, Nov. 1, and every fourth day thereafter.
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 a.m. Oct. 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, Nov. 3, and every fourth day thereafter.
For Mexican ports, 10 a. m. 18th of every month.
For further information, obtain folder.
The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing.

Ticket Office: 4 New Montgomery St (Palace Hotel)

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen. Agts.
No. 10 Market Street, - San Francisco, Cal.

OCEANIC Steamship Company

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S.S. Alameda, for **Australia**, Wednesday, Oct. 5th, at 2 p.m. Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.
S. S. "Australia," **Honolulu only**, Wednesday, Oct. 19th, at 2. p.m.

Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.
Freight Office 327 Market St.
J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO General Agents

Santa Fe Route

The Most Comfortable Way to Travel Across the Continent!

Through Pullman Parlor and Tourist Cars Every Day
Meals at Harvey's Famous Dining-Rooms

Get full particulars at Ticket Office

628 MARKET STREET
SAN FRANCISCO

1118 Broadway, OAKLAND

A. K. DAGGETT

Drawing of Deeds and all Legal Papers a specialty

NOTARY PUBLIC
14 Montgomery St., S. F
Telephone 305

"Remember the Name!"

CRESTA Certain individuals who do not patronize American industries run off with an idea that in order to get good wines they must use European products, when there is no necessity for So doing, and in these stirring and patriotic times of To-day everybody should feel a keen interest in American products which are of deserving merit,

BLANCA Both for the reason that they are used largely among American citizens, and made by Americans for American people in America low and always, and therefore we ask you to give the fair and impartial trial at your club or home

LAZOA With anything of like cost from France.

INZE Inasmuch as these wines have been acknowledged second to none in comparison with goods from the European countries, wherever exhibited, you Surely are in favor of American goods.

WETMORE - BOWEN CO.
140 Montgomery Street San Francisco, Cal.

MRS. M. E. PERLEY MRS. S. V. CULP

DECORATIVE KERAMIC ART STUDIO

215 Post Street

All Branches of China Painting Taught
Morning Class: Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, from 9 a. m. to 12 m. Afternoon Class: Daily, from 1:30 to 4:30. Lessons $1 each. Private Lessons $1.50 each. TRY OUR ROMAN GOLD.
Telephone Grant 43

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

Main Office, 510 Montgomery St.
SAN FRANCISCO
Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper Information
Advance Reports on all Contract Work
Telephone Main 1042

Brushes For barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bathhouses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candymakers, canners, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paperhangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, steblemen, tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

BUCHANAN BROS.
TEL. 5610 609 SACRAMENTO ST
BRUSH MANUFACTURERS

We will send "The Wave" for Four Months to any address in the United States

For One Dollar

The Best Illustrated Paper West of New York

"The Wave"

Topics of the Day Ably Discussed

Subscribe Now

Address
Subscription Dept. "The Wave"
24 Montgomery St.

GREENBAUM'S

White and Dark Violet

The Most Fashionable Perfume
Possesses the Odor of Fresh Violets

128 POST ST. UNDER BOHEMIAN CLUB

BONESTELL & CO.

Dealers in **PAPER**

Fine Coated Papers a Specialty

401-403 SANSOME ST.,
San Francisco, Cal.

JOE POHEIM, THE TAILOR

Makes the best fitting clothes at 25 per cent less than any other house on the Pacific Coast. See Prices:

PANTS TO ORDER	SUITS TO ORDER
$3.50	$10.00
4.50	13.50
5.00	15.50
6.00	17.50
7.00	20.00
8.00	25.00
9.00	30.00

The firm of JOE POHEIM is the largest in the United States. Rules for self-measurement and samples of cloth sent free.

201 and 203 Montgomery St., cor. Bush.
844 & 846 Market St. 1110 & 1112 Market St.
SAN FRANCISCO.
485 Fourteenth St., Oakland. 603 & 605 K St., Sacramento.
143 South Spring St., Los Angeles.

BAJA CALIFORNIA

DAMIANA BITTERS

Damiana is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weakness arising from these causes it is invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. Damiana Bitters are known on their merits. (Send for Circular.)

NABER, ALFS & BRUNE, Agents
323-325 Market St., S. F.

NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

A drummer, whose line of travel takes him often into the mountains of Kentucky, was in a little town in the moonshining district when the war with Spain broke out. He went to the home of a leading storekeeper for dinner and ventured to jolly the daughter of the house over a sweetheart, who had been paying her attentions for a long time. Assuming that the young people were engaged, he commenced: "By the way, Susan, I heard down in Slabtown as I came through this morning that Jim had enlisted, and was going to the front with the first companies sent away." "Is that so?" she replied, in that peculiarly indifferent way so common among rustics. "Don't you want to see him before he goes?" he asked, with much dramatic effect. The girl laughed a low, sawmill-buzz kind of a laugh. "Law," she said, "you don't think I'm a-believin' what you air sayin' about Jim Short, do ye? Well, I ain't. Do you reckon I'd be green enough to think that a feller that would spark a gal fer four year and was too cowardly to even try to hug her on a summer night in the full of the moon had sand enough in his craw to jine the army? No, sirree, Jim ain't jined yet, and he ain't a-goin' to, till his feelin's has underwent a considerible change, er I'm no jedge uv a duck's nest. Have another sliver uv the pie?"

When John Farmer was chosen by the Governor of his State to command a regiment of minutemen at the time of Morgan's raid, his sole qualifications for office were common sense, endurance and perseverance. He was convinced of his duty, and when commissioned was told to get his troops in order and lead them down to the place where Morgan would probably appear. This order he carried out in the following original manner: "Get into two strings in the road here, all looking in the same way, and when we start out, I want you to walk right clus together, and stick to yer gait until we get where we're goin' to; and when the battle begins, I want you to come right up in a bunch and stay there, and load and fire until old John Morgan turns and runs. Now grab yer guns, powder, shot and other fixin's, and we'll go after Morgan."

Two old beggar cronies, well known in Dublin, were discussing their personal affairs. "Good morra to ye, Mrs. Fogarty," said one. "Good morra, kindly, Judy," replied the other. "I hope I see you well this mornin'!" "Oh, very well, entirely. So, Mrs. Fogarty, ye married yer daughter Kate. Did she get a good match?" "Divil a better, praise be to God! She got Blind Darby Driscal on the Dyke, that makes more money than any three beggars in Cork." "Ah, thin, but it's me that's glad to hear yer news. And did ye give her anythin'?" "Faix, I did, thin! Didn't I give her the best side of Patrick street, which if well begged, is worth siven an' sixpence a week." "Upon my word, but tis you that was generous!" exclaimed the other.

In the course of his official labors, Governor Atkinson had to visit certain coal mines where convict labor is employed. A couple of guards escorted him to the lower levels and finally to the place where the convicts were at work. A gang of unfortunates was huddled together working hard and all looked up at the approach of the little party. One of the prisoners gasped in surprise when he saw Atkinson: "Good Lord, Bill Atkinson, I never expected to see you here. What on earth did you get sent up for?" It happened to be a life-long friend of the Governor's who sometime previous had got into trouble and been sent up. The situation was properly explained and there was a big laugh at the convict's mistake."

While in camp at Chickamauga, a company of Kentucky volunteers, who had good ground to complain of the negligence of the commissariat, lined up in front of their Colonel's tent. Their spokesman came forward and said the men had a request to make, but they thought it might give offence. "What is it, boys," said the Colonel, "speak up." "Please, sir, have you a calendar?" asked a deep voice, respectfully, at one end of the line. "A calendar?" repeated the colonel. "Why certainly. Orderly—But what do you want with a calendar?" he asked, a bit mystified. "Please, sir," said a squeak from the littlest man at the other end of the line, "we should like to eat the dates."

Baird, the great Scottish Iron Master, gave half a million dollars to the church of Scotland and, being notably an impious man, the gift excited much surprise. One day Merry, the turfite, met him. "What do you mean, Baird, by this gift of yours?" asked the latter. "What interest have you in religion anyway?" "As much as you," replied Baird, sulkily. "I don't believe you could say the Lord's Prayer to save your life," returned Merry. "I can," replied Baird. "I'll bet you a fiver on it." "It's a go," replied Merry. Baird triumphantly commenced "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep" and Merry handed over the money saying: "Well, I never; I didn't think you could do it."

Though an extremely sweet-tempered woman, Mrs. Alexander, the well-known novelist, is well able to hold her own in conversation. Mrs. F., a prominent society woman noted for her bluntness, in the course of a call, spoke of one of the novelist's daughters. "Dear Alice," she said, "has lost most of her good looks." "Do you think so?" said Mrs. Alexander. "I fancy you have lost something yourself." "Indeed," said Mrs. F. "Your manners, my dear," returned Mrs. Alexander, tartly.

"Mick," a huntsman, well known on the fields of Kildare, rode a young, restive horse at a meet. On returning he was asked by the master how he fared. "Faith," he replied, "be the time we wor on the crest of the ridge the baste was quite paceable, and at the end of the run a child might have milked him."

THE UNAPPROACHABLE COLDNESS

...OF...

THE Alaska REFRIGERATORS

HAS WON FOR THEM

MANY WARM FRIENDS!

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.

Pacific Coast Ageuts

309 to 317 Market Street, San Francisco

LAUNCH AHOY!

Length 45 ft.; beam 10 ft.; speed 10 miles.

20 H. P. Hercules Gasoline Engine

NOISELESS! SELF-STARTING!

The only absolutely reliable, durable, and perfectly satisfactory marine gasoline engine.
4 H. P. to 200 H. P.

HERCULES GAS ENGINE WORKS

495 7 Sansome St. San Francisco

Send for New Catalog

If we made it, it's proper!

We are giving

demonstrations daily in the art of correct tailoring. Our customers are models of neatness and fashion, and we take pride in having them such. If you are particular—if your clothes must be just so—then we want you for a customer. Won't you let us demonstrate this with you?

GRENNAN BROS. Telephone Black 2465 850 Market St.

COTTON SAIL DUCKS

22 inch in all numbers Medium, Soft and Hard

ALSO

Heavy Sanger Wagon and Draper Ducks

Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks

Manufactured by Mount Vernon Company Baltimore

Murphy, Grant & Co. . . Pacific Coast Sole Agents

Beware of Imitations

This is a fac simile of the package

Genuine Diamond "L" Tea

Pure and Uncolored

GEO. A. MOORE & CO.

208 California St., S. F.

For sale by all grocers

ONE POUND FINEST JAPAN YOUNG HYSON

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS. 25 CTS.

PALACE AND GRAND HOTELS

Now Under One Management

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1400 rooms—900 with bath

Rooms, $1.00 and upward Room and Meals, $3.00 and upward

A beautifully illustrated book, containing floor plans and rate card can be had for the asking. JOHN C. KIRKPATRICK, Manager.

HOTEL WESTMINSTER

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLANS LOS ANGELES, CAL.

The Finest and Most Complete Hotel in the City. Everything New.
The Highest Standard of Perfection Maintained in all Departments.

F. O. JOHNSON, Proprietor.

Louis Roederer Champagne

HIGHEST GRADE IN THE WORLD

E. LA MONTAGNE & SONS
Sole Agents
45 Beaver St., New York

LOUIS ROEDERER UNITED STATES Champagne

Three kinds, all of equal excellence:

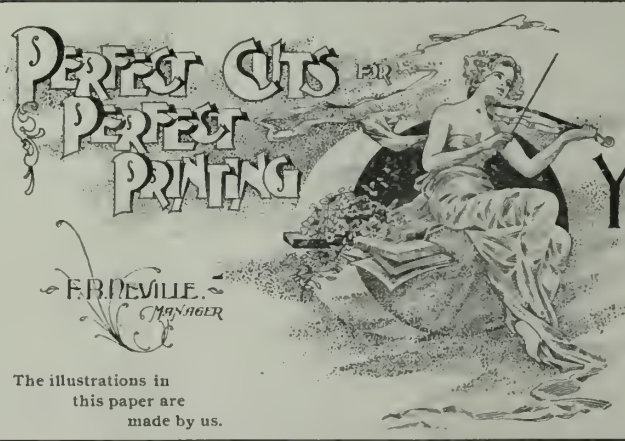
BRUT GOLD SEAL
A Perfectly Dry Wine

GRAND VIN SEC BROWN SEAL
The Perfection of a Dry Wine

CARTE BLANCHE WHITE SEAL
A Rich Wine

MACONDRAY & CO.
Sole Agents Pacific Coast
116 California Street

573-579 Market Street, San Francisco | R. H. PEASE, Vice-President and Manager | 73 and 75 First Street, Portland, Ore.



TELEPHONE MAIN 5806.

YOSEMITE ENGRAVING COMPANY

MAKERS

24 MONTGOMERY ST.

The illustrations in this paper are made by us.

HAWAIIAN ADVERTISEMENTS

Coffee, Fruit and Grazing Lands FOR SALE OR TO LEASE

8,000 acres in fee simple—5,000 acres leasehold

IN THE CELEBRATED COFFEE DISTRICT OF KONA, ISLAND OF HAWAII

Also, some desirable lots in the City of Honolulu

Apply to J. M. MONSARRAT

Real Estate and Financial Agent, HONOLULU, H. I.

Hawaiian Trust and Investment Co., Ltd.

Paid Up Capital, $30,000

Makes a Specialty of Hawaiian Securities and Real Estate. Correspondence solicited.

G. R. CARTER, Manager

References—Welch & Co., San Francisco; Bank of Hawaii, Honolulu

W. C. ACHI & COMPANY

Real Estate Brokers

We will buy or sell real estate in any part of the group. We will also buy or sell Stocks in any corporation in the Hawaiian Islands.

Office, 10 West King Street, Honolulu, H. I.

SOHMER PIANOS ARE THE BEST

BYRON MAUZY

308-314 Post Street

THE WAVE

VOL. XVIII. No. 16 SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 15, 1898 PRICE 10 CENTS

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY

Photo by Vaghan & Keith.

L. N McQUESTEN (JACK)

"FATHER OF THE YUKON"

THE WAVE

Is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $5.00 per year. Sample copies free on application.

The trade is supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 342 Geary street; east of the Rocky Mountains by the American News Company, New York.

The Wave is kept on file and is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France; 31 Union Square, New York City; 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 206 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

For advertising rates and on all other matters pertaining to city business, address Trevor Corry, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Eastern representative, D. M. Foltz, 34 Park Row, New York.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 15, 1898

CONTENTS

Editorials 2
Things and People; by Boswell Jr 3
Views in Manila 4
"Cyrano de Bergerac" 5
Aquatics in the North 5
"A Model Katharine": a Story by William Mudford 6
Repaving of Market Street 6
Aquatics on the Willamette 7
The Washington State University 8
Washington Talk; by Drayton 8
The Klondike Mecca 9
New Views of the Klondike 10-11
In Politics 12
The Babblings of a Belle 13
The Repaving of Market Street 14
The October Magazines: a Review by C 15
London Letter 16
New York Letter 16
Paris Letter 16
"A Recapitulation": a Story by W. J. Coffin 17
The Theatres 18
New Stories Re-Told 20

WEST POINT IN THE WAR.

The war has justified West Point aud discomfited the enemies of the great military training school. At the head of affairs when hostilities broke out with Spain was a set of men whose prominence was based on seniority of service. At the close of the Civil War the strength of the regular army was increased from ten to twenty-five regiments, and the officers to command the reinforcements were selected from men who had borne arms in the recent conflict. Though their service had given them experience of actual warfare, they lacked that training which seems indispensable for succesfsul campaigning. Since 1865 the active service of the army has been confined to expeditions against Indians, and to garrison duty. The men who were its lieutenants and captains became iu course of time colonels and generals. Good enough men, it may be said, but without that priceless knowledge of military affairs which is inculcated at St. Cyr, at Sandhurst, and at West Point. In the army were also graduates of the military academy, and perhaps it is not surprising that there grew up a hostility between the two sets. The man who has had a specific trainiug inevitably realizes his superiority over the man who has not, and so comports himself.

At the head of the army organization when the war with Spain was declared were Russell A. Alger, Secretary of War, and Adjutant-General H. A. Corbin. Alger had resigned from the army to escape being court martialed for leaving his command in the face of the enemy, while Corbin had been pronounced by the general of an army corps as unfit to lead white men in battle. Alger made money in lumber, whereas Corbiu, a natural politiciau, re-entered the army, and was appointed to his present rank by President McKinley. Both these men are open in their opposition to West Point. For the academy or its graduates they have uo use, and their influence was directed to aiding non-graduate officers to distinguish themselves at the expense of all rivals. For instance, General Shafter, Alger's great friend, was made commander of the Santiago expedition, with consequences that are now a part of our national history. According to all justice and fairness, this duty should have devolved on General Merritt, oue of the distinguished officers of the Civil War, and next in command to General Miles. Merritt was in charge at Governor's Island, but was not invited to participate in the hostilities. His existence, indeed, was ignored until the sound of his protest had aroused the country to the jobbery that was being attempted at his expense. Then, on the instruction of the President, he was given charge of the Manila expedition, and he left Washington after a definite understanding with McKinley himself as to the force which should be assigned him.

The experience of the nation in the Civil War had abundantly demonstrated the importance of military training. With few exceptions the leaders who distinguished themselves on both sides in the four years' conflict, were graduates of the military academy. Grant, Sheridan, Lee, Sherman, Hancock, Jackson and Longstreet had obtained their knowledge of the art of war at West Point. Among the men whom the President appointed to serve in the campaign against Spain were Fitzhugh Lee and the brilliant Confederate cavalry leader Wheeler—the former our Consul at Havana and the latter a Congressman from Alabama. That they, too, had graduated at the academy seems to have been overlooked by the jealous Alger, for the opportunity to act was given both of them. The nation is familiar with the glorious record Wheeler achieved at Santiago, and how he camped in the trenches at the front while the commanding general was in his ice tub at the rear. The camp at Jacksonville, in which Fitzhugh Lee ruled, Secretary Alger pronounced the cleanest, best ordered and most sanitary that he had inspected. But neither Fitzhugh Lee uor Wheeler were amateur warriors. Their trade was learned in the best school in the world, and supplemented by experience. They knew that the proper care of their command was more important than the most elaborate drilling. In the fight for Santiago the men whose names are recorded as the bravest and most skillful leaders are Hawkins, Kent, Ludlow and Chaffee, all but the lattter, West Pointers. Shafter kept them back at first to allow Lawton, McKibben and Wood to go to the fore, but in the fight they were the men who helped couvert defeat into victory. Again West Point had scored.

Compare the Santiago campaign, with its ghastly array of blunders, with the conquest of Porto Rico. That expedition moved like clockwork. No complaints were heard of missing transports or inadequate wharfage. The soldiers were landed in good order; the object was accomplished at the slightest cost of blood aud life. The business was managed in a thoroughly efficicut manner, and why? Because the leaders were trained soldiers. General Miles, it is true, is not a West Pointer, but no one has learned better its lessons. With him were General Wilson, one of the most brilliant of our cavalry leaders, noted as the man who captured Jefferson Davis at the close of the war; Geueral Ernst, who had served as superintendent of the military academy, and General Harris, one of its most distinguished graduates.

In California the difference in value between the West Point officers and officers appointed from civil life has been brought home by the lessons of Camp Merritt. The men who took care of the troops of their corps were not Major General Otis, nor Brigadier General Carpenter, nor Major General Merriam, but General King and General Miller, who applied themselves to reforming conditions at the camp and insisted that the ignorant volunteer officers should observe sanitary precautions. In the history of the campaigning before Manila it is the name of General Greene, a West Point man, that occurs most frequently. True to the traditions of his *Alma mater* he came to the front boldly and forcefully, and was the leader of record in the final assault.

At Chickamauga, and everywhere throughout the country where a regiment or an army corps has beeu stationed, the conditions above stated have been paralleled. Contrast the managemeut of General Scott's expedition against Vera Cruz in 1847, where the problem was to laud 12,000 men on the beach at Santa Cruz, with that of Shafter at Tampa. Scott had sixty-seven surf boats built, each capable of holding seventy to eighty men, and every detail of the disembarkation was considered and planned before a step was taken. When Shafter sailed from Tampa for an exposed and surf-beaten coast, his equipment for disembarkation consisted of only two scows. There again have you demonstrated the difference between the two schools.

OUR PAUPER MILLIONAIRES.

Whoever knows aught of San Francisco will not deny its pre-eminence in millionaires. In proportiou to population we are more richly dowered with wealthy men and women than any city in the union. There are streets and avenues lined with the wooden palaces of millionaires. Indeed, millionairdom is a privilege and not a distinction among us. It is not to exalt our local plutocracy, however, but to comment on an extraordiuary characteristic of it that this article is written. The old saying that in America it is but three generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves is almost unsupported by evidence in California. The talent for speculation, backed by economy, which made and kept the fortunes of the Argonauts, has been inherited in a measure by their sons and daughters. Unfortunately it is thrift not enterprise that denotes these heirs and heiresses. What they could never have made at least they can hold. The vague impression prevailing in uniuformed quarters that Californians are a nation of spendthrifts is an absurd calumuy. True, certain lawyers and doctors spend all they make and more, but not our millionaires. The dear devoted object of their lives is to amass and keep. We believe that among the men whose names are synonyms for millions in San Francisco not one spends half his income in living. They are *canny*, *canny*, as Carlyle says.

It is proper that every man who has an inheritance should hav due regard thereof, so that his children may not want, but proper care for the future ueed not forbid the generous utilization of wealth in the present. The latter-day teachings of social philosophy inculcate the idea that a man wi more money than he can use has a duty to the communi of which he forms a unit. Mercifully relieved of anxiet as to his daily bread, he has time to think of the high needs of his fellows. It is proper he should interest hir self in providing in some way for their welfare or enjo ment. Politics being unpopular or unconventional, seems appropriate that our millionaires should devote ther selves to subserving art or philanthropy, should exerci themselves in the improvement or beautifying of the cit should be factors in the upholding of public morals. Tl lawyer and the doctor, the busy merchant, the activ tradesman, whose brains and bodies are prime factors i the production of their incomes, cannot be expected t manage the hospitals, direct the art associatious, or supe vise the public works of their city. That is the privileg and the opportunity of the millionaires. The thrifty mil ionaires of San Francisco take no advantage of their priv leges in the direction of philanthropy or well-doing. Civi tasks they leave to the lawyer, the doctor, or the bus trade-man. Their occupation in life is standing guard ove their nickels while their dollars are breeding and bring ing forth their kind in the bank vaults. You rarely hear c au extravagance among them; a festivity with abundan wine commands big headlines in the papers. As for spend thrifts, they are not produced in this atmosphere—our ex perience in this direction being with Eastern types. W would not dream of asserting that prodigal sons are un known here. There have been sons who for a time mad ducks and drakes of the paternal dollars, but once entruste with their patrimony they have grown as careful as misers Think, gentle reader of the rich men we all know—are the less careful of their dollars than yourself? They live i large houses, but how seldom do they have friends t dinner? What exhibition of patriotism or public spirit d you remember any of them to have given us? What par do they bear in the Merchants' Association or the Chambe of Commerce?—institutions whose object is the advance ment of the city. How often have the papers—the much abused papers—had the chance of recording the presentation of a picture to the Art Association or a statue to the city? We know that nothing of the kind happens more than twice in a decade.

You may imagine that among themselves our millionaires are liberal—that in the pursuit of personal pleasures they are ready to expend their revenues. It is not so. Co-operation among them seems impossible. Entertainments are invariably engineered by some gentleman gifted with social tact, who has as much trouble collecting funds as though his clients were impecunious. Each of them preserves his precious individuality, and exults in his valuable isolation. They practice with great fortunes the petty devices of niggards. They are not to be persuaded into an enterprise unless its success is demonstrable beyond a doubt. They deal in bonds and only in the choicest stocks, but never dream of inaugurating a manufactory on their own behalf or setting out in any line of endeavor, unless every footstep has beeu worn by predecesssors, and every action is bastioned with precedent. A dull, sluggish, intolerant set, with no redeeming vices, and little talent for more than the practice of their ecouomies, our millionaires are a drag on San Francisco, and their parsimony an infringement of natural law. If some man would but rise up among them and preach the benefits and blessings of profusion and improvidence, what a benefactor he would be.

PROHIBITION IN CANADA.

The extraordinary strength of the prohibitiou sentiment in Canada is exhibited by the majority of 19,000 votes it secured in the plebiscite. In these days it seems incredible that such a quack remedy for intemperance should be seriously considered by an intelligent populace. The failure of prohibition to prohibit is thoroughly understood in the United States. We know the suppression it accomplishes is deceptive, that the traffic in liquor instead of being open, is furtive, and that the influence of the concealment, and the immoralities it induces are more dangerous than the evils it is supposed to remedy. We do not deny the dangers of such a superabuudance of saloons as exist in San Francisco, but no desire for liquor was ever alleviated by legislation. Would the man who is accustomed to an afternoon cocktail refrain from this indulgence were a constitutional amendment forbidding the sale of liquor be passed by the people of California? The chances are he would want and have two cocktails. After prohibition became law in Kansas, saloons were established in many towns in which there had never before been drinking places. In Canada the enforcement of prohibition on a majority of 19,000 is happily not to be thought of. The temperance people were given to understaud by Sir Wilfred Laurier and his associates that unless they could demonstrate an all-powerful public sentiment behind their cause, he would not undertake the responsibility of passing prohibitory legislation. The majorities in the different provinces were as follows: Ontario, about 15,000; Nova Scotia, 17,679; New Brunswick, 12,540; Priuce Edward's Isle, 6,160; Manitoba, 8,000; British Columbia, 500; Northwestern Territories, 488. Against prohibition

uebec rolled up a majority of 40,000. Compared with the st plebiscite the vote shows many changes. For instance, ntario's total for prohibition in 1894 was 81,000 as against 5,000; indeed, with one unimportant exception the cities eversed their vote of four years ago. At the next plebiste, if there ever be another, we believe prohibition will e defeated-

In this connection, it is interesting to note that the Dominion derives a large revenue from the manufacture and onsumption of liquor, amounting to over eight million of ollars per annum, while the provinces and municipalities ake three million dollars more. To supply this deficiency irect taxation would have to be resorted to, and besides he Government would be put to heavy expense guarding s immense border, besides compensating dealers and manfacturers, which would involve an expenditure of at least wenty-five million dollars more.

THINGS AND PEOPLE

The inauguration of the Affiliated College structures south f the Park is at hand. On the interior finishing touches re being set; the class-rooms are being furnished and preparations made for the grand opening. I have commented re this on the architectural appearance of the three barrenooking edifices, which will require all the tenderness nd ivy of time to relieve them of the reproach of ugliness. Their inaccessableness is a more salient difficulty, however. The doctors who lecture and the budding lawyers who tudy are otherwise engaged during the hours of the day, nd while remoteness has its advantages in promoting ilence and the absence of distraction, the disadvantages of listance I fear will more than balance them. Just now it is long and tedious journey to the colleges. But a single ine runs close, and considerable transferring must be reorted to ere destination is reached. There should be a ystem of through cars arranged and run at double speed to onvey pupils to and fro. Just now the journey consumes hree-quarters of an hour—which is a good stretch of time.

***

The death of Herbert Van Vlack leaves a gap in that group of younger men of evident and servicable talent, whose aspirations are high and unselfish and yet, who, nder the circumstances of San Francisco, find no chance or expression. You find these men (the more fortunate of hem) practicing the apprenticeships to the arts in earning livelihood as draughtsmen, as newspaper illustrators, as pace-writers upon the weeklies; the less fortunate, in commercial clerkships and spending their leisure in efforts o capture the elements of the art they long to follow. Success, if it comes at all to these men, comes late, and the ouch of tragedy is given to Van Vlack's death by the knowledge of his high hopes, of the long dutiful years of work and, that near to the reward, he did not grasp it. He had worked at architecture since boyhood, manfully earning for relatives dependant upon him, and in his leisure entering the various scholastic competitions instituted by the Architectural Societies and winning high honor. He did good and thorough work as manager and instructor in the San Francisco Boys' Club, lendiug help and enthusiasm that did not fail of response. Now at his death he remains a cheerful and living memory to all who knew him intimately or casually. It is to the younger men of Van Vlack's kind that the new University building scheme should have given occupation and opportunity. There is in these young men an enthusiasm and adaptability altogether Californian, and under a wise leadership they might do fine and distinctive work. It is part of the regret for the Antwerp decision that the control, passing into the hands of men ignorant of the possibilities of California, will leave such men still committed to the routine and to obscurity.

***

In London, California literature is having a fine boom. The exaltation of Miss Coolbrith in the *Outlook* has been followed by the eulogy of W. C. Morrow in the *Sketch*. The eulogist is rather florid in his appreciation and institutes undue comparisons with Kipling and de Maupassant, but the spirit of his screed is so appropriate that his enthusiasm becomes pardonable. The names of Ambrose Bierce and Emma Frances Dawson are introduced into the context in terms of great respect, so in due time the impression will go abroad that this is a literary Klondyke. Thus far, no one has discovered Frank Norris, though Geoge H. Fitch of the *Chronicle*, in a critique of *Moran of the Lady Letty* pronounced the book as in the class of *The Wreckers*. Mr. Fitch has no bad bouquet-throwing habits, and his commendation is a notable compliment to the young author's talent. By the way, Mr. Norris went East this week to his old place with the *McClure's*, having partially recovered the flesh and color lost in the Santiago campaign. His next appearance is in the *Century*, which will publish his impressions of the charge at El Caney.

***

Commerce is pleasantly concerned in the establishment of a new steamship line with its termination at this port. A French company of Havre, *Les Chargeurs Re-unis*, an old and wealthy shipping house with a large fleet already on the seas, has sent its agent here and is about to inaugurate a monthly service between San Francisco and Havre, their steamers to touch at the principal ports of Mexico and both coasts of South America. The layman supposes at once that this affords a fine trade prospect, that new markets will open for our surplusage with the advent of this new steamship line. True, the markets are there, but the fact that a steamship from San Francisco stops at Valparaiso or Buenos Ayres is not going to compel South American custom. That trade will come, and will be expressed in tons and shiploads, only when American consuls are as good as British and German consuls; and when Americans adopt the methods of cammerce that have given the Latin-American markets to our British and German competitors. We ought to sell cargoes of flour, mining machinery, agricultural implements, fruit products, and other goods, but how can we unless our merchants are satisfied to compete on the same basis as their rivals, and adapt their practice to the condition of trade peculiar to those countries. It has been said that the future of California commerce lies along the South American coast—well, it won't come here by whistling for it. Trade is obtained by a careful study of the requirements of a people, followed by systematic soliciting, and we all know there must be a considerable investment of coin and patience before results can be obtained.

***

Less happy than his ally, the Tsar, the Emperor of China's endeavors to better the world by proclamation have issued in his own undoing. In an evil moment for himself, he lent an ear to Kang-Yu-Mei, a reformer from Canton, who taught that, given a postal service and a monthly statement of accounts, China would be herself again; much as the Czar lent his ear to the mysterious banker who had grown appalled at the cost of war. But, whereas the Tsar's rescript was received with a universal doffing of hats, the Emperor of China was promptly locked up by his stepmother, the Dowager Empress, who now reigns in his stead. Kang-Yu-Mei has been sent back home, and the next news will be that Li-Hung-Chang is again in his old place and at his old games. Small wonder, then, that the representatives of Russia, of France, of Belgium, of Holland, of Spain, but not of Great Britain, took tea the other afternoon with Li, and condoled with him on his fall.

***

Pleasautly: the Theatre Syndicate; with a frown: the octopus; whichever you like, has extended its field to include this city's best playhouses, the Baldwin, the Columbia and the California, as well as the Macdonough of Oakland, thrown in for lagniappe. I have it on the best authority that the combination is not a trust, or any such horror as it has been pictured. On the contrary, it is benevolent in its intentions, prevents unwise competition, and secures to actors and actresses the salaries they have earned. The syndicate stands for system and order. Its appearance here means that the city shall have the most successful plays and as many of them as possible, and that plays of the same character shall not clash to the detriment of both. We may regret occasionally that author and actor is a thing of the past, but in the long run "the play's the thing."

***

The sequel of all the troubles in which the Hawaiian Commercial Sugar Company has been engaged was the election, recently, of Edward Pollitz, one of the leaders in the anti-Spreckels movement, as President of the corporation. There can be no doubt but that the change will be for the company's advantage. It will certainly give stability to the property and entirely remove from the stock the speculative character it has always suffered from. Under present auspices Hawaiian has a great future, and Mr. Pollitz is well able to aid its realization.

***

In my opinion, the officers of the Tennessee regiment are fine fellows. I have found them to be imbued with the spirit of what is called "the gentleman of the old school." Many of them are of thoroughbred stock, and some of their companies are the pick of Tennessee. But there are those in the ranks who are the pick of Tennessee's gutters. They got in in the rush and applied the principle that a rotten apple can spoil a whole box of good ones. A few days ago, an order came from Washington authorizing the summary "honorable discharge" of any men who, in the judgment of authority, are "not adapted for service in the army." Major Field, Inspector-General, is weeding them out, with the cheerful aid of all sound apples in the regiment. The Tennesseeans have wanted a chance to recover their State's prestige. Here it is.

***

As the campaign waxes hotter the confusion grows more confounded. Never was the result of a Gubernatorial fight more difficult to prophesy. The well-informed four years ago believed Estee sure of election, yet Budd won out. Certain though the success of Gage now seems it is unsafe to presume on the weakness of his adversary. The attendance at campaign meetings may mean something or nothing—there is good evidence both ways, but whatever the indication be worth the fact remains that Democratic audiences in San Francisco have been twice as large as those the Republicans have gathered. I am told Maguire will get a large majority in San Francisco, and yet I am astonished at the number of Democrats who purpose voting for his opponent. There is no doubt that single tax and socialistic sentiments have hurt the Congressman, but in the minds of practical men the demonstration of his inefficiency has been even more injurious. Maguire did nothing in Congress—a bill to relieve a San Francisco contractor measures his achievement. He made single tax speeches and utilized the *Record* to spread his pet theories. What hope is there that he will do better as Governor? An industrious and intelligent Executive might work wonders in the State, and it is long since we have had aught but a figurehead at the head of affairs. On the other hand divided counsels in the Republican party have hurt Gage, whose strength on the stump has not met the expectations of his admirers. Yet the impression he gives an audience is that of a clean and independent personality, who will not be any man's tool. Too much eloquence often inspires distrust, and it is well to remember that latter day Governors have not been great orators.

***

Doubts as to the popularity of Mayor Phelan were effectively dispelled by the reception he received at the ratification meeting the other night. It was the biggest gathering of the campaign. Metropolitan Hall was crowded; the streets around it, ante-rooms and vestibule were dense with men, and the audience rose and shouted for Phelan when he appeared before them. It was a spontaneous and enthusiastic tribute and there was no question of its sincerity. Say what you may about the industry of the opposition and the favor in which Mr. Patton is held by his fraternal associations, a great many votes will be necessary to make a fair showing against Phelan. The political circulating medium is the officeholder and the most eager of them only sees a certain number of men. Their advocacy is generally discounted by their occupation and avails little against a reputation for honesty and fearless performance of public duties. It is that which has re-elected Coffey and Wallace, which re-elected Pond and Bartlett, and the efficacy is not to fail now because a set of bosses, notably corrupt, have sworn vengeance against a man who has done his duty with such audacious disregard of monopoly's prejudices.

***

The saloon seems to be exercising an undue influence in politics this election. I am told of several men who are aspirants for high office who are doing their canvassing on the "cocktail route." It is a delusion which experience demonstrates ill-founded that drinking places are voting centers. True, politicians of various degrees do congregate at saloons, but no man has more than one vote, and this class is composed of self-seekers who do nothing for a cause and everything for themselves. What is known as the "push" only amounts to a few thousand votes, and its best efforts are neutralized by the honest vote, if it comes out in average strength.

***

There has been undue talk of reformers here recently, in the attempt to carry the idea that reform is misguided activity and unworthy of sympathy and support. This is all very well for those who would profit by the triumph of bossism and for whom civic pride has no existence, but what about the city? Twelve months hence a new charter goes into effect—an instrument that radically alters the system of our municipal government and places safeguards on its loose places. To the twelve men who will control the affairs of San Francisco during the coming year ample opportunities of tribute and plunder will be open. Such franchises as remain in the possession of the people may be disposed of for valuable considerations; public privileges of various kinds may be sold to the highest bidder, and we may all depend on it that if the wrong men are elected there will be little left worth stealing at the end of the year '99. So it behooves this commudity to look out for its Supervisors. I believe the Non-Partisan convention exercised good judgment in its selections and their precedent is safe to follow.

***

That untiring investigator of frauds, Samuel C. Irving, has fastened an indictment upon one set of thieves. The lumber thefts in the Board of Education have at last been saddled upon the shoulders of Director Burns, and it is to be hoped he will be made to pay the penalty. Two years ago Burns was the presiding divinity of a little fruit shop on Seventh street. There he worked day after day, wearing a flowing apron and rough clothes. To-day he drives around in a buggy, diamonds glistening in his shirt front. His wife runs the old stand while the School Director looks after educational affairs or attends to the business of the important down-town commission house in which he has bought an interest. It should be remembered that no compensation attaches to a directorship in the Board of Education. Yet consider the prosperity of Mr. Burns.

***

Apropos of reformers the notable efforts of Grand Juror Irving, the man who so strikingly demonstrated the fraudulent system of awarding contracts which prevailed in the Harbor Commission and who has brought home their wrongdoing to School Director Burns, Swift et al., are worthy of the highest praise. Mr. Irving has courage, pertinacity and intellectual fertility, and proves the ugliest kind of an opponent for the boodler. There is a great career open here for a man of such gifts who will exert them for the public benefit. In the two fights he has made Mr. Irving has quite outstripped all the other reformers. He has accomplished results. Not only have the frauds been unearthed, but the evidence to convict is available and ready for production. Would that Irving had been in the previous Grand Jury and had had a chance at the arch conspirator Dr. Rogan.

***

The municipal convention of the so-called People's Party was a great scandal. This organization sold its nomiuations to whosoever was ass enough to pay for them. It was run by the same men through whom the Gallagher combination nominated Maguire delegates to the Populist convention at Sacramento, and they are in politics simply for the "stuff." Possessed neither of honor nor conscience, principle nor virtue, they have been selling a name that means nothing to deluded fools who deserve to be cheated. Nothing so notorious in the way of a picce club has been operated here since the blackmail organization through which the notorious P. A. Dolan used to hold up candidates ere the era of the Australian ballot was inaugurated.

***

The termination of the Senatorial contest in Oregon by the election of State Senator Joseph Simon is an excellent solution of the bitter controversy that has so long deprived the Webfoot State of proper representation in Washington. The caucus nominee of the Republican party was H. W. Corbett, the banker of Portland, but he could muster only 36 votes, ten less than was needed for election. When it became apparent that Corbett would lose rather than gain by continuance in the struggle, he gave way to Simon, who had been one of his most enthusiastic supporters. The result was the latter's election. Senator Simon is perhaps the premier legislator of Oregon, having served with distinction in the State Senate since 1880. He is a member of the law firm of Dolph, Bellinger, Mallory & Simon, the leading law firm of Portland, and he bears the reputation of being an astute, able man, thoroughly capable of holding his own in Washington, even if he never acquires the extraordinary favor which still clings to ex-Senator Mitchell.

BOSWELL, JR.

Pasig River from the Main Bridge

Shipping on the Pasig River

English Club, Malate

Native Driving Water Buffalo

Gate and Old Drawbridge in Manila Wall

A Typical Scene

Bronze Statue in Front of Palace, Old Manila

Native "Caskos"

Bridge Over the Pasig

VIEWS IN MANILA

Made immediately after the American occupation, by Dr. A. Law.

"CYRANO DE BERGERAC"

"Ballad of the Duel" and "The Gascony Cadets."

Heroic comedy has the stage in Gotham now, and Edward Rostand is its prophet, with his to-be-immortal masterpiece "Cyrano de Bergerac." The "Cyrano" of Coquelin sent the Paris and London critics into elaborate enthusiasms, and "the greatest story that has been written since Shakespeare's time" is the verdict of literary Europe. New York is equally delighted with the play, though it would be glad to trade Richard Mansfield for M. Coquelin, for it cannot be said that Mansfield has distinguished himself as "Cyrano," even though Garden Theatre audiences have burst their gloves over the performance. Maybe he will shake down into the part, but, from the front, Mausfield is too much the American of to-day to carry one back to the France of two hundred years ago, to see Cyrano de Bergerac, poet of passion, love-lace, writer of romance, man of science and ready-bladed, fighting cavalier—a combination of traits that might stagger a greater genius than Mansfield. And there is his nose.

"Cyrano" has an abnormal nose, about which he is sensitive, aud the manner of wearing aud of discussing that nose is a test of artistic skill. It is the difference between the witty gentleman and the clown. De Bergerac is a role from which any actor might shrink. His heroic-comedy character must be balanced. A leaning either way and the play is marred. Mansfield leans too much toward the comic element, and so half the beauty of the thing is lost.

But Rostand was too clever to permit the work to depend on one man; the rest of the play is full to the brim of sparkle and dash. New York to-day steps lighter for its charm, and its poetic beauties, wit and gayety are filling the Garden nightly. There follows a selection from the lines—from the duel scene—which preserves the spirit and form of the original better than any other translations we have seen:

BALLAD OF THE DUEL.

I cast my soft hat on the ground—
  I slowly unwind without aid
The cloak which about me is wound.
  With a jerk my big blade
  Is, like Celadon, played—
And like Scaramouche light.
  This boast is now made—
At the finish of "l'Envoi" I bite.

You should have been neutral or older—
  Well, Turkey, where will you be larded?
In the flank or under the shoulder?
  Or the heart by its blue ribbon guarded?
  My ear by strange bells is bombarded.
The point of my blade how it lights—
  (Decidedly he'll have to be larded)—
At the finish of "l'Envoi" I bite.

I'm seeking a word for my rhyme—
  You look broken—as white as your shirt—
The word "coward" will serve us this time.
  Ah! So! I parry the hurt
  You aimed at me curt.
I open a line—I make light—
  Hold tight to thy skewer, thou swine—
At the finish of "l'Envoi" I bite.

Envoi.

Prince, ask for thy pardon on high!
  I skirmish so near—I can hit.
I cut and I thrust. Ah! you sigh!
  At the finish of "l'Envoi" I bit.

The first act is incomparably witty, poetic, adventurous, romantic, indicating the form of the play and defining the characters. The curtain rises on the theatre of the Bourgogne Palace, cavaliers, players, lackeys, tradesmen and others going in. One enters searching for Cyrano de Bergerac. Why? Because Montfleury is going to play Phedon, which Cyrano has prohibited his doing for a month. "And who is Cyrano?" a Marquis asks. All describe him, wondrously.

Madeline Robin, Roxane, enters a box, and all praise her — beautiful, learned, kind, Cyrano's cousin, loved by Christian, tormented by the attentions of the already-married Comte de Guiche. There are a number of amusing "asides." Montfleury appears, and begins to recite. "Scoundrel!" shouts de Bergerac from the parquette, and orders him off. The audience protests. There is a most amusing altercation. Then a viscount says to Cyrano: "You have a very big nose." Cyrano replies gravely: "Very." The viscount laughs out "Ho!" Cyrano says: "Is that all?" and:

Ah, no! young blade! That was a trifle short!
You might have said at least a hundred things
By varying the tone—like this, suppose—
Agressive: "Sir, if I had such a nose
I'd amputate it!" Friendly: "When you sup
"It must annoy you, dipping in your cup;
"You need a drinking bowl of special shape!"
Descriptive: "'Tis a rock!—a peak!—a cape!
"—A cape, forsooth! 'Tis a peninsula!"
Curious: "How serves that oblong casupla?
"For scissor-sheath, or pot to hold your ink?"
Gracious: "You love the little birds, I think?
"I see you've managed with a fond research,
"To find their tiny claws a roomy perch!"

* * * * * *

—Such, my dear sir, is what you might have said,
Had you of wit or letters the least jot;
But, O most lamentable man! of wit
You never had an atom, and of letters
You have three letters only! They spell Ass!
And—had you had the necessary wit
To serve me all the pleasantries I quote
Before this noble audience—e'en so,
You would not have been let to utter one—
Nay, not the half or quarter of such jest!
I take them from myself all in good part,
But not from any other man that breathes!

The Viscount calls him "Scoundrel, lackey, absurd fool!" Cyrano takes off his hat, bows as if the Viscount had introduced himself and says: "Ah? My name is Cyrano de Bergerac." The Viscount exclaims: "Buffoon!" They fight, and Cyrano, fencing, composes a ballad, at the end of every couplet of which he scores in words exactly as he scores in fencing. So the play goes on. The plot is clearly in Cyrano's love for Roxane, in Christian's love for Roxane and the Comte de Guiche's pretensions to her. Cyrano puts to flight a hundred of de Guiche's assassins and gets a compliment from Richelieu. Roxane tells him of her happy love for Christian, and, as Christian has just been admitted to Cyrano's company of Gascony cadets, she begs that he will look to her lover's interests. Cyrano agrees to this in quite a touching scene. Christian is slow, and Cyrano writes his love letters, and, in a dark balcony scene, makes love for him in a way that is amazingly funny, and yet tender and sympathetic. Roxane and Christian are married. The Gascony Cadets go out against the Spanish and Christian is killed.

THE GASCONY CADETS.

They are the Gascony Cadets
Of Carbon de Castel-Jaloux:
Famed fighters, liars, desperates,
They are the Gascony Cadets'
All, better born than pickpockets,
Talk conchant, rampant, pendent too!
Of Carbon de Castel-Jaloux!

Cat-whiskered, eyed like falconets,
Wolf-toothed and heron-legged, they hew
The rabble down that snarls and threats.
Cat-whiskered, eyed like falconets!
Great pomp of plume hides and offsets
Holes in those hats they wear askew.
Cat-whiskered, eyed like falconets,
They drive the snarling mob, and hew!

The mildest of their soubriquets
Are Crack-my-crown and Run-me-through,
Mad drunk on glory Gascon gets!
These boasters of soft soubriquets
Whenever rapier rapier whets
Are met in punctual rendezvous.
The mildest of their soubriquets
Are Crack-my-crown and Run-me through!

They are the Gascony Cadets
That give the jealous spouse his due!
Lean forth, adorable coquettes,
They are the Gascony cadets.
With plumes and scarfs and aigulets!
The husband gray may well look blue.
They are the Gascony Cadets
That give the jealous spouse his due!

The next scene finds Roxane in a nunnery, where she is visited by the weak, wounded Cyrauo, who reads her a last message from Christian. Roxane now suddeuly recognizes his voice and expressions, and charges him with his generous imposture. He denies, admits, his emotions overcome him. He is dying. He rises, draws his sword, leans on a tree and says: "One does not fight in the hope of success. Fighting is much more beautiful when it is useless. You are a thousand? I recognize you all, my old enemies! Lies, compromises, prejudicices, cowardice, silliness—I know that you will beat me. You take from me everything, the laurel and the rose! But there is, in spite of you, something that I take with me. To-night, when I enter God's kingdom, my bow will sweep the blue threshold. In spite of you I take with me something that is spotless and that is —my plume!"

AQUATICS IN THE NORTH

A Brief History of the Popular Sport on the Willamette River.

Placid tranquility is the dominant trait of the Willamette river. When once its clear, impetuous tributaries have leapt from their mountain sources, all their wild sport and rage through gorges "that show the stars at noonday clear" and over the precipices which they overleap in solid crystal, falling in foam-dust into the chasms below, are over. Then through fields as fair and green as anything this side of Elysium itself, among woods and gentle hills that love the river as the Oregonians love it, down along its clean washed floor of gravel the stream moves placidly for two hundred and fifty miles, with one reminder of its mountain origin only—the great falls at Oregon City, which is the finest cataract on the coast or tributary shores of the Pacific.

Once free of the chaos of the falls and rapids, the river begins to widen to the splendid proportions of its estuary. These thirty miles from the Columbia were called the Multnomah river by the Indians of the same name who lived along its shores half a century ago, and the name Wallamet which French settlers gallicized unhappily into Willamette, was applied only to the stream above the falls. The principal service of the element which composes four-fifths of the world's surface is the presentation of a plane surface of sufficient depth for navigation. Many greater rivers than the Willamette are practically unnavigable, but this fine stream is now, and has always been, since men knew how to fire-hollow the cedar tree, an ideal boating stream. What leagues of lovely reaches and curves from Eugene to Linton! And the river steamers ascend almost as far as the canoe.

It is twenty-two years since a few athletic young Britons, residents of Portland, determined to make the best of their opportunities on the course of twenty miles or more of boating water that reaches above and below the city. They sent to London for a four-oared lap-stroke boat, which was built by Salter Brothers of Oxford, and was a fine specimen of the university training boat. Kenneth Macleay, James Laidlaw, W. W. Francis, Frederick Townsend and others were the original owners of this boat, the *Cressid*. They used to take her out for a row to Vancouver, twenty miles away on the Columbia, just above the entrance to the Willamette, or fifteen miles up to Oregon City. The *Cressid* carried a coxswain, and her crew could thus avoid the eternal worry to the bow and stroke of the American four-our as to steering. In the early days the *Cressid* was queen of the river, and no other craft had the temerity to engage her. It was in 1878 that the Willamette Rowing Club was organized, and soon we had two four-oars of the American type, viz., the *Willamette* and *Neptune*, in which we tried conclusions with the *Cressid* to our discomfiture, though the old boat was twice the weight of either of her rivals. Among the founders of the Willamette Club were Messrs. Nicoll, Macdonald, Dunbar, McQuarrie, and the gentlemen who owned the *Cressid*. Their quarters were in John La Chapelle's boathouse, at the foot of Pine street, and close and stuffy they were for two or three dozen active oarsmen jostling and perspiring as a man in practice will. The writer was an early member of the Willamettes, and for a dozen years made three to five hundred miles per annum in practice. He has probably been in more losing races than any man on the river save Arthur McAlpin, who has deserved better luck. Winning or losing, I have loved the oar and sail and paddle, and something of the old spirit comes upon me still when I clasp the shaft of a twelve- and lurch oar and feel the old *Cressid* "lift" under me, for the old craft is still as perfect in her lines as she was twenty years ago, while some of us who used to row in her are changed indeed — broader than the boat! She is still the property of the Willamette Rowing Club.

In 1879 the Portland Rowing Club, a brief account of whose annual fall regatta is the purpose of this sketch, was founded. Messrs. H. J. Corbett, Ala Whiting, the Hatch brothers, J. N. Teal, Charles Malarkey and others were its first members, and some retain their membership still. The Portland Club brought out the first paper boats, and its faith has been in them always. Their rivals have extolled the cedar shell, and many a fine race has been rowed over the old three-mile course from "foot of Oak street to Ross Island and return" in the endeavor to demonstrate the merits of the craft. Since '82 the course has been cut down to two miles for four oars, or one and a half straightaway. The Portland Club soon had a larger and wealthier membership than the Washington Rowing Club, and better quarters, and, with a much better outfit of boats, it is not surprising that its record of victories is the longer, and yet Willamette has met their best men in occasional races with some disadvantage as to boat and carried off trophies, all the more precious because of the hard conditions.

Four bridges span the river at Portland, their average length being about five hundred yards. The most southerly or up-river bridge is the Madison, and a mile south the river is divided by Ross Island, a favorite picnic spot, covered with ancient oaks, from between whose gnarled arms one obtains delightful vistas of the river and the city. Straightaway races are always rowed from the north point of Ross Island to Morrison bridge, the busiest of the river crossings, and invariably there is an opportunity for good watermanship in avoiding steamers. To welter along on the rolling wake of some big up-river packet, in one of the crankiest shells ever turned out of a shop, is the occasional fate of a luckless crew for a half mile or more. A boat which has won the east course in a toss up may run neck and neck in smooth water against a rival on the west course which is rolling on beam ends, rowlocks under, half the race. Four miles up the river is a less troubled course, a fine straightaway of two miles, which we know as the "Whitehouse course," so named because of the riverside inn by that name at its south end, opposite the pretty old village of Milwaukee; and to the northward, below Swan Island, lie miles of smooth, broad waters above and below the village of St. John.

Our pictures reproduce the front of the P. R. Club's boathouse, at the east end of Morrison bridge The house is finely adapted to the requirements of a boating club, with full gymnastic appliances, good bathing and a water toboggan. Captain Brewster is pictured in one of our views as a disappointed spectator of a race in which the unexpected happens. Other captains of celebrity and power have been Rodney L. Glison, Dr. Richard Nunn and T. Brook White of the Portland and John T. Milner, W. A. Robb, Charles Gallien (now in New Zealand) and Mort. Mendenhall, who pines in Arizona for the blue waters of the Willamette—or, in fact, for waters of any kind.

Stowell and Luders, shown in double shell, are champions of their class in northern waters. Sandy Scott, shown in single scull, is a promising oarsman, and winner of the junior single scull race. Percy Stowell is the present champion of senior singles, hut closely pressed by Patton, who has been a surprising example of "hard luck."

NUMBER TWO.

WASHINGTON STATE UNIVERSITY

The State University of Washinton is situated at Latona, a suburb of Seattle, quickly reached from the business center by an electric line. Its campus overlooks Lakes Washington and Union, and from its buildings one may see the waters of Puget Sound. In all directions are snow-capped mountains, Mt. Baker on the north and Mt. Rainier on the south standing like two sentinels to guard this retreat of learning.

A young institution of a young State, the University has enrolled for the year '98-'99 a round three hundred students. It is co-educational, and a large percentage of the students are young women. Military instruction is a popular feature. Lieutenant Wholly, now Colonel Wholly of the First Washington Volunteers, has brought the interest in military affairs at the University to a high pitch. He is now off with the regiment, but in his absence drills are conducted with due regularity. In equipment the University is first class, though small. The main building is modern in every respect. The observatory and telescope were erected at a cost of ten thousand dollars. The telescope has a six-inch objective. The armory and drill hall eclipse any similarly devoted building in Western Colleges, the gymnasium being most excellently equipped. The floor of the drill hall is the largest open floor space of any college on the coast.

President Graves is a young man, who comes to the University this year for the first time, and has already become popular with the students. At his formal inauguration, which takes place on November 30th of this year, President Jordan of Leland Stanford University and John B. Rodgers, Governor of the State of Washington, will deliver addresses.

JOSEPH BLETHEN.

It is stated that the Gothard Railroad Company, Switzerland, now has 70 per cent of its main track laid with iron or steel sleepers, and, including sidetracks, has some 440,000 metal sleepers, being nearly two-thirds of the whole, the commencement being sixteen years ago. The road is crooked and has long tunnels and steep grades. The average weight of the metal sleepers now being laid is 163 lbs., this being a gradual increase from an average of 120 lbs. in 1887. The ties are now made eight feet ten inches long—an increase of one foot. After the first two years the cost of keeping the track in order is found to be decidedly lower with metal than with wooden sleepers, and the lateral displacement of the track on curves is less. The lighter sleepers formerly used developed some failures on account of cracks in the corners of the punched bolt holes, but there has been no difficulty with the later designs. The metal sleepers, with drilled holes, used in Holland, are said to show no fissures. In long tunnels the steel sleepers rust, so that they last only about eight or ten years, and on tangents in long tunnels wooden sleepers are still used.

REPAVING OF MARKET STREET

The Bitumen Paving Process Source and Treatment of the Substance.

The passing tourist is prone to judge the prosperity of an American city by its pavements. If on his passage from railroad depot to hotel his carriage glides gently over a smooth roadway, he is apt to consider the town civilized and even progressive. On the contrary, if he is bumped and tossed along an ill-constructed highway, his impressions are the reverse of flattering. For many a weary year Market street has inflicted bodily injuries not only on the inhabitants of this burg who had to traverse it of necessity, but upon the skins and bones of the passing traveler who, in an unlucky moment, had consigned himself to the tender mercies of a ferry hackman. A rough, tough pavement of basalt block extended from side-path to side-path—a pavement primitive and obdurate—destructive to the hoofs of man and beast, and odious to eyes and ears. It was a reproach to the city. It marked our municipality backward and unpatriotic. The press gibed at it; travelers spoke scathingly of it; even the London *Sketch* derided its infinite disorder. And now, at this late hour, a change has come. More than five blocks are covered with cement and bitumen, making an admirable foundation for the traffic of man and beast. What is better, a force of men is engaged in extending this noiseless pavement up higher until we are promised a smooth pavement from Second street to the intersection of Van Ness avenue. In the operations the community has shown so deep an interest that some explanation of the process of laying down a pavement and of the bitumen of which it is mainly composed seems in order.

Bitumen, meaning "pitch-stuff," is a Latin word found in the famous Encyclopedia of Pliny the Elder. Its primary form is a black or brown, sluggish, viscous flow, like tar, which unites with whatever loose earthy matter it comes in contact with, hardens by absorptiou aud evaporation and forms what is known by the Spanish word *brea*, meaning tar.

The secondary bitumen of California is found in veins of a thickness from a leaf to many feet, formed by *brea* forced into earth-cracks. It is soft and useless for anything but its extracts. The great bitumen deposits which are now worked in the counties of Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Luis Obispo and Santa Barbara, are found in deposits which are always stratified, showing them to have been formed under water or at the water's edge, where petroleum springs saturated the beach sands in successive layers. Fragments of marine vegetation and the bones of marine animals, together with shells, are frequeutly found in these ledges miles from the sea and at several hundred feet elevation. How many centuries have passed since this action took place may be guessed but not determined.

Under a microscope the rock will be found to consist of finely divided sand, each particle of which has a perfect envelope of bitumen. Upon the fineness of the sand depends the compactness of the rock; upon the structure of the sand and the toughness of the bitumen depends its durability. The rock composed of finely divided, sharp, siliceous sand containing from 10 to 17 per cent of tough, elastic bitumen, free from oil, is the best. The most noted mine of the Tertiary or pittalithic class is located about nine miles west of Santa Cruz, three miles from the sea, at an elevation of about eight hundred feet.

The use of bituminous sand rock is generally confined to the paving of thoroughfares, bridges, warehouses, depots, docks and wharves. Brought in its natural state from the mine to the work, bituminous sand rock of proper quality receives uo other treatment than a melting and disintegrating process iu portable steam-heated double-walled kettles. When discharged as a black, sticky meal from the kettles, it is wheeled in barrows to the foundation it is to cover, and there spread with hot iron rakes to an even layer of from one to two and a half inches thickness, according to requirements of the work. Hot iron hand-rollers immediately pass over it, weighing about 20 pounds to each inch of tread, accomplishing initial compression. A light sprinkling of infusorial earth, a powerful absorbent with a natural affinity for bitumen is then spread upon the surface, when the rolling process is renewed with steam rollers weighing 300 pounds to the lineal inch of tread. These rollers continue operation until the bitumen has received its ultimate compression and is cold. The pavement is then thrown open to traffic. It forms a perfect monolithic covering for the street. It is germ proof and water proof. Where laid on proper foundations, it resists both cold and heat with equal success. It never cracks or crawls. When kept clean, it is not slippery. Under the indurating effects of traffic, it presents always the holding surface of sandstone. Its natural bituminous elasticity can rarely be found in any manufactured asphaltic pavement. It is noiseless, and it is easily and cheaply kept in repair.

. By bitumen, it must be understood that bituminous sand rock is meant. The term asphalt is but little used in California, except in connection with the manufactured article, or its artificial mixture with sand in imitation of natural bituminous saud rock. So few pavements of this class have been laid in California, and so many failures have been recorded, that their true life and worth, in this equable but nevertheless trying climate, have not been determined. In points of elasticity, tenacity, durability, noiselessness, healthfulness, economy and general excellence, California bitumen will surpass any pavement. Once bitumen, always bitumen, has been the history of every street paved with "poultice." Golden Gate avenue, the original bitumen thoroughfare of San Francisco, most of it upon loose macadam foundation, is yet in a fair state of preservation, notwithstanding the millions of hoofs and wheels that have assaulted it by day and by night for more than ten years. And there is satisfaction in the reflection that the Market street "roof" is made of California's best bituminous rock, aud not asphalt or other more or less inferior substitutes, whether of asphalt, wood or stone. Asphalt is most urged as bitumen's "natural" rival. The fact that asphalt is not "natural" makes all the difference.

The asphalt pavement is a manufactured article, with as many standards of excellence as there are manufacturers. Each maunfacturer relies upon a mass of intricate and bewildering laboratory experiment.

The fact that companion ledges of the native material often differ in degrees of hardness, is urged as an objection to their employment, and the asphaltist claims for his product a uniformity of mixture. But the fact that "over-cooking" ruins the product offsets that argument. The different degrees of hardness in companion ledges of bituminous sand rock are not a hindrance to the success of the material, but a positive and invaluable help. By using hard, medium or soft rocks alone, or in suitable blends, well known to the skilled opeartor, from a single mine, any climate can be suited from the warmest to the coldest. Bitumen mining and the disposition of its various products is one of California's peculiar industries.

The nse of bitumen for paving is now confined to the Pacific Coast, but in time the transportation tariff may permit its introduction to other markets.

A Model Katherine.

By William Mudford.

The cabbies lounging ou their perches on the rank in Victoria street greeted her with noisy chaff; the omnibus drivers contributed a passing witticism, and rumbling on towards the Abbey with their heads thrown back in wondrous enjoyment in their humor; and two messengers and a butcher's assistant lingered on her progress as smart cruisers wait upon the pleasure of a convoy. She accepted the rude tribute of the streets in the most amiable spirit, which went to show that she was not so drunk as she seemed to be. Her appearance was disreputable enough. Her feet were barely slippered in a pair of down-trodden, lop-sided tan shoes, and the heels of her stockings showed great holes. Her grey skirt was old, ragged, and smeared with stale mud. Across her splendid bosom a light calico jacket was fastened, the garmeut straining at the buttons, one of which had burst away. She carried a battered straw hat, which she waved cheerfully at the omnibus men, and a wild tangle of red curls rioted over her head. Drunken and frowsy as she was—a reproachful incident amid the sombre respectability of a Victoria street summer morning—she was strikingly beautiful, as much by reason of the youth and vigor pulsating through her whole being as of her defiant blue eyes, the fresh cheeks, the loose, full lips and the perfect poise of her head on a round white neck, across the white of which were graveu the lines of the Venus girdle. She swayed along the sidewalk in the bright sunshine like some lusty Bacchanalian nymph who had wandered from the train of the god, and was as yet all unconscious of her mistake. Waviug her old straw hat and twining her arms above her head she tacked from the railings to the lampposts, and back again, while the boy messengers followed at a convenient distance, absorbed in admiration. Dull, scandal-dreading pedestrians hastily stepped into the road as she approached, not daring to acknowledge to their own sense of propriety the beauty of her inspired ecstacies.

A man came up to her from one of the streets leading to the slums that lie not a stone's throw from the lordly thoroughfare. "Come on, Sallie," he said. "Come away out of this. This ain't the place for it. They're laughing at yer! Come down the court and dance it out!" He looked at her anxiously and, with a rough kindness, took hold of her wrist. The woman shook him off with a furious gesture, her eyes blazing.

"You dirty plasterer," she shouted, "get away from me! Don't you touch me or I'll 'arf kill yer. Let me alone, can't yer? Go 'ome to yer murver, yer bloomin' sniveller, and tell *'er* to come an' fetch me. Just you touch me agen, that's all!"

The man thrust his hands into his pockets and slouched away without a word, and the woman pursued him with loud abuse. She held on to the railings, and shouted her angry words down the. strect till the slow approach of a policeman warned her that it was time to be moving. She checked her wrath, and, with a reckless toss of her head, again started along Victoria street, but her face was still flaming with her recent passion when a little man in spectacles met her and stopped dead in front of her.

"Why, Kate," he said. "This is a happy meeting, Kate."

"Oo are you Kating of, bull's-eyes? I'm Sallie Johnson, I am, an none of yer Kates. Sallie's good enough for me, any time of day, an' don't you forget it. *All* right, Professor."

He peered at her through his spectacles, marking her rich curls and her handsome scowling face. Half to himself he murmured:

> "You lie, in faith; for you are called plain Kate,
> And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
> But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
> Kate——"

"'Ere, chuck it, gig-lamps," she said, giving him a rude shove. "You've been drinkin' 'ard, that's what you've been doin', you wicked old sinner, and don't know yer own name." And she laughed at him frankly, audaciously, her teeth gleaming between her red lips, and her throat swelling like a song-bird's.

"That's all right, Sallie," he answered. "Now, listen to me. Would you like to help me, and make a bit for yourself at the same time?"

She steadied herself, and pulled the calico jacket across her throat. "Fair and honest?" she asked.

"Fair and honest," he repeated, gravely. "Will you come to this address to-morrow, and let me paint your picture?" He gave her a card.

"Picture!" she said, with tremendous scorn. "Pretty picture I'd make. There's a picture *for* yer! O Lord!" And she laughed again in her infectious way.

"Not like that," he went on steadily, nodding his head at her untidiness. "I want to paint you in a fine dress, like a grand lady. Don't you fear; I'll make a picture of you that'll set them talking. You will come, wou't you?"

"Fair and honest," she said, puzzled.

"Fair and honest."

"'Ere's that blistered copper; I'm off!" she exclaimed; aud shouting "All right, Guvnor; I'll come," hurried unsteadily down a side street.

"What a streak of luck!" the artist said on his way home. "The very thing—face, hair, figure; Katherine the Shrew in every inch of her. And what a devil of a temper! O my beauty! just wait and see what I'll make of you!"

The woman kept the appointment, and, as the painter had told himself would be the case, she was sober and well soaped. Her rebellious hair looked as though a comb had been valiantly driven into its turmoil—fortunately without smoothing away its fascinating confusion.

"Here's your dress, Sallie," he said, producing a low-cut sixteenth-century gown, profusely sewn with large stage pearls. "Put it on in that room; not here," he added hurriedly, as she made a motion as if to divest herself on the spot of her grimy jacket- When she returned, rustling in the silk. and laughing for joy of her grandeur, he was delighted with the success of his experiment. She bore herself like an empress, and yet with perfect naturalness and freedom. Katherine, for all her shrewness, was a lady; and this slum-woman looked nothing else as she instinctively responded to the suggestion of beauty and dignity conveyed by the fine clothes. The addition of a necklace and fan of turkey feathers completed her, and she swept proudly up and down the studio, declaring that she felt like a Lord Mayor's Show. When her first childish delight had passed, he persuaded her to pose for him, and set to work on his picture.

The sittiug was followed by many others (once Sallie failed to appear, lightly explaining afterwards that there had been a "beano" in her court), and the bulk of the work was rapidly done. As the model became by repeated visits accustomed to the quiet and refinement of the studio, the exuberance of her own disposition became chastened, and what was far more serious to the artist, she begain to lose the air of recklessness and defiant deviltry that had distinguished her. Every day she was less of Katherine the Shrew, and the painter grew troubled. He would look at her long and anxiously, his brush idle, trying to recover the indefinable something in the pose of her chin and the light in her eye which had made her such an adorable subject a few weeks previously; and she would look back at him almost tenderly, though always with a touch of humor. "This won't do at all," he said at last. Sallie rustled her skirts, slowly fanned herself, and smiled contentedly.

"Don't you see," he cried, flinging down his brushes and rumpling his hair dejectedly, "you're not a Grand Duchess or anything of that sort, but a vixen, a wild cat, spitting and snarling and scratching about like a fiend. Try and look more like a she-devil to oblige me."

"I'm all right," said Sallie, composedly: "there ain't nothing to get riled about in this shop. I like them little fish sandwiches of yours, and the red wine in the green glass with gold knobs on it, and you ain't Jim, so I ain't got no call to go and lose my 'air."

"Who's Jim?"

"Ho, Jim! 'E's a putty-faced sneak of a plasterer, 'oo's always 'anging around jawing 'cos 'e wants to marry me, and I won't. I'd like to see myself with a parcel of kids in a perambylater, and Mister Jim smokin' 'is pipe, and me doing all the work."

The artist peered at her keenly through his glasses, and stepped softly back to his easel, picking up his brushes. For a moment or two he worked quickly and then stopped again. A piano organ was playing Gounod's Seranade and she was listening in a puzzled way to its sentimental refrain. This won't do at all," he repeated to himself.

"I dare say Jim's a very good sort," he said indifferently; but she did not seem to hear him. "If you were really Katherine and he were Petruchio, he would soon master you."

She came back from the music stand and said sharply, "If what?"

"I said, if you were really Katherine and he were Petruchio, he'd very soon marry you, whether you liked it or not." He was now painting quickly, and was careful not to let her see his little smile of triumph. "Katherine didn't want to marry Petruchio——"

"Never 'eard of 'im," she said, tossing her head.

"But she just had to, and there was an end of it."

"Silly fool!"

"Aud then, when she turned nasty, he took her food away, and gave her rags to wear, and made her walk all day through the mud, and wouldn't let her get any rest, and in about two days——"

"I don't care about your Troocho," she shouted passionately, scolding him as if he were the luckless Jim himself, "but no one ain't going to come that game over me; no, not the Hemperor of China, and I' ain't going to be no blooming Katherine——"

"Glorious, oh! glorious," he murmured, working furiously; "keep it up."

"I ain't going to be starved and danced ou——"

"And whipped."

"I'd like to see 'im try!"

"He *would*——"

"*Would 'e?*"

"If he were Petruchio."

"But he ain't Troocho, and 'e ain't going to be, and what's more I ain't going to be no Katherine for you or nobody. I'm sick of mucking about in this toggery; take your beastly Christmas tree!" She flung the necklace and fan at him, and tore up aud down the studio in a royal rage, He worked on without heeding, and presently stepped back from the canvas with a gasp of joy.

"Sallie, I don't think I shall have to trouble you any more; the picture's finished," but when he turned he found that she had gone. She had put on her old dress and straw hat and marched straight to the "Rising Sun," where she related to a wondering group the story of Katherine and Troocho.

"Don't you believe a word of it, Sallie," said Jim, with an air of authority; "them painter blokes are born liars."

She looked at him disdainfully. "You ugly rat," she said. "'E's a gentleman, *'e* is; a reg'lar shining toff; and what are you, yer beastly little mongrel! *Git out!*" she screamed, and in her blind fury she dashed her glass in his face. Jim fell, bleeding from a jagged cut on the forehead, and Sallie left the premises in custody. But the picture was the success of the Academy, and was bought by a well-known divine, who is a widower.

Persia is the cats' paradise. The Shah possesses fifty of them, who are under the supervision of a special overseer, with assistants at his command. They are housed in better quarters than those of well-to-Persians. When the Shah goes traveling he is invariably accompanied by the cats, which are well fed and receive careful attendance from the overseer and his subordinates.

The members of the First Illinois Regiment had a camp at San Juan which they christened Malaria Hill. They consumed 1600 to 2000 grains of quinine per day, and so plentiful were the pills that they used them for poker chips.

Four-Oar Crew of Willamette Rowing Club

Sandy Scott, Winner of Junior Single Scull

Patton Taking Out His Cedar Shell

Finish of a Four-Oar Race

A Tug-Boat Race on the Willamette

Bob Stowell, Junior Single

P. Stowell and Luders, Champion Double Scullers

Portland Rowing Club's Boat House

Stowell Getting into His Paper Shell

AQUATICS ON THE WILLAMETTE

Photos by Dalgleish, Portland

President Frank Pierepont Graves

Main Building

Armory, Drill Hall and Gymnasium

Observatory

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE STATE OF WASHINGTON

Photos by C. B. Blethen

WASHINGTON TALK

Ex-Secretary Bayard's Relations with Newspapermen—The War Investigation.

Washington, October 7th.—The death of ex-Secretary Bayard made a fertile topic for reminiscence. Nowhere was he better known than in the capital, in which he had spent so many of his best years. He was a man of great dignity of character and unusual sensitiveness of couscience, and wherever he was he instinctively commanded respect. When a meuber of the Senate there was a great deal of friendliness in that body, and though exteriorally Bayard gave one the impression of aristocratic hauteur, he became really a "genial" with his intiuates. In his relations with newspaper men Mr. Bayard was as frank as possible. When Secretary of State he observed all the amenities of the role, but generally contrived, without violating any obligations, to keep the press iu touch with the facts of the situation, whatever it happened to be. I remember an interview I had with Bayard over a subject of international importance which was much talked about at the time. He wanted to tell me the exact facts, but it was not proper that he should be communicative. Yet he was deteruined I must not have a wrong impression, and proceeded to talk all around the business, by suggestion and example intimatiug everything I could desire to know, and yet saying nothing at all that was undiplomatic or even quotable. Indeed, when one called to see Bayard it was his invariable rule to regret that he could give you no informatiou whatever, but if you remained long enough and were careful not to interrupt, you always retired with an accurate sense of what you had gone after. When the convenances did not intrude, however, he used to be absolutely frank, but only with certain men he knew well. He told me that his kindness had but once been taken advantage of. It seems a newspaperman of some prominence was visiting Washingtou and was iuvited to a dinner of the Farmers' Club at Bayard's house. The table talk was unreserved, and men and things were handled with extreme freedom. Evidently not realizing his obligation, the correspondent published the conversation verbatim and great was the scandal thereof. Of course, the man was ostracized both by the pressmen and the politicians. It was a lesson he never forgot. Nowhere are newspapermen so freely trusted as in the national capital, and nowhere do they write less freely.

Once again there is at the head of affairs a Secretary of State capable of meeting the social obligations of that distinguished role. The Secretary is socially the head of the Administration, and his wife is the second lady after the President's spouse. On them devolves the leadership of official society and the Ambassadors and their entourages look to them for entertainment. You can imagine the satisfaction that Washington feels in seeing for the first time in two years the blinds drawn in the home of the Hays and the storm door once more standing hospitably open. It is one of the show places of Washington, this beautiful house of the Secretary's situated across Lafayette Square from the Executive Mansion. The family has always had prominence in Washington society, and possesses not only wealth but ability to entertain graciously. Mrs. Hay is an admirable lieutenant to her husband and her talented daughter makes an invaluable aide. With the co-operation of the Hays a gay winter may be anticipated.

It seems that Lord Salisbury has decided that the English Ambassador, Sir Julian Pauncefote, must stay another winter at Washington instead of handing over the post to Sir Harry Sanderson, which had been the order of succession decided on. Negotiations of great importance are under way between the two Governments and it is advisable that the man at the head of affairs should know the strings. M. Cambon, the French Ambassador has accumulated so much prestige over the Spanish peace negotiations that M. Brisson has selected him for the English Embassy. He is an accomplished diplomat and will be received with open arms in London, for it is said he is Anglophile rather than Anglophobe, and the maintenance of pleasant relations is very important at the moment.

The war investigation, of course, still takes precedence in the conversation of political circles. Though it is not a whitewashing excursion by any means, it has become evident that much truth is not to be had out on the lines the inquiry is being prosecuted. General Wheeler's role, that of the uncomplaiuing regular, who takes things as they come and finds nothing wrong, is being imitated by the other high officers, and nothing of value is couing out. Not until Congress uudertakes investigation will the abuses be revealed, although enough has already been elicited to prove the existence of grave errors. Secretary Alger's answers to the commission's questions were by no means satisfactory, and he will have to explain quite a number of thiugs before the testimonial which he hopes for is given him. A searching investigation of expenditures remains to be made; the location of caurps iu certain quarters must be explained and the extraordinary influence certain meu exerted in this direction requires interpretation. For instance, it is accused that the railroad at Tampa got local rates for th enormous army traffic passing over its line. Someone will want to know why transports leased at $1,000 per day should be allowed to lie for weeks in Manila harbor when they should have been unloaded at once and sent back to San Francisco. About other contracts made the public has had no information yet, but there is promise of a fertile stock of scandals by the time this branch of the investigation is reached.

Apropos of this subject of war, a well-known army officer said to me the other day: "What right has anyone to expect from Alger or Corbin aught but what has occurred? Both were court-martialed for cowardice; the one is a petty autocrat clearly outmatched by his duties, who used his authority to vent his spite, and the other is a small fry politician, who used his place to promote his own advancement. Appointments were made at the request of any Senator or representative, or any millionaire so that Corbin might have their influence to secure the major-generalship, which is the object of his ambition. In the Commissary and Quartermaster's Department, Eagan and Ludington had just been appointed when the war broke out. The first is, at least, a smart business man and there has been little complaint that the duties of his office were not fulfilled. Ludington has long been in the service, but his career had given him no experience for such duties as he was called upou to perform this summer in Washington. Both made no attempt to cut red tape, but followed precedents ruthlessly. Except that more was done, the procedure was the same as before war broke out.

By the way, General Shafter is decidedly worked up over the manner in which his campaign and his personality were haudled by Richard Harding Davis. There was nothing whatever wrong, the General declares, only that he snubbed Davis, who chose this method of "getting even." He attempts no defense of the separate indictments which the correspondents brings, however. Even a more serious attack is made on Shafter by George Kennan in the latest *Outlook*. This is a clear and intelligent brief that will carry weight with all thinking people. The inference is as strongly against Shafter as is the statement of the German attaché, Count von Goetzen, that there was no generalship on either side, or the subdued hostility of the British attaché's description of the battle of El Canney in the October *Scribner's*.

DRAYTON.

New Zealand has a law which provides an annual pension of $456 for every honest needy person who has reached the age of sixty-five and has lived twenty years in the colony.

R. E. Nixon Hank Summers P. G. McDonald

Geo. W. Morgan L. N. McQuesten Ernest Flores

THE KLONDIKE MECCA

Alaskan Pioneers Who are Holiday-Making in San Francisco.

Think of your ideal of the hardy, all-conquering race that forced its way through the savage Western wilderness, wrested a continent from misrule and desolation, and planted our American civilization on all our long coast of the Pacific Ocean, then say Jack McQuesten. For Jack McQuesten is just such a type, a pioneer of pioneers, a man in whose firm features, form and carriage are read that easy strength, that self-reliance, alert enterprise and simple honesty that have made this Western empire what it is. There is in this man's career what in other days would have inspired ballads, and a novelist will yet seek a counterpart along the banks of the far Yukon.

From his earliest youth McQuestin has been in the Westward van. Born in Portland, Maine, at fourteen, in 1850, he is with his father in the wilds of the Oregon. In his nineteenth year he is fighting Indians in the "Oregon War" of 1855. In that year the Walla Wallas took the warpath and there was a general uprising of all the Northwest tribes. The Government's best soldiers were sent to crush the mutineers. Young McQuesten joined the volunteers in the company raised by Captain Ben Hayden of Salem. At the end of the trouble, and after his full share of fighting, he went into the "Sound Country" in the Quartermaster service of the Army.

From Puget Sound, in March of 1858, he led the rush to the Fraser River gold fields, and afer five years of life in that region, went into the unknown North, where for ten years he traded with the Indians around the headwaters of the Mackenzie. In 1873, he went prospecting down the Mackenzie, crossed the Rocky Mountains by the Pelly, and worked down the Porcupine to the outposts of the Alaska Commercial Company on the Yukon River. Here, in 1874, he entered the employ of the "A. C. Co.," built Fort Reliance and traded with the surrounding tribes until 1886. When gold was struck at Forty-mile Creek, forty miles below the fort, he established a post there and kept that position until 1894, when he built Circle City. During these many years of trading with all comers on the Yukon, he came to be called the "Father of Alaska."

The manner in which McQuesten acquired the familiar "Jack" is typical of the frontier and shows the courage of the man. His name is Leroy McQuesten. In 1858, while he was crossing from Vancouver to Victoria on a sailing vessel in heavy weather, the topsail halliards carried away. All hands were straining at the ropes below, so this daring young fellow climbed into the pitching top and reeved new ropes through the block. He had never been on salt water before, and so struck were his friends with his courage that they at once named him "Sailor Jack," and from that day to this he has been "Jack" McQuesten to his familiars from Dawson to San Francisco.

"Alaska?" he said to me a few days ago. "It's the best country to-day that I know of for a poor man to go to. It is large—tremendous, and it hasn't begun to be prospected, especially on the American side, which is lined with the color of gold. There are many miles of good placers undeveloped, and sooner or later mills and permanent settlements will be built along the lodes. I look for a great future in quartz mining up there. You see, now the ledges are hard to find because everything is covered with moss, but after the summer fires have burned this away, any number of claims will be located.

"Yes," he continued, "the recent development of the country has been pretty rapid compared with the days when the handful of us broke across the mountains into the Yukon Valley, and from now on I look for a continual, steady growth all up and down the river. I'm going back to Dawson myself this May. My interests are there now."

And this quiet man of few words, reluctant to talk about himself, entertained me with a most amusing story which had just been brought down by another well-lined Argonaut who had found the end of the rainbow and a corner of the golden fleece. R. E. L.

ADVENTURERS FROM THE NORTH

Something About the Careers of Cormack, McDonald, and Others.

Surely the Klondiker's mecca is San Francisco. As they themselves would say, "the woods are full of them." Clean, decent, quiet men these miners are, but they are here for ease and relaxation, and they are having a generous good time in this hospitable town.

Among them are many striking personalties—for instance, Mr. Peter McDonald, one of the first of the men who "struck it rich." He went into Alaska as early as 1887, and reached the diggings at Forty-mile just a year after the discovery of gold. Every one made money at Forty-mile, but from 1887 to 1894 interest in mining fell to zero and there was a continual search for new locations. In the fall of 1894 Mr. McDonald and many others found good prospects at Circle City, and mined there with profit until the famous rush to Dawson in 1896. McDonald was prominent among the first arrivals, and acquired valuable properties at Discovery on the Bonanza, on the Skookum and elsewhere. His half of No. 2 below Discovery on the Bonanza and half of No. 3 on the Skookum are very rich properties, and he will return in the spring to promote his interests therein.

A man of similar mould, and as striking a personality, is Captain G. W. Morgan, an Indianan, who went into Alaska in 1885. He passed through all the many vicissitudes which surround such adventurers and found himself at Dawson during the first excitement. Captain Morgan has a number of valuable properties there, and, like his neighbors, goes back to them in the spring.

And there is George W. Cormack, Alaska's John Marshall, who located the Discovery claim and made "The Klondike." Cormack is a son of the West, born on a Contra Costa County cattle ranch in 1860. It was meet that the Golden State of the Sunny South should produce a man to turn the frozen north into one great mining camp. Cormack was born of one of our '49-er families who "stampeded" to California when Marshall found the gold at Sutter's mill. He went to Alaska in 1885, crossed the Chilkoot, and for a dozen years wandered and toiled, from Dyea to the Arctic, until in August, 1896, he found the long-sought metal and staked out Discovery claim on Bonanza creek.

Cormack is a fine specimen of the frontiersman, over six feet tall, and of ideal physique. He is a handsome man, with a proud, quiet, serious and thoughtful countenance. He is going to the Paris Exposition in 1900, aboard his own vessel, by way of the South Sea Islands, China, Japan, the Red Sea and the Mediterranean.

The New York *Herald* has published a thrilling story, hitherto untold, relating how Admiral Sampson's flagship *New York* narrowly escaped destruction by the torpedo-boat *Porter* one dark night during the blockade of Havana. The fleet was displaying no lights except an occasional electric signal, the *Porter* was on scout duty and the *New York* some distance from her station. Silently the *Porter* stole to within 200 yards of the big dark warship, flashed two white lights and a red—the fleet signal—but received no reply. Lieutenant Fremont, her commander, hailed the monster, "What ship is that?" No answer came. "Fire across her bow," he ordered, and bang went the gun in the bow. Again the night fleet signal was flashed from the *Porter*, and a second afterwards from the signal mast of the *New York* were shown two red lights and a white—the wrong signal. Then followed a flash of a gun fired by mistake from the *New York's* fighting top, and a shell whistled over the *Porter*. Again Fremont hailed, "What ship is that?" and received the answer as he was close aboard under the flagship's quarter, "This is the *New York*." It was said that there was some defect that night in the *New York's* signalling apparatus.

A torpedo man from the *Porter* and an officer of the flag-

GEORGE W. CORMACK
Photo by Vaughan & Keith

ship asked each other what would have happened if the *Porter's* hail had not been answered just when it was.

"Do you know what our next order would have been?" asked the flagship man.

"No," said his friend from the *Porter*. "What would it have been?"

"Full speed ahead and ram!" was the reply.

The torpedo man laughed. "You'd never have rammed us," he said, and indeed he was right. The *Porter* might have been sunk; the flagship must have been.

The enemy was expected off Havana at the time, Cervera's fleet being then unaccounted for; men had grown nervous from long tension, much watching and lack of sleep, and it needed but a touch to have caused a tragedy of the sea that would have been heartbreaking in its consequences.

The flag of California has again had the distinction of flying over territory conquered from a Spanish people. First raised at Sonoma, by Americans in revolt against Mexican oppression, it came down only to give place to the well-loved flag of those men who formed the short-lived but glorious California Republic. At home here, on Admission Day and other patriotic holidays, the old grizzly banner of the pioneer is hoisted side by side with the Stars and Stripes, but whoever looked ahead to see a California regiment in the van of war, carrying it across the Pacific to the farthest outpost of Western progress. Californians feel a subtle thrill of pride and exhilaration at the news from Manila, praising the courage and dash of their First Regiment of Infantry. And they are moved again on learning that while at home we were celebrating California's Statehood, away off there back of the sun, their own flesh and blood were in harmony with them, cheering for the national flag and the bear and star of the California Republic.

Birdseye View o

One Mile River, between Lindeman and Bennett

No. 31, El Dorado

Disch

Front Street, Dawson Cit

Custom

Celebration of

NEW VIEWS O

From Copy

s rounding Country

Dawson City

Pack Train between Log Cabin and Lake Bennett

A Goat Train

t Summit

ictories at Dawson

Scales and Summit of Chilkoot Pass

E KLONDIKE

E. A. Hegg

IN POLITICS

Personal Characteristics of Prominent Candidates for Office.

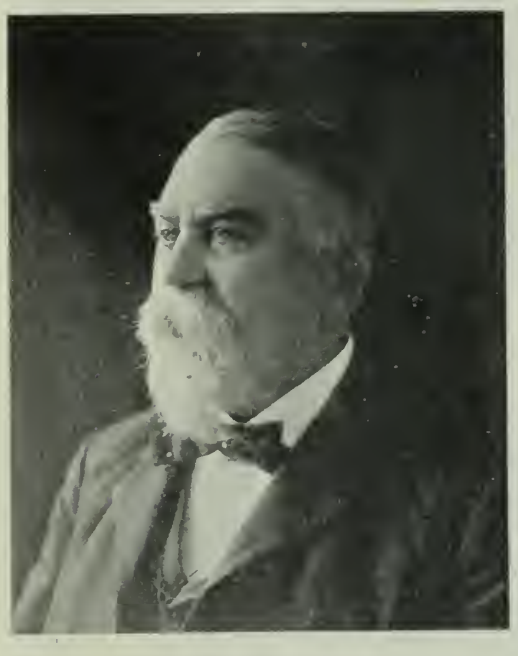
We present below something of the careers and pretensions of candidates on both tickets who aspire to office at the forthcoming election. There can be no question of the importance of the impending struggle, and any information which will aid the voter in determining his choice cannot fail to be of value and interest.

THEODORE F. BONNET.

The candidacy of Theodore F. Bonnet for the office of Sheriff in the City and County of San Francisco is one of the most popular before the voters. Mr. Bonnet is known, by his record as License Collector, to be a capable official, honest, courteous, and well worthy of the confidence reposed in him by the people.

Mr. Bonnet has had an interesting career. At the proper age he was sent to St. Mary's College. Graduating, he for a time studied law in the office of a prominent attorney here. Leaving that precarious profession he entered the even more problematical life on the press. But ability and energy "go" anywhere, and Mr. Bonnet, having these qualities and hosts of friends, soon had a reputation as a news gatherer second to none in San Francisco.

There are plenty of bright men on the local press, and it is no small compliment to say that "Jack" Bonnet was among the most capable. He began as a *Chronicle* reporter. Then he went over to the *Post*, and later to the *Report*, where he was employed for more than ten years, most of the time as the *Report's* City Hall reporter—a position requiring first-rate intelligence, tact, discretion, and a wide knowledge of men and affairs. This "detail" brings a man into daily contact with judges and attorneys, public officials of all grades, and a great many citizens of varying importance. The City Hall reporter must be invariably reliable and trustworthy. To be successful his word must be as good as his bond in all his dealings. The value of



H. N. CLEMENT
Candidate for Superior Judge
Taber, photo

"Jack" Bonnet's wide popularity may be judged by this standard. And by it, too, it is no wonder that under his administration the License Collector's office has been above reproach. He has conducted it fairly and honestly, in the spirit and to the letter of the law, uninfluenced, where his discretion could have allowed laxity, by the cajolings or threats of the "push" seeking the patronage which the office controls. The boss element persistently opposed Mr. Bonnet: therein is his best endorsement. It cannot be that San Francisco will miss a chance to elevate such an exceptional man to the responsible office of Sheriff.

It may be remarked, in *post scriptum*, to the many who are puzzled to see banners and cards describing their favorite candidate as Theodore F. Bonnet, that Theodore is "Jack" Bonnet's baptismal and legal name. "Jack" he is, but by the grace of his boyhood friends. He was given this as a "pet name" while at St. Mary's school, and it has clung to him ever since. To his friends, Jack fits him better than Theodore, But it is Theodore for whom they are to vote.

WILLIAM A. DEANE.

By the nomination of William A. Deane for the office of County Clerk the Republican Convention has afforded an opportunity for the promotion of one of the most efficient deputies in the service of the city and county. The nomination, in fact, is in line with the principles of the best civil service system, since it provides for the advancement of a faithful official in accordance with the merits of his service.

Mr. Deane has served many years in the County Clerk's office, fulfilling various duties, among others that of Chief Deputy, and is therefore well fitted by experience and practical knowledge to take charge of its duties. No man is more familiar with the details of the work required of the Clerk, and no one can be more surely counted on to perform them with efficiency and fidelity.

During the period of his employment as an official of the county Mr. Deane has had business relations with all classes of citizens. They have found him uniformly courteous and obliging, indefatigable in work, carefully accurate in all that he does and thoroughly reliable. By reason of these excellent qualities he has gained the favor of the community at large as well as the esteem of his chiefs and his colleagues in office.

With so worthy a record of past service Mr. Deane enters upon the campaign with qualifications which entitle him to the support of all citizens who desire an efficient and reliable administration of the County Clerk's office. The fidelity with which he has fulfilled all his obligations in the past is a sure guarantee of equal fidelity in the future. Under Mr. Deane's management the people can rely upon it that the work of the County Clerk's office will be performed with business-like promptness, economy and accuracy.—*S. F. Call.*

THEODORE BONNET
Democratic Candidate for Sheriff
Imperial, photo

H. N. CLEMENT.

One of the best names presented to the voters is that of H. N. Clement, the well-known attorney, who is a candidate for Superior Judge on the Republican ticket. Mr. Clement is a lawyer of decided capacity, and his name is also familiar to the public in connection with the new Charter which he helped to frame. Save for his several nominations as a Freeholder he has never aspired to office, but his many friends at the Bar prevailed on him to permit his name to go before the Convention, assuring him of their support. Few men are better posted on municipal law than Mr. Clement. He is an industrious student and has the real judicial temperment. There is no doubt he would be a welcome acqusition to the bench which indeed stands sorely in need of the services of men of his calibre. During his career at the Bar Mr. Clement has written some notable public documents. His articles on Chinese immigration attracted great attention at the time of their publication, and a series of articles on the system of taxation in the New Constitution were widely circulated. He is certainly the type of man we require on our Superior Bench, and it is to be trusted that he will be elected.

CHARLES S. LAUMEISTER.

The nomination of Charles S. Laumeister for Railroad Commissioner, created intense satisfaction throughout Republican circles in the Second District, as he is well known as a business man of ability, and a resident of the State since 1858. Mr. Laumeister, who was but ten years of age when he came here from Germany, became a miller, succeeding so well that in 1872 he established the Laumeister mills. In 1888 he was elected Sheriff by the Republicans, and served two terms. Two years ago, when running for Mayor, the returns showed that had he been the sole Republican candi-

EDWARD HOLLAND
Candidate for Supervisor, First Ward
Vaughan & Keith, photo

date he would have rolled up the largest plurality ever made in this city. No better choice for the office Mr. Laumeister seeks could have been made, as he is upright and conscientious, well qualified to fill the position, besides being by reason of his courteous personality, and openhanded philauthropy, one of the most popular of San Francisco's citizens.

EDWARD HOLLAND.

The First Ward could not have a better representative among the Supervisors than Mr. Edward Holland, proprietor of the Commercial Hotel. He has long been identified with the business community, and for ten years, under his guidance, his hotel has been a monument to managerial skill and judgment. Mr. Holland has done much towards building up San Francisco's Klondike trade. The Commercial Hotel is the headquarters of the men of the Klondike here, as Mr. Holland's branch establishment in Dawson is for his friends in the Yukon Valley. Mr. Holland is a sound Republican. He is a substantial business man, and has been foremost in all matters which have sought the betterment of this city. There is no doubt of his election, and the First Ward is to be congratulated upon its selection of a representative.

A vigorous campaign is being waged on behalf of Henry Martin, the Republican candidate for Sheriff. Always a popular man, his friends have rallied to his assistance and votes are being gathered for him at a great rate. The availability of Mr. Martin is so generally recognized that there is no necessity for argument in this direction.

WILLIAM A. DEANE
Candidate for County Clerk
Bushnell, photo

In many French prisons it has been the custom to keep prisoners *en masse*, and not to isolate them except in certain cases. Where the prisoner was held for a political or civil crime, or where he was awaiting trial at the Assizes, a "chambre" was usually allowed him, provided he could pay for it. In the new prison of Fresnes, in Seine-et-Oise, the cell system will be employed for all prisoners. Apropos of this the Paris *Figaro* gives some interesting figures concerning the prisons on the other side of the Channel. The principal and first "maison" of this sort, it says, is Portland, where 1,600 convicts occupy separate cells. They work in the quarries belonging to the Crown, and extract and break from 60,000 to 70,000 tons of stone a year. Wormwood Scrubbs, in the London district, has 1,052 men in cells and 362 women, while Dartmoor holds 1,301. As at Wormwood Scrubbs, the prisoners there are employed in making sacks (19,000 a year); hammocks for the navy (9,000 a year); shoes for the soldiers (5,000 pairs a year) ;13,000 baskets and 6,000 bedticks. These articles represent a return of £3,000 a year to the State. Near Manchester is Strangeways, which has in separate cells 818 men and 377 women; Liverpool has 1,182 male prisoners; Pentonville 1,176; Wandsworth 1158; Wakefield 1,128; Parkhurst 736; Dover 624; Borstal 534. Two prisons receive only women—Aylesbury 221, and Woking 747. At the last-named prison there are made 17,000 mail sacks a year for the General Postoffice. The returns to the Government from all its prison labor amounted last year to £85,000. "One is led to believe," says *Figaro*, "that the separate-cell system has an excellent effect and tends to diminish crime, for in English prisons there were 19,835 prisoners in 1880, while now there are less than 12,000.

The *Newport*, of the Phillipine transport fleet, came through the Gate a few days ago and her return invites speculation as to the War Department's plan. The *Newport* has gone to the dry-dock for a cleaning and overhauling. The *Senator*, *Valencia* and *Ohio* clear for Manila this week with the recruits for the Oregon Volunteers, the last battalion of the Twenty-third Regulars, the California Heavy Artillery and the regiment of infantry from Washington. What troops the *Newport* will take across, is the question. In this connection, it is interesting to record the mustering out of the Seventh California, and the return of that regiment to Los Angeles. The Tennesseeans and the Seventh fraternized freely in the camps, and the Southern regiment gave the Californians quite a send-off. There is a good deal of Southern blood in the Seventh and not a few of them trace back to a Tennessee origin

The speech of Frankliu K. Lane at the Democratic ratification meeting rather surprised even his friends. It was a capital talk, clear, vigorous and thoughtful, and it caught the crowd like a flash. The tendency to pooh-pooh the candidacy of Mr. Lane for City and County Attorney on account of his youth has been neutralized by the maturity of his speeches. The fact is Mr. Laue is an exceedingly clever and capable lawyer, and there are few men in either party so well equipped to discuss national and municipal issues. Indeed, I venture to assert he could hold his own with any man on either ticket in a debate on any subject before the public.

BABBLINGS OF A BELLE

Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

What a week we have had of it, Diary dear, so much excitement, so much gossip and unkindly feelings! Dear me, I cannot understand why people are so ready to jump at conclusions and always take the worst possible view of a case. It may be human, but it is certainly not Christian nor charitable, nor any of those things. You remember last week how I told you what an awful time Cousin Alice had had since the announcement of her engagement—well, Genevieve Goad has suffered in a similar fashion, and I do not know how much misery she might have endured, only fortunately Mr. Williams told her all about himself before he asked her to share his life. Naturally, being an honorable man, he did not want her to take him without knowing the worst that was said of him. Indeed, Mr. Williams made no secret of this past. All his friends knew everything that was said of him and how his actions had been misinterpreted. I do not believe he ever asked one of the girls to go anywhere with him without first informing her people of his history, and if that was not honorable and straightforward, I should like to learn what would be. I am awfully sorry about the whole affair. Now Mr. Williams feels that the wedding cannot be proceeded with until he has been publicly exonerated and the charges against him disproved. It is very sad, and our sympathies are all with the young people. For my own part, had I made up my mind to be married on a certain day, not all the king's horses could make me change my mind, but then I am a very unreasonably obstinate young person, so Mamma says, anyway.

There have been several very interesting men here during the week and we have wined and dined them with appropriate ceremony. One is Arthur Hay, nephew of the Secretary of State, an awfully agreeable and clever young fellow. He left for Honolulu on the *Gaelic*. Another is Robert Chilton, whom you know married Mamie Dooley, daughter of Mrs. Zimmerman. Mamie Dooley is not particularly well known here, as ever since she left the Sacred Heart Convent she has been in Europe. She is an unusually nice, bright girl, rather more clever than the average. Mr. Chilton used to be chief clerk in the State Department and is now chief of the Consular Bureau. The wedding was extremely quiet, being purely a family affair. It took place on Wednesday afternoon. The third man, who being, to me at least, the most attractive, is Mr. W. S. K. Wetmore of Rhode Island. He is perfectly delightful and just now no one is in it for a moment with him. He is a son of Senator Wetmore, of Rhode Island, one of the millionaires of the Senate. Mamma, who was a New York belle before she did Papa the honor, says that his mother, Edith Kettle Tate, was a great beauty in Gotham, and created quite a sensation as the American girl who had refused to meet the Prince of Wales. Mr. Wetmore is on his way to Japan to visit a chum connected with the Legation there.

Aunt Carolyn, Uncle Harold and I went to see the first polo game of the season at Burlingame on Saturday of last week. It was very interesting and I took especial notice of the efforts of the new players—Frank Carolan and Lieutenant Harris of the Presidio. There were quite a number of spectators from San Mateo and the environs. Uncle Harold is in a high feather over the new clubhouse. You know they have already raised $20,000 and the members have been most generous in their contributions. Messrs. Kruttschnitt, Mountford Wilson and Frank Carolan are on the building committee. I don't know who is to be the architect. George Howard has offered his services, but so far nothing has been really settled. The most generous contributions were made by Will Crocker and Frank Carolan, each of whom bought $2,000 worth of bonds. Uncle Harold says all the members have worked with perfect accord, which is pleasant, is it not?

On Saturday evening I returned home in order to go to the opening meeting of the Saturday Fortnightly, and enjoyed the first dance of my second winter. The crowd belonging to this class is quite youthful, many of the girls not being over sixteen, and the boys between eighteen and twenty-two years. There were a few exceedingly pretty girls, some comely ones and others not particularly beautiful—however, all were young, and Papa says that is an all-sufficient charm. The prettiest, it seemed to me, was a Miss Ethel Cumming, a girl about sixteen, very tall and well made, with a finely set head and beautiful fluffy hair. Miss Addie Dibble is a striking girl and wore a rather startling combination of black and pink or vica versa. The best dancers were Eleanor Farnsworth, Clara Moffatt and a little Miss Davis. Of the older girls Gertie Bates looked very well. Of the men Mr. Fred Knight and Mr. Hewitt Davenport carried off the honors. I have never seen anyone whose step corresponded to mine as does Fred Knight's. The german was led by Mr. Tetler, assisted by Mr. Davenport. The figures were on the marching order. I had a very jolly evening and was tremendously popular. To be honest, that was not so remarkable, as there were forty men to thirty girls!

On Sunday I paid a few calls on the girls who have returned to town and heard all the bits of especially choice gossip. Not that there is anything wildly exciting going on and none of us know how things will be.

The Moody wedding was the event of the week. It took place at noon on Wednesday at the old Moody home on Lombard street. The house was really a picture and quite captivated me. In the drawing-room, where the ceremony was performed, a bower of chrysanthemums arranged in lover's knots twined in smilax was erected. The living-room was in red berries and ferns and the halls and dining-room were stunning in pink. Great American Beauty roses and Cosmos formed the keynote of the decorations. The wide verandah was enclosed in canvas and tete-a-tete tables arranged. Eva Moody looked really lovely in white duchesse satin trimmed with lace and covered in white tulle. Mae Moody was maid of honor and wore a very pretty frock of white taffeta silk veiled in chiffon. The bridesmaids—Bertha Dolbeer, Eva Madden and Bernie Drown—were in green taffeta covered in dotted chiffon. It was an unusually pretty wedding and very informal. Eva looked ever so happy and proud as she walked to meet her future husband on her father's arm. Mr. Breeden was not as nervous as the average bridegroom and made the responses in a clear distinct voice. I never saw Mrs. Moody looking handsomer, although I have always contended that none of her daughters could ever approach her when it came to a question of beauty. She wore a white and blue combination—the skirt of white cloth and lace and bodice of blue trimmed in white lace. After the ceremony we had a very jolly breakfast. Speeches were made, toasts drunk and altogether we had a right royal time. Eva's presents were perfectly beautiful and in such numbers. When they left, we simply pelted them with rice and the carriage started off in what might have been a hailstorm. They went to Southern California for their honeymoon and are to live at the Richelieu until their country home is finished. I expect Mae Moody will be desperately lonely without her twin, for never have I seen so devoted a pair of sisters. On Thursday I went for my usual matutinal ride. Now I must say adieu, and if my first week as a belle has not been so brilliant as the halycon days of my debutantehood blame not me, but the wretched people who refuse to entertain. And so adieu.

Your ever devoted MISS CRICKET.

* *

From the point of view of Dame Fashion it would have been difficult to find a more beautiful collection of gowns than those worn at the nuptials of Miss Neustadter and Mr. Clarence Walter last week. The bride's dress was simply a marvelous contrivance of the modiste's art. It was in the regulation white satin—that is to say, white satin formed the keynote. But fantasies of embroidery and decoration made it as different from the ordinary bridal dress as grass linen from crash. The skirt, which was on the new Paquin order, i. e., cut perfectly plain over the hips, had a front of lattice work wonderfully contrived, the satin was cut out in squares and the chenille laid in solid. This lattice work simulated an apron in front and was curved at the sides, meeting the long train in the back. The waist was cut with a decolletege and embroidered in chenille in similar fashion to the skirt. Round the corsage, forming a bertha with long stole-like ends, was draped a magnificent piece of Brussels point lace. A diamond clasp fastened it at the waist. A guimpe of mousseline de soie and chenille finished the costume. The bride's veil was fastened with real orange blossoms, which also formed her bonquet. The bridesmaids, Miss Rose Walter of New York and Miss Florence Neustadter wore very pretty frocks of pink taffeta covered with pink mousseline de soie. Miss Walter is a very pretty girl, fairish, with a finely molded figure. Her gown was massed in ribbons and insertion, and was simple, girlish and becoming. Miss Florence Neustadter had a ruche of chiffon, corded in white satin as a decoration. Another stunning gown was that worn by the bride's mother, Mrs. J. Neustadter. Of pearl-grey satin, embroidered in a deep shade of grey, the skirt, also cut en l'aquin, was fastened around the hem with garlands of gardenias embroidered in a dark shade of grey velvet. From beneath them fell a deep flounce of accordion-pleated mousseline de soie. The bodice had a solid front of point d'Alencon lace, which also formed the sleeves.

Mrs. Walter, mother of the groom, wore an effective costume of peau de soie. The petticoat was of plain silk, the overdress, which formed a peplum in front, was of brocaded satin. The bodice was trimmed in duchesse lace, which fell to the bottom of the skirt and was held in place by an ornament of silver and pearls. She carried a bouquet of pinkish-lavender orchids. Mrs. Mertief wore a stunning gown of pale lavender. Mrs. Heller made a striking picture in white chiffon, with black polka dots, trimmed in pale blue. The bodice was draped in surplice fashion, and at the head of the drapery a great bunch of pink roses was arranged. Miss Minnie Schwabacher wore a simple but elegant gown of white and black silk. Mrs. David Neustadter was gowned in a handsome black and white costume embroidered in jet and spangles of steel.

A marriage has been arranged between Miss Sachs and Mr. Joseph Newsbauer, which will be celebrated on October 28th. Miss Sachs is a very charming girl and an orphan. Her mother died some time since and her father was killed through falling from his horse about eighteen months ago. Miss Sachs is well dowered in this world's goods, for beside the fortune left her by her parents, she will be the heiress of her grandmother and a rich bachelor uncle. Mr. Newsbauer is the son of Mr. J. Newsbauer of the well-known manufacturing firm.

MISS CLARA THROPP
Who appears at the Comedy Theatre next week in "Where's Matilda"

DIED—HEINROTH. In Pine Grove, Cal., October 7th, Walter, beloved son of Mrs. Lena Heinroth, of Elmhurst, and brother of Oscar Heinroth, a native of Germany.

Cotillion Hall, at 1310 Polk street, has been recently renovated, and is now under the management of Professor G. Farrell. Rent reasonable for balls, parties, etc. Classes Monday evenings.

Herr F. Stark, the well-known director, has organized a Quintette Club, which is open for engagements at society entertainments. The director is a clever musician and has been at much pains to drill his orchestra

The Woman in Red

as above, which is found on the label of every box, is the emblem of the perfect silver polish. Look for it when buying

SILVER ELECTRO-SILICON POLISH

Its merits—not found in others—have made it famous around the world. The statement of some dealers that others are "just the same," or "just as good," *is false. It's unlike all others.* Grocers sell it.

Send for FREE trial quantity and see the difference. Box, post-paid, 15 cts. in stamps.

The Electro Silicon Co., 30 Cliff Street, New York.

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

MOORE'S POISON OAK REMEDY
Cures Poison Oak and all Skin Diseases. Sold by all Druggists.

IMPORTANT!

GREAT NOVELTIES
IN
French Drapery
Lace Curtains
Artistic Furniture

In French, Italian and Colonial Styles
Special Designs.

Estimates for Interior Decoration Furnished Free. Get our figures before entrusting your orders with other concerns.

THE P. ROSSI CO.
117 Sutter Street
Bet. Kearny and Montgomery, San Francisco

Von Meyerinck School of Music
FOR VOICE CULTURE AND PIANO
Under Direction of Mrs. Anna von Meyerinck

Complete Conservatory Courses, including Instruction in Harmony, Theory, Chorus and Sight Singing, Ensemble Playing, Languages, and Physical Culture. Special Preparation for Church Choir Work (weekly rehearsals with choir of Park Congregational Church). Lectures on Musical Topics.

Terms for full course of fifty weeks, $75 (payable in monthly installments of $6.25). Private instruction, $15 and $20 per month. Special seminary courses for teachers.

Coaching for Lighter and Grand Opera by **Mrs. Henri Fairweather.**

Further particulars may be obtained at the school, 841 Fulton street, San Francisco. Reception hours, 12 to 2 daily. Telephone West 223.

THE GREAT LEADER
OF CHAMPAGNES!
G. H. Mumm & Co's
EXTRA DRY

While words tell, statistics prove. The importation of G. H. MUMM & CO'S EXTRA DRY in 1897, aggregating 72,775 cases, or 42,293 cases more than of any other brand, is certainly the most striking evidence of the great popularity of this famous brand of champagne, and particular attention is called to the fine quality, purity, and natural dryness of the wine now coming to this market.

Used at almost all notable banquets, balls, weddings, etc.

Food for the Skin!

The lemon is a natural skin food, healer, cleanser, and beautifier. **California Cream of Lemon** is a toilet preparation made entirely from the soluble substance of the whole lemon. It is free from all chemicals or other adulterants. Used in the bath, it leaves the skin delightfully soft, smooth and white. It is a quick and absolute cure for tan, sunburn, freckles, pimples, and chapped hands and lips. It restores faded complexions to the freshness of youth and removes wrinkles. After using the Cream either in the bath or otherwise, the skin is strengthened, invigorated and beautified.

It retails at 15 cents. Ask your druggist for it. If he will not supply you, send 20 cents and we will send a three-ounce collapsible tube of Cream of Lemon prepaid to any address in the United States.

CALIFORNIA CREAM OF LEMON CO., Inc.
San Diego, Cal
Most druggists sell it—all druggists should.

STARK'S QUINTETTE CLUB

Is open for afternoon musicales, teas, receptions, weddings, etc.

Address HERR F. STARK,
Baldwin Hotel.

Mme. Adele
FROM PARIS
Prices Moderate
Artistic Millinery
350 Hayes Street, San Francisco

Wetting and Mixing the Concrete

Spreading the Concrete

Tamping the Concrete

Natural Bitumen Before Being Melted

Melting Machines

Grouting the Runner-Blocks

Spreading and Rolling the Bitumen

Giving Final Compression with Steam Rollers

The Finished Street

THE REPAVING OF MARKET STREET: A NOTABLE EVENT IN THE HISTORY OF SAN FRANCISCO

HE OCTOBER MAGAZINES

A Explorer Who Writes Prose — Kropotkin's Reminiscences.

e most important article of the month is ard Harding Davis' account of the Santi- ampaign in *Scribner's*. It has previously reviewed in this journal, and further ment is unnecessary save on a basis of parison. Take Caspar Whitney's treat- of the same subject in *Harper's*, or hen Bonsall's in *McClure's*. Both are fair, he former is choppy and the latter color- contrasted with Davis' clear-cut and well- ded statemeut of the event. Bonsall is he man for this type of article; his Span- ketches in the *Century* were very fiue, but correspondence for *Harper's* apropos of tern Siberia was quite valueless. The correspondents are men who criticize as as describe. The reader must be given a e of the personality of the writer, who t himself realize absolutely the movement he battle or campaign so his story may unity and form. Of the three writers, s alone succeeds. His article is admira- built np. There's a central idea, and the ils are subordinated to that. He takes authoritative air of the competent obser- whereas the others merely report. As for illustrations, *Harper's* is easily first, its ires being excellent both iu process and inting. Though *Harper's* is hardly up to ighest level, it has the second most impor- article of the month—that is, from a maga- standpoint. "On the Roof of the World," n Hediu's summary of his tremendous ney through the unknown regions of Asia, es a narrative of vital interest. What is er, it is written with a fine sense of the resque in prose, the description of the nt of Muz-Tagh-Ata (25,527 feet), and the t of moonlight amid the glaciers being y admirable. Rare indeed is the man not only dares unknown wildernesses, can set before the reader such a scene as

e scenery is most beautiful under the light of noon. Overwhelmed by its sight, one stands as ed fast in the creakiug snow, and looks and res. It is a play of magic so tremendous that her pen uor brush is evcn approxiuiately able to fully represent it. Nature's architecture here eady a daring masterpiece — the blue glaciers osed between their black walls of rock mailed fields of ice and snow, and the three-headed ntain giant who lifts himself over the earth into nown spaces. To the left we see, several hun- metres above us, the beginning regions of the ers bathed in the moonlight. On the dark ridge e southeast little elves clothed in white veils are ing a breakneck contra-dance past the moon, over the glacier's ice, there over the northern nits. The light clouds, driven by a gentle south , produce before the moon concentric riugs of ow colors. halos and other forms succeediug other iu quickly changing pictures. One's fan- does not need to exert itselt to transform these ds to what it will — to ghosts in white garments uing each other; to dancing elves; to sportive ntain trolls; to the mountain king on a wooing ney with his sons; or to souls of the dead, cou- ed by their guardian angels arrayed in white s, away from the earth to more blissful regions. eeding the cold, oue stands fast fettered in the snow, and follows with astonishment and wonder this hurrying procession and the strange fantastic disorder which in a thousand forms passes.

This article is but a taste of the book which we are promised soon. It should prove a work of remarkable interest — second only to the polar excursion of Nansen. In the literature of travel *McClure's* is also represented in a far too brief account of the ascent of Aconcagua, by E. A. FitzGerald. Whoever imagines that the glory gained by a successful explorer is lightly won should read the account of the hardships this gallant traveler and his party underwent in their efforts to reach the snowy summit of the highest peak on the Americau continent. It is a narrative of perseverance and suffering crowned finally by partial success, for it seems the leader of the expedition did not himself gain the summit. *McClure's* programme, altogether, is first rate, the "Adventures of a Train Dispatcher" and the diary of the British Consul at Santiago during the hostilities being both good features. Apropos of Cuba, the life of the island is capitally pictured in the *Century* in the journal of Jonathan S. Jenkins. This is a narrative of considerable interest, with a quality of readableness rarely found in amateur writing. Otherwise this number of the *Century* is most important pictorially. The unpublished pictures by Detaille are admirable, though as a feature the Pennel impressions of the Oxford and Cambridge boat race are really better. The "Pony Express" is a first rate idea, and the "Werewolves" makes a properly ghastly narrative. Professor Sloane's impressions of Bismarck are hardly as flattering to the great man as the article of Kuno Francke in the *Atlantic*, but it is a real study—the best I have yet found—whereas the other but duplicates the innumerable monographs which the death of the great German has evoked. Sloane says the glory of Bismarck was not personal, but rather racial and national. He had the gifts of the seer and of the manager combined in singular felicity of proportiou, and he used them with the force, the instinct and the limitations of the strongly marked individuality which characterizes the class into which he was born. The superb description, "A Storm at Sea," by H. P. Whitmarsh, in the *Century*, which is the narrative of an actual incident in the life of the writer, should be read by all lovers of strong prose. The touch is extraordinarily real and vivid, and without being imitative of Kipling, has something of the graphic grasp of his style.

Without doubt the *Atlantic* has a prize in Prince Kropotkin's reminiscences. They are full of personality and valuable detail suggesting a mode of life and an attitude towards affairs far remote from that of the Anglo-Saxon reader. The impulse to quote lengthy passages from out this narrative must be resisted, for the whole is ever so much better than any part. It is rarely good material, and novel to a degree. The second installment of the Carlyle letters is a great improvement on its predecessor. There are outlines of the individuality of the man, and his method of work, his rugged strength, his impatience and earnestness are suggested. Could anything be better than this epitomizing of a London fog: "Loug continued plunges of wet, then clammy, glarry days on days of *half*-wet (a kind of weather peculiar to London, and fully uglier than *whole* wet): — a world of black sunless pluister, very unpleasant to move about in!" How Carlyle worked at his books until he made them come is told in a long letter to his mother. He was at work then on Oliver Cromwell, and he says:

> I am struggling sore to get some hold of it, but the business will be dreadfully difficult, far worse than any *French Revolution*, if I am to do it *right*—and if I do not do it *right* what is the use of doing it at all? For some time I tried actual writing at it lately, but found it was too *soon* yet. I must wrestle and tumble about with it, indeed at bottom I do not know yet whether *ever* I shall be able to make a Book out of it! All that I can do is to *try*, till I ascertain either Yes or No. For the rest I am grown too old and cunning to plunge right in and attempt conquering the thing by sheer *force*. I lie back *canny*, *canny*, and whenever I find my sleep beginning to suffer, I lay down the tools for a while.

In the same magazine there is a model monograph on Walter Bagehot by Woodrow Wilson. You are made to realize the personality of the subject and given a clear impression of the value of him and his writings. The estimate of Bagehot's style is admirably done. Bagehot, he says, never wrote in the air. "He was always looking point blank and with steady eye upon a definite object; he uses a phrase as the masters of painting use a color, not because it is beautiful, but because it matches life. Moreover, he is not writing merely to succeed at that, not to describe, but to make alive." Here follows so true, so lucid a definition of style that I reproduce it whole:

> Style is an instrument, and is made imperishable only by embodiment in some great use. It is not of itself stuff to last; neither can it have real beauty except when working the substantial effects of thought or vision. Its highest triumph is to hit the meaning; and the pleasure you get from it is not unlike that which you get from the perfect action of skill. The *object* is so well and so easily attained! A man's vocabulary and outfit of phrase should be his thought's perfect habit and manner of pose.

Another article of reminiscence is in *Harper's*—the third of the series on Gladstone, by George W. Smalley, which is the best general estimate of the Grand Old Man I have met in any of the magazines.

In *Scribner's* "The Workers" continues the most valuable feature. "Afloat for News in War Time," by John R. Spear, who did the naval campaign for the *Sun*, is well worth reading. Apropos of illustrations, this magazine has the best picture in the series. McCarter's page framing a "New York Nocturne," by C. G. D. Roberts, is better even than Yohn's "Capture of Stony Point."

The *Review of Reviews* is decidedly warlike, being devoted mainly to the late brush with Spain. Lieutenant Parker, who writes "Some Military Lessons of the Struggle," does not indulge in individual criticism as Davis does, but he, too, points out the errors. "The feeding of our troops was not well done, the reconnoissance was made after the position was captured." Otherwise this magazine has all the valuable features that commend it to busy readers.

C.

Death's Betrothal.

A few years ago a New York newspaper conducted an open discussion upon the topic: "Is Marriage a Failure?" The answer is easy and upon the surface. Where there is mutual love and respect, if there is also health, marriage is a success. When health is left out, even the most ardent love does not count, and marriage is invariably a failure.

Modern science has cried the warning so often that all should realize the dangers of wedlock to people in ill-health. In a case of this kind death lurks on every side —in the kiss of betrothal and the caress of the honeymoon. The man who is suffering from ill-health is a physical bankrupt, and has no right to condemn a woman to be his nurse for life and the mother of babes that inherit his physical weakness. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts directly on the digestive organism. It makes it strong and its action perfect. When a man's digestion is all right his blood will be pure; when his blood is pure his nervous system will be strong and his health vigorous.

A woman who suffers from weakness and disease of the delicate organism of her sex is certain to suffer from general ill-health, and to be an unhappy, helpless invalid and a disappointment as a wife. Her children will be weak, puny and peevish. A happy home is an impossibility for her until her health is restored. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures all troubles of the distinctly feminine organism. It cures them speedily, completely and permanently. It fits for wifehood and motherhood. Both medicines are sold by all good dealers.

"A PERFECT FOOD—as Wholesome as it is Delicious."

WALTER BAKER & CO.'S

BREAKFAST COCOA

"Has stood the test of more than 100 years' use among all classes, and for purity and honest worth is unequalled"

Costs less than ONE CENT a Cup.
Trade-Mark on Every Package.

WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD.,
TRADE-MARK. Established 1780. DORCHESTER, MASS.

REPSOLD SELECT VINTAGE
REGISTERED BRAND

California State Exposition 1898

First Prize and Premium Award, Repsold *Cognac*
First Prize and Premium Award, Repsold Select Vintage *Monteello*
First Prize and Premium Award, Repsold Select Vintage *Burgundy*
First Prize and Premium Award, Repsold Select Vintage *Guledel*
Special Mention of Honor, Repsold Select Vintage *Sauternes*.

THIS BRAND OF WINE IS SOLD AT ALL FIRST CLASS HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS

Office, 416 Pine Street

What are the sound waves saying?

The Graphophone

When you get a talking machine, get one on which you can record as well as reproduce sound. The Graphophone is the greatest and best talking machine. Other so-called talking machines reproduce only records of cut-and-dried subjects made in laboratories. The Graphophone, besides affording marvelous entertainment by reproducing brilliantly and clearly the music of bands, orchestras, popular singers, and all the great variety of records made for entertainment purposes, affords infinite personal delight through its power of instantly recording and reproducing at once, and as often as desired, songs sung to it, words spoken to it, or any sound.

Graphophones are sold for $10 and up
Write for Catalogue No. 75

Columbia Phonograph Co.
(DEPARTMENT 75)
723 Market Street, San Francisco
NEW YORK, PARIS, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, WASHINGTON, PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE, BUFFALO.

Political printing
AS IT...
should be done!
Every Kind .·. Any Quanity
Fair Prices
BROWN, MEESE & CRADDOCK
(Incorporated)
419 Sacramento Street.
We print THE WAVE 'Phone Main 530

Blake, Moffitt & Towne
DEALERS IN
PAPER
55, 57, 59 and 61 First Street, San Francisco
Telephone Main 199

WINDOW SHADES
The Only Manufacturer on the Pacific Coast
Any size or color painted to order Plain, Dado, Fringed or Lettered. Hand-Made Opaque Shade Cloth a specialty. Wall Paper, Paper Hanging.
WM. McPHUN
1195 Market Street, cor. Eighth, opp. City Hall

THE NEW BOOKS
AS ISSUED
AT
ROBERTSON'S
126 POST ST.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

400 GRADUATES SECURED POSITIONS IN PAST TWO YEARS
LOW RATES!
San Francisco
Business College
Only Experienced Bookkeepers and Reporters Employed as Teachers. Send for Catalogue.
1236 MARKET STREET, S. F.

Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson's Academy
1427 Franklin St., near Post
Reopens August 1, 1898. English, French, German and Spanish Boarding and Day School. Begins with kindergarten and prepares for universities, business and society. Drawing and painting. Cultured home training. Excellent table. $30.00 per month. Music in all its branches, if desired, extra

Lyceum Preparatory School
For the University, Law and Medical Colleges. Accredited with Stanford University and Cooper College. References — President Jordan or any Stanford Professor.
PHELAN BUILDING.

Los Angeles Military Academy
A Classical and English Boarding School
Re-opens Sept. 14th. Catalogue on application

The Solly Walter School of Illustration
Evening Classes
Tuesdays and Thursdays
26 O'Farrell Street, San Francisco

TO CHICAGO IN 3 1-2 DAYS
TO NEW YORK IN 4 1-2 DAYS
VIA
Chicago Union Pacific
AND
Northwestern Line
Through Pullman and Tourist Sleeping Cars Daily. All meals served a la carte in Dining Car. For full information, address
R. R. RITCHIE,
General Agent Pacific Coast
No. 2 New Montgomery Street (Palace Hotel)
San Francisco, Cal.

THE LATEST STYLES IN
CHOICE WOOLENS
H. S. BRIDGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors
622 Market St. (up stairs) opp. Palace Hotel
Bicycle and Golf Suits

Golden Eagle Hotel
Seventh and K Sts., Sacramento
First-class in every respect. All modern conveniences. Bus at every train. GRAY & TITUS, Props.

ROYAL
Baking Powder

Made from pure cream of tartar.

Safeguards the food against alum.

Alum baking powders are the greatest menacers to health of the present day.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

LONDON

London, Oct. 1st.—The drought continues throughout England. The farmers, who are always the first among the grumblers, have been raising their voices in protest, declaring that unless the obdurate heavens change their tune, the crops will be ruined, and next year we shall have neither fruit nor vegetables. But in London, there is a genuine water famine, and the suffering in the poorer districts is really pathetic. Nevertheless, we cannot all of us sit by the wayside and mourn over ill-fate, and the theaters have been a source of genuine pleasure to Londoners recently. The Lyceum has been particularly attractive, for we have had a Shakespearan revival, with Mrs. Patrick Campbell as Lady Macbeth. I can't say I care particularly for Robertson's impersonation of Macbeth and his voice was anything but distinct. Taber—Julia Marlowe's Taber, as most of us Americans are wont to regard him—did excellent work as Macduff and was recalled again and again. He has been greatly praised by the English critics, and Clement Scott, after rating the performance as a "fantastic dream of pre-Raphaelite colors, design and effeminacy," continues: "Until Macduff arrived on the scene with the splendidly virile, vigorous and admirably accentuated performance by Mr. Taber, the young American, the tragedy never recovered from the shock of a henpecked, a petticoated swayed Macbeth."

But to me, Mrs. Campbell is always a delight and her dresses dreams to cause an artist to think that the time had arrived when he might "paint the thing as he sees it for the God of things as they are." You know she is a curiously beautiful woman, with eyes that may be termed all-absorbing. You feel the rest of her face, but her eyes compel your attention. She is tremendously fascinating—a woman of moods. She hates adverse criticism and is as enthusiastic as a Freshman at his first football game. One moment she is gay and bright, the next petulant and willful. Emotional to her finger tips, she has all the faults and follies as well as the charm of that temperament. She is an exquisite musician and plays the piano with unusual skill.

But to return to Macbeth and the charming costumes worn. The first was a sort of luminous blue and green, with scales of some metallic stuff that were quite lustrous. Over this hung a long green apron and from the shoulders hung ends of beads in the form of an overdress. This was etched in shaded coral. There were hanging outer sleeves of electric blue silk embroidered in bars like a lattice work with copper and black, lined with brownish-red silk. A magnificent girdle of old silver set with corals and diamonds encircled the waist. In the scene in the banquet hall, Lady Macbeth's dress was positively appalling in its richness. A petticoat of cloth of gold with two great eagles with outstretched wings in relief, embroidered in red and green and set with jewels. Above their heads two crowns also heavily jewelled. The bodice and hanging sleeves were also of the cloth of gold embroidered in similar fashion. Over this was worn a cloak of state of the cloth of gold and round the hem a broidery of oak leaves in black and white, studded and veined with rubies and emeralds. A crown of silver gilt and with spread eagle of gold and a long, gold-edged veil of white gauze completed this costume. There were a number of interesting personages at the first performance. The Marquis of Lorne and his sister-in-law, Lady Archibald Campbell, Mrs. Craigie and Mrs. Carl Meyer, who was rendered conspicuous by Sargent's famous Academy portrait last year. As usual she was effectively gowned, in black velvet cut quite off the shoulders and trimmed with an old-fashioned lace bertha.

At the Drury Lane theatre some very stunning and up-to-date costumes are worn by Mrs. Cecil Raleigh. One was of yellow—lemon color—poplin. The skirt and bodice made plain and close fitting. Over this a fitted figaro and a long sloping peplum of fine white guipure lace. On the sides of the corsage were three small black velvet bows fastened with steel buckles. A narrow black band encircled the waist. An out-door costume of leaf-brown cashmere was sufficiently daring to be charming. It had a broad turnover collar of steel embroidered white satin, fastening on either side of a small square of white chiffon. No standing collar, no ribbon, in fact a perfectly bare neck! There was a yoke shaped row of fringe around the bodice and the fringe also appeared in bands down the front of the skirt—small pleated flounces of chiffon overlapped a deep flounce of white lace.

Speaking of actresses naturally brings to mind the latest story about the ever youthful Mrs. Langtry. What a marvellous woman she is! "Age cannot wither nor custom stale her wonderful variety," and now while owning to fifty this modern Cleopatra still gathers in her kingly victims. The latest royal scalp added to her well-filled belt is King Leopold of Belgium, who is vastly attentive to the Jersey Lily. He expressed a wish to meet the muchly-discussed beauty, and Baron Edmund and Arthur Rothschild gave dinners on their yachts at Trouville, thus affording the King the longed-for opportunity. He was chained at once, for it is said that what the Lily has lost in youth she has gained in brilliancy and charm. The King is talking of visiting the United States and Mrs. Langtry is discussing the probability of timing her journey to her California farm to coincide with his excursion. Although socially ostracised to a certain degree in England, the Prince of Wales' set is bound to be civil to this lady, and at the dinners given by the Rothschilds some of the smartest of the French and English nobility were invited to meet her.

There are a number of clever sportswomen among the smart set in England, who can handle a gun and send a straight shot. The Duchess of Bedford is a remarkably sure shot and plays havoc with the grouse and partridges at her English coverts and on the Scottish moors. Lady Beaumont and Lady Sandhurst are also very clever at bird-shooting, and the Marchioness of Breadalbane and Lady Tweedmouth are eminently successful in stag shooting. The Duchess of Newcastle, though not a sportswoman, is very fond of hunting and has some very fine horses. During her recent visit to Russia, she purchased some especially fine borzois, or Russian wolfhounds, and has added them to her collection. The kennels belonging to the Duchess are said to be the finest in England, and her wolfhounds take all the prizes whenever she exhibits them.

An especial friend of mine, who has been visiting Lord and Lady Cawdor at their castle writes me in an ecstacy of enthusiasm about the old place. It is situated above the river Nairn, dates from the year 1454, and stands unaltered and unspoiled. It was built by Thane William, and has an ancient drawbridge which hangs as it has hung for centuries. Shakespeare has familiarized us with Cawdor, for with Glamis it shares the distinction of having been the scene of the murder of Duncan, and a room in the castle is shown where it is said the direful deed was done. There is a donjon on the first floor, and a worn and narrow stairway leads to the three stories above. What was formerly the banquetting hall is now the drawing-room, and has walls covered in tapestry. The ceiling is of uncovered beams and rafters. In the dining-room is the mantel-piece, a magnificent piece of stonework bearing the arms of Cawdor and Campbell and the date 1510. Around the castle stretch the far-famed Cawdor woods. Lord and Lady Cawdor have but recently succeeded to the title, and last year their eldest son, Lord Emlyn, married Miss Joan Thynne. Lady Cawdor was the beautiful Miss Edith Turnor, and reigned a belle some twenty-five years ago.

What is to become of the assassin of the Empress of Austria? Everyone wants to know, yet even the authorities profess ignorance on the subject. To torture him and make an example of him seems to be the general idea, and all sorts of mediæval horrors are suggested. The various exalted personages are most anxious to affix a moral and adorn a tale to this affair, and probably think they will render a repetition of this offense at least undesirable. Lucchini may be made to disappear officially, but no one seems to think that he will be allowed to rest quietly in the Eveche prison of Geneva. If he be, life will not be without its compensations, for although the punishment for murder is solitary confinement, his cell is not uncomfortable, and contains a table and a bed with mattress and sheets. He will have to work at a trade, and will earn a small amount of money, which will enable him to purchase vegetables, fresh bread and cigarettes. He will also be permited to take exercise for an hour a day in a pretty garden. And Dreyfus is confined in a cage on Devils' Island! Truly, inscrutable are the ways of Justice!

The Emperor of Austria received all sorts of telegrams of condolence. The Queen sent him a very touching one with her flowers. It was "A token of the deepest friendship and veneration from her faithful sister, Victoria." The Emperor of Germany sent a verse of Scripture, and the King of Servia a long-winded description of his feelings and wound up by saying he was "absolutely shattered to pieces" by the news. The little Queen of Holland's message was charmingly simple and sympathetic, and must have touched the old Emperor, following as it did her own happy coronation. KATRIONA.

Pears'

soap responds to water instantly; washes and rinses off in a twinkling.

Dr. G. A. Danziger, Dentist, 22 Geary street

PARIS

Paris, Sept. 26th.—In September, Paris is generally cold and disagreeable, but this year the open-air existence so dear to the heart of the Parisian is abundantly possible. All the streets are crowded with pleasure-seekers and the cafes with gay little parties eating and drinking, laughing and gesticulting in true Gallic fashion add gaiety to the effect. Everywhere carriages dashing up and down! I have been visiting all the shops and looking over the hats and frocks. Thus far, the autumn millinery is rather a disappointment. The shapes are not especially novel—different varieties of toques, a few picture hats with plumes on the Gainsborough and Tyrolean order and some velvet cottage-loaf hats. But the chiffon ties are really ravishing and the silk waists more popular and more beautiful than ever. They come in most curious combinations, reds and pinks, magentas and pale blues, but each and every one is trimmed with white. All or nearly all of the *demi saison* frocks are made with a sort of round cream colored yoke and skirt with flaring apron running right up to the top at the back. Either very long coats or exceedingly short ones are worn, but it is very evident that by the time November is with us the reign of the really long coat will be in full swing. Can a reign be in full swing? These coats are cut away in the style of the Louis XVI coat and fall straight from waist to knee. They are either buttoned down in front or crossed to the left side and fastened with fancy buttons. I think them hideous, to speak frankly, and it is only to the very few that they prove at all becoming. A woman must have a perfect figure and also be well proportioned. If the waist line be too long or too short, the long coat brings it out into notice and make a tolerable figure a deformity.

Combinations of colors and contrast seem to be the keynote of the fall fashions—greens and leaf-browns, violets and browns (a hideous combination but fashionable) dark blue and bright red. The black velvet skirt with cut-away polonaises seems to have come to stay. The polonaises and overskirts are rather graceful as a rule. I saw a stunning costume in one of the shops. Of green velvet, the skirt finished with embroidered battlements, the bodice with a fichu drapery over a guimpe of the finest guipure on a transparency of cream satin. Princess dresses are being attempted for evening wear, but so far are not wildly popular. They are made sans sleeves and of course very decollete.

Paris is very quiet, notwithstanding the reports of a revolution in the near future, but one really learns more about the feelings of Paris from the English papers than from living in the city itself. The Paris press is silent regarding the outlook and even the *Figaro* holds its peace. From the inside I have learned that there is a genuine feeling of uneasiness over the situation and many believe that the fate of the Third Republic is sealed. This Dreyfus business has brought a conflict between the civil and military authorities and dozens of duels are in prospect. The tide of sympathy is running strongly in favor of Colonel Picquart. There is every reason to believe that the Revision Committee will be accepted without disturbance.

You know "Gyp" has a novel on the Dreyfus affair running in serial form in one of the papers. It has not proved especially interesting, except in view of recent political events, and has been anti-Dreyfus to the degree that only a spiteful woman can accomplish. The hero is a jolly good fellow, patriotic to a fine point. He narrates his troubles and political anxieties and describes how difficult it is for a man with a strong-minded wife to tread the straight and narrow path. Since the tale started many things have happened, and everyone is wondering how Gyp is going to extricate herself from her difficulties and end her story in a mediumly truthful fashion.

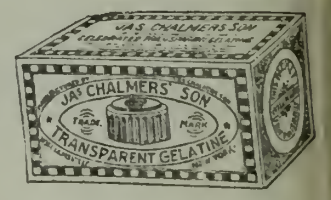
In the meantime Paris is filled with all sorts of rumors about Dreyfus. Some say he has escaped from Devil's Island and is in South America; others insist that he is violently insane, and another report announces his death. However it may be, it seems to me that before very long the French Government will be obliged to produce the prisoner, and either liberate him or else show excellent reasons for their course. Major Esterhazy is still supposed to be in London, and the descriptions of his appearance that are given in the London papers are causing many a smile on this side of the channel.

The theatres are again open and everybody is trying the new shows. La Lonie Fuller is muchly advertised at the Folies Bergeres and at the Folies Dramatiques there is a new three-act operetta called "*Les Quatre Filles d' Aymon*," by M. Paul Lacome. The music is bright and catchy, the plot Frenchy to a degree that will neither bear translation nor transportation.

The Americans are all returning to Paris and may be seen on the Bois and on the Boulevards. The Duchess de la Rochefoucauld is home from Marienbad. Mr. and Mrs. Whitehead, Mrs. James Harris and D. O. Mills are here. Countess Boni de Castellane may now be considered a pretty smart looking Parisian. Her tinted hair adds a genuine *cachet* to her appearance and her costumes are very effectively arranged. The new house on the Avenue de Bois de Boulogne is a dream of beauty and is said to be an exact copy of the mansion built for the unfortunate Marie Antoinette. The little Castellane baby is a perfect picture, with brilliant fair hair and an exquisite skin. It resembles its mother, not however plain Anna Gould, but rather the made over Comtesse. Curious that, too. In spite of reports to the contrary, chiefly circulated in the American yellow journals, the Comte and Comtesse Boni seem a happy enough couple. To be sure they do not always hunt in couples, but no one does in Paris. That would be considered frightfully bourgeois, for in Paris, no matter how much a man may admire the woman

Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist, 806 Market Street

CHALMERS'
GELATIN



Was awarded the First Prize f
purity and general excellence
the Mechanics' Fair.

Jellies made with it are
BRILLIANT and DELICIOU

PACIFIC COAST AGENTS

Sherwood & Sherwoo

SAN FRANCISCO
PORTLAND LOS ANGELES

he has so desired to honor as to make her
wife, he would never do so obvious a thin
to thrust his feelings on the world at l
Count Boni probably married Anna Gould
her money, but no one can say he has
taught her its best uses, and if he has he
her to spend it at least has done so with
degree of wisdom.

BABETT

NEW YORK

New York, October 8th—A friend of
came down from Tuxedo yesterday, and
morrow off he packs to Lakewood, wher
has been hidden for a fortnight's golfing.
I could get from him was golf, golf, and
They're all mad as Hamlet over golf. I
have to take it up seriously, if only in sel
fence. I once went round the links at Ba
rol in 101, and they chaffed me so that I
since affected a profound contempt for the
portation, giving my voice for the exhilara
to be found in riding after the hounds
spent most of the week at Meadowbrook
had several fine runs. But, as I was say
golf is the game of the day. It is really d
to see the cranks knocking red balls abou
the snow. Such devotion proves that it
be good sport when sensibly exercised
know it has taken some very blase people
of-doors and put good red blood into t
veins.

There is nothing important to write abou
find, the town still being in the "calm before
storm" mood. But I can tell you about s
things that are to happen. Two very inter
ing weddings will be coming off soon.
Elizabeth Vanderpool Duer is to be marr
on Wednesday, to a handsome young B
moreon named Carroll Harvey. He is, I h
a scion of the Carroll stock, and thus tw
our oldest families will be united, for
Duer, you must know, has the Van Bu
blood to match that of the Revolutionary g
tleman of Carrollton. The Duers are c
nected with so many of the first New Y
families that the wedding party will be a
able one both for names and wealth. "Hav
hurst," the Duers' home on Weehawk
Heights, has been the scene of gay gatheri
in the past two centuries and a half, but n
excited more interest, perhaps, than the co
ing wedding party, even though such gr
personages as Hamilton, Burr and Jero
Bonaparte have tasted the Duer hospitality
But perhaps a more-talked-of wedding w
be that at St. Thomas', on the twenty-fourth
Miss Marie Churchill to Mr. Harold Baring
London. Baring's mother was Miss Su
Carter Minturn of New York, and it is
surprising that he has followed his fathe
good example and come to America fo
bride. The bridegroom-to-be is a young
man, but he is manly and clever, a partner
the Baring Brothers' banking house, a
cousin to Lord Revelstok, the probable h
band of Princess Victoria of Wales. W
such qualities and connections, and with
American wife as bright as she is beautiful,
ought to forge ahead in the English soc
world.

We are all looking forward rather eagerly
the opening of the new Stuveysant Fish ma
sion at Madison avenue and Seventy-eigh
street. Their old home down in Gramer
Park was too small for Mrs. Fish's swelli
ambition—or Mr. Fish was too often remind
of the absence of his bosom friend, the la
Mr. Tilden—or both. At any rate the n
house, almost completed, is about as big a
magnificent as dollars can make it. It
handsome enough outside, but within it is
almost exact reproduction of the Palace of t
Doges, in architecture and style of furnis
ings. The artists are hard at work on t
mural decorations, furniture, hangings, a
so on, which are being put in, and it is sa
that in November Mrs. Fish will move the
direct from Newport. Then we are to have
housewarming of unequaled splendor, and
this blaze of glory Miss Fish will make h
debut. Mrs. Fish is after the leadership
the Four Hundred. The Bridge of Sighs w
left out of her house plans.

MANHATTAN

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO

Capital and Surplus . Six Million Dollars

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON.....Second Assistant Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

CORRESPONDENTS

New York..... { Messrs. Laidlaw & Co. / The Bank of New York, N B. A.
Baltimore.....The National Exchange Bank
Bostou.....The Tremont National Bank
Chicago..... { Illinois Trust and Savings Bank / Union National Bauk
Philadelphia.....Philadelphia National Bank
St. Louis.....Boatmen's Bank
Virginia City, Nev...Agency of the Bank of California
London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
Paris.....Messrs. De Rothschild Freres
Berlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft
China, Japan and East Indies.....Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China
Australia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California St., S. F.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....$2,135,820 60
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash..... 1,000,000 00
Deposits June 30, 1898.....26,486,987 06

OFFICERS

President, B. A. BECKER
First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER
Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN
Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT
Assistant Cashier, WM. HERRMANN
Secretary, GEORGE TOURNY
Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann, Ign. Stein hart, N. Van Bergen, E. Rhote, H. B. Russ, D. N. Walter and N. Ohlandt.
Attorney - W. S. Goodfellow

San Francisco Savings Union

532 CALIFORNIA ST.

Deposits July 1, 1898.....$23,356,130
Paid Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Reserve Fuud..... 182,009
Contingent Fund..... 435,515

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

DIRECTORS

George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, George Tasheira, E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate, and Farms and Farming Lands in the country.
Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.
No charge is made for pass book or entrance fee.
Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco

33 POST STREET

Below Kearny Mechanics' Institute Buildin

Guaranteed Capital, $1,000,000
Paid Up Capital, $300,000

JAMES D. PHELAN, President
S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-President
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier
C. B. HOBSON, Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS—James D. Phelan, S. G. Murphy, John A. Hooper, James Moffitt, C. G. Hooker, Frank J. Sullivan, L. P. Drexler, Robt. McElroy, Jos. D. Grant.
Interest paid on deposits.
Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks.
When opening accounts, send signature.

CONNECTICUT

FIRE INS. CO.

OF HARTFORD

Assets. $3,300,000. BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.
COLIN M. BOYD,
Agent for San Francisco
501 Montgomery Street

Thuringia Insurance Co.

OF ERFURT, GERMANY

Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248

PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT
204-208 Sansome Street, San Francisco
VOSS, CONRAD & CO,, General Managers

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL Building and Loan Ass'n of California

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and Gen. Manager.
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

FRANKLIN K. LANE G. WHITFIELD LANE

LANE & LANE

Attorneys and Counselors

Removed to
1409-1412-1413 Claus Spreckels Building

A Recapitulation.

BY W. J. COFFIN.

They had passed through the lines of laughing bridesmaids and groomsmen, had heroically received the showers of rice, and were now in the carriage on their way to the train.

He had recovered from the feeling of strangeness occasioned by hastily changing his clothes in an unfamiliar room, and she was thanking her stars that the ordeal of bidding her mother good-by had been so easily accomplished. It was the first moment they had been absolutely alone since the ceremony. The strain was over and all their troubles lay behind them, yet neither could find the words to begin a conversation.

He lay back in the seat, thinking. He was woudering if, after all, he had not made a mistake; if he would not have been happier with the other girl; but no sooner had the idea presented itself than he was appalled at his heresy.

She was thinking, too. She was thinking of the impatience he had exhibited when they were bidding her parents farewell, and she was contrasting his brusque manners and speech with the unfailing courtesy and good nature of the other fellow.

They were both in dangerous moods, yet, swayed by a common impulse, they leaned forward and kissed each other. He took her hand.

"Can you realize it, dear?" he almost whispered.

"What?" she asked.

"That we are married at last."

"Hardly. Didn't the ceremony seem horribly short? Do you think he put it all in? He put in that part 'for better for worse, till death us do part.' It always makes me shudder. Can you realize *that?* We have taken each other for better for worse, for richer for poorer, till death us do part. That phrase is mournful to me. I almost felt like backing out when I had to say those words."

He laughed. "They are incisively final, aren't they? I felt a qualm of hesitancy, too, when we came to that part. Suppose we had both balked?"

"We were too heedful of public appearances to do anything like that. What a senseless formality it is! I'm half inclined to agree with Grant Allen. What is the use of marriage, anyway?"

"Are you regretting it so soon?" he asked.

"She pressed his hand. "No, dear," she answered, "but you mustn't begin a conversation of this sort so early. Perhaps if I detailed to you my views of marriage you would be shocked."

"I think the conversation is a little serious for such a new couple. We ought to be overwhelming each other with nonsensical sentimentalities."

"You are entirely too practical to tolerate any exhibition of sentiment, while I am absurdly sentimental. I suppose that is one of our reasons for loving each other."

"You wrong me there. I have a good supply of sentiment, although it is not very apparent. My innate bashfulness is the cause of its repression."

We are horribly prosaic. I don't think either of us has any sentiment. The idea of analyzing each other's character on such an occasion as this! Make love to me, sir," she commanded, imperiously.

He changed his position awkwardly and put his arm around her. She drew back almost violently.

"Not that way. That is the coarsest form of expressing love. Talk to me. Tell me of your love for me; your ideals; your pet plans for our enjoyment; your expectations. Tell me the numberless delightful little confidences you have reserved for your wife. Show me the inner side of your nature. Confidence is love. The other is mere gratification."

"I hadn't an idea that you were so fanciful—or poetical, rather," he answered.

She sighed. She was thinking of one who was poetical and fanciful enough to have overwhelmed her with love-making of her own kind, upon far less provocation than she had given this man. One who was thoroughly delightful and congenial, but so thoroughly impractical that he was continually penniless, and therefore impossible.

"Listen," said she. "Do you know the sacrifice I have made for the privilege of becoming your wife? I have given up my girlhood. I have curtailed the most delightful part of a woman's life. I have bound myself with iron fetters to one man. I am a wife now. I can be a widow, but I can never be a girl again. I have lost my liberty. Do you realize the magnitude of my sacrifice, and do you realize how great a woman's love must be before she can bring herself to put her girlhood behind her? Do you realize what a woman gives to a man when she marries him? I suppose a man has kindred feelings. What are they? What sacrifices have you made for me?"

"I don't think I have made any sacrifices at all," he laughed. "I consider myself extremely fortunate. I never looked upon marriage as entailing any hardships or self-denial. I have only a lonesome bachelorhood to look back upon. I have a life of pleasant companionship with you to look forward to."

"That was a very pretty speech. You are already beginning to imbibe my ideas about love-making. I have lots of queer ideas about love and conjugal felicity, and my hobby is—confidence. I think we ought to tell each other everything, and I expect you to be just as interested in the price of eggs as I shall be in the doings of the Stock Exchange."

"You couldn't understand the workings of the market."

"It is your life work, and I shall be very much interested in it. I want you to make me understand it."

"You don't mean that husband and wife ought to tell each other everything?"

"Yes, I do."

"Does that include past, present and future?"

"Yes."

"Rather a large order, don't you think?"

"It was rather a large order when we took each other for better or worse. Oh, I don't know why I am talking this way! I think I want sympathy and love—real love."

"Why, my dearest! I love you."

"Oh, yes, yes! In your way, but you don't know how. You love me better probably than I deserve, but you don't love me the way I want you to. I'll have to teach you, and I shall be perfectly miserable until you learn."

"Well, upon my word—"

"Don't be cross. Please don't be cross, and don't think me an unnatural girl for saying this. I'm just queer, and I've done something terrible to-day, and I want to tell you about it, but I'm frightened horribly frightened. Oh, haven't you done something that you're ashamed to tell me; something perfectly awful, that will lessen the enormity of my mistake? I know you haven't, though. You are too calculating, too precise, and too cold."

He gave a curious little laugh.

"I think we are quits," he answered. "I did do something that I'm rather ashamed to tell you. It will probably seem a crime in your eyes."

"Oh, I am so glad! Don't tell me what it was. Let me confess first, and then if you don't make yours worse than mine I shall never forgive you. I'm going to be very brave and not spare myself one single bit. No, no; don't interrupt me. I want to get it over with. Jim Allen called at the house to day and asked for me. You know about Jim and me, don't you?"

"I know you were said to be engaged to him."

"Well, he seemed to think that gave him a claim on my attention, for when I sent word down that I couldn't see him, he acted perfectly awfully and demanded that I should. He wrote a note on a card and said some absurdly wild things, and sent it up to me. I came down because I was afraid not to. He was awfully importunate. He went all over our old affair, and called me heartless, and said he loved me and asked me to go away with him right then, and cried when I wouldn't, and—and—do you want to hear any more?"

"Might as well have it all."

"I was sorry for him—Jim's a dear boy—so I told him I did love him, but I said I loved you more and thought I would be happier with you, and that we were better matched, and then I sent him away and went upstairs and cried—and—and that's all, but I think its pretty bad. I oughtn't to have seen him or told him I loved him, but I do—just a little bit."

"H'm'm—"

"Don't look so queerly. Now tell me what you did."

"Oh, much the same thing. Edith Underhill was at the reception to-day. I had about ten minutes' conversation with her before I went upstairs to change my clothes. We were in that alcove under the stairs in the front hall. Edith is an impulsive little creature, and I suppose the thought that she wasn't to have any more chances at me made her a trifle blue. She cried, too, and I kissed her good-by. So you see I am worse than you are. I kissed another girl the day I married you."

There was a long silence in the carriage.

"Here we are at the station," he said, beginning to gather up bags and umbrellas.

"Oh, don't! Don't get out yet. I want to tell you something else. Go away," she cried to the coachman, who was approaching to open the carriage door. He gaped at her in astonishment, but obediently disappeared.

"I didn't tell you all," she said, talking very fast. "I told Jim I loved him better than anyone else in the whole wide world, and I let him kiss me lots of times, and I said I didn't want to marry you, but it was too late to back out; and I meant what I said."

He shook his arm loose from her detaining grasp. "Damn your confidences," he remarked. "We shall have to hurry if we want to catch our train." *Life.*

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, } ss.
Lucas County.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of One Hundred Dollars for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this sixth day of December, A. D. 1886. A. W. GLEASON,
[Seal] Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, 75c.

For health and strength: Damiana Bitters.

AMUSEMENTS

Baldwin Theatre

FRIEDLANDER, GOTTLOB & Co., Lessess and Mgrs.

Week of October 17th
Every Evening, including Sunday

THE FRAWLEY CO.

In Augustiu Daly's Comedy

LOVE IN HARNESS

From the French of Albin Valabreque

Regular Frawley Prices : : 25c., 50c., 75c., $1

Orpheum

Week commencing . . . . Monday, October 17th
Edwin Milton Royle, presenting the entire play, "Captain Impudence," condensed into one pithy vaudeville act
Louis M. Granat, World's Greatest Unique Whistler
Lydia Barry and George Felix in their Musical Absurdity, "The Vaudeville Craze"
Ray Burton, Marvelous Equilibrist and Rifle Shot
Miss Mary Norman, Society Caricaturist
Johnson & Dean, King and Queen of Darktown
Howard's Comedy Ponies Carpos Bros , Gymnasts
The Biograph with New Views
Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c.

Tivoli Opera House

MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING, Proprietor and Manager

Every Evening — The Big Show
The Merry Operatic Fantasie

THE CIRCUS QUEEN

Music Melodious and Catchy !
Fun Fast and Furious! Dances Graceful and Novel!
Grand Matinee Every Saturday at 2 p. m.
Next—Girolle-Girofla

Popular Prices : : 25 and 50 cts.
Matinee Reserved Seats 25c. Tele. Bush 9

Alcazar Theatre

FRED BELASCO, Lessee : MARK THALL, Manager
Telephone Main 254

Monday, October 17th—Last Week of Belasco & DeMille's Captivating Play

THE WIFE THE WIFE

The *Chronicle* says: "Such a performance of 'The Wife' as we see this week at the Alcazar would not have been possible twenty years ago at these prices. There is no necessity to compare the performance with the old Lyceum Theatre company. There is hardly a question that it offers little less than the original representation."
Reserved Admission — 15c. 25c., 35c., 50c.
In preparation—"May Blossoms"

New Comedy Theatre

Direction, M. B. Leavitt. Alf Ellinghouse, Res. Man.

Souvenir Matinees To-Day and To-Morrow
This and To-Morrow Evenings—Last Performances of The Signal of Liberty
Monday, Oct. 17th—Charming, Lovely, Clever

CLARA THROPP

And Her Own Operatic Comedy Company in

"Where's Matilda?"

Souvenir Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday—25c. to all parts; Gallery 15c. Evening Prices—15c., 25c., 35c., 50c. Seats at the Comedy Theatre and 710 Market street.

Alhambra

HARRY JACKSON, Sole Manager. Telephone S. 435
Commencing Monday, Oct. 17th
THE CUBAN OPERA CO., direct from Cuba—Twenty-eight People—The Novelty of the Age—Cuban Opera, Cuban Dances, Cuban Songs, etc.
ROBERT DOWNING in a New Comedy
MORELAND, THOMPSON & ROBERTS and a Great Vaudeville Bill
And the Sensational Drama OVER THE SEA
A dramatization of Charles Reade's "Never Too Late to Mend"

Prices — 10c., 15c., 25c., 50c. Matinees Weduesday, Saturday and Sunday—Balcony 10c.; Orchestra and Parquette 25c.

SHERMAN, CLAY & CO. HALL

223 Sutter Street

Tuesday and Thursday Evenings, Oct. 18th and 20th
and Saturday Afternoon, Oct. 22d, at 2:30

THE HEINRICH RECITALS

MR. and MRS. MAX HEINRICH, Baritone and Soprano, and MISS JULIA HEINRICH, Contralto

Reserved Seats, 75c. and $1

Now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co s

The Sensation of the Century!

GLEN PARK

The Mission Zoo — Opening Sunday, Oct. 16th

CAN HE DO IT?

PROF. J. WILLIAMS, the World Renowned High Wire Athlete, will attempt the hazardous and unprecedented feat of walking a wire cable 1000 feet in length across Glen Park Canyon, 300 feet above the ground, for a wager of $500. Grand Balloon Ascension and Parachute Descent. Concert, commencing at 12 o'clock, by the Fourth Cavalry Band, 20 pieces, mounted. Morro Castle full of interesting Animals. Children's Playground, free to all. Plenty of Swings and Seesaws and other attractions.

Take Mission, Valencia or Sutter-Street cars and transfer to San Mateo line.

Admission 10 cts.; no further charge. Soldiers in uniform admitted free.

PATRICK & CO.
RUBBER STAMPS
STENCILS, SEALS, BRANDS, ETC.
318 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

THE THEATRES

Passing Comment on Contemporary Performances.

So Mr. Rankin thinks "Elizabeth is to make Nance O'Neil famous." I have not a doubt of his sincerity, inasmuch as in no other role does Miss O'Neil show so plainly the Rankin influence, but I am skeptical as to the prophecy. It will certainly never make her popular, which, however, is quite another thing. For although whatever Miss O'Neil does is hallowed with magnetism, the public will never flock to hear five acts of hoarse raving, even though it be broken with lightning flashes of emotion done with wonderful sincerity and fervor.

At moments she sweeps you off your feet with her tumultous passion, but for the most part you sit uneasy, dissatisfied, shuddering for her throat and thinking how beautiful she is in a red wig.

The only really alarming defect in Nance O'Neil's impersonation, bar the hideous misuse of her voice, is a certain artificial use of her eyes. She rolls them a trifle too often, opens them infinitely too wide, and narrows them a little too much. It is the only touch of insincerity in her otherwise remarkably direct and unaffected methods, and my hearty admiration for her beauty, genius and magnetism makes me hope that she will some day see the cheapness and falsity of such effects. What she really needs is a physician for her throat and attrition with real actors instead of melodramatists. Both these things must come soon to save her from the hopelessly second-rate.

The Camille of this actress is full of promise—critics to the contrary notwithstanding. It is the only Camille—and I've seen a good many—that has ever given me a fellow feeling for the whimperers one always hears at a Camille — even at Mary Wainwright's. Of course, Miss O'Neil uses a broadsword and not a rapier, but she plunges it straight into your heart. Her Camille really loves and suffers and despairs. There is never any doubt about that. In the scene with Armand's father her misery is something one can never forget. To return to Elizabeth. What a fine opportunity Giacometti wasted in Sir Francis Bacon! He took him rather seriously at first, too—gave him several catchy lines, "Intelligence has always been my misfortune," "The poor have no relations," etc.—then he lets him subside miserably into the tiresome commonplace. On the whole, the people who might have filled the empty seats at the Columbia this week are to be congratulated, for the support was ludicrously inadequate and the play a mere series of episodes, lightened by thunderclaps of wrath and capped by a gruesome, painfully-real death scene. Miss O'Neil wrecked her handsome throat with black paint and died lingeringly.

* *

With Robert Downing in "Ingomar," Will Rising and Co. in comic opera and George Boniface in the quarrel scene from "A School for Scandal," the Alhambra is furnishing an odd diversity of entertainment this week. Of course there is lots more in the direction of burlesque and dancing, which has the effect of further extending the program. The Misses Smith's dexterity with shooting irons is quite remarkable, so is the ability of the Oliphans to raise a laugh without uttering a word, a silence, which, however, Messrs. Moreland, Thompson and Roberts break rather inauspiciously in song and joke. A lady, who is content to merely dub herself "Queen of Light," moves about rythmically while a lantern throws hues of wonderful fires on her silken draperies. Quite a varied show it all makes.

* *

All things considered, "The Wife" is being well produced at the Alcazar Theatre. The play is really the best of its class and the percusor of most of the drawing-room dramas so popular at the moment. It was played here by the Lyceum Company a long while ago and subsequently by the Frawleys, but it has never been produced before at Alcazar prices, and so is being enjoyed by an almost entirely new public. The *fralu* best work in the performance is done by Miss Gretchen Lyons, Mr. Kingsley and Miss Gertrude Foster. Their work shows up to excellent advantage.

* *

The strong card at the Orpheum just now is Miss Mary Norman, who is winning attention as a "society caricaturist." Her impersonation of a Boston blue-stocking, her Philadelphiau, her Southern girl, and her Western types are well done and deserve the applause they get. She has been studying San Francisco types to advantage, and our girls are much amused to see themselves as others see them.

* *

DRAMATIC NOTES

"The Circus Queen" has met with great success at the Tivoli Opera House, and will be continued next week. Annie Myers portrays the title role of Angeline in a bright, vivacious manner; Anna Lichter is decidedly clever as the little bride, Ninetta; Edwin Stevens, humorous as the lion-tamer, Cassimir; Phil Branson, merry and life-like as Merryman, the clown; Wm. H. West, stately and exact as the ring-master, Gibson; Elvia Crox, handsome and dashing as the grand duke, Vladimir; Wm. Schuster, a real old Corsican, as Galetti, and Wm. Pruette, a soldierly young dragoon. The other parts are well cast and the chorus, much augmented on the female side, together with the orchestra, make up a capital evening of song, dance and humor. The next production will be Lecocq's "Girofle-Girofla," after which comes Oscar Weil's operetta, "Suzette."

The New Comedy Theatre has enjoyed a prosperous two weeks with "The Signal of Liberty." The play gives way to Miss Thropp on Sunday evening, who will be seen with her own company. This popular little comedienne was born in Washington, D. C., and made her first appearance on the stage at the age of three. For ten years she was famous as a child actress, her greatest success being as Tags in the "County Fair," with Neil Burgess. Last year Miss Clara appeared in the title role of the "Gay Parisienne," at the Duke of York Theatre, London, with great success. Miss Thropp's new play is an operatic comedy entitled "Where's Matilda?" by Leopold Jordan. The company comprises twenty people, and is under the direction of her brother, Charles Thropp.

The four new acts at the Orpheum next week include Edwin Milton Royle and Selina Fetter, supported by their own company, presenting a condensed version of "Captain Impudence." Mr. Royle will put on one of his plays each week of his stay at the Orpheum. Felix and Barry have a skit entitled "The Vaudeville Craze," in which they burlesque a number of vaudeville people. Ray Burton combines the feats of an equilibrist with those of a fancy rifle shot in a manner interesting to the onlooker, while Louis M. Granat does something unique in whistling, which is said to differ fram anything of the kind ever heard on the Orpheum stage. The holdovers include Mary Norman, Carpos Brothers, Howard and Ponies, and the Biograph.

There is promised real interest for musicians in the Heinrichs recitals which take place next week. Their performance is something similar to that given by the Henschels, being rendering of songs by Schubert, Schuman, Brahms and other modern composers, and their work is of the very best, better than anything we have had—which is saying a good deal. The youngest member of the trio, Miss Heinrichs, is said to sing charmingly. It is to be hoped that an audience worthy of the occasion will gather at Sherman & Clay Hall on Tuesday, the opening night.

Next week at the Baldwin the Frawley Company will appear in Augustin Daly's comedy, "Love in Harness." The comedy is capitally adapted to the company, and Miss Bates will take Miss Rehan's old role. "The Prisoner of Zenda" is in active rehearsal.

The capital production of "The Wife" at the Alcazar will be continued next week. "May Blossom" will be postponed. "The Politician" is set for early production. The management is negotiating to bring out Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac."

There is to be a grand opening at Glen Park at the Mission next Sunday, when Professor Williams will attempt to cross the canyon on a wire cable one thousand feet in length. This is really a big feat and well worth seeing.

The next musical evening at Byron Mauzy Hall is set for the evening of October 27th. Rhys Thomas has the programme in charge.

A particularly sad affair was the death of Mr. Cavalier Hamilton Jouett, which occurred on Sunday last. Mr. Jouett had been ill for the past three weeks, but until the last few days the doctors held out some hope of his recovery. Then, unfavorable symptoms developed, and from Friday afternoon he gradually sunk. Though young, Mr. Jouett was a very competent business man, and had occupied for some years the position of manager of the R. A. Dunsmuir Coal Company. His death is generally regretted, for he was a genial, pleasant man, and universally esteemed. Some eight years ago Mr. Jouett married Miss Mary Hooper, eldest daughter of Major W. B. Hooper, and leaves a widow and two small sons. The funeral took place from Trinity Church on Wednesday afternoon.

The old reliable Decker & Sons pianos are sold exclusively by the Zeno Mauvais Music Co., 769 Market street. There is no better piano made and the prices are very reasonable.

No better photography is being done in the country than that which we have here in San Francisco, and some of the best photographic work in the world may be seen at the Imperial Gallery, 724 Market street, which has passed into the hands of Coover and Rasmussen. For many years Mr. Coover was one of the prominent operators of Chicago, and his partner has long been identified with the business in Eastern cities. The former came to San Francisco as operator for Marceau and showed himself by his work there an exceedingly accomplished artist. It is always possible to get a fair idea of photographer's ability by the style and manner of his prints, and it must be admitted that one of the most attractive displays of camera work in town is that in the vestibule of the Imperial Gallery. An indication of the capacity of Mr. Coover is the fine picture of the Old Fiddler, which was a feature of the Christmas Wave.

Clothing, curtains, blankets, etc., cleaned or dyed. Pacific Cleaning and Dyeing Works, 353-357 Tehama street. Telephohe South 40. J. Spaulding & Co.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes, Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

Poodle Dog Restaurant, southeast corner of Grant avenue and Bush street. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone 429. Blanco & Bruno, proprietors,

Insist Upon Having Your Ticket to New York Boston, or Other Eastern Cities

Read over the Nickel Plate (N. Y. C. & St. L. R. R.), the popular low-rate short line. Quick time, unexcelled accommodations, and no extra fares charged. Jay W. Adams, Pacific Coast Passenger Agent, 37 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal.

GERMEA

The Ideal Breakfast Dish

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON
Phone Main 5178

Sutter Street Hammam

TURKISH AND RUSSIAN BATHS

415 Sutter Street, between Stockton and Powell

Open Day and Night for Gentlemen
For Ladies, from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

Centennial Stable

Boarding and Livery
Carriages, Broughams, Victorias, etc. First-Class in every respect

1521-1523-1525 California Street
Bet. Polk and Larkin

Telephone East 378 M. CONLON, Proprietor

For those who appreciate Comfort and Attention

A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL
SAN FRANCISCO
WM. B. HOOPER, MANAGER

Hotel Belvedere

Opened for the Season May 1st

Belvedere, Cal. MRS. A. T. MOORE.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT — BULLION MINING CO.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 1st day of October, 1898, an assessment (No. 53) of five (5) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 11, 331 Pine street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 5th day of November, 1898, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on Monday the 28th day of November, 1898, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.
Office, room 11, 331 Pine street, San Fraucisco, Cal.

CONSOLIDATED NEW YORK MINING CO.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereoy given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 8th day of October, 1898, an assessment (No. 15) of three (3) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the compauy, room 79 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 10th day of November, 1898, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday, the 30th day of November, 1898, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

CHAS. E. ELLIOT, Secretary.
Office, room 79, Nevada Block. No. 309 Montgomery street, San Fraucisco, California.

CHOLLAR MINING CO —Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 12th day of October, 1898, an assessment (No. 47) of ten (10) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California. Any stoek upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 15th day of November, 1898, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday, the 7th day of December, 1898, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. CHAS. E ELLIOT, Secretary.
Office, room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, the famous orator, statesman, railroad president and millionaire, in an interview said of his recent visit to Del Monte: "I visted Monterey, and I call it the most beautiful place in the world. Monte Carlo cannot compare with it. Its seventeen mile-drive is unparalleled for fineness."

Specially reduced rates for the winter months of November, December, January and February, are offered, as follows:
Single room, with board for one person, by the month, $65. Double room, with board for one person, by the month, $70; two persons, $135.
Best room, with board for one person, by the month, $75; two persons, $145. Best room, with bath and board for one person, by the month, $80; two persons, $155
Small parlor suites, with board for one person, by the month, $80; two persons, $155. Daily and weekly rates remain as heretofore—from $3 to $5 per day

For further information, address **GEORGE SCHONEWALD, Manager**
Hotel Del Monte, Monterey, California.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway wharf San Francisco.

For Alaskan ports, 10 a. m. Oct. 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, Nov. 2; transfer at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports 10 a. m. Oct. 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, Nov. 2, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, 2 p.m. Oct. 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, Nov. 5, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a. m. Oct. 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, Nov. 1, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redoudo (Los Angeles), 11 a.m. Oct. 2,5 , 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, Nov. 3, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Mexican ports, 10 a. m. 18th of every month.

For further information, obtain folder.

The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing.

Ticket Office: 4 New Montgomery St (Palace Hotel)

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen. Agts.

No. 10 Market Street, - San Francisco, Cal.

OCEANIC Steamship Company

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S.S. Mariposa, **for Australia,** Wednesday, Nov. 2d, at 2 p.m. Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown. South Africa.

S. S. "Australia," **Honolulu only,** Wednesday, Oct. 19th, at 2. p.m.

Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.
Freight Office 327 Market St.

I. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO General Agents

Santa Fe Route

The Most Comfortable Way to Travel Across the Continent!

Through Pullman Parlor and Tourist Cars Every Day

Meals at Harvey's Famous Dining-Rooms

Get full particulars at Ticket Office

628 MARKET STREET

SAN FRANCISCO

1118 Broadway, OAKLAND

A. K. DAGGETT

Drawing of Deeds and all Legal Papers a specialty

NOTARY PUBLIC
14 Montgomery St., S. F
Telephone 305

"Remember the Name!"

Certain individuals who do not patronize American industries run off with an idea that in order to get good wines they must use European products, when there is no necessity for so doing, and in these stirring and patriotic times of To-day everybody should feel a keen interest in American products which are of deserving merit,

CRESTA BLANCA

Both for the reason that they are used largely among American citizens, and made by Americans for American people in America now and always, and therefore we ask you to give the fair and impartial trial at your club or home

CRESTA BLANCA California Wines

With anything of like cost from France. Inasmuch as these wines have been acknowledged second to one in comparison with goods from the European countries, wherever exhibited, you Surely are in favor of American goods.

WETMORE - BOWEN CO.
410 Post Street San Francisco, Cal.

MRS. M. E. PERLEY MRS. S. V. CULP

DECORATIVE KERAMIC ART STUDIO

215 Post Street

All Branches of Chiua Paiuting Taught
Morning Class: Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, from 9 a. m. to 12 m. Afternoon Class: Daily, from 1:30 to 4:30. Lessons $1 each. Private Lessons $1.50 each. TRY OUR ROMAN GOLD.
Telephone Grant 43

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

Main Office, 510 Montgomery St.
SAN FRANCISCO
Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper Information
Advance Reports on all Contract Work
Telephoue Maiu 1042

Brushes

For barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bathhouses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candymakers, canners, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paperhangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

BUCHANAN BROS.

TEL. 6010 609 SACRAMENTO ST
BRUSH MANUFACTURERS

We will send "The Wave" for Four Months to any address in the United States

For One Dollar

The Best Illustrated Paper West of New York

"The Wave"

Topics of the Day Ably Discussed

Subscribe Now

Address
Subscription Dept. "The Wave"
24 Montgomery St.

GREENBAUM'S

White and Dark Violet

The Most Fashionable Perfume
Possesses the Odor of Fresh Violets

128 POST ST. UNDER BOHEMIAN CLUB

BONESTELL & CO.

Dealers in PAPER

Fine Coated Papers a Specialty

401-403 SANSOME ST.,
San Francisco, Cal.

JOE POHEIM, THE TAILOR

Makes the best fitting clothes at 25 per cent less than any other house on the Paoific Coast. See Prices:

PANTS TO ORDER	SUITS TO ORDER
$3.50	$10.00
4.50	13.50
5.00	15.50
6.00	17.50
7.00	20.00
8.00	25.00
9.00	30.00

The firm of JOE POHEIM is the largest in the United States. Rules for self-measurement and samples of cloth sent free.

201 and 203 Montgomery St., cor. Bush.
844 & 846 Market St. 1110 & 1112 Market St.
SAN FRANCISCO.
485 Fourteenth St., Oakland. 603 & 605 K St., Sacramento.
143 South Spring St., Los Angeles.

BAJA CALIFORNIA

DAMIANA BITTERS

Damiana is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. Damiana Bitters are known on their merits. (Send for Circular.)

NABER, ALFS & BRUNE, Agents
323-325 Market St., S. F.

NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

Lord Charles Beresford, when a midshipman, was doing deck duty on the frigate to which he was attached when an accident occurred. The vessel was lying in the Mersey at the time, and one of the boats containing visitors got swamped, precipitating a portly gentleman into the river. Young Beresford jumped overboard and managed to keep the man afloat until a boat from the vessel picked them up. They were taken on board and the usual restoratives applied. But no treatment seemed available to bring a smile to the stout gentleman's face. Someone remarked to him, "You don't appear very pleased at having been rescued from drowning?" "Ugh!" he exclaimed in a tone of disgust, glancing first at his own portly proportions and then at his rescuer, "he was such a little 'un!"

Mark Twain was at an evening party when a gushing young authoress was introduced to him. "Oh, Mr. Clemens," she exclaimed, "I am so afraid of this dreadful authors' cramp. All my friends tell me I will have it if I write a novel. Do tell me about it. Did you ever have it?" "Once," was the smiling reply. "Oh, how awful! And what did you take for it?" "Beefsteak." "Beefsteak? Why I thought that was only for diphtheria, bound on the throat raw——" "Madam," said he grimly, "for my form of authors' cramp it was taken inside the throat cooked. I can't answer for its being a panacea, but for my form it was all right."

The case of Henrietta Rucker against Peter Rucker came up for hearing in a Topeka court. Mrs. Rucker, a buxom colored dame, had for her attorney a prominent Populist lawyer, Otis Hungate, who proceeded to draw from the voluble lady a statement of her grievances. Peter had suddenly become a shiftless vagrant, she declared. "Tell the Court, Mrs. Rucker," said Hungate, "when it was you noticed this change in your husband's behavior." "Well, sah," responded Henrietta, "I fust hegun to notice it when Pete jined the Pop'lis pahty, an' it 'pears like he done kep' goin' from had to wu's."

A group of members of the House were discussing the way in which the old members were dying off. One death after another was cited, and it was agreed that a new set of men —the Baileys et al—were coming in to take the place of the old wheel horses. Just then a streak of black appeared alongside the little knot of men. They looked after it and saw that it was General Wheeler, dashing along at his accustomed pace. "Well," said one, "there's Joe Wheeler. He seems to hang on pretty well." "Ya-as," drawled Speaker Reed, with his inimitable drawl, "the reason he hangs on is that he goes so fast death can't catch him."

A certain Mr. Swadleigh, who has a phenomenally large neck, had occasion to change his laundryman. On the Sunday morning following it was noticed that he was an unusually long time making his toilet. He called his wife, and she went upstairs. "Maria," said he, "I wish you would see what is the matter with this shirt. The sleeves are all wrong, and I can't find any holes for the collar buttons." Mrs. Swadleigh gave one look at it and went into a paroxysm of laughter. "George," she replied, faintly, "you are trying to put that shirt on wrong side up! The laundryman starched the wrong end of it!"

Spontaneous eloquence is oftener talked of than heard. A well-known correspondent was sitting next Colonel Hay, who had been Lincoln's secretary, at a public dinner in New York. A prominent politician was making a speech and said: "In genuine eloquence the words came hot from the heart. No nobler speech was ever uttered in America than Lincoln's address at Gettysburg, and I am assured it was wholly spontaneous. He had not given it a thought before he rose to speak." "While he was delivering it," said Colonel Hay to me, aside, "I had the fifth copy of it in my pocket."

Joaquin Miller, who was called upon by a learned professor while in Oregon, asked him kindly, "And what do you do?" The professor said that he held the chair of metaphysics and logic at his university. The old poet, with a reassuring smile, such as one encourages a child with, responded, "Logic and metaphysics? Ah, yes—I suppose we have to have people to look after these things, even if they don't exist!"

Lord Palmerston had a friend who was rather given to late hours. This friend had an appointment with the Duke of Wellington, who kept very early hours. The appointment was for 8 in the morning. "How will you manage to keep it?" inquired Palmerston of his friend. "Oh," he replied, "it's the easiest thing in the world! I shall take it the last thing before going to bed."

Women are now admitted to lectures at Edinburgh University, where they sit on the front seats. Recently eight women were attending Professor Tait's lecture on the geometric forms of crystals. "An octahedron, gentlemen," said the professor, "is a body with eight plane faces. For example——" "Look at the front hench," broke in a man from the safe ground of the back seats.

A clergyman went to Baird, the great ironmaster, to beg for help for a mission in India. Baird listened patiently, and when the applicant had exhausted his eloquence, handed him a shilling. "A shilling, Mr. Baird? But think of the distance it has to go!" "So it has," said Baird, producing a sovereign; "here's a pound to tak' it oot!"

Two pitmen were inspecting the animals in a traveling menagerie. They paused for a considerable time before a cage containing a zebra. "This beats aall!" exclaimed Geordy. "What is it? Is't a giraffe?" "Nowt o' the sort," returned his companion, "it's only a jackass wiv a stripey coat on his back."

THE UNAPPROACHABLE COLDNESS

...OF...

THE Alaska REFRIGERATORS

HAS WON FOR THEM

MANY WARM FRIENDS!

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.

Pacific Coast Agents

309 to 317 Market Street, San Francisco

LAUNCH AHOY!

Length 45 ft.; beam 10 ft.; speed 10 miles.

20 H. P. Hercules Gasoline Engine

NOISELESS! SELF-STARTING!

The only absolutely reliable, durable, and perfectly satisfactory marine gasoline engine.
4 H. P. to 200 H. P.

HERCULES GAS ENGINE WORKS

405 7 Sansome St. San Francisco

Send for New Catalog

If we made it, it's proper!

We are giving

demonstrations daily in the art of correct tailoring. Our customers are models of neatness and fashion, and we take pride in having them such. If you are particular—if your clothes must be just so—then we want you for a customer. Won't you let us demonstrate this with you?

GRENNAN BROS. Telephone Black 2465 850 Market St.

COTTON SAIL DUCKS

22 inch in all numbers Medium Soft and Hard

ALSO

Heavy Sawgut Wagon and Draper Ducks

From [illegible] inches wide

Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks

Manufactured by Mount Vernon Company Baltimore

Murphy, Grant & Co. Pacific Coast Sole Agents

Beware of Imitations

This is a fac simile of the package

Genuine Diamond "L" Tea

Pure and Uncolored

GEO. A. MOORE & CO.

208 California St., S. F.

For sale by all grocers

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

PALACE AND GRAND HOTELS

Now Under One Management

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1400 rooms — 900 with bath

Rooms, $1.00 and upward Room and Meals, $3.00 and upward

A beautifully illustrated book, containing floor plans and rate card can be had for the asking. JOHN C. KIRKPATRICK, Manager.

HOTEL WESTMINSTER

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLANS LOS ANGELES, CAL.

The Finest and Most Complete Hotel in the City. Everything New.
The Highest Standard of Perfection Maintained in all Departments.

F. O. JOHNSON, Proprietor.

Louis Roederer Champagne

HIGHEST GRADE IN THE WORLD

E. LA MONTAGNE & SONS
Sole Agents
45 Beaver St., New York

Three kinds, all of equal excellence:

BRUT
GOLD SEAL
A Perfectly Dry Wine

GRAND VIN SEC
BROWN SEAL
The Perfection of a Dry Wine

CARTE BLANCHE
WHITE SEAL
A Rich Wine

MACONDRAY & CO.
Sole Agents Pacific Coast
116 California Street

573-579 Market Street / San Francisco — R. H. PEASE, Vice-President and Manager — 73 and 75 First Street / Portland, Ore.

TELEPHONE MAIN 5806.

YOSEMITE ENGRAVING COMPANY

MAKERS

24 MONTGOMERY ST.

The illustrations in this paper are made by us.

HAWAIIAN ADVERTISEMENTS

Coffee, Fruit and Grazing Lands FOR SALE OR TO LEASE

8,000 acres in fee simple — 5,000 acres leasehold

IN THE CELEBRATED COFFEE DISTRICT OF KONA, ISLAND OF HAWAII

Also, some desirable lots in the City of Honolulu

Apply to J. M. MONSARRAT

Real Estate and Financial Agent, HONOLULU, H. I.

Hawaiian Trust and Investment Co., Ltd.

Paid Up Capital, $30,000

Makes a Specialty of Hawaiian Securities and Real Estate. Correspondence solicited.

G. R. CARTER, Manager

References — Welch & Co., San Francisco; Bank of Hawaii, Honolulu

W. C. ACHI & COMPANY

Real Estate Brokers

We will buy or sell real estate in any part of the group. We will also buy or sell Stocks in any corporation in the Hawaiian Islands.

Office, 10 West King Street, Honolulu, H. I.

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS 308-314 POST ST.

Warranted for Ten Years

THE WAVE

VOL. XVIII. No. 17 SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 22, 1898 PRICE 10 CENTS

This Paper not to be taken from the Library.

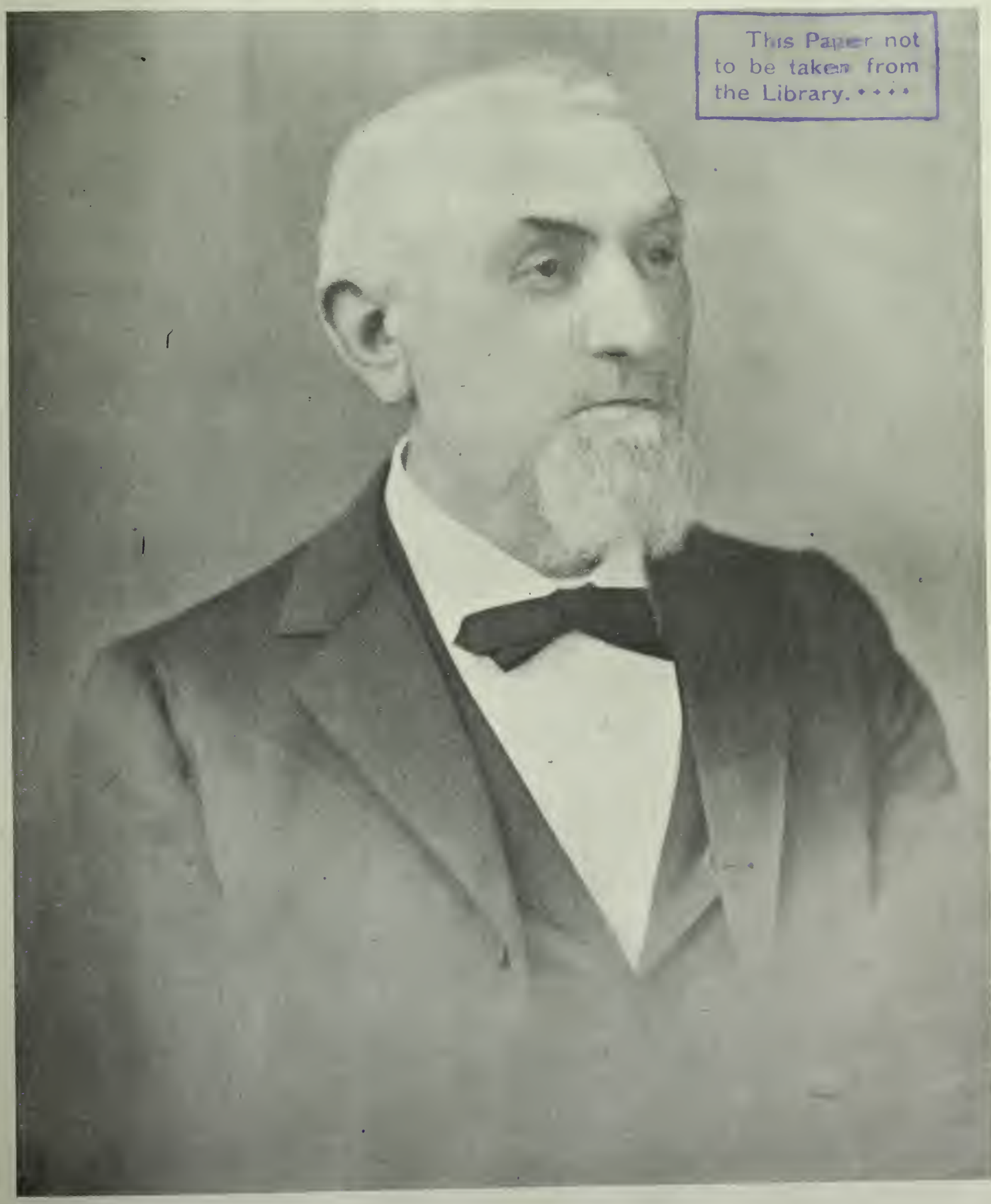


Photo by Thors

A. C. FREESE

INDEPENDENT CANDIDATE FOR PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR

(PRESENT INCUMBENT)

THE WAVE

Is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $5.00 per year. Sample copies free on application.

The trade is supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 342 Geary street; east of the Rocky Mountains by the American News Company, New York.

The Wave is kept on file and is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France; 31 Union Square, New York City; 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 206 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

For advertising rates and on all other matters pertaining to city business, address Trevor Corry, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Eastern representative, D. M. Foltz, 34 Park Row, New York.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 22, 1898

CONTENTS

Editorials	2
Things and People; by Boswell Jr.	3
The Festival of Mountain and Plain at Denver	4
"China in Transformation": a Review by C.	5
Western Harvest Festivals	5
Roosevelt and Van Wyck	5
Queen Wilhelmina's Coronation	5-7
Native Life in the Philippines	8
Quay's Troubles; by Drayton	9
The Floral Carnival at Topeka	10-11
Strapped in Galveston	12
Banshee Warnings	12
The Babblings of a Belle	13
The Fruit Fair at Spokane	14
Fiction in Review	15
London Letter	16
New York Letter	16
How One Regular Died	17
The Theatres	18
New Stories Re-Told	20

THE DIVORCE PROBLEM IN THE EPISCOPAL CONVENTION.

That the law and the church should be at variance in the matter of divorce is not so important now as it might have been half a century ago. The propriety of separating mismated couples for causes other than statutory is recognized in most European countries, and legal provision has been made to facilitate the undoing of the nuptial knot. What the church makes a sacrament, the law regards as a civil contract, the parties to which enter into obligations to one another that involves their property interests. The sentimental and spiritual aspect of the relationship are not considered—it is a species of partnership regulated by stringent legal formalities, and its civil conditions are met by the purchase of a license and the services of a judge. It is entirely proper that such a contract may be dissolved by the same power that created it; hence divorce.

But there is another law than that of the books — the law of the church — which declares that "whom God has joined let no man put asunder." This is the command of the inspired writings of Christianity, and it can only be interpreted as making marriage indissoluble. Death may dissolve the bonds of matrimony, but a judge never. The Catholic Church broadly refuses to recognize the institution of divorce, though for serious causes it permits a separation between man and wife. But neither may again marry. The canon of the Episcopal Church is less rigid in its interpretation of the text. It provides that "no minister, knowingly, after due inquiry, shall solemnize the marriage of any person who has a divorced husband or wife living, if such husband or wife has been put away for any cause arising after marriage," but it makes an exception in favor of the victim in these words: "This canon shall not be held to apply to the innocent party in a divorce for the cause of adultery, or to parties once divorced seeking to be united again." Other creeds make fewer exactions, and are satisfied to solemnize all nuptials under the conditions the law sanctions, and the law generally leaves divorced persons free to contract new alliances.

A discussion of the propriety of divorce at this era of the world's history is amiss. Divorce exists, is a recognized form of relief under circumstances well understood, and reactionary legislation in regard to it is improbable. That there should be a national divorce law prescribing uniform condition of dissolving the marriage contract throughout the States is generally recognized, but that such legislation, if it is ever enacted, will follow the canonical law is inconceivable. Rather will it set forth the general principles under which a marriage may be annulled, perhaps imposing disabilities in the way of delays, as has been done in California, before the parties are free to again tempt fate. In this era of the emancipated woman, and at the end of the Nineteenth Century, it is irrational to attempt the enforcement of a mandate pronounced under conditions diametrically opposed to those now existing. Marriage is the most important of all human contracts, and the best interests of humanity are enlisted in the maintenance and sanctification of the nuptial bond. But men err and women, too, and there apparently being little inspiration in selection, the wrong people are mated and discover their incompatibility after their condition prescribes for them life under one roof. The Catholic theory is that release being impossible, the husband and wife adjust temperaments and develop harmony perforce, there being no hope of bettering the state by new connections. In this contention there is a certain homely philosophy, like that of compelling the agreement of a jury by dint of shutting it up until it arrives at unanimity, but civilization is opposed to compulsion between the sexes and nowadays juries that disagree are released.

This attitude of the Catholic Church seems about to be imitated by the Episcopal convention now in session at Washington, before which certain changes of the marriage canon are being discussed. Two thousand clergymen of this denomination have signed a petition asking that the convention rule positively against divorce. The committee appointed to revise the constitution of the church has reported in favor of amending the canon on marriage to read:

No minister of this church shall solemnize the marriage of either party to a divorce during the life of the other party.

This amendment is certain of the support of the High Church ministers, and finds many advocates among the Low Church men, but there is a considerable opposition, led by no less distinguished a clergyman than Bishop Potter, who deprecates so stringent a rule, and advocates at least the exception in favor of re-marrying the innocent victim. This element will present the following amendment of the canon:

No minister of this Church shall solemnize the marriage of any person who has a divorced husband or wife living. This shall not apply to the innocent party in a divorce obtained for the cause of adultery on his or her filing with the minister, as evidence of such innocence, a legally certified transcript of the record, showing a final judgment or a decree of a court of record having jurisdiction on the subject matter, awarding him or her a divorce *a vinculo matrimonii* on the grounds of adultery.

Sufficiently drastic in all conscience is even this liberal interpretation of the law of God, but the temper of the Episcopal Church seems aroused against greater indulgence. In order to compel further the observance of the code it is to be provided that no person married otherwise than in the discipline of the Church allows shall be admitted to baptism, confirmation or communion. Virtually this rule debars from participation in full Church membership all Episcopalians who, having availed themselves of the law of the land by securing freedom from an uncongenial alliance, have married again under better conditions.

Does the ministry imagine that its prohibition will force its members who suffers under the curse of an unfortunate marital connection to bear their burden in silence? Society no longer frowns on *divorcé*, nor is a previous marriage legally annulled, a bar among people of good standing to new marital aspirations. The world realizes what the church refuses to recognize, that incompatibility of temperament is a fairer basis for divorce than the statutatory offence. The wedded state is the best condition of living, and it is in the parental relation that men and women fulfill the highest duties of life. Yet no association is so productive of misery and torture as an unfortunate marriage, and in no relation is it so difficult to guard against disaster. As long as mankind seeks out or is sought after by womankind there will be errors of judgment, and while it is essential that the right of both should be protected, neither should be deprived of such solace as a second trial may confer. How much better for the Church to assist in the enactment of a fair divorce law for the nation than in legislating to deprive its own members, who, after all, have done nothing more serious than err, of its spiritual consolations.

THE DECLINE OF MACHINE MANUFACTURING.

Machinery manufacturers in California have about decided to abandon further attempts at competing with Eastern institutions. The struggle is too unequal. Quite recently bids were invited by a well-known local firm for the construction of a 13-horse power engine. The preference, it was understood, would be given a San Francisco establishment, provided the price quoted was approximate to the Eastern quotations. Indeed, the firm was willing to pay something extra in order to benefit a home institution. Two San Francisco manufacturers competed, stipulating that in order to obtain the order they would put their engines in at exact cost. The best price they could make was $750, and the contract was awarded an Eastern agent, whose engine was sold for $550. A favorite assumption of theorists on trade conditions on the Pacific Coast has been that we were losing our grip on Western commerce because of the great profits our dealers demand. In this instance, the explanation fails to account, for the engine makers offered their machines at actual cost.

Some other cause, therefore, must be looked for. The reason is elemental. We produce no pig iron on this side of the continent, so the essential product for the industry must be imported at a cost of not less than one cent per pound. The result is that the foundries use scrap iron for castings, and it is well known that iron deteriorates in its working qualities at every melting. Not only are the castings thus made inferior in virtue, but they cost a third to a half more than at Eastern foundries. The machinist who attempts to work them on his lathes finds a surface so hard and so brittle as almost to defy his best efforts and finest tools. It is this cost of castings that operates most seriously against the San Francisco manufacturer. There are other considerations also—the wide extent of the Eastern market, which admits of a larger output and consequently the use of automatic machinery to perform work done here by hand. It would not pay our manufacturers to put in the newest types of machinery, because the expense of the investment and the inadequacy of returns. Is it not cheaper after all to utilize the facilities of the East to perform services at which we are at a disadvantage. This is the view being taken by many of the smaller establishments. Several houses, which have patents for special makes of engines, are now having them turned out in Eastern shops, being thus in a position to compete on even terms with their rivals. Such special advantage as their appliance may have weighs then in its favor on an equal basis and not as a compensation for increased cost.

The closing down of machine shops inevitably inflicts a serious loss on the coast. Yet what remedy is presented? As long as conditions exist as they are, so long will competition be impossible. With the development of great markets in the Orient it may again become profitable to establish machine manufacturing here, but in the meantime we must be content to develop the abundant resources indigenous to our State. We have the consolation of knowing that few countries in the world have such rich and varied resources as California has. Circumstances are against us in manufacturing steel and wood, but the regions that vanquish us so easily in a machinery competition are out of it when it becomes a question of gold mining, wine making, fruit-growing or the production of wheat, barley or beans.

RUSSIAN COMPETITION IN CHINA.

Our Consuls at Canton, Amoy and Cheefoo, report an enormous increase in the foreign trade in China, and point out that 15 per cent of it is controlled by Americans. This is more than double the whole German trade and second only to Great Britain's. As Consul Fowler, at Cheefoo, puts it: "The value of the United States exports to China is greater than that of all continental Europe and of Russia, European and Asiatic. But how long is this to continue?"

The Chinese are said to have made an agreement with the Russo-Chinese Bank to charge one-third less import duty on all Russian goods entering China through Manchuria than is paid on similar products from other foreign countries landed at a Chinese port; further, that export duties are to be reduced one-third in favor of Russia. If this is true it will stagger American commerce there. True or not, the Russian bounty system is a worse menace. It has been applied in Central Asia and adjoining frontiers with the result that no foreign product which Russia produces has been able to hold its own in the markets accessible to Russia or within her "sphere of influence." This Russian bounty system will seriously affect our kerosene trade when the Muscovites begin running oil-tank trains carrying millions of gallons of their Batoum petroleum into China. Already this Russian oil has begun to undersell our oils, and it is likely that very soon we shall have no kerosene trade, or only a portion of it, owing to the superiority of our product. In 1894 the Chinese importation of American oil amounted to 51,000,000 gallons, of Russian oil 17,000,000, and of Sumatran oil only 500,000 gallons. In 1897 the importation of American oil had fallen off to 48,000,000 gallons, while that of Russian oil had increased to 30,000,000 gallons and that of Sumatran oil to 14,000,000.

The methods by which Russia is driving out our oil may be applied to our cotton goods. Cotton goods is the most valuable line of our trade with China. Forty per cent of the cotton from our Southern States—$7,000,000 worth—went to China last year. The Russian clashes with us in iron, coal and flour. What are we to do when she can pour her goods into China under conditions and terms which the ministers of that nation may fix at will. There are billions of future trade with the 400,000,000 or more of Mongolian population, and the opening up and developing of China is of vital interest to a nation that ranks next to Great Britain in the Orient. The vicissitudes of our trade with China should be causing our merchants and statesmen a good deal of serious thought. Hawaii and the Philippines are links in the chain that will bind Asia to us, but what is the good of a road without an "open door" at the end of it.

Countess Adelina von Schimmelmann of Denmark, who has tied up her yacht *Duen* at Chicago for the winter, is a remarkable woman, wealthy and eccentric, but noted for her charitable work among those who "go down to the sea in ships." A few years ago she was a lady-in-waiting at the German court. Her relatives attempted to restrain her from giving large sums to charities, and even had her examined for insanity. After her release from these persecutions, the countess turned her back on the court and the gay world and since then has been occupied with her own religious and charitable purposes. She is a dignified woman of forty, with clean-cut, handsome features and brown hair and blue eyes. She speaks English fluently, and is most enthusiastic about her missionary labors.

THINGS AND PEOPLE

The burglar of fiction was arrested recently in Brooklyn—a *House on the Marsh* burglar of unimpeachable manners and superb physique, whose wife and mother-in-law believed him a commercial traveler. Travis is the name of this professional gentleman. He had Sandow muscles, excellent manners, and transacted his business with a skill which defied detection and earned him a comfortable income. There is something almost romantic in the career of this polite cracksman. The head of a happy, luxurious home, he made occasional excursions into the country in the pursuit of "business," and his dear wife and his mother believed him the most law-abiding of men. Frequently he presented them with jewels, and there was never any difficulty over the exactions of the milliner or the demands of the modiste. In fact the burglar's marriage was a model one—such as the innocent rarely attain. Only by a chance was this artist captured and that through the enthusiastic commendation of a brother in crime, one "Big Bill Mason," who aroused the curiosity of the authorities by his description of the "smartest man in the business," so marvellously clever that he has never been caught and is not even suspected. Among the addresses in "Big Bill's" possession was one of a house in Schermerhorn street, Brooklyn, which, with the clairvoyance of his profession, the Captain of detectives located as the seat of crime. A tall, broad-shouldered gentleman went in and out daily—a man with the air of a prosperous contractor; but two detectives were set to dogging him, on the remote assumption that he might be this "smartest man in the business." One day, gripsack in hand, Mr. Travis started for New Haven; the detectives followed, and in the peaceful Connecticut town pursued their man around through the residence sections, and in fear that he should suspect espionage returned to the station and were ordered home by a policeman who saw "cracksman" under their unobtrusive air. They awaited their man at Grand Central Depot in New York. He arrived next day, grip in hand—a heavy grip it seemed; they pinioned and searched him, found a choice collection of silver tea-spoons, napkin rings and watches, together with a set of the best burglar's tools. Taken to headquarters, Travis spoke with some pride of his work, which he said had been done entirely outside New York. Stripped, this gentlemanly burglar exposed the shoulders and arms of a Hercules, but was quite unperturbed by the little accident that had cut short his usefulness. His wife and her mother, however, were terribly shocked and astonished, and the latter lady, with tears in her eyes, took off and surrendered a fine diamond ring that her attentive son-in-law had given her but a few days previously.

***

In one sense there is something hugely comic about the situation. Yet life abounds in such deceptions. How indignantly Mrs. Travis would have resented a suspicion of her husband's habits. She imagined, doubtless, she knew his life like a book, and in his absence pictured his commercial traveling with a wealth of imaginative detail. On his return she would meet him in the hall, and with her arms around his neck, inquire if he had had a successful "trip," And he, with fine restraint would mentally appraise the contents of his valise and whisper confidentially the degree of his "commissions." A kindly man, an excellent provider, generous, strong, and self-contained, what wonder that he was adored. It was a favorite theory of Oscar Wilde's, that nature is at great pains to imitate art, and he declared that Balzac had invented the Nineteenth Century. I heard a distinguished painter, of great California repute, complain bitterly of a sunset on the Alameda marshes because he declared it a direct imitation of one of his own effects. It does seem as though life had been at some pains in the instance of Travis to invade the chosen domain of fiction.

***

There is an opportunity for some philosophical analyst to trace the value of the saloon in politics. An impression is current among a large class of candidates that generous patronage of the driuking places throughout a city constitutes an electoral canvass. They go in, order whisky all round, distribute cards or pictures in conspicuous locations and imagine a claim is thereby imposed on the sufferages of the neighborhood. Not one of these aspirants would dream of entering a dry goods store or a bakery to win votes; yet the assumption is as reasonable in one instance as in the other. The average German who dispenses beer and groceries at the average street corner has no especial magnetism to empower him to dictate to a cohort of customers the direction of their votes. A hanger on or two may, to oblige him mark this candidate or the other on their tickets, but his influence rarely amounts to over ten votes. Some saloon men, who have the trick of popularity, make politics a profession and cultivate relationship with the "push," but even these men exercise no control, and their influeuce rarely amounts to more than a tenth of the voting strength of the precinct. As for the "push,"—its force is a tradition of the Buckley-Higgins era, when no man thought of doing politics save in the back parlor of a saloon. It is composed, in general, of employees of the municipality or of aspirants thereto, together with their friends and backers, constituting, perhaps, three thousand men altogether. These are the workers, these people who made their living out of politics and it is their expressions that make the gossip of the game. A narrow circle at its widest, and its sway is as limited as its interests.

***

Apropos of the saloon in politics, an enterprising German who, two years ago experienced the value of electoral custom due to the proximity of an election booth, discovered to his chagrination that the Registrar this year had set the booth three blocks away from his place of business. This seemed either an undue invasion of vested rights or an error, and acting on the latter assumption he proceeded to correct it. Hiring the team and outfit of a house-mover, he promptly hauled the structure to its old location and fondly awaited results. They came back in the guise of a policeman and a warrant, while the booth was promptly moved back again. It was enterprising, doubtlsss, for the saloonkeeper thus to take the law in his own hands, but, as is often the case, he at the same time put his foot in it.

There died in Seattle a few days ago the pioneer American woman of the Klondike, Mrs. Viola Grignon, the first white woman to take up a permanent residence at Dawson, and the richest female Kloudiker known. She died of what one intelligent correspondent calls "inanition"—probably a disease peculiar to the Arctic Circle induced by excessive *aurora borealis*. On reflection, this may be his delicate way of breaking it to mother that she died of starvation, famine, drought, insufficiency, an inability to gain nutrition from her food. Mrs. Grignon was Miss Maloun five years ago when she took the trail for the Yukon Basin. Friends tried to dissuade her, but she crossed the Chilkoot Pass, paddled down the lakes, shot the White Horse Rapids, and finally reached the river settlements. She was royally welcomed, and always afterward maintained that it would be hard to find a more chivalrous set of men than those rough Yukon miners. She soon met Ned Grignon and they were married. He staked off one of the richest claims on the Bonanza, and she became part owner in prospects worth several fortunes. The hard life in ice and snow affected even her remarkably strong constitution, and she had to come south three months ago for proper treatment and care. But she slowly faded ont of life despite the best attention money could command. The men of the Yukon say that white women cannot long withstand the rigors of their Arctic winter.

***

Two dainty feminines, scions of Gotham's aristocracy, have been roughing it in the Klondike. A week or so ago a sombreroed Rough Rider, long hair flying, blood in his eyes, rode into a New York hostelry and ordered drinks for himself and horse. The East and the West will appreciate each other after a while.

***

Mrs. Roswell D. Hitchcock, of New York, widow of the Roswell Hitchcock of the navy, who died aboard the *Alert* over in the China Seas, cousin of Elisha Dyer, Rhode Island's great Governor, an enthusiastic golf-player and all that, accompanied by Miss Edith M. Van Buren, of Englewood in Jersey, daughter of a former Minister to Japan, no less than a great grand-niece of President Van Buren, have been tasting of frontier life in the frozen north. They sailed from here on the *St. Paul* last June, and spent the summer on the Klondike. They went up for the fun of it, but bought a few claims while they were enjoying the novelty. Returning, they steamed up the lakes, crossed the White Pass, and boarded the *Topeka* at Skaguay. The ladies brought down a quantity of gold specimens and Indian curios, and a high opinion of Dawson and the Alaskan miner. They have done Europe and America, but they like Dawson, which they say is the richest town on earth. They say, too, that the miners treated them with the greatest deference; and "American Chivalry" is to be the title of a chapter in Mrs. Hitchcock's forthcoming book.

***

There was an interesting bit of naval ceremony on board the flagship *Philadelphia* when Rear-Admiral Miller relinquished command of the Pacific Station to Commodore Kautz. At eleven in the morning, when the officers and men were at muster on the quarter-deck of the cruiser, Admiral Miller and Commodore Kautz, with their staff officers, came out of the cabin; Lieutenant Perkins ordered the main guard to salute the Admiral, and the band played a salute. Then Admiral Miller directed his farewell order to be announced. He next read the orders from the Secretary of the Navy detaching him from the command of the Pacific Station and ordered his flag to be saluted. The Admiral's thirteen guns were fired, and at the last report his flag was hauled slowly down. Commodore Kautz then read the orders directing him to take the command of the fleet; his flag was hoisted, and a Commodore's salute of eleven guns was fired. The crew was then disuissed, and the officers were invited into the cabin to take leave of Admiral Miller and to meet his successor.

***

The imagination which is utilized by the ordiuary journalist in coloring his stories is a weak and alternated faculty in comparison with the romantic fancy of James Creelman, the *New York Journal's* European "Commissioner." Creelman is a gallant literary freebooter, who realizes exactly what is expected of him and seldom disappoints his editor. Nothing if not sensational, he will rear an elaborate structure of words and headlines on a suspicion. It is done, too, with such a manifestation of force and sincerity so as often to deceive even the initiated. The audacity of the fellow is magnificent; that he was courageous unto recklessness was abundantly manifested in the Santiago campaign. The latest European nightmare of this bright dreamer is a wild-eyed tale of a Philippine bond plot in which ex Secretary Day and the administration is engaged in fostering. The assumption is that America being determined to have the Philippines will shoulder this debt which will increase at once the value of these securities. The wicked plotters have carefully organized a great syndicate on the Madrid bourse, and when Creelman attempted to negotiate a purchase he was made aware of the movement. This, gravely urges the "Commissioner," might have been avoided had not Chairman Day enforced secrecy on the Commission. Yellow journalism is not permitted to assist at the peace negotiations, hence the iniquitous plot. Rather slender foundation you may think for blotting the honor of a set of gentlemen of national prominence, but that is a way our newspapers have, and it is supposed to be bad form to notice the mud thus thrown.

POLITICAL CAUSERIE

Political prophesying is a poor business at the best, for predictions are invariably based on individual impressions or preferences. Without pretending to a special inspiration, however, I feel safe in asserting that if the election were to take place to-morrow Gage would have a majority of at least twenty thousand. Between single tax, anarchy and populistic vagaries, the ardor of Maguire's supporters has become chilled. The newspapers and the orators have driven into the minds of the people that his election would injure California as nothing else could. The Congressman, in the eyes of the nation, ranks with Altgeld and Waite and Tillman as a wild-eyed reformer bent on destroying the institutions we have without offering aught in their place. Roughly stated, the question before the voters is this: Which will you have—Gage, who is honest and safe, or Maguire, who, though honest, is not safe? The average man with a stake in the community, or a wife at home, decides for the Republican. I believe, in spite of the enthusiasm and numbers at Democratic gatherings, that Gage will be but little behind Maguire in San Francisco, and I think he is safe to poll the full strength of his party, together with a third of the Democracy's vote outside of this city. Presuming his defeat, what effect will it have on Maguire's career? The best judgment of the party foresaw this bitter contest. His weakness was pointed out months ago in these very columns, but an energetic "push" of relatives brought about his nomination, and the responsibility in no small degree is theirs. No headwork has been developed in the campaign. A chairman devoid of political experience was put in charge of the fight, and the pernicious influence that the Gallaghers exercise over the candidate's mind was exhibited by the manning of the State Committee. Had it not been for Judge Lawlor's clever organization, I feel assured the Fusion ticket would have cut no figure at all in the contest.

***

The electoral campaign is well under way. The newspapers are discussing the candidates with that unrelieved frankness natural to the heat of battle. Personalities are flying, and gentlemen of repute and credit are making hay of one another's reputations in a manner sad to see. In the meantime, the *Examiner* has sailed in and is waging a brisk fight for the Phelan end, and incidentally whacking his opponent with vigor. The Mayor is supplying plenty of ammunition for his advocates. Throughout the city his speeches have been notably good, meaty and vivacious. If the enthusiasm of Democratic gatherings be an index of success, Mr. Phelan should be elected by an enormous majority. In spite of advertising and whooping the Republican gatherings have made a poor show in comparison, and there has been little of that enthusiasm, which is so freely manifested on the other side. Of course, it may be said that Republicans are not good at attending meetings, which, may account for this phase of the situation.

***

Never has a municipal contest been so hard to define. Two years ago the results were well outlined in advance, but I defy the seventh daughter of a seventh son to predict the outcome of this particular election. The results are certain to be close, and I know of but one sure winner on the list—that is the candidacy of Martin Meagher for Recorder. A gentleman of character and credit, with a host of friends and no opposition to speak of, his victory is sure. The greatest interest is being concentrated in the fight between Bonnet and Henry Martin, which is being vigorously waged. The License Collector is making a thorough canvass, while behind his opponent is a large force of enthusiastic workers who seem determined to succeed. In the case of Dean vs. Brown, the Republican candidate has the advantage of his opponent in the matter of acquaintance, for he is a very pleasant and courteous man, and has made many friends. His political connections are against him, however, and the impression is current that the election of one of Curry's deputies means a continuation of the Curry system. My own belief is that Mr. Deane would be bound by the pledges of the platform. However, it is this suspicion that balances the disadvantages of Brown's obscurity. He seems to have an excellent character, being a buyer at J. J. O'Brien's store, and very much of a favorite.

***

The Siebe-Dodge fight is contest in which strong men are matched. The former, in pursuance of his usual tactics, is making a house to house canvass of the city, while the latter is conducting a quiet but effective campaign, and in spite of his opponent's prominence is making good progress. The contest for Public Administrator has been complicated by the entry of Captain Freese, who has the advantage of great personal popularity and an excellent record. It may be said that Mr. Fitzgerald has gained little strength since his nomination in spite of the prediction that his candidacy would arouse excited enthusiasm among the laboring classes. He is not of the type of man who arouses sentiments of this ebullient character. Mr. Drinkhouse, the Republican nominee for the office, is a man of wealth and standing, and unless Freese draws as heavily from the Republicans as he will from his Democratic opponent, he should be in at the death. A strong force is out working for Sheehan for Tax Collector, and one hears him mentioned as sure of a big vote. No especial patent entails this office on the incumbent, who, I imagine, secured re-nomination on the basis of his partisanship in the Election Commission rather than for any favor he is held in by the party.

***

Surely the Governor promised to re appoint Joseph Austin Park Commissioner. After the long years of his service he was manifestly the man for the place. No one has assisted more earnestly, save, indeed, Superintendent McLaren, and the late W. W. Stow, in the work of creating the famous pleasure ground than Mr. Austin, and another term was due him on the ground of earnest services alone. It is the fate of those who depend upon the Governor's pledges to repent their credulity, and the ex-Park Commissioner is merely a late addition to the list. However, if Mr. Austin had to give way to any one, the community may for once be satisfied with his successor. Fred Zeile is a gentleman of culture and artistic inclination, possessed of considerable executive ability and much force of character. Irving M. Scott's resignation was never accepted, so I presume he remains in the office. I trust his term will not expire soon enough to give Governor Budd the opportunity to appoint his friend Metson, who, as I suggested before, has no capability that would find scope or exercise in this important role.

***

The Park Commission is now solidly Republican—a curious condition of affairs under a Democratic Governor. However, Mr. Budd knows his own party best, and if he chooses to pass over its members in favor of their opponents, his judgment can hardly be questioned. Rather a poor compliment to the party, however.

BOSWELL JR.

The Elks' Display on Mask Day

The "Brooklyn"—Day Parade

Sacred White Elephant—Night Parade

Chief Roberts of the Fire Department

The "Oregon"—Day Parade

A Prize Rig

Cake Walk Float

Float "Cuba"

The Silver Serpent—Night Parade

His First Pants—Day Parade

THE FESTIVAL OF MOUNTAIN AND PLAIN AT DENVER

Photos by James B. Brown, Jr.

"CHINA IN TRANSFORMATION"

A Valuable Exposition of Life and Political Conditions in the Celestial Empire.

That the man whom fortune has made governor or legislator is better informed than he whose business is merely his personal interest is not the lesson of experience. Fate or chance seems most often to guide in the selection of leaders. In a militia regiment, for instance, how seldom is it the warrior whom the troop makes colonel; it is rather the schemer, the politician, the cute fellow who has the trick of popularity. Yet if it could be made obligatory on our leaders, on assuming authority, to read certain books, if it were etiquette for them to supplement their tact with knowledge, the movement of the world's history would surely be accentuated. Especially is this true in regard to China. Could every member of President McKinley's Cabinet, and of the Senate and House, be persuaded to peruse and digest *China in Transformation*, by Archibald R. Colquhoun (Harper & Bros.), a sensible advance in the direction of the much-talked-of Anglo-American alliance would have been accomplished. The lesson of this volume is the menace of Russia—not to England but to the world, the consequences to Germany and the United States of the Czar's control of the Mongolian Empire and the vast power he must wield in being able to utilize in his armies the 120 available millions of Celestial warriors. Such warnings as are here given are too often dismissed as idle rumor, but one cannot read in this work the story of Muscovite intrigue and encroachment at Pekin, and the conditions under which it is being achieved, without an apprehension for the future.

China in Transformation is much more than a political treatise. It is a book of supreme interest, on the nation, its resources, institutions and inhabitants. Written from the English point of view, the information conveyed is of equal importance to us in the West, whose eyes are directed across the Pacific upon the vast markets of the Orient. In order to do business with a nation it is essential that some proper understanding be had of the national character. In commercial intercourse there are more things than contracts and accounts. There is always the man behind the ledger, and to buy and sell with him one must have a working knowledge of his disposition and modes of thought. There is conveyed here that essential knowledge which should simplify relations with the Chinese. Our fault as traders is in insisting that others should deal exactly as we do—an error that has involved us in numerous misunderstandings with the Mongolians within our own portals. In negotiations with an Oriental, patience and firmness are essential, and with tact and gentleness, conclusions may be reached impossible to force or rudeness. For instance, the Chinaman is essentially superstitious. His life is enveloped in cobwebs of necromancy, witchcraft, luck. Every action is controlled by a minute etiquette which no one dreams of disregarding. The most reasonable of the race is dominated by ideas of luck, and is in constant apprehension of doing or saying things at the wrong time or place. A promising combination is often spoiled by an occult warning, and a Chinaman may often have bad faith imparted to him when he was really under the constraint of some influence he dare not avow. Another fatal source of misunderstanding is the Chinaman's disregard of punctuality. Except in banking transactions, time has not the value to them that it has to us. Inevitably this leads to suspicions and offence when none is intended. In the matter of business contracts Mr. Colquhoun says:

The Chinese look to quite other safeguards in commercial dealings than Englishmen do, who have always a solicitor at their elbow and learned counsel to consult on every clause and shade of meaning of a contract. In the first place, the Chinese merchant or banker places no reliance whatever on litigation, but takes his measures as if there were no such thing to fall back upon. His first line of defence against fraud or misunderstandings is to select his *clientele* on the most rigid principle, and deal only with men of known character and untainted connections, in such manner as to be able to follow him into all the transactions he may undertake. It is this perfect mutual knowledge which cements the confidence between men of business, and the customs which are better known to them than any legal enactments can possibly be to the people of Europe rule every transaction that is doubtful. Written contracts have scarcely any place in the Chinese system, whereas they are the very esseuce of ours. Our jurists place the verbal construction of an agreement before everything, while in China the whole stress is laid on the obvious and reasonable intention of the parties; the one regards only the documentary contract, the other the thing contracted for.

We are accustomed to believe the Chinese a corrupt race, yet the probity of Chiuese bankers and merchants is proverbial. It seems, however, that it is the governing class and not the commercial that is dishonest. In business they have their own methods of securing rectitude of conduct. A contract drawn up and signed is held of quite secondary validity unless bargain money be paid. Throughout the business of life there is no regard for truth as such, but all transactions are carried on under a chain of guarantees, infidelity to which is rare. The moral to be drawn from such a state of things, as the author points out, is that each party should take the other on its own ground—that the foreigners should rely on the Chinese time-honored sanctions to bind the Chinese commercial conscience, and that the Chinese should trust foreigners only so far as they can have written contracts signed, sealed and delivered.

The Chinese, it seems, are more properly than the English the nation of shopkeepers. In every condition of life, even the farthest removed from commerce, the Chinese think in money. As with the Jew, their instinctive habit is one of perpetual appraisement. Conversations among boatmen, coolies and laborers turn invariably on the same topic—money. In common with all Orientals the Chinese are fascinated by the sport of bargaining. It is said that Li Hung Chang derived a purer pleasure from doing an employé out of half a month's pay than if he had saved a province of the empire. In this connection, Colquhoun quotes the Abbé Huc, who thus describes the typical Chinaman:

"The Chinese, *par excellence*, is a man installed behind the counter of a shop, waiting for his customers with patience and resignation, and in the intervals of their arrival pondering in his head and casting up on his little arithmetical machine the means of increasing his fortune. Whatever may be the nature and importance of his business, he neglects not the smallest profit; the least gain is always welcome, and he accepts it eagerly; greatest of all is his enjoyment when, in the evening, having well closed and barricaded his shop, he can retire into some corner, and there count up religiously the number of his sadecks, and reckon the earnings of the day."

The author proceeds to point out another characteristic that goes with this. Though parsimonious, the Chinaman is not mean. "He is generous to a fault when the humor takes him — has a supreme disregard of trifles in settling an account, takes a loss stoically, lends freely with small expectation of return, and rarely sues for a debt. This is due, doubtless, to the difference in principle, for the foreigner is precise where the Chinaman is lax, and in the latter instance there is always left a margin of perquisites which admits of chaffing and changing." Nor can the Celestial be accused of ingratitude. Indeed, numerous instances of this character are given, showing what in California is well known, that a Mongolian is very appreciative of favors rendered him, and seldom fails to reciprocate.

China is the native land of secret societies. In everything save politics there is exhibited a genius for association. Nobody stands alone. Bankers and merchants have their combinations and are bound to assist one another in case of emergency. Even the beggars are formed into companies, regiments and battalions, over which there is a chief —the King of Beggars—who is recognized by the State. He is responsible for the conduct of his tattered subjects, and on him the blame is laid when any disorder occurs among them too outrageous to be endured. Agreements are made by head men of beggars with shopkeepers and merchants in return for a stipulated sum that their beggars shall not visit their establishments during a given time, and they are compelled to conform to the agreement. In proof of this understanding, a slip of red paper is given, on which is printed "*The brethren must not come here to disturb or annoy.*" There are also thieves' guilds, even more elaborately organized. For instance, it is customary for every householder to have a watchman, whose duty it is to stay around the premises beating watches on a rattle or gong. Yet, half the time this functionary is asleep, and still no thief steals upon him. Yet, should you dispense with your guardian, depend on it your premises will at once be invaded. Even more extraordinary is this phenomenon:

In the north of China, for example, highway robbery is not unknown—indeed, is sometimes alarmingly prevalent. But there is a valuable traffic on wheels, a very slow traffic, over exceedingly bad roads, most favorable for attack. Between Peking and Tientsin, in particular, there is a constant exchange of silver bullion for gold, and large amounts of treasure are conveyed on Government and mercantile account. The conveyance is the common traveling cart of the country, the custodian an ill-paid driver. There may sometimes be an extra man, with a rusty spear or an antiquated musket, riding on the shaft of the cart. But no harm ever comes to those expeditions of the precious metals. Whence comes their security? The livery-stable, or "cart company," which undertakes the conveyance, makes none of those exceptions to its liability about "acts of God and Queen's enemies," and a host of other matters, which make the modern bill of lading such a voluminous document. The Chinaman undertakes absolutely to deliver the treasure. He guarantees it against all accidents whatever; and the remarkable feature in the transaction is that, for the transport, including plenary insurance, the charge is ridiculously small — not a per "centage," but a per "mileage" on the value.

The matter of developing trade with China, and the resources of the Empire, are elaborately dealt with by Mr. Colquhoun. He points out that, though clannish and conservative, the Chinaman is remarkably free from prejudice, religious or patriotic, especially in matters of tangible interest. He will not alter his clothes, because those he wears suit him better than any other. But he has no objection to purchasing the article which he judges best and cheapest, wherever it comes from. Moreover, he has a taste for luxuries, if he can afford them. Foreign articles are creeping into use—clocks, watches, matches, lamps and blankets have even penetrated into the interior. Great cheapness is essential for the present in order to bring an article within the means of the ordinary consumer. Owing to the thrift and closeness of dealings among the Celestials, the slightest difference in price turns the balance in favor of one of two competing articles. Of the manufacturing prospects of the nation, Mr. Colquhoun adds:

In manufactures the Chinaman could not now compete with the English market if there were a proper appreciation of Chinese wants and anything like reasonable facilities for delivering our goods. In China, nails, needles, tacks, scissors, razors, all of the most primitive, but suitable to the wants of the people, are produced; but the process is slow and comparatively expensive. China is not, and cannot become, a manufacturing country, until coal, iron, and other industries, and, above all, the communications, are properly developed. When the cost of coal is diminished by improved methods, steam and machinery can be used for Chinese manufactures, but not till then. It is in her mineral resources that chiefly lies the future wealth of China, but there is also much to be done in the direction of the improvement of the products of the soil.

There is so much information in relation to domestic institutions, diplomatic intercourse and official conduct, that it is quite out of the question to deal other than superficially with *China in Transformation*. History is being made at a great rate in Pekin now, but save for the latest events, which, indeed, are predicted, the book is right up to date. It affords a marvelous insight into the economy of the nation, and helps the American reader to an appreciation of the great country from which we have persuaded ourselves so much is to be expected. As to the future of the nation, here is a final quotation:

What the utilization of China would mean can only be realized by a full appreciation of the extraordinary resources of that country judged from various points of view. She has the men to create armies and navies; the materials, especially iron and coal, requisite for the purposes of railways and steam navigation—all the elements, in fact, to build up a great living force. One thing alone is wanting the will, the directing power—which, absent from within, is now being applied from without. That supplied, there are to be found in abundance in China the capacity to carry out, the brains to plan, the hands to work. And when it is understood that not merely is the soil rich and fertile, but that the mineral resources the greatest, perhaps, in the whole world are as yet practically untouched, the merest surface being scratched, when we consider the extent of China's population, the ability and enterprise, and, above all, the intense vitality, of the people, as strong as ever after four millenniums; when we reflect on the general characteristics of the race, is it not clear that the Chinese, under direction, are destined to dominate the whole of Eastern Asia, and maybe to play a leading part in the affars of the world?

C.

A new yacht is under construction for Queen Victoria, to be named the *Albert and Victoria*. She is to have a displacement of 4,600 tons and a speed of twenty knots.

WESTERN HARVEST FESTIVALS

The Floral Pageant at Topeka and Carnivals at Spokane and Denver.

Throughout the West the month of October is the season of festivals. In the great central valley the harvest is glorified by means of fairs and carnivals. Perhaps these rejoicings over the abundance of the crops lack the poetry and beauty of Grecian celebrations, but the spirit that dictates them is the same. The thought is to thank the earth for her bounty, and it is the misfortune of the era that this cannot be accomplished through processions of half-naked youths or lovely maidens in robes and foliage. A certain prosaic quality is bound to cling around floral parades, even though the most beauteous of queens presides at the pageant. It is hard to disguise the outlines of the buggy of commerce or the buckboard of agriculture however besmothered in roses and lilies. The carnival knight in gilded pasteboard looks the imitation he is, though the sun be reflected from the burnished surface of his armor. In the garb of the day there is little that is intrinsically poetic and in order to befit an occasion of rejoicing, our staid Americans must revert to classic or medieval types and to a habit of costume alien to national characteristics. Yet how much better than silent acceptance of the goods of the gods are these festivals, crude though they be, they lend to the national life some touches of color and poetry. As time passes and the sense of beauty is educated, these celebrations will develop an individuality of their own. They will cease to be imitations and become typical—if indeed a new manner of rejoicing may be evolved at this end of the century.

Three of the Autumn festivals have just passed into local history. In Topeka there was a grand floral parade, together with a torchlight procession and a masked ball. Over the festivities presided the latest of American native daughters — a superb-looking Hawaiian girl. In Denver there was celebrated the Festival of Mountain and Plain, while in Spokane there has been a Fruit Fair, in which the resources of that rich country have been exuberantly displayed. The basic idea of the Festival of Mountain and Plain was to delineate the growth and history of Colorado as exemplified by her Pioneers and her Indians.

It was a happy thought of the projectors of the Topeka Carnival to celebrate with their own rejoicings over a bountiful harvest the nation's acquisition of the Hawaiian Islands. The reception and entertainment of Lorena III made the conspicuous feature of the affair. The idea of having for a presiding divinity the handsomest maiden of Hawaiian birth occurred to one of the managers and straightway correspondence was begun, which set on foot a contest through the Islands to designate the belle. Opinion declared itself in favor of a half-caste girl, Miss Anna Rose, one of four sisters known throughout the Islands as the "Hilo Roses." After due ceremony and preparation, she set forth from Honolulu and was met at San Francisco by a delegation of prominent Topekans, who prepared her for the glories awaiting her appearance at the Carnival City. She arrived on the afternoon of September 28th, and the city turned out its population to do her honor. Six hundred Carnival Knights and a cortege of Sixteenth Century Knights clad in armor formed her escort. The Governor of Kansas and the Mayor of Topeka made her formally welcome. She was cheered and hurrahed for, serenaded and fêted until her ears buzzed with the noise of her distinction. It was indeed a royal reception, and no veritable monarch, not even the President, could have had such an exuberant welcome. Miss Rose participated in the Flower Parade, in *propria persona*, and in the evening figured as Lorena III and reviewed her loyal subjects. She wore a queenly robe of old gold brocaded silk, ornamented with jewels and lace. On her head was set an Egyptian crown studded with three hundred jewels. The float on which she sat was modeled after the famous barge of Cleopatra. There were illuminations and fireworks and decorations. After the parade the Mayor and the Queen led off the grand march of the Carnival Knights' Bal Masque, in which five hundred dancers, all in costume, took part. So it was a great and brilliant carnival and the event in the latter history of Topeka.

Something about the personality of the interesting young Hawaiian girl who bore her royal honors with so much dignity and modesty may not be amiss. Her father is a German by birth and served in the United States Army during the Mexican War, was at Sutter's Fort in '49, but went early to Hawaii, where he married a native woman and established himself at Hilo. In Honolulu society Miss Rose is well known and is very popular. She has the splendid physique characteristic of the descendants of the Hawaiian race—is tall and stately, with dark eyes and hair. Her complexion is of rich olive, and she is an adept at the athletics which form the pleasures of the women of Hawaii. An expert at surf swimming, she learned to swim as soon as she could walk, she knows how to handle a yacht, rides like a circus girl and is a great bicyclist. Something of the muscular power of this native daughter of Hawaii may be gauged by an incident which took place during her visit to the State offices at Topeka. The Treasurer, who is a great believer in feminine athletics, offered some time ago to the ladies of the city the finest hat that money could buy to whosoever among them could lift with one hand a sack containing two thousand silver dollars. The offer being repeated to Miss Rose, while she was being escorted through the vaults by the functionary and the Governor, she asked to be allowed to try. The sack, weighing 117 pounds, lay on the floor. The vigorous girl grasped it firmly at the top, and with a slight swing of her strong body lifted it aloft and then deposited it gently in place. There was great applause, of course, and the Treasurer had the privilege of paying for the hat. This capable young lady has had all the honors of society during her stay dinners, theater parties, luncheons and breakfasts have been given in her honor, and she has borne herself with a tact and grace that have won her unusual favor. She has proved herself a girl of many accomplishments, for she plays the piano, mandolin and guitar, sings delightfully, especially Hawaiian songs, and, besides, speaks German, English and Hawaiian. She has had the benefit of the best education the Islands afford, and is an excellent example of European culture grafted on a native stock.

The event in the Spokane country is the annual fruit fair,

(Continued on page 9)

ROOSEVELT AND VAN WYCK

Personality of the Contestants for the Governorship of New York.

"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug-of-war."
"It beats the Dutch, and the Dutch beat the Devil."

New York is experiencing probably a hotter contest for Governor than she ever had or shall have. Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, the Republicau candidate, is a powerful man, but Judge Augustus Van Wyck is an opponent who will tax all of the popular reforuer's strength. Both men are gentlemeu, born of old "knickerbocker" families in New York City, the one forty, the other fifty-two years ago. Beyond a love of books, they have few other points in common, and their personalities are as distinct, aluiost, as the primary colors.

Roosevelt was a sickly child, and when a boy set out to conquer his ill-health. That contest has made hiui the most prouinently picturesque figure in the couutry. Seeking health, he literally "camped on its trail" and so followed it, with that intelligent persistency and energy that have marked his career, that he came back froui Cuba and reported himself at Montauk "disgracefully healthy," while many strong uien were being helped ashore. Roosevelt's Harvard days were never idle. He was always doing something, either in athletics, or in studying, or indnstriously resting with a book, alive with action, in his hands. He was not only a diligent student, but he took rank as the champion light-weight boxer, and no one had to ask him twice to "put on the gloves," because he often took that means of working off his surplus energy.

After his graduation, in 1880, Mr. Roosevelt went abroad, and there he roughed it up and down the Matterhorn and Jungfrau, and tramped the rural parts of Germany far froui the beaten paths. Roosevelt understauds the West as do few New Yorkers. His books on hunting and ranch life—notably "Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail"—are a record of rare sympathy, of his wanderings over the plains and mountains of the West. His life on his Dakota ranches was full of adventure, and it was here, and up and down the only "trail" from Texas to Montana, that he unconsciously laid the foundation for his military fame.

Eastern meu wondered what brought the men of the mountain and the plain flocking around him when Roosevelt called for volunteers for his regiment. It was because he made of the frontiersman a comrade, a brother. He was one of them. He ate with them their plain fare, slept under the same blanket, could ride his horse, tame a "bucking" bronco, shoot straight from the saddle, stand exposure, and, moreover, was absolutely fearless and sought danger rather than avoided it. They knew their mau before they sought his leadership, and they would have followed him while they could see to go.

At "Sagamore Hill," his home at Oyster Bay, Mr. Roosevelt is a simple country gentleman. The family life of the Roosevelts is ideal and their houie is quiet and happy. Neither he nor his wife cares for society. Free from his literary and political work, Mr. Roosevelt is devotion itself to his wife and children, who adore him. Mrs. Roosevelt gives her whole time to her family and is little seeu in the world. Their children are healthy, hearty, happy youngsters of the best Americau type.

Roosevelt's character may be read in his blood—a varied coumingling of Dutch, French and Scotch-Irish, that gives him an uncommon versality and an energy that is tireless. His library is stocked with fine books. He reads continually, and it is history, in great part, history with action in it, that most attracts him; and anything that relates to military matters; aud books on big game hunting, and works like these.

Judge Van Wyck, the Democratic leader, is a resident of Brooklyn, where he has lived for many years closely identified with the best there in social and political life. Judge Van Wyck is called a Southern man, although he was born iu New York of an old New York family connected with the Van Rensselaer, Van Cortlandt, Beekman, Gardiner Van Vechter, Livingston, Hamilton, Seymour and other families. His father was William Van Wyck, a lawyer distinguished in New York sixty years ago, who was an admirer and confidential friend of Andrew Jackson and Martin Van Buren.

But his mother was Lydia Maverick, of North Carolina, daughter of that Colonel Samuel Mavcrick of Texas, whose herds were so large that they were left to range unbranded, to the enrichment of the rustler on the borders of his ranches. Judge Van Wyck was prepared at Exeter Academy, New Hampshire, but was raised iu North Carolina, wherc he graduated from the State University with high honors. Then he studied and practiced law in Richmond, Virginia, whcre he married Miss Leila Gordon Wilkins, a beautiful, accomplished woman, daughter of the late Dr. William W. Wilkins of that city. Shortly after he moved to Brooklyn, Judge Van Wyck began to take an active interest in Democratic politics. He was elected in 1884 to the State Supreme Court, which office he resigned to accept the nomination he now holds.

Personally, the Judge is a cultured gentleman of attractive personal appearauce, quiet, self-coutained, and of unassuming manners. He is somewhat short in stature, simple in dress, and has the repose of manner of a student rather than a man who has lived much out of doors. Reporterdom has dubbed him "Augustus the Silent" because his mouth is tight shut to the interviewer, but he is the reverse of that title, being a delightful man to converse with, thoroughly well-informed and witty, and not slow to talk. His brother, Robert, the Mayor of New York, is really the impenetrably silent member of the family.

Judge Van Wyck's life, as compared with Colonel Roosevelt's, has been quiet and unevenful. His interests may be traced in his library—largely a maze of law books and legal impedimenta—and in the legal archives of his State. He is profound in the law, but he also is devoted to his family, to the Episcopal Church in America, to the Dutch in America, to his bicycle, and to after-dinner speeches. His house and home are simple like himself. From basement to attic there is elegant simplicity and solid comfort. There are no children at home now, but every good child in the neighborhood is the Judge's friend. His son, William, is Assistant District-Attorney of Brooklyn, and his daughter is the wife of District-Attorney John W. Osborne of New York.

To get the Judge at his best one should see him at a Holland Society dinner, or at a diocesan meeting, or at a table at the Brooklyn Club, where the judges and attorueys lunch every day. Then, with the men that know and appreciate him, his brilliancy flashes out and he is seen to be, what he does not often take the trouble to appear, one of New York's most representative men. Now in his fiftieth year the Judge is as vigorous as a boy, although month after month he applies himself to work at his desk as sedulously as a clerk. It is to his exercising that he owes this juveuility. He is a born pedestrian, and never rides where he can walk. If he has time, he covers miles on his feet. And, besides, he is au enthusiastic wheelman. Beyond these diversions, Judge Van Wyck is the most domestic of meu. He seldom would be seen in society except that Mrs. Van Wyck is never so happy as when in the midst of entertaining or being entertained.

F. B.

THE DUTCH CORONATION

Ceremonies Attending the Enthronement of Queen Wilhelmina.

After the Diamoud Jubilee and the Czar's entry iuto Paris, the coronation of the Queen of the Netherlands proved only a minor spectacle. Such festivals as these others, occurring but once in a generation of national history, are uot easy of eclipse. Yet though the Dutch pageant was not of the finest order, more exuberant enthusiasm was developed than at either of the others. The nation welcomed the advent of its young sovereign with unaffected joy. They made the occasion a great national birthday party. The coming of her youthful Majesty had saved the House of Orange, and had delivered the kingdom from the rule of some one or other of the German princeliugs, and hence their happiness. Besides, the Queen is a charmiug young lady, pretty as a picture, of generous manners and unaffected gladness of heart.

The Dutch are not an emotional race, and when they give way to their feellngs there is no pretense about their expressiou. For the ceremonies the entire nation flocked to Amsterdam. Perhaps this is an exaggeration, but had you seen the streets jammed with Hollanders or hunted lodgings as I had to, you would have agreed that the country must really have emptied itself into the capital. In this cortege there were but few foreign ambassadors, of course, but there are always diplomats at such performances to lend color aud prestige, and a delegation of princes from the Dutch Indies. These functionaries were quartered at the hotel where I had managed to install myself, and really they made a spectacle by themselves. A mounted guard, cousisting of some twenty soldiers, would come for them each morning, clear a space in the crowd, and remain with drawn swords until the princes were seated in their carriages. The chief of the troupe was the Sultan of Siak—Yang di Pertoewan, Besar Sjarif, Hasjim Abdoel Djalil Saefaedin—his full name! He wore a uniform elaborately embroidered in gold and diamonds, with precious stones emblazoning the front of his fez-like cap and sword. In the procession upon the entry of the Queen he fell from his horse and lost soiue of the stones, which it cost him $1,600 to replace.

But the Dutch themselves, as I have said, were the most couspicuous feature of the show. Crowds of them filled the streets, completely blocking traffic, and the air was filled with the noise of their hilarity. Imagine the stolid, phlegmatic Dutch frisking and frolicking, dancing arm in arm through the streets all day and all night, tickling their unoffending brethren and sisters with peacock feathers and throwing confetti and serpentines in every direction. They seemed never to rest — probably had no place to sleep. Hurdy-gurdies were going like mad all night long, and wild choruses bawled from all parts of the city throughout the uidnight hours. I watched the Bacchanalian througs from the hotel windows, and then went down to participate in the fun.

The Queen arrived in Amsterdam on September 5th, and was escorted to the palace by a large military cortege. As she passed I saw her for the first time. She was in pure white, with a thin gauze veil and a neat white bonnet. As she drove along she gaily waved her handkerchief from side to side, and bowed and smiled in acknowledgment of the shouts of the multitude. She looked an uucommonly sweet, well-gowned, attractive girl — rather on the Richard Harding Davis style of heroine. I saw her frequently during the festivities, always dashing by with her military escort and guard of honor — the latter a body of distinguished citizens — fine-looking young men in handsome uniforms. Toward the end the poor girl seemed tired and waved her handkerchief less joyously and bowed so much that one felt it was really hard work to be royalty on exhibition.

On the day after her entry came the coronation in the Nienue Kerk, a church just beside the palace. It was a very simple ceremony. Just singing, the oath taken, and a short speech. The voice of the little Queen rang out clear and sweet, and you could hear it throughout the church. Only dignitaries and the Ambassadors were present. Uulike other sovereigns, Wilhelmina has allowed no presents to be given her, nor invited other than royal personages to be present save the members of her own family and the Indian Princes froui her possessious in the Far East.

At the coronation the Queen wore a very stunning court costume with a royal ermine-lined train and a simple tiara of diamonds for her crown. The court costumes of the Ambassadors were magnificent. The Austrian, a Magyar, wore a slashed fur-linced doublet and white knee breeches. Their wives were gorgeous, too, with decolletté gowns, highly bejeweled, and diamond tiaras much more strikiug than that of Her Majesty's.

After the ceremony the Queen drove through the city to permit her people to see her. In the evening she again drove around to see the decoratious and illuminations. The former were very general but not elaborate save in a few streets. In these, evergreens and hanging baskets were festooned with the royal orange and the colored national flags. Some of the canals were filled with boats whose masts streamed with color. Many private houses had banks of flowers across their windows and beautiful emblematic designs surrounding a bust or portrait of Her Youthful Majesty. The illuminations, chiefly ropes of glass cups holding candles, hung from tree to tree. and outliued the buildings. Japanese lanterns swung everywhere, adding to the beauty of the scene. There were also fireworks, a banquet, and a reception. On the seventh the choral societies gave a serenade, which was followed by turn-verein sports, and in the afternoon by an allegorical and historical pageant. The old Dutch costumes were accurately copied, so that it seemed as if the great medieval painters' models had stepped out of their frames and were walking about in the flesh. On the following day loan and art exhibitions were opened by the young Queen.

On Friday I started for the Hague to witness the rest of the festivities. There the pageant was not particularly impressive—just soldiers and officers and Dutch in their best clothes. The Queen and her mother, the latter a red-faced, plain-looking woman in a lavender gown, were, of course, the central figures. The afternoon festivities were not inspiring, but by night the illuminatious made this wooded town like a scene from the Arabian Nights' entertainment. Every one was out shouting, screaming and throwing confetti. Hundreds of soldiers, semi-intoxicated but so funny. I drove through street after street. The people in their national dress had come in from the neighboring places and were indulging in all sorts of gay sports and games, singing and dancing, and the men kissing the girls. They were so absurdly happy in their quaint skirts, bonnets and ornaments that it aroused one's good humor to watch them. All the way from the Hague to Scheveuingen this spirit of joyousness prevailed. I remained in Scheveningen all night, and the next day witnessed the reception of the Queen by the fisher folk. There were some twelve huudred in the Kursaal, and a committee of fisher girls in costume met her and welcomed her. She said a few sentences in Dutch, shook hands with the maids and was off. The fisher folk, however, celebrated her coming and had dancing and sports upon the beach, and went in for all sorts of kissing games. Fine, strong-looking women they were, many of them quite pretty and sousy-looking. Wilhelmina almost lived in her white gown, which was not particularly becoming. White is trying to a very pale blonde at best, and the white bonnet and veil did not enhance the young Queen's beauty.

ETIENNE MARCEL.

THE CANDIDACY OF A. C. FREESE.

Next to the posts of Mayor and Treasurer, there is no office iu the gift of the people so important as that of Public Administrator. Called upon to handle the properties of widows and orphans, and with large sums of money continually passing through his hands, it is essential that he be a man of proven probity, discretion and business intelligence. The post has been well filled in the past, aud it behooves the voters to choose as wisely as they have previously done.

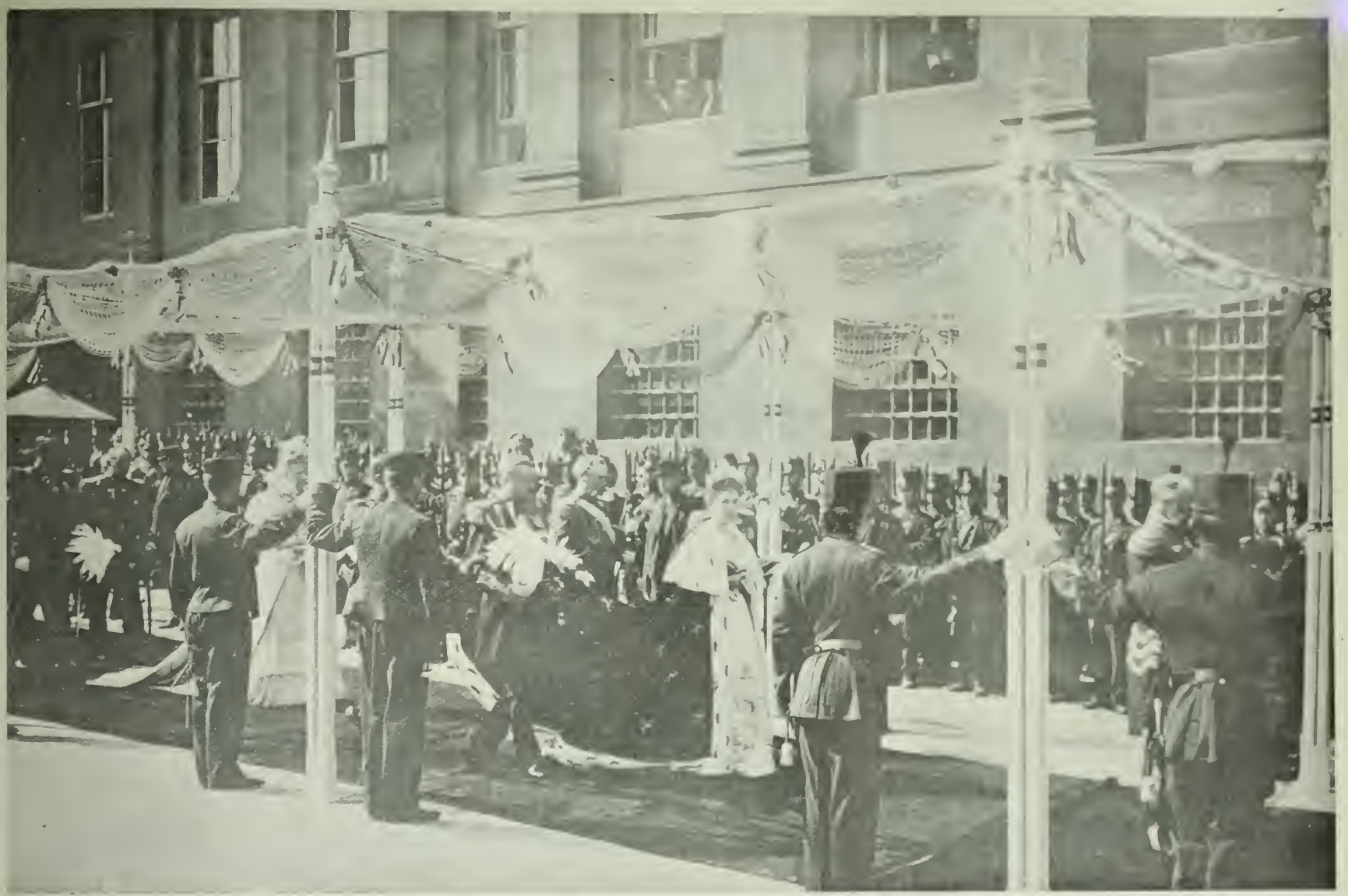
Considering the situation, the announcement that Captain A. C. Freese has entered the lists as an independent candidate for the office he has so long aud so honorably filled, is one of great importance to property owners. This aspiration is entitled to the respectful attention of all citizens of San Francisco, and though his name was rejected by the official Democratic organization, such is the personal consideration he enjoys, that his candidacy to-day is easily the most formidable before the public.

Captain Freese is a pioneer. He came to San Francisco in 1852, and for forty-seven years was the leading stevedore on the water-front, controlling an immense business, employiug thousands of men, and being actively interested in all that tended to enlarge San Francisco commerce. It was he who raised the monitor *Comanche* when she sank in the bay. The *Comanche* was this coast's first iron-clad war vessel, and her appearance on the bay tended largely to restore confidence to the local commercial world theu disturbed by the civil war.

In 1890, for the first time in his career, Captain Freese stood for a public office. He came out on the Democratic ticket for the office of Public Administrator, and, although the rest of the Democratic ticket went down in defeat, Captain Freese was elected by a majority of 5,000 votes. Four years ago, in the campaign of 1894, he stood again for the office of Public Administrator and beat the Republican candidate by 20,000 majority, having a plurality over four opposing candidates of 10,000 votes. Such remarkable and overwhelming evidence of public favor has seldom been evinced for an official by the voters of San Francisco, but then Captain Freese is an exceptional man. His service in the responsible post of Public Administrator has been beyond criticism. The records of his administration were the best testimonials to his probity. His career is eminently clean, and he goes before the public a tried public servant, who has proved himself worthy of the trust reposed in him.

The personality of Captain Freese is so well known that it is hardly necessary to speak of his reverend years, his many generosities, his discretion and his regard for all the domestic virtues. Kindly, courteous and intelligent, he has certainly been the right man in the right place. The funds of the widows and orphans have had in him the most honest and careful of custodians, and during the eight years his reputation has been before the pnblic it has been without spot or blemish. It would seem that Captain Freese in offering himself as an independent candidate for re-election is safe to win as great a victory as he has on previous occasions and against greater odds.

The Third Infantry, which put down the Chippewa uprising by defeating the Pillager Indians at Bear Island, is the oldest regiment in the United States Army, having been organized in 1796. It had just got back from Cuba, where it had distingulshed itself at San Juan Hill, when the Pillagers "dug up the hatchet" and went on the warpath. This regiment has fought in many campaigns aud in unnumbered engagements. It followed "Mad" Anthony Wayne in his furious wars along the Northwest border; it was powerful in the British war of 1812; it "kept the marches" of the Great Lakes until the Seminole war, and was foremost in the long and trying campaign in Florida. It followed Taylor from Texas to Mexico City and led the decisive charge in the brilliant battle of Churnbusco. It fought the Navajos and Apaches until 1860, when it was ordered North for the Civil War. From Bull Run, where it stood firm to the last, until Appomatox, it participated in twenty-one battles and sieges. Since the Civil War it has had almost contiuual service keeping peace on the Indian frontiers. Its later achievements at San Juau Hill, and now at Bear Island, have brought it into quite promiueut notice.



On the Way from the Palace to the Church

After the Coronation Services in the Church

THE CORONATION OF QUEEN WILHELMINA OF HOLLAND AT AMSTERDAM

Parade in the Manila Arsenal

Native Houses on the Pasig River

Native Woman and Method of Carrying Child

Native Boy and Baby

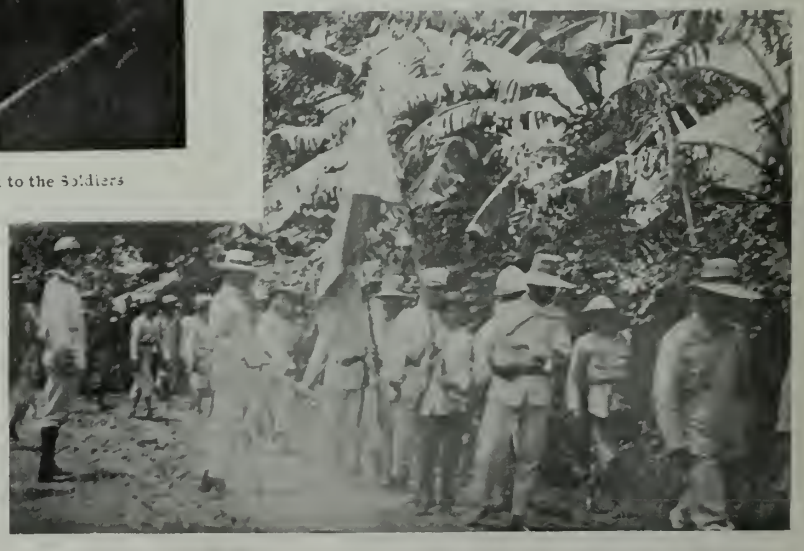
American Soldiers and Marines

Insurgents Going to the Front

Native Woman Selling Fruit to the Soldiers

On the Banks of the Pasig

The Escolta



Insurgent Color Guard

NATIVE LIFE IN THE PHILIPPINES

Photos by Dr. A. A. Law

QUAY'S TROUBLES

A Brief Review of a Week of Washington Life.

Washington, October 6th.—The feature of the week at Washington was the Triennial Council of the Episcopal Church, which seems to have thronged the streets of the capital with clerical gentlemen of reverend visage and extreme respectability of demeanor. The convention met at the Epiphany Church on G street, and weighty matters of church polity engaged its attention. Of the topics up for discussion the greatest interest is expressed in the question of the remarriage of divorced persons, which has been a subject of controversy in the church for some time. However, that is a long story and I'm not supposed to be concerned with theology here. Socially the entire cortege has had a glorious time. The chief event was a reception at the White House, which was profusely adorned with flowers in honor of their reverences. A delegation of army officers assisted and furnished a striking contrast of apparel to the severe clerical garb of the convention people. There were no ladies present, to the great regret of the bishops' wives, who were much disappointed at being refused permission to participate. There was not room enough for every one, and the ladies were left out. There have been hundreds of other functions. J. Pierpoint Morgan, who takes great pleasure in Episcopal affairs, leased the Carpenter mansion on Sixteenth street for the convention, and has entertained as his guests some of the principal members of the House of Bishops. Bishop Satterlee has been the host at two great receptions, and Mrs. Richardson Clover, an ex-Californian, has also had the clericals at dinners and teas. The Woman's Auxiliary of the Board of Missions has proved the great drawing card of the gathering, however. There must have been three thousand persons at the hall when two Japanese women read addresses. One of them, Madame Watanabe, was robed in a native kimono of lilac silk, and made a charming picture as she stood before the assemblage.

Soon after the clerical reception the President and his staff departed for Omaha, and now the White House is deserted. The absence of the head of the Administration is a serious loss to Washington hotels, for half the visitors to the city go there to personally inspect the great man. His house, of course, is headquarters, for reporters, senators, representatives, and unofficial bosses. There is some politics in the President's excursion, for a strong feeling exists in the party that an effort must be made to bring out the voters, for strange to say the Republicans in Iowa and even in Ohio are strikingly indifferent this election. If it were not so essential that there should be a Republican majority in the House one might view this apathy with indifference, but the policy of the President will require support, and the country is depended upon to strengthen his hand.

Here in Washington the politicians are agog over the Quay scandal, which seems liable to involve the astute Senator from Pennsylvania in trouble. Certain letters from him were found in the private drawer of the late cashier of the insolvent People's Bank. This is the concern, you will remember, which had the privilege of borrowing State funds through the generosity of Senator Quay, and it seems that in return for this favor the Senator was accustomed to secure personal accommodation from the bank, which he used in speculations, especially in the Metropolitan Traction deal and in sugar stocks. Both these concerns were in politics, and it may be gathered that in this way the Senator made some tidy turns. Of course, the exposé is a factor in the gigantic contest now going on in Pennsylvania, in which the Quay combine is opposed by John Wanamaker and his associates. Cashier Hopkins committed suicide, in March last, and a few days later an assistant prosecuting attorney was installed as receiver of the institution. The cashier's desk was opened in the presence of District Attorney Graham of Philadelphia, and in it was found a private book, together with letters and telegrams from Quay. For six months the information has been kept by the officers of the law, until the very eve of the election, and it is sprung now with the intention to injure Quay. The letters are unquestionably compromising. One of them from the State Treasurer of Pennsylvania to the cashier of the People's Bank reads:

Dear Sir: On Monday we will mail you a check for $100,000 for the credit of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania general fund, which will make a credit to our account of $600,000. The understanding is that I am not to draw against any part of this $600,000 deposit until the Hon. R. R. Quay has paid or arranged satisfactorily to you for the loan of $100,000 which you are to make him next week.

In another missive the line occurs, "If you buy and carry for me one thousand 'Mets,' I will shake the plum tree." The purchase was made, and next day the stock went up seven dollars per share. Quite a number of Quay's cronies here have asked me what the Senator meant by "shaking a plum tree." The war investigation goes bravely along, the other officers following the lead of Wheeler. The General's extraordinary satisfaction at the condition of affairs at Montauk begins to attract more attention than was at first accorded it. The facts and the General's statements are extraordinarily at variance. For instance, the hospitals were terribly overcrowded, yet the General announces they were not. He asserted that requisitions for delicacies were made immediately and filled as soon as possible, yet there were terrible delays, and the "soon as possible" was a matter of several weeks. Even more extraordinary was the statement that the Santiago campaign was managed as well as possible. George Kennan is showing in the *Outlook* that Shafter had made no preparation whatever for the landing, and that all the details were scandalously mishandled. Whitewashing is all very well, but there seems to be general dissatisfaction with the trend of the inquiry. It is a pity the examination is private.

By the way, Chang Yen Huan, who is said to be a fellow-conspirator of Kang Yu Wei, is well known in Washington. He was minister here for a longer time than Chinese diplomats are usually allowed to remain at a post. The Legation then occupied the Stewart castle, and no one in Washington entertained more lavishly. The Minister spent thousands of dollars on flowers for beautifying the mansion and the delicacies for his table were often imported from China. He wore the most gorgeous clothes and the finest jewels, and at social functions Mr. Chang was invariably a conspicuous figure. However, he was also a very clever diplomat, and did excellent work in inducing American capitalists to consider China as a field for railroad enterprises. Wu Ting Fang, the incumbent Chinese Minister, has attained great popularity in the Capital. His diplomatic ability may be realized from the manner in which he handles interviewers. He was induced to talk about the Chinese Empress recently, and he threw at her quantities of the most gorgeous bouquets, which was very wise of him, considering the prominence that dominating old lady has recently attained at Pekin. Wu is a friend of Li Hung Chang, and his distinction is said to be due to the favor of that celebrated statesman.

DRAYTON.

Captain Wadleigh — Rear Admiral Miller — Commodore Kautz — Captain White

Commodore Kautz Reading the Order Appointing Him to the Command of the Pacific Squadron

THE RETIREMENT OF REAR ADMIRAL MILLER

WESTERN HARVEST FESTIVALS.

(Continued from page 5)

to which the farmers of the region flock with their apples and grapes and pears. Though the region is noted rather for its agricultural than because of its horticultural possibilities, this fruit fair is its special pride. During its progress thousands have visited Spokane from all over Washington and Montana, the attendance on special days running as high as nine thousand. The greatest enthusiasm has been displayed and with excellent reason. The pictures on page 14 give some impression of the display. The east side of Washington seems to have been the source of most of the exhibits, though certain of the Oregon orchards were represented. Whitman, Yakima, Stevens and Spokane counties were in evidence, and the "Big Bend" country was especially prominent. Here the lay of the land and the trend of the streams permits irrigation, and the orchards are as thoroughly cultivated as those of the San Jose and Vaca Valleys in California.

The fruit fair was conducted under strict auspices, and its success is the more gratifying because the usual adjuncts of the country festival, such as gambling, fakers and horse-racing were absent. The display of fruit was the attraction. Among the features especially noteworthy were the exhibits of Washington State Agricultural College and the Idaho State University, both of which made an excellent showing of their facilities.

Commodore John Crittenden Watson, U. S. N., who has lately taken command at the Mare Island Navy Yard, went into the Civil War in his nineteenth year and served as Farragut's flag lieutenant. He was at the taking of New Orleans, and fought on the *Hartford* at Mobile Bay. Young Watson assisted in the famous lashing of the admiral to the *Hartford's* shrouds in that battle. Since the Civil War he has served or commanded on our warships in every part of the world. In 1893, when Admiral Benham defied the entire Brazilian navy in the harbor of Rio and opened the commerce of that port to the world, Commodore Watson was in command of Benham's flagship and was also the chief of staff of the fleet. In the same year he was the commander of the warships sent to Bluefields on account of the trouble with Nicaragua. The Commodore was on shore duty when the Spanish war broke out, as governor of the naval home, but at once sought active sea service. He was appointed to succeed Sampson in command of the squadron blockading Havana. Later he was selected for command of the "flying squadron" designed to menace the Spanish coast and destroy Camara. Commodore Watson is a Kentuckian about 54 years old. He is a grandson of John J. Crittenden and a nephew of Thomas L. Crittenden, the staff officer who, on the field of Buena Vista, made the famous response to Santa Ana, "General Taylor never surrenders." The Thorntons of San Francisco are his relatives and with them he has been visiting since he came to the Coast, recovering from cuts and bruises received in a train-wreck near Sacramento.

President McKinley has a new dispatch boat in the *Sylph*, which is now stationed at the Washington navy yard for the use of the members of the Administration and for the entertainment of distinguished foreign visitors. The *Sylph* has magnificent lines, and is one of the prettiest vessels acquired by the Government during the war. She is well fitted up, and her furnishings are very tasteful, though not as handsome as were those of the *Dolphin*. The *Dolphin*, which was fitted as a gunboat and did yeoman service in the Cuban blockade, will be kept in the navy.

The cosmopolitan character of the British army is evinced in the name of Subadar-Major Sirdar Bahadur Soloman Elijah, who died at Poona recently, and was buried in the Jewish cemetery with full military honors. The band of the regiment and a large number of European officers attended the funeral. The Subadar-Major had served with his regiment more than forty years, and was at the siege and capture of Ghuznee and through the first Afghan War. He fought also at Mooltan, Goojerat, and in Central India.

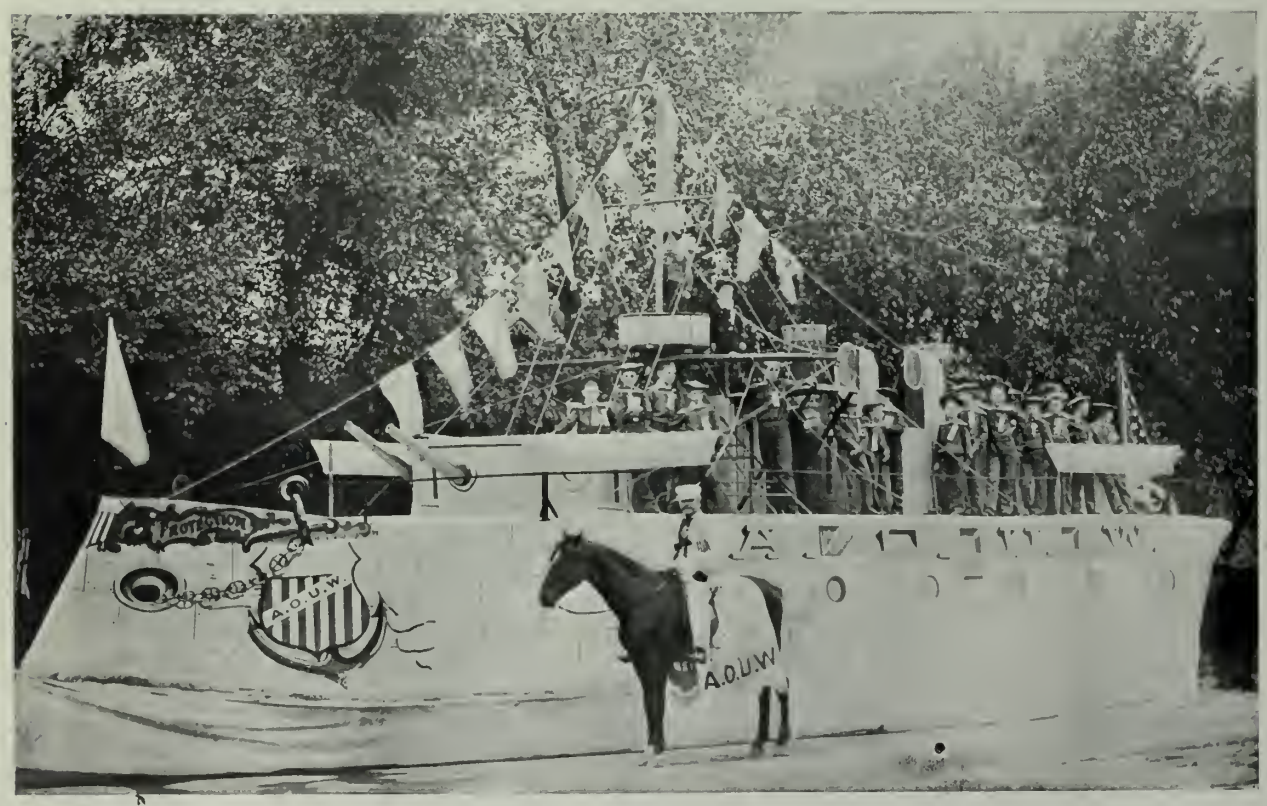
Pony Cart—First Prize

Mr. Wetterman and Miss Maxwell-King

Miss An R
As "Lorell

Miss Anna Rose's Carriage in the Flower Parade

Colonel C. K. Hol



The "Oregon"—First Prize

Double Carriage—Third Prize

Single-Seated Vehicle—First Prize

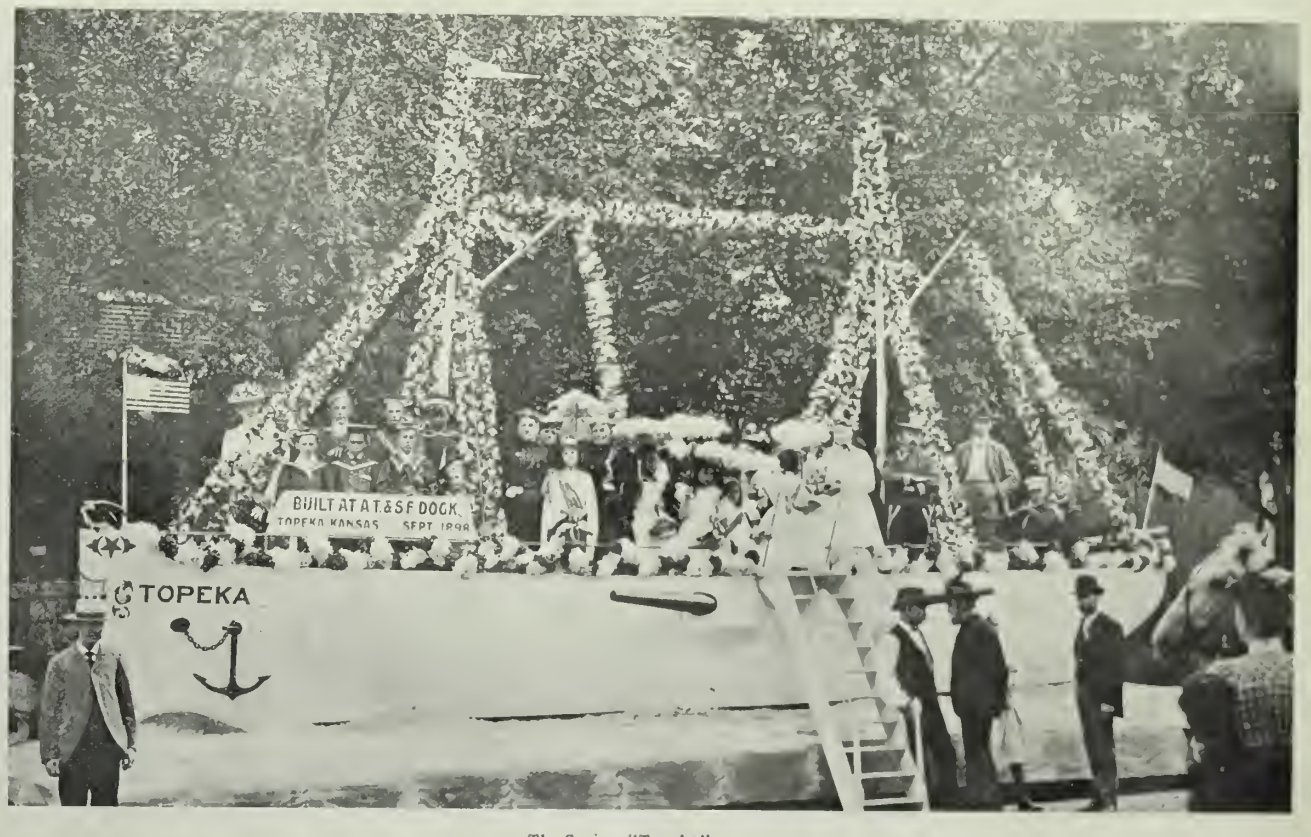
f Hilo"
Carnival

Miss Ramsey and Miss De Obert

C. A. Whittelsey's Entry

The Floral Queen's Float

City of Topeka



The Cruiser "Topeka"

riage

Mrs. Griley's Rig

Queen of the Sea

AT TOPEKA

Strapped in Galveston.

"When I read a few weeks ago that the Beach Hotel, a few miles outside of Galveston, had burned to the ground, I was swept by a wave of memory," said member No. 9 of the Harlem Clnb of Former Alcoholic Degenerates. "Not that I ever pnt np there. That isn't it. But I ouce saw the outside of that hotel structure under such peculiar, and, I might almost say, harrowing conditions, that——"

"Hold on there a minute," interrupted member No. 7, who is a stickler for the carrying-out of the club's plans. "Is there any hard luck in this as a result of alcoholic degeneracy?"

No. 9 regarded No. 7 with an aggrieved gaze.

"Have I ever yet," he inquired, "since the orgauization of the Harlem Clnb of Former Alcoholic Degenerates, sprung any Sunday school ones about the good little boy and the bad little boy, or have I ever——"

"Oh, well," replied No. 7, settling back in his seat, "if yon're going to conform to the clnb rules, of course, all right, go ahead."

"In Augnst, 1889," continued No. 9, "I had been sober for fnlly five months, conseqnently I had too much money and too many good clothes. Moreover, five months of straightaway work contaius so many possibilities of monotony—but I need not dilate npon this. You all know how damaging to the inspiration an uninterrupted period of five months' work is bound to be. Then the six hundred dollars that I had soaked away produced within me a very tired feeling. Now, if I had only remained here in New York with that six hundred——well, I conld ha' had a two months' whirl easy, with hospital money left besides for the finish. Bnt on the very next morning after the jag began, why, I woke up on a boat. Say, d'je ever wake np on a boat after a night without knowing how yon got there? It's a queer feeling, sure enough! Of course, I had the head when I came to, and the first thing I did when I woke up was to look around for a button to pnsh. It struck me then that the room I was in was pretty small; also, that it swayed a good deal. I sat np and looked aronnd, and then, darned if I didn't hear the chug-chug of the propeller. 'It's a boat, all right,' I thought, 'but what kind of a boat? I guess I mnst ha' waded aboard one of the lower-bay fishing steamers yesterday afternoon and got screwed up, and they put me to bunk.' Yet, when I looked aronnd again, the blamed stateroom didn't look like a fishing-steamer stateroom. Moreovcr, there was no sea in the lower bay like the long swell this craft seemed to be ploughing through. 'Well,' I thought, 'I'm just taking a little voyage to Enrope for my health. That must be it.' The mystery of the thing was worse than the head, which was bad enough. I jumped out of the bunk and did the old act—went through my clothes to see if I had as much as thirty-five cents or so left. I went through all the regular pockets—not a son-marquee. 'This is nice,' I thonght. 'I can't do the Continent, if that's where I'm bound, on my face. Moreover, I need a driuk pretty bad right now.' As a last resort, I reached into my inside vest pocket, where I had never put money. My hand struck the wad. I pulled it out—brown and green ones still there. I counted it—five hundred and eighty-four dollars!

"Talk about your chaps getting picked off life rafts in mid-ocean! Of course, I conldn't figure it ont how I had hung on to it. I haven't figured it out yet. Neither have I figured it ont how my trunk happened to be underneath my bunk; but there it was. I kicked it accidentally, and when I looked down, there was the trunk. I opened it up. It was all nicely packed, and I hadn't left anything behind. I thought it was all a dream, and I wondered why I didn't wake up. I saw a button on the wall, and I gave it a shove, jnst to see who'd show np, and find ont whither bonnd, and so on. A darkey with a clean white coat on answered the button. I yelled at him to come in, and in he came. I asked him to tell me, on the level, where I happened to be.

"'I know I'm on a boat,' said I, 'but what boat?'

"'Yo' all sutn'ly was cheeaful las' night, snh—sutn'ly cheeaful,' said the darky to me, grinning.

"'That's all right abont the cheerfulness,' said I, 'but what I want to know is, what kind of a packet is this, and where's she going?'

"'Why,' said the darkey, 'dis yeah steamuh's de *Comal* o' de Mallory line, an' she's bonn' fo' Galveston. We dnn got unduh way las' evenin' suh; an' yo' all was ont on de deck singin' ontil one o'clock dis mawnin'.'

"'No, I'm damned if I was,' says I to the darkey, but I knew he was telling the truth all the same. Bnt I wasn't going to make any damaging admsssions.

"Well, I had the man bring me three high ones to sort o' get me aronnd to a deep-water way of thiuking. After I got the three high ones down I had things straightened ont in my head. Why not the *Comal?* What was the matter with the *Comal?* What was the matter with Galveston? Might as well be on my way to Galveston as any other old place. So I tonched the bntton again, had the barber come and shave me in my bunk, dressed, took three more high ones, and got ont of the stateroom.

"Say, there was about three dozen fellows lonnging aronnd the decks, and dinged if every one of 'em didn't say to me when I showed up on deck: 'Hello there, pal!' or 'How are yon, Bill?' or 'How're yon making it this morning, chnm?' or something like that. I didn't know one of 'em from my aunt in Maine that I never saw, bnt they were thicker'n thieves with me. And it appeared that I had been the same with them the night before in the card-room and aronnd the decks. Funny game that—funny game! They were all pretty nice chaps, too—most of 'em New York drnmmers setting out for their fall campaigns in the Sonthwestern territory. We had three high ones, the whole bnnch, right off, and the voyage down to Galveston began to strike me as a heap of a good job. Along toward afternoon I took it into my head to climb the foremast rope ladder leading np to the main yard. I climbed it, and started to swing joyonsly from the yard by my hands. There was a big swell on, and the *Comal* was listing over about thirty-three degrees to starboard and to port in the swell. When I looked down to the deck I saw all hands looking np with white mugs. I decided to descend then, and when I got down I found the skipper with a pair of irons in his hand.

"'If yon try that on again,' said he to me, 'I'll clap these on to yonr wrists.'

"'Don't take it to heart so,' says I to him, and then I went and had a few more with the commercial travelers.

"Well, that trip is kind o' hazy in my mind ntil we got down to Key West and tied up there for twelve honrs. I remember that the whole bnnch went ashore there, and the beer was warm in Key West, because the ice steamer was a week behind schedule time. We couldn't hit up warm beer so we did the other thing. We tore Key West apart some, and I don't remember getting aboard the *Comal* again. I found myself there the next morning, though, and on that morning I started in to play poker with a couple o' Maiden Lane diamond drummers. They took it off me so fast that I felt myself catching cold. Same the next day. Same, also, the day after that. On the night we got off the Galveston bar, to wait there until morning for a high tide to let us into the harbor, I counted over my bundle. I had six dollars.

"'That ain't much to begin life anew on three and a half thonsand miles from New York,' I thought. 'But it's got to go. I've got the front—meaning the layout of togs—left anyhow.'

"I went ashore with the gang the next morning, and the blank begins here for another twenty-four hours. I guess I mnst ha' gone aronnd some with those commercial travelers. The next morning, when I woke up, the low monotone of the sea was in my ears; also, there was wet sand in my hair, and the sun was shining hard in my face. I sat up. The Gulf of Mexico was right in front of me. I looked behind. There was a big hotel there. It looked something like the Oriental Hotel down at Manhattan Beach. There was a sign on it, 'Beach Hotel.' I dug into pockets, looking for the necessary dime. It wasn't there. Nothing was there. I was lying on the sands of the Gulf of Mexico, in front of the Beach Hotel, broke, without even the price of a ride into Galveston on one of the dinky mule-hauled street cars. That's why, as I said at the outset, I looked at the Beach Hotel so disapprovingly on this occasion. I dusted the sand off my clothes and walked over to a fountain spigot in front of the hotel and took a drink of water. Yes, water! It was hard, but it had to go. Then I hunted around for the street-car track. Galveston was two miles away, but I had to make Galveston. On the way I mapped it out that I wasn't going to do any telegraphing back here for funds, even if I had to drive a trnck.

"When I got into town a sign that I saw over a saloon looked vaguely familiar to me. 'The Two Brothers' Saloon' it read. I kind o' recalled having been in that place with some of the drummers on the day before, when we got off the *Comal*. So I went in, not because I had the price of anything, but I just went in anyhow. It was about ten o'clock in the morning, but no customers were in the place, which was a pretty swell rum joint, with a piano in the back part of the room. One of the 'Two Brothers' was behind the bar—that is, I found out afterwards that he was one of the Two Brothers.

"'Hello there, pal!' says he to me as I walked in; 'how're you cuttin' it this morning?'

"I told him there was nothing doing, and sat down at a table, for I was tired with the trudge in from the Beach Hotel. The man behind the bar sized me up and he walked over to where I sat.

"'Up against it, eh, chum?' said he to me. 'Better have a couple to sort o' jerk yonrself together.'

"They tasted pretty good, I'm a-telling you. I went back to where the piano stood, and sat down on the stool. They made me practice four hours a day on the piano when I was a kid, and I was a pretty good player. Well, I felt pretty woozy and down in the mouth, and so, naturally, I started in to play Schnbert's serenade, and that sort, with the soft pedal down. I was playing away at this kind of music, thinking pretty hard of the jay I was, when the man behind the bar touched me on the shonlder.

"'Pard,' said he, 'I'm one of the proprietors of this shack, and I'm going to make yon a proposition. You say you're up against it, even if yon are one of these here wise boys from New York, and I guess you are up against it. You seem to know how to twiddle that py-ano to the queen's taste. Tell you what I'll do. I need someone to play on that machine, If yon'll hammer tunes out of it, say from nine o'clock at night until two o'clock in the morning, I'll give you five dollars for every night's work you do, and pay yonr way down here besides. What do yon think of it?'

"What did I think of it! I wasn't missing any win-out chance like that.

"'It's a go,' I told him.

"He took me across the way to the Girardin House, one of the bang-up hotels of Galveston, and put me up there. Then he went down to the Mallory dock and had my trunk sent up to the hotel. I togged out and turned np at the 'Two Brothers' ahead of time. There was about two hundred of the Galveston men down there. The word had gone around that a 'Howling Thing' from New York had been engaged to play the piano nightly at the 'Two Brothers,' and the boys were on hand. I played. They sat around and gave me the langh, but I didn't mind that a little bit. I earned my five all right that first night.

"The next morning the Galveston *News* was sprinkled all over with small ads like this:

"'Come down to the Two Brothers' Saloon to-night and hear the Hot Boy from New York hit np the piano.'

"'Drop in at the Two Brothers' Saloon to-night and have a look at the Warm Baby from the East hammer the keys.'

"'The Howlingest Thing that ever struck this commnnity will sock it to the harpsichord at the Two Brothers' Saloon to-night.'

"'To get the latest effect in pants, as worn by a Chili Con Carne from np York way, drop in at the Two Brothers' Saloon to-night. The Chili Con Carne plays the piano, too.'

"The laugh? Did I get the laugh? I didn't mind it, though. I didn't know anybody in Galveston, and nobody in Galveston knew me. The only inconvenient feature of it was when the boys from the ranges used to drop in once in a while. A good many of 'em 'nd come to Galveston instead of going to Dallas or San Antone, to blow in their wages after ronndups. They didn't have it in for me at all, but they jnst occasionally shot a smoke out of my teeth as I smoked and played.

"I got my five-dollar bill every night when I knocked off work, and I gness I must ha' bronght a lot of good trade to that joint, which was, in fact, the best gin mill in the town of Galveston. I tapered down to abont ten a day, too, and after I had been playing the piano at the Two Brothers for an even month I got to thinking about Sixth avenue one night. So I qnit. On the level, the Two Brothers were dead sore on me for quitting, bnt when they found I was bent on it they made the best of it. When I took the train for New York they sent me a case of wine, and——"

"I don't see any hard luck, due to alcoholic degeneracy, in that story," interrupted Nnmber 7.—*New York Sun.*

BANSHEE WARNINGS

The Great of Europe Receive Exclusive Messages from the Beyond.

Months before the assassination of the Empress of Austria, woe to the Hapsburgs was heralded by the ghostly appearance on the night of April 24th of the White Lady, the banshee of this Imperial family. About one o'clock in the morning, the stolid sentinel stationed in the corridor near the chapel of the Schoenbrunn Palace, was startled nearly ont of his senses by seeing the form of a white-clad woman approaching from the chapel. He challenged at once, wherenpon the figure turned and disappeared through the chapel door. A strict search discovered no one within the holy precincts. The officer of the gnard reported the matter to his superior. From that day until the Empress' death, the Conrt of Vienna was full of forebodings of disaster, for there is an ancient tradition that a woman arrayed in white makes her appearance by night in the Palace of Schoenbrunn, either in the chapel or in the adjoining corridors and halls, whenever any misfortune is about to overtake the Imperial House of Hapsburg. Previons visitations of the White Lady have taken place on the eve of the shocking tragedy of Meyerling, a few weeks previous to the execution of Maximilian, before the burning to death of the daughter of old Archduke Albert at Schoenbrunn, and when Archduke John perished off Cape Horn.

Other noble families of Enrope have their banshees. The White Lady of the Hohenzollerns makes her appearance in the old Palace at Berlin whenever death is about to visit the Prussian royal family. The White Lady appeared to Frederick the Great on the eve of his death. In the Hohenzollern archives there are sworn statements from Prince Frederick of Prnssia and a number of his fellow officers asserting that this specter appeared to them as they sat together just before the Priuce's death at the battle of Saalfield in 1806. This White Lady was originally the Countess Agness von Orlamnnde, who murdered her first husband and her two children, in order to be enabled to marry the Burgrave of Furemberg, the ancestor of the Elector of Brandenburg and of the House of Hohenzolleru.

The Winter Palace at St. Petersburg has its White Lady, and so, too, has the Palace of the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt. A Little Red Man used to haunt the Tuilleries before they were destroyed by fire at the time of the Commnne, and it is a matter of history that Queen Catherine de Medici was so much frightened by his appearance there that she declined to live in the Palace. The Count de Segur relates in his memoirs that the Little Red Man appeared to Napoleon on the eve of his disastrous Russian campaign. The Royal Palace at Stockholm has been haunted to such an extent since the assassination of Gustavus III, that it has been twice at enormous expense razed to the gronnd and reconstructed with the object of dislodging the supposed ghost. There seems to be nnimpeachable testimony of this especial specter, for not only have the Crown Princes of Sweden seen the apparition bnt also the Princes of the Royal House of Denmark. Indeed it took Princess Louise of Denmark three weeks to recover from the shock which her nerves snstained through the spectral visitation which she witnessed on the occasion of her last stay at Stockholm.

In England Hampton Court Palace has long been haunted by one or the other of the numerous wives of King Henry VIII. The Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London, during the reign of King James II, ordered twelve thousand masses to be said for the repose of the soul of Queen Jane Seymour, with the object of "laying" her ghost, which was wont to wander about the corridor near the room where Queen Anne Boleyn caught her sitting on the King's knee. Fifteen years ago the inhabitants of the Palace, which is now used as a residence for the widows of distinguished officers of the army and navy, as well as of the members of the Queen's household, were alarmed almost ont of their wits by the sound of the whirring of a spinning-wheel at night, and in deference to their nrgent entreaties the Government Office of Works instituted an investigation, which resnlted in the discovery of a bricked up and until then unsnspected chamber containing an ancient spinning-wheel showing marks of recent nse. Reference to the old records of the Palace showed this room to have formed one of the private apartments of Queen Jane. Both the late Lady Eastlake and Mrs. Cavendish Boyle, residents of the Palace, have vonched on oath for the appearance a few years ago of a white-clad specter, believed to have been that of Queen Catherine Howard, near the Queen's great staircase, and have graphically described the ghastly look of despair upon her face and the blood-curdling sounds of her screams, and only three years ago there was a wholesale exodns from the Palace, not only of the servants employed there, but likewise of widowed women of rank, owing to the antics of yet a third ghost, believed to be that of Queen Anne Boleyn.

Empress Fredrick of Germany, Qneen Victoria's oldest daughter, asserts positively that she saw the apparition of Queen Elizabeth pass through the library at Windsor Castle. The same apparition has since then been seen by Mr. Holmes, the aged and learned librarian, and again two years by the officer of the guard. The wife of the Lord Bishop of Winchester, daughter of Archbishop Tait of Canterbury, says she has seen the ghost of Charles I on the anniversary of his decapitation, promenading about the close of St. George's Chapel, in the vaults beneath which he was buried.

General John M. Bacon, U. S. A., who crnshed the recent nprising of the Pillager tribe of the Chippewa nation in Minnesota, has a good long record as a soldier and Indian fighter. While a major he fought the fierce allied tribes of the Sonthwest in the battles of Jnne 7, 1869, on the Pecos River, in Texas, and again near the headwaters of the Salt Fork of the Brazos, on October 28 and 29, 1869. In both of these actions he behaved with distingnished gallantry, and was brevetted lientenant-colonel. The General entered the army as a lientenant of Kentucky cavalry in 1862. He was promoted to a first-lieutenancy for gallant conduct at Gettysburg. He was made a captain in the regulars at the close of the Civil War.

B. N. Dibblee, captain of the Harvard football eleven this year, and one of the most popular men in the school, is a Californian. He is fleet and active, a fine half-back, and never gets "laid ont."

BABBLINGS OF A BELLE

Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

During my debutante stages it seemed to me that there was no bliss, once one was over one's first uneasiness, equal to that of being a debutante. I must say that I looked with a sort of contempt on the girls who had not yet arrived at that stage as well as on those who were in their second winter. The delights of novelty seemed, in those far-off days—nearly a year ago—the supremest of all, and now I find there is more real pleasure in comparing my sensations. Novelty is all very well in its way, but its charm is exaggerated, or at least so it seems to me. And, after all, how can one really know whether one has had "the time of one's life" unless one has a variety of "times" to compare with that especial occasion? I remember how, in the early stages of my career as a debutante, I used to wax enthusiastic over a cracker and cheese supper with a half dozen or so of silly boys. Now I want much more. The crackers and cheese might still arouse me to enthusiasm, but not in conjunction or combination with a lot of silly boys. I find, too, that where a year ago I enjoyed dancing for dancing's sake, now I discriminate with regard to partners and shall only trip the light fantastic with a toe that trips in harmony with my own. And yet I am not *blase*—no, not the least bit, but satiety has taught me discrimination.

The god of mischief must have rejoiced, been exceeding glad and sang pæons of praise during the past fortnight, for, surely, even he must have been satiated with all the sensational notoriety we have had. Papa is thoroughly disgusted and says he feels inclined to pull up stumps and settle in some place where the better classes offer the newspapers fewer opportunities. He thinks that recent episodes provoke most unfavorable criticism in the East, and I don't wonder. How banal and vulgar it all sounds, like gleanings from the pages of a North Beach novel. It seems as if it were impossible for the society element to keep out of print. All last winter one could not pick up a paper without coming across some disagreeable gossip about those who are "in the know." For my own part I am tired of it, and sometimes wish I could go to a place where one's private affairs did not prove of such paramount interest to the community in general.

We are still in San Rafael, and we others that linger there have things pretty much our own way. The Deans. O'Connors and we us, the Williams and the Ross Valley contingent. The Stetsons and that crowd have returned to town, so that we can honestly give points to dullness. I say "we" advisedly, for outside of golfing and riding life is as monotonous as a twice-told tale. I wish I found it as gay as Bert Dibble does, for he, "speaking for his family," seems to have no cause of complaint, and looks as happy as a sunbeam. I wish he would lend me his talisman, although I have heard it was blind. Every one is so pleased over the marriage of Mrs. Heathcote and Mr. Lucius Allen Lewis. I do like her so very much, she has always been so fine and brave, so buoyant and in every way charming. I don't know which of the Kittle girls I prefer. Mrs. Will Taylor is fascinating, Mrs. Boyd a loveable woman, and—but I can't find pretty things enough to say of Mrs. Heathcote. Her life in former days was a path in which the roses were conspicuous by their absence, and the thorns all too pleutiful. But she was awfully plucky and brave, and for years no one realized what a cross she had. Now I trust the roses will come up top, and I am sure they will, for Mr. Lucius Allen Lewis is, as papa says, the "right sort" and highly thought of among men of his own class. He is very well off, too, which in these days of hard times is a great consideration.

I was charmed to learn that Clemmie Kip is engaged, and think Dr. Edie singularly fortunate. She is such a womanly girl and has very attractive manners. Some people think Mary the prettier of the girls. Well, she may be, but for my own part I prefer Clemmie's style, which, after all, is only the opinion of Miss Cricket. Every one seems to like Dr. Edie, but so far I have not had the pleasure of meeting him, so can only speak from hearsay. I saw them at the matinee on Saturday, and thought then an engagement was on the tapis, he seemed so very much devoted.

Another surprise to me was Harry Holbrook's nomination for School Director. You know, he is so modest and unassuming a chap I never dreamt he cherished political aspirations. I wonder how he will enjoy it. Arthur says school directors have a snap, as all the teachers have to be a-bowing and a-scraping to them. And some are really very pretty. It must be agreeable to have the power to boss a stack of women. I only hope Harry won't get conceited, for his greatest charm has been his free and easy way, and lack of airs and frills. Well, we shall see. I hope he will get in, for I have a genuine regard for him.

Outside of the sensations, the past week has simply been too stupid for description. I went to one dinner, an informal affair, given by Mrs. George Cadwalder in honor of Mr. Cochrane, who is a Princeton man, you know. It was an awfully jolly dinner, and Edith McBean looked positively ravishing in pale heliotrope and white—such an exquisite gown. Of the other girls, Miss Kilburn and Miss Carolan looked sweet, as I had on my latest Baer toilet I looked my best, which requires no further comment. Mr. Cochrane is "terribly" nice—a capital fellow. Young Cadwalder, as I told you before, was centre at Yale last year, so he can't play here, which seems a pity, does it not? However, both he and Mr. Cochrane seem very sanguine over Berkeley's chances, or I should say the University of California. After dinner we al took in the "Dancing Girl" at the Baldwin, which was a particularly agreeable way of putting in the evening.

On Thursday afternoon I went to the open meeting of the Charminade Club in the Sorosis rooms. It was a really delightful affair and Miss Hilda Newman, who has just returned from Vienna, played so well. She is a pupil of Leschititsky, you know, and has a fine touch. A number of the girls were there. By the way, Kate Dillon is to be among the season's debutantes and I am sure she will be a success. She is quite handsome and full of fun; for the past two years she has been traveling in Europe. Helen Woolworth went to Russia for the summer and is very enthusiastic about her trip. And now I must say au revoir. Your ever devoted

MISS CRICKET.

P. S. I forgot to tell you, Diary dear, that all the young brides have announced reception days in the near future. Mrs. A. B. McKee, who has the cosiest little home on Central Avenue. You know she was Miss Hooper, also Mrs. Deane, who was Miss Sabin.

* *

The Bachelors' Cotillion has been organized under the leadership of Mr. Al. Dodge. It will hold its first german in the Maple Room of the Palace Hotel on October 28th, and will give three or four other parties during the winter. The members are Messrs. Al. Dodge, D. A. McColgan, Dr. A. T. Derby, G. A. Rigg, Dr. Robert E. O'Connell, Wallace Alexander, W. K. Owens, Burt L. Davis, H. William Westerfeld, William Toepke, Henry L. Day, Dr. E. Westfall, T. G. McGuire, W. B. Meckfessel, Clarence Musto, H. P Umbsen, Jason Gould, James H. Wheeler, Walter H. Cline and E. N. Ayers.

* *

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cleveland Perkins of Washington, and formerly of South Africa, were the guests of honor at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. James M. Goewey on Saturday evening, October 8th. The table decorations were pink and green.

* *

Quite an interesting affair was the marriage of Miss Alice Clay Stephenson and Mr. Robert Lee Stephenson, which was celebrated last Wednesday evening at the home of the bride. Miss Stephenson is one of the popular girls of East Oakland and looked very charming in her bridal gown of white satin with decoratiohs of tulle and orange blossoms. Miss Saidie Stephenson, the maid of honor, was in white silk—a very pretty gown. The bridesmaids, Miss Annie Clay, Miss Margaret Sinclair and the Misses Glide, wore very Frenchy-looking frocks of pale pink taffeta silk. The decorations were quite original and were designed by Miss Alice Moffitt. Great masses of tropical plants filled the halls and large palm leaves formed an attractive background. The bridal bower was arranged in the drawing-room and consisted of smilax interwined with La France roses and pink Cosmos. The bride's table was also in pink. A lovers' knot was arranged above and beneath rose the candelebra with pink shades and masses of pink carnations and ferns. Mrs. Stephenson, the bride's mother, wore a fetching costume of lavender silk, and Mrs. C. C. Clay wore a Watteau costume of pearl brocade trimmed in lace.

The initial meeting of the Fortnightly Dancing Club took place on Saturday evening at Reed's Hall. Never was a german more dexterously led in Oakland than this one by Miss Blanche Sharon, and the figures were wonderfully well done. In the wheel figures, where confusion worse confounded is apt to reign, Miss Sharon marshalled her forces with great skill. Of the girls who looked exceptionally well were Miss Marietta Havens, Miss Genevieve Fore, Miss Randall and Miss Palmer.

The engagement is announced of Miss Manie Kent and Lieut. Malcolm Graham. Miss Kent belongs to one of the old Southern families and is a tall, slight girl with a particularly winning expression. Lieutenant Graham is a son of General Graham. The young people are to be entertained at a very swell dinner at the "Betas" on Tuesday evening.

A very pleasant dinner was given at the "Fijis" in honor of a number of the girls belonging to the Saturday Fortnightly set last week. Mr. Philip Clay was the host on that occasion and acquitted himself with much credit in that capacity. Of the girls invited were the Misses Fore, Miss Sadie Hale, the Misses Lohse, Miss Rawlings, Miss Clay and several others.

The Cosmos Club has started for its third winter and the first meeting was held at the home of Mrs. Paul Lohse. Mrs. Pedar Sather was unanimously elected president and Mrs. T. C. Coogan as secretary. A very jolly card party was given on Friday evening by Miss Elizabeth Clift in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Newton Koser. The game played was progressive euchre and the score cards and favors were unique and pretty.

Perhaps the smartest affair of the week may be considered the reception given by Mrs. Harry Adams in honor of her sister, Mrs. Bliss, nee Knowles. Mrs. Bliss, who has just returned from her honeymoon, looked unusually pretty. Mrs. Adams was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Bliss, Mrs. Harry Knowles and Mrs. Edson Adams.

Tipsy Autumn.

I had a chat with Autumn but to day
Out in the vineyard, 'tween two purple rows;
Her hands were full of grapes and she could not
Shake hands with me; her rosy-tinted arms
Seemed stained with wine. I think she'd had a sip
She was in such a merry mood!

Her hair
Was fastened up with some brown twigs. It looked
As yellow as a golden blade of corn
With which the field had fought and richly won.

Her dreamy eyes were just a hazy blue;
Two soft dull reapers that had harvested
The hazel azures of the skies.

As red
As apples were her cheeks, and her ripe lips
Were as two bows of ruby drawn around
Mirth's ledge of pearl.

It was her busy day
And she kept working while she talked; next week
She said she would be shocking corn.

—*Lee Fairchild in N. Y. Sun.*

A Rondeau.

When Marjorie sings, her throat of snow
Swells with the music's ebb and flow
Like throat of song-thrush, and her eyes
Grow tender as the light that lies
On hill-tops when the sun is low.

So fair the singer, scarce I know
Allegro from adagio,
Nor dream her art to criticize
When Marjorie sings.

I look and list, and hourly grow
More hopelessly her slave; but oh,
Of whom dreams *she*? (Oh, dread surmise!)
For whom do those soft blushes rise?
To whom those maiden fancies go,
When Marjorie sings?

—*Julia Schayer in Lippincott's.*

Gold is now extracted by mixing the ore with common salt and sulphuric acid, then adding a solution of permanganate of potash. Hydrochloric acid is formed and chlorine is liberated to combine with the gold-forming chloride of gold. This new method, as employed at Mount Morgan, Queensland, is said to have advantages over the amalgamation and cyanide processes. It is more searching than mercury, and can be applied to ores containing copper.

IMPORTANT!

GREAT NOVELTIES

IN

French Drapery
Lace Curtains
Artistic Furniture

In French, Italian and Colonial Styles

Special Designs.

Estimates for Interior Decoration Furnished Free. Get our figures before entrusting your orders with other concerns.

THE P. ROSSI CO.

117 Sutter Street

Bet. Kearny and Montgomery, San Francisco

Von Meyerinck School of Music

FOR VOICE CULTURE AND PIANO

Under Direction of Mrs. Anna von Meyerinck

Complete Conservatory Courses, including Instruction in Harmony, Theory, Chorus and Sight Singing, Ensemble Playing, Languages, and Physical Culture. Special Preparation for Church Choir Work (weekly rehearsals with choir of Park Congregational Church). Lectures on Musical Topics.

Terms for full course of fifty weeks, $75 (payable in monthly installments of $6.25). Private instruction, $15 and $20 per month. Special seminary courses for teachers.

Coaching for Lighter and Grand Opera by **Mrs. Henri Fairweather.**

Further particulars may be obtained at the school, 841 Fulton street, San Francisco. Reception hours, 12 to 2 daily. Telephone West 223.

From Nature's Laboratory

California Cream of Lemon is a toilet preparation made entirely from the soluble substance of the whole lemon. The lemon is a natural skin food, cleanser and beautifier. Used in the bath, **Cream of Lemon** cleanses the skin quickly and thoroughly, and gives it a delightful clearness, velvety softness and suppleness. A natural skin-builder, it restores faded complexions, cures pimples and all other skin blemishes, prevents and cures tan and sunburn, as well as chapped lips and hands. Used after shaving it immediately allays all irritation of the skin, prevents roughness and disease, and obviates the possibility of catching cold.

It retails at 15 cents. Ask your druggist for it. If he will not supply you send 20 cents and we will send a three-ounce collapsible tube of Cream of Lemon prepaid to any address in the United States.

CALIFORNIA CREAM OF LEMON CO., Inc.
San Diego, Cal

Most druggists sell it—all druggists should.

STARK'S QUINTETTE CLUB

Is open for afternoon musicales, teas, receptions, weddings, etc.

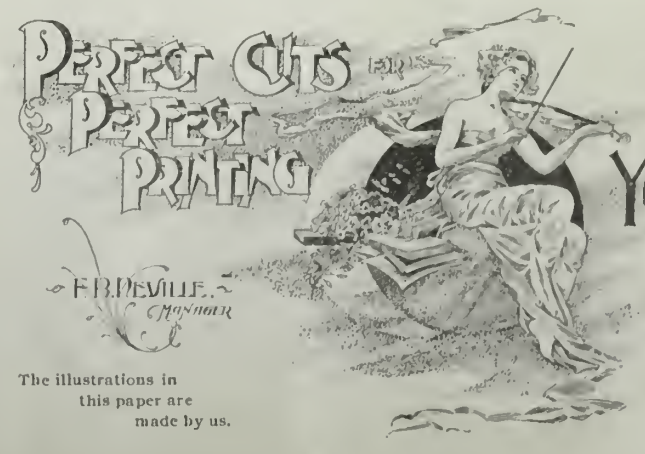
Address HERR F. STARK,
Baldwin Hotel.

Mme. Adele

FROM PARIS

Prices Moderate — Artistic Millinery

350 Hayes Street, San Francisco



The illustrations in this paper are made by us.

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

Cotillion Hall, at 1310 Polk street, has been recently renovated, and is now under the management of Professor G. Farrell. Rent reasonable for balls, parties, etc. Classes Monday evenings.

Where the Fair was Held—All Under Canvas

Strawberry Float

German Float

Harvest Float

Goddess of Plants

Yakima County Exhibit

Whittman County Exhibit

THE FRUIT FAIR AT SPOKANE

THE YOUNG THACKERAY

eminiscences of His Early Life and Labors in London.

There have now been issued four more vol-
es, from the third to the sixth, inclusive, of
e series of thirteen, which the Harpers are
lishing of the works of William Makepeace
ackeray. Each volume, it will be remem-
red, contains part of a general biographical
roduction by his daughter Annie Ritchie,
viewing the novelist's life in the period in
ich the contents of the volume was written.
is affords the reader an impression of
ackeray's contemporaneous life, and besides
ng interesting reading, gives one a vantage
m which to study and criticise the work.
ese books are taken up with *The Yellow-
sh Papers*, *The Sketch Book*, and the *Contribu-
s to Punch*. The former volume was the first
Thackeray's work published in book form
nd the book was turned out in Philadel-
a, not London. They were, of course, writ-
early in his career.

n the early days of Thackeray's life in
ndon, trying his 'prentice hand on the
rld, his friends and playfellows were Ed-
rd Fitzgerald, Charles and Arthur Buller,
l John and Henry Kemble; Alfred and
derick Tennyson and John Allen are also
stantly mentioned in his notes and letters
that time. These "young knights of the
hogany tree" used to meet and play and
rk together, or sit over their brandy-and-
er discussing men and books and morals,
culating, joking and contradicting each
er — liking fun and human nature, and all
ciful and noble things. Alfred Tennyson
s already the poet laureate of this little
rt, which was roaming about London with
uch vigor and cheerful mirth. They all
it their own ways, They heartily admired
h other, and they heartily encouraged the
ior graces as well as the major virtues.

bout a year before his appearance in Lon-
, Thackeray's family had decided that he
uld go to the bar, and now every day he
ched on a high stool and drew up legal doc-
ents. He would leave the office at about 5,
go about and enjoy the world and his
nds. "Thackeray was a young buck in
se days," wrote Blanchard Jerrold, quoting
her Prout, "wanted to make a figure in
rature, *la belle affaire!*" He meets Dr. Ma-
n and he writes in his diary for May 2,
:

Dr. Maginn called and took me to the *Standard*,
wing me the mysteries of printing and writing
ding articles."

e continued reading law. The dissensions
r the Reform Bill occupied a good deal of
ckeray's time, and on its passage, "The
inisters, the Reform Bill, and the country
e to the devil," he wrote; and bought him
g stick "wherewith to resist all parties in
e of attack." He anticipated risings and
s in London. Here Thackeray made his
appearance in politics. But he was never
en politician. Pictures and plays form a
h larger share of his early interests than
er politics or law cases. Only he sympa-
ed warmly with his friends and compan-
and never hesitated to utter his sympa-
s. It is impossible also not to feel even
how just were his instinctive provisions

and criticisms. Any one reading the speeches he made in 1858, when he was standing for the city of Oxford, might realize how many of the things he advocated have come about.

It is said that the man who followed Thackeray at Tarpell's law chambers found his desk full of sketches and caricatures, which he had left behind him. His gifts did not lie lawward. He said it was a cold-blooded, calculating business, and when he came of age, on July 18, 1832, he began to plan otherwise. He went to Paris where he went to work with a master to study French literature. In January, 1833, Thackeray became associated with the *Standard and Journal of Literature, Science, Music and Fine Arts*, and here found an opening in literature. He worked at journalism for some time, besides thinking of painting as a profession. He went to Paris as correspondent, and was back and forth continually. A letter to his mother, written at the Garrick Club, shows that that life was not all to his taste:

"I am wanting to leave this dismal city, but I must stay for some time longer, being occupied in writing, puffing, &c., and other delightful employments for the *Standard*. * * * I find a great change between this and Paris, where one makes friends; here, though for the past three years I have lived, I have not positively a single female acquaintance. I shall go back to Paris, I think, and marry somebody. There is another evil that I complain of, that this system of newspaper writing spoils one for other kind of writing. I always find myself attempting to make a pert, critical point at the end of a sentence. * * * There are a number of *litterateurs* who frequent this Club, and the *National Standard* is, I am happy to say, growing into repute, though I know it is poor stuff."

As we know, the *Literary Standard* did not flourish long, and after its demise Thackeray returned to Paris and resumed his painting studies. He married, later, on an appointment at £400 a year, as correspondent to the *Constitutional*, a new paper, an ultra-Conservative organ, in which he held shares. Later he secured the *Times'* correspondence. In the summer of 1842 he went over to Ireland and wrote the *Irish Sketch Book*, which was the first of his works to come out under his own name. In August, 1844, his long-planned trip to the Orient became material. To his mother he wrote: "I have just, only yesterday, had an offer to go passage-free by the Oriental Company, to Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Tangier, Athens, Constantinople, Smyrna, Jericho, Syria and Jerusalem, in ten weeks, and I thought the chance so great that I have accepted. The book, of course, is ordered." On his return to London his success began.

Much of Thackeray's best work is associated with *Punch*, for which he was now writing. *Punch* was only a year old, but Leech, Douglas Jerrold and Kenny Meadows were all on the staff. His actual connection with *Punch* lasted for about ten years, but in one sense it was never discontinued. It was *Punch* that made a home for him. He had passing difficulties with his *Punch* colleagues—political and other difference, but they may be passed over in this sketch.

MITCHELL'S "FRANCOIS"

A Story of Adventure in the Days of the French Revolution.

Dr. Mitchell could have rested on his laurels after *Hugh Wynne*, but that much-praised book was not by any means the measure of his literary capacity. He has demonstrated anew his versatility in *The Adventures of Francois* (The Century Co.) It is curious, it may be remarked in passing, that two of our best-known novelists were men already successful in the most practical lines of professional endeavor. There is F. Hopkinson Smith, civil engineer, builder of bulkheads, lighthouses and such things, an artist in etching and water-colors, and a writer of unusual charm. And here is Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, a physician of note at home and abroad, famed as a specialist in nervous diseases, and now a distinguished member of the litterati.

While *Hugh Wynne* is alive with the strong action of the American Revolution, *The Adventures of Francois* is full of the frantic struggle of the revolution in France. Francois is introduced as a half-grown foundling in the Benedictine Asylum in Paris; a lad of wakeful mind and irrepressible good humor, long-faced, with features of unusual size and mouth and ears of disproportionate magnitude. His fine boyish voice changes and he is taken from the choir of Notre Dame and sent to a monastery where he serves the marketing brother. The boy is greatly depressed, and one day escapes into the streets. The arguments of an empty stomach easily prevail upon Francois, and he takes to picking pockets and to other light-fingered crime.

This part of the book—all of it for that matter—should be read at first hand to be appreciated, telling as it does about Francois' transformation from an innocent lad of the choir to a *habitant* of the *Ile de la Cite*, the haunt of thieves and assassins, and of the vilest of Paris; and showing how he keeps through it all certain good qualities and refinements and unceasing good nature. Acquaintances are made who appear in succeeding chapters. There is gradually traced the opening of the fearful tragedy of the revolution, the clash of "Monsieur" with the "Citizen," hostile separation of white-cockaded Bourbons and tricolored Jacobins.

Francois becomes a juggler and a palmist, then again a thief in the streets. One night, out on one of his missions of "relief," he saves the life of M. Achille Gamel, the best fencing-master in Paris, who has been waylaid by thieves from the *Cite*. For this service Francois, now quite grown, and a long, lean, powerful fellow, is taken to M. Gamel's *salle d' armes*, and there the master trains his ready wit and supple arm in the art of fence. Francois becomes expert and is made an assistant. He practices aristocrats in the morning hours, and republicans in the afternoon. The intense, bitter struggle of the revolution is artistically condensed in these chapters. The white cockades slowly disappear, the tricolor grows more arrogant, M. Gamel flies from the Terror.

The following extract from the book is a good example of the author's style, and, containing a description of a duel, may aptly be used for comparison with *Hugh Wynne*:

"Both men were plainly enough masters of their weapon, and for at least two minutes there was no advantage. Then Ste Luce was touched in the left shoulder, and a distorted grin of satisfaction ran over the face of the Jacobin. The marquis became more careful, and a minute or two later Francois saw with pleasure that Amar was breathing a trifle hard. He had half a mind to cry 'Wait! wait! He is feeling the strain.' He held his peace, and, with Toto, looked on in silence. The marquis knew his business well, and noted the quickening chest movements of his adversary. He began to smile, and to make a series of inconceivably quick lunges. Now and then the point of either blade struck fair on the convex steel shell-like guard which protected the hand When this chanced, a clear, sweet note as of a bell rang through the great hall. The Jacobin held his own, and Francois, despite his anxiety, saw with the satisfaction of a master how lightly each rapier lay in the grasp of the duelist, and how dexterously the fingers alone were used to guide the blades.

"Of a sudden the strange face was jerked as it were to left, and a savage lunge in tierce came perilously near to ending the affair Ste. Luce threw himself back with the quickness of a boy. The point barely touched him. 'St. Gris!' he called out gaily. 'That was well meant. Now take care!'

"'By St. Denis! 't is a master,' muttered Francois. The marquis seemed of a sudden to have let loose a reserve of unlooked-for power. He was here and there about the massive and by no means unready bulk of Amar, swift and beautifully graceful.

"Then of a sudden the marquis' blade went out as quick as lightning, and just at the limit of a nearly futile thrust caught Amar over the right eye. '*Dame!* I missed those lanterns of hell!'

"The Jacobin brushed away the blood which, running down his face, made his right eye useless for the time.

"The marquis fell back and dropped his point. 'The deuce! The man cannot see. Tie a handkerchief around his head.'

"The Jacobin was not sorry to have time to breathe.

"'Thou art more than fair, citizen,' said Amar, getting his breath.

"'Thanks,' returned the marquis, coldly. 'Make haste, Francois.'

"Francois took up a lace handkerchief which lay beside Ste. Luce's coat on the seat where he had cast his clothes. While Francois bound the handkerchief around the head so as to stop the flow of blood, Amar turned to his foe.

"'Citizen,' said the Jacobin, 'thou hast been a gallant man in this matter. My life was thine to take. Let it end here. Thou art a brave man and a good blade.'

"Ste. Luce looked at him with an expression of amused curiosity.

"'What else?'

"'I will not have thee pursued on my honor.'

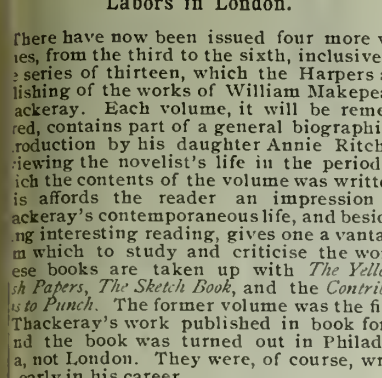
"'Tie it firmly, Francois. You have just heard, my Francois, of the last Parisian novelty—a Jacobin's honor! Be so good as to hurry, Francois.'

"Had the stern Jacobin felt some sudden impulse of pity or respect? In all his after days he was unsparing, and certainly it was not fear which now moved him.

"'As it pleases thee,' he said simply. Ste. Luce made no answer. Again their blades met. And now the marquis changed his game, facing his foe steadily, while Francois gazed in admiration. Ste. Luce's rapier was like a lizard's movements for quickness. Twice he touched the man's chest, and by degrees drove him back, until he was against the door. Suddenly, seeming to recover strength, the Jacobin lunged in quarte, and would have caught the Marquis fair in the breast-bone had he not thrown himself backward as he felt the prick. Instantly he struck the blade aside with his open left hand, and, as it went by his left side, drove his rapier savagely through Amar's right lung and into the panel of the door. It was over. Not ten minutes had passed.

The rest of the book is full of the excitement of the Terror, full of adventure with peasantry and nobles, in the provinces, in prison, escape, pursuit, fighting, and through it all this merry vagabond Francois.

The pen of Castaigne is seen to admirable advantage in the illustrations.



Only the tor-
res of the me-
æval rack are
mparable to the
onies which
any women
ffer through

e peculiar weaknesses
d diseases of their deli-
te, feminine structure.
thing less than unbearable torment
uld induce sensitive-minded women to
bmit to the intolerable methods of the
crage doctor in dealing with diseases of
is nature.

That there is "a better way" than these
testable "examinations" and "local ap-
ications" is a truth which some women
ve yet to learn, although thousands are
eady rejoicing in the knowledge. They
ve found in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Pre-
ription the one unfailing remedy which
als feminine weaknesses at their very
urce. This marvelous "Prescription"
stores absolute health to the internal
ganism; stops weakening drains and ul-
rated conditions, gives elastic strength
the supporting ligaments, vitality to the
rve centers, and complete womanly vigor
the entire constitution.

It is the perfect fortifier and regulator of
men at every critical period in their
velopment; from the time when they
rge into womanhood until the "change
life." It is the one medicine which
kes motherhood safe and almost free
m pain.

A lady living at 7 Park Avenue, Chicago, Ills.,
s. Emily Howe, writes: "I, myself, suffered
ong time from female weakness and seemed
be going into a decline. Took several bottles
your 'Favorite Prescription' and it saved me
m a great deal of suffering. I now enjoy per-
t health and will ever praise the wonderful
cacy of your medicine."

The best popular medical book in the
rld is Dr. R. V. Pierce's 1000 page illu-
ated Common Sense Medical Adviser.
will be sent free, paper-bound, for 21
e-cent stamps, *to pay the cost of mailing
ly.* Address the Doctor at Buffalo, N. Y.,
send 31 stamps for cloth-bound copy.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, } ss.
Lucas County. }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of One Hundred Dollars for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this sixth day of December, A. D. 1886. A. W. GLEASON,
[Seal] Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, 75c.

Clothing, curtains, blankets, etc., cleaned or dyed. Pacific Cleaning and Dyeing Works, 353-357 Tehama street. Telephone South 40. J. Spaulding & Co.

Poodle Dog Restaurant, southeast corner of Grant avenue and Bush street. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone 429. Blanco & Bruno, proprietors.

Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist, 806 Market Street

TO CHICAGO IN 3 1-2 DAYS
TO NEW YORK IN 4 1-2 DAYS
VIA
Chicago Union Pacific
AND
Northwestern Line
Through Pullman and Tourist Sleeping Cars Daily. All meals served a la carte in Dining Car. For full information, address
R. R. RITCHIE,
General Agent Pacific Coast
No. 2 New Montgomery Street (Palace Hotel)
San Francisco, Cal.

Political printing
AS IT
should be done!
Every Kind Any Quantity
Fair Prices
BROWN, MEESE & CRADDOCK
(Incorporated)
419 Sacramento Street
We print THE WAVE 'Phone Main 530

ELECTRIC..
Supplies
Construction
Repairs
CALIFORNIA
ELECTRICAL WORKS
409 MARKET STREET

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT — BULLION MINING CO.— Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 1st day of October, 1898, an assessment (No. 53) of five (5) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company room 11, 331 Pine street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 5th day of November, 1898, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on Monday the 28th day of November, 1898, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary
Office, room 11, 331 Pine street, San Francisco, Cal.

CHOLLAR MINING CO.— Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 12th day of October, 1898, an assessment (No. 47) of ten (10) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 15th day of November, 1898, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday, the 7th day of December, 1898, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. CHAS. E. ELLIOT, Secretary.
Office, room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

A. O. LINDSTAOM AL. JOHNSON
Phone Main 5178
Sutter Street Hammam
TURKISH AND RUSSIAN BATHS
415 Sutter Street, between Stockton and Powell
Open Day and Night for Gentlemen
For Ladies, from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

Centennial Stable
Boarding and Livery
Carriages, Broughams, Victorias, etc. First-Class in every respect
1521-1523-1525 California Street
Bet. Polk and Larkin
Telephone East 378 M. CONLON, Proprietor

ROYAL
Baking Powder

Made from pure cream of tartar.

Safeguards the food against alum.

Alum baking powders are the greatest menacers to health of the present day.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

LONDON

London, Oct. 8th.—The Peace Commissioners have been staying at the Hotel Cecil, en route for Paris, and Americans would have been most interested and amused at the comments of the English upon them, as well as upon their feminine contingent. You know nobody here thought for an instant that they would take their wives and daughters with them, which proves how little the Anglo-Saxons understand the American character. I have spent the week explaining that, although an American woman may travel without her husband, no right-minded American would dream of embarking on an expedition of business and pleasure unaccompanied by his female relatives. Judge Day has struck the English most favorably; they consider the Judge as the real statesman type of face, a type of his quiet, dignified manner and highly appreciate his ability at eluding the interviewer. The ladies are said to be stylish, but rather behind-hand in regard to clothes. The London dressmakers hope they will give them some of their custom, but as we all know Americans consider Paris as the one place to buy fashionable-looking garments. For my own part, where I prefer Paris for evening dress and fussy frocks, I think London is the place to buy tailor-built clothes and riding habits. French tailor gowns are always rather be-ruffled and frilled and have none of that simplicity which makes the English frock so smart looking.

Lord Kitchener, of Khartoun, is also a topic of much interest. You know he has been considered a bachelor too dearly wedded to celibacy to even think of another state—now he has been elevated to the Peerage and will—so the fond mammas think and hope—want to found a family. He is a curious sort of man, very reserved, haughty and standoffish and would be rather diffident, or I am greatly mistaken—the sort of man who would ignore a woman's ideas and wishes and simply say: "But I prefer thus and so, my dear, so there the matter ends." Ugh, what a husband! You know he will not have a married man on his staff, and really believes a man married is marred.

The Curzons are very much chagrined over the newspaper comments, more especially of those of the yellow journals. I hear that Lord Curzon positively writhed when some one showed him the interview with old Mr. Leiter in the *Chicago Herald* (I think it was). Then all that nonsense about Daisy Leiter and the "riding elephant" has been ridiculed over here. If Americans would only learn to let well enough alone and not render these international alliances ridiculous in the eyes of all right-minded people. It is very hard on the American bride of an Englishman to find her own country people holding her up to ridicule and gloating over her good fortune in having married a title. It makes it much more difficult for her in her private life, for even if at first her husband feels she has honored him by giving up her own country for him, very soon he is taught by her own press what a tremendous benefit he has conferred on her by marrying her. It disgusts us Americans, who soon learn the temper and conservatism of the English, and how they really despise the notoriety which Americans, if one may judge by the papers, seem to care for.

The death of Queen Louise of Denmark will interfere greatly with the gaieties in London this winter. Personally, as well as officially, she will be deeply mourned. The Princess of Wales was devoted to her mother, and by all the descendants of the Queen the Danish court was looked upon as the internation playground. There royalty might dispo itself free from the barriers imposed by etiquette, and there the royal personages were known and spoken of by their own familiar nicknames. The late Emperor of Russia said his only peaceful and happy days were those spent in Denmark, for there he could travel about without fear of Nihilists or anarchists. The younger people found in Queen Louise an ever ready confidante and sympathizer; it was she who smoothed out their *affaires de coeurs* and arranged matters between fathers and sons, patched up domestic breaches and played the peace-maker in chief. She has always been on more familiar terms with her descendants than Queen Victoria, was more personally approachable—and really no love affair was ever considered *au serieux* until she had passed upon it. Strange, is it not, that by the deaths of Queen Louise and the Empress of Austria five groups of royal families have been thrown into mourning. Russia, England, Norway, Sweden, Austria, Spain, besides the sundry French and Bavarian families—Catholic and Protestant Europe mourns, and who knows but that within a short time we may be plunged into still deeper mourning. Queen Victoria's health is said to be failing rapidly, and while it is hard to get accurate accounts of the illnesses of royal personages, there seems to be some reason for anxiety. Again, Death, unlike lightning, nearly always strikes three times. The Queen is old, has long passed the allotted time for man to live, is a mass of aches and pains, and cannot find that life has much that is pleasurable left in it. What effect her death would have at this Chinese-Russian-French crisis, it would be interesting to figure out.

The cause of temperance is to have a "boost" this winter in England, as the three "temperances" duchesses have promised to take to the platform and make a regular business of lecturing for the great cause. The Duchess of Sutherland is very fond of addressing her tenants on this subject and has appeared again and again on teetotal platforms. The Duchess of Westminster is now the head of the London Guild of Hope, which is really an aristocratic temperance society, and Grosvenor House is frequently thrown open for its meetings. From a point of view of eloquence, however, Adeline, Dowager Duchess of Bedford, is easily the most clever of the duchesses and speaks very often for the same great cause. Apart from her point of view, this lady is well worth listening to, for she has an excellent delivery, is animated and brings a ring of genuine sincerity into her discourse.

On Saturday, Sept. 10th, I took a short run up to Inverness to attend the little race-meeting held at Dunain, a picturesque hamlet near there. There was a very smart-looking crowd to witness the races. You know they were for the most part pony races and all the favorites won—a very delightful state of affairs. You put your money on the "sure thing" and came out ahead every time but one, and that did not count. All the smart Scotch people were there and many English, who have been at house parties in the north. The Bradley-Martins were there in great style, the Countess of Craven in a very stunning costume of pale pervanche blue, with a bright red coat and hat. Princess Sophie Dhuleep Singh was in fawn color with turquoise blue front and petticoat. Lady Selkirk was in deep purple and Mrs. Brickman in blue and white check skirt, dark blue jacket faced with scarlet and trimmed with gold braid. Mrs. Baillie and Miss Chetwode, the latter in a navy blue dress faced with bright green. The Baillies really made the affair a go, for they spared no expense and conducted the meeting on strictly sportsmanlike lines. They have a very handsome place near Inverness. Mrs. Baillie was Hon. Nellie Bass, only child of Lord and Lady Burton. Her father now allows her $50,000 a year and on his death she will be immensely wealthy. She is a very sporty lady, has horses and dogs and all that sort of thing.

Prince Francis of Teck has returned from the Soudan. On his arrival he was met by Prince Adolphus, his favorite brother, who is commonly known by the euphonious title of "Prince Dolly." Both the Teck boys are immensely popular with all classes of society and are especial pets of their uncle, the Duke of Cambridge. He treats them in right royal fashion, too, and gives them truly magnificent presents. It is said that the old Duke of Teck is seriously ill, so much so that even his children are not permitted to see him.

KATRIONA.

Pears'

Pretty boxes and odors are used to sell such soaps as no one would touch if he saw them undisguised. Beware of a soap that depends on something outside of it.

Pears', the finest soap in the world is scented or not, as you wish; and the money is in the merchandise, not in the box.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people are using it.

The old reliable Decker & Sons pianos are sold exclusively by the Zeno Mauvais Music Co., 769 Market street. There is no better piano made and the prices are very reasonable.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes, Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

Dr. G. A. Danziger, Dentist, 22 Geary street

NEW YORK

New York, October 14th.—"Bah," says Richelieu, "the mate for beauty is a man and not a money-chest." And we thrill over the old cardinal's epigram, and say "Right," and feel for a moment the high-heartedness of chivalric ancestors. But it has been my observation from New York to San Francisco, that our women are as steeped in the mercenary spirit of the age as we men are. They still want the man, if possible, but they have learned the trick of gauging their affections by the figure he cuts at his banker's. As that cheerful individual Schopenhauer puts it: "Women——but I'm in a good humor to-day, why spoil it?" Occasionally there is a happy combination of man and money-chest. I have been hearing a good deal about the Harold Baring-Marie Churchill wedding set for the 24th. Young Baring is such an individual. He is hardly known in America, but I can tell you he is a man Americans will like. His mother and grandmother were Americans, by the way. He is good to look upon, a well-set-up, well-groomed, unassuming young Englishman, just turned thirty, a cool head in the world-wide banking business controlled by the Barings, takes his responsibilities rather more seriously than do our young millionaires, and he is no slave to his desk, but can ride and shoot and rough it like any out-of-door Californian. He is frankly and outspokenly in love with Miss Churchill, which is the more unquestionable since she has little but her wit and youth and beauty for a dower.

Miss Churchill is what our enthusiastic Johnnies call "a Queen!" She is a beauty, and the belle of the Four Hundred. She has had unlimited attention from men on both sides of the water since she came out, but she fell in love at last with this English fiance of hers. In Englaud they called her "the Gibson girl." She, innocently enough, made quite a row over there among the jealous dowagers, who raged at her unconcerned way of taking the homage of all the catches, chief of whom was Baring. She is in her early twenties, tall even for a smart New York girl, slender, well-rounded, and with the carriage of a duchess. Her hair is like burnished bronze, of auburn richness in the sunshine. She looks unapproachable, surrounded by an atmosphere of reserve, but when she smiles her charming smile—well, "Belinda smiled and all the world was gay." She has been abroad with her parents for some time, and it was at a garden party in London that Baring met her. He fell in love with her at first sight, and she was not long in responding. I am told that he went right to the point like any big honest schoolboy. It is curious that this will be the third American marriage that the Barings have made. Away back in the seventeen hundreds one of them came over to see about some business in His Majesty's colonies of America, and fell in love with the beautiful Miss Bingham of Philadelphia, whom he married in spite of parental objection. Forty years ago his grandson came to New York and took home an American bride, who was Miss Susan Carter Minturn. He is dead, but his "pretty American" widow is glad that his son will bring her an American daughter. It is a pleasure to record so many marriages between Englishmen and American girls. Continental European marriages have been for the most part unhappy, but the Anglo-American matches have been wonderfully free from after-bitterness.

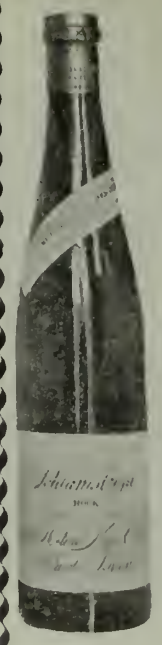
We are devoting our energies at this season pretty thoroughly to out-of-door sports. Golf and hunting and polo are the amusements of the moment. Polo is played on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and there are runs with the hounds on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. I had a glorious gallop yesterday morning at Meadowbrook, and rode in with Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Mackay, with whom I had a very pleasant chat about California and my friends in San Francisco.

The St. Andrews's Club links are swarming with golfing people. But the golfing event of the season was the fourth contest for the women's championship of the United States, on the Ardsley links. Miss Beatrix Hoyt, the champion, played a magnificent game. She represents the Shinnecock Hills Golf Club. Miss Marian Shearson, of the Chicago Club, Miss Frances Griscom, from the Quaker City, and others like them are making the game close and interestiug. The contest closes to-day. I think Miss Hoyt will win, but Mrs. Taylor is playing her close. Mrs. John Jacob Astor was to have played, but the yellow press came out with flip and familiar remarks headed "Mrs. Astor at the Bat" and so on, describing her form in inches, retailing her whole life history, wondering if "Jack" would be there to look on, and all that sort of thing. Mrs. Astor appeared at Ardsley on Tuesday, but did not play. She found on her arrival a small army of spying reporters and "artists" prepared to describe her and her movements from every point of view imaginable. She actually shrank from the publicity that would have followed her playing, withdrew her name from the entry list, and contented herself with looking on. Intolerable newspaper abuse and espionage keeps a good share of our wealth in circulation abroad. We understand here that your San Francisco press has about depopulated that town of millionaires.

I wrote you last week about the Stuyvesant Fish "Venetian palace" and intimated the gossip of up town to the effect that Mrs. Fish purposes climbing to the leadership of society by way of the entertaining advantages of that new mansion. But there is a rival in the field whom Mrs. Fish will have to reckon with. That is Mrs. W. D. Sloane, of the house of Vanderbilt, who also has high social ambitions. Mrs. Sloane is reconstructing the huge Vanderbilt houses at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-second street. Months ago, by private arrangement, she bought her sister's, Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard's, former residence adjoining her own mansion. Society was somewhat puzzled then as to Mrs. Sloane's intentions, but nothing much was said or done at the time and nobody knew or guessed. Now the Shepard place is a great mass of debris, and out of this wreckage is to rise probably the finest mansion in America.

Mrs. Sloane is making a magnificent palace out of the two buildings, which will equal if not surpass, the home of her brother, Cornelius Vanderbilt, just across the street. The Sloane house was built years ago by William H. Vanderbilt. He kept the southern end of it, and his daughters, Mrs. Sloane and Mrs. Shepard, the northern wing. The parents died and then the daughters and George Vanderbilt kept up their several establishments under the same roof. While her husband lived, Mrs. Shepard entertained a great deal, but since his death and the marriage of her children she has lived at Scarborough most of the time. The million mark is said to be the only limit on the architect, exclusive of the work of the architectural sculptors, who are to give an ornamental masonry front to an interior heretofore more remarkable for solidity than for its beauty. Besides an important item, the entrance is to be changed from Fifth Avenue, and the *porte cochere* that also leads to George Vanderbilt's wing to Fifty-second street, where a massive and handsome gate will be constructed. The date set for the completion of this magnificence is the 1st of December, and then Mrs. Sloane is expected to give a great house-warming party. Which is to be the leader, Mrs. Sloane or Mrs. Fish? Both of them are "new" to our old families.

MANHATTA.



California's Pride

It is a thing to be proud of that the State produces such wines, famous for purity, flavor and bouquet ...as...

SCHRAMSBERG

CLARETS . REISLING AND SAUTERNES

They are bottled at the vineyard

PACIFIC COAST AGENTS

SHERWOOD & SHERWOOD

SAN FRANCISCO
LOS ANGELES
PORTLAND

A Necklace of Love.

No rubies of red for my lady—
No jewel that glitters and charms,
But the light of the skies in a little one's eyes
And a necklace of two little arms.

Of two little arms that are clinging
(Oh, ne'er was a necklace like this!)
And the wealth o' the world and Love's sweet
impearled
In the joy of a little one's kiss.

A necklace of love for my lady
That was linked by the angels above.
No other but this—and the tender, sweet kiss
That sealeth a little one's love.

—*Frank L. Stanton in Ladies' Home Journal*

Silence.

So silent is the world to-night
The lamp gives silence out like light,
The latticed windows, open wide,
Show silence, like the night, outside:
The nightingale's faint notes draw near
Like musical silence to mine ear.

The empty house calls not to me;
"Here, but for Fate, were thou and she!"
That gibe for once is checked; to-night
Silence is queen in grief's despite;
And even the longing of my soul
Is silent in this hour's control.

Pall Mall Gazette

Her Leghorn Hat.

Her leghorn hat has rows and rows
Of ribbon, tied with charming bows.
The crown is wreathed in dainty green,
And from their leaves there peep between
Some rosebuds white as winter snows.

The brim's so large, whene'er it blows
Her face is hid from friends and foes,
As must all know who once have seen
Her leghorn hat.

I wonder why it droops and flows
About her face; howe'er she pose,
It always serves her as a screen,
I cannot guess and yet I ween
It keeps the freckles from her nose
Her leghorn hat

—*Cap and Gown*

GERMEA

The Ideal Breakfast Di

'HE BANK OF CALIFORNIA
SAN FRANCISCO

Capital and Surplus . Six Million Dollars

'ILLIAM ALVORD.....President
HARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
HOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier
RVING F. MOULTON.....Second Assistant Cashier
LLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

CORRESPONDENTS

ew York..... { Messrs. Laidlaw & Co. / The Bank of New York, N B. A.
altimore.....The National Exchange Bank
oston.....The Tremont National Bank
hicago..... { Illinois Trust and Savings Bank / Union National Bank
hiladelphia.....Philadelphia National Bank
. Louis.....Boatmen's Bank
irginia City, Nev...Agency of the Bank of California
ondon.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
aris.....Messrs. De Rothschild Freres
erlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft
hina, Japan and East Indies.....Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China
ustralia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

etters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

he German Savings and Loan Society
526 California St., S. F.

uarantee Capital and Surplus.....$2,135,820 60
apital Actually Paid Up in Cash.....1,000,000 00
eposits June 30, 1898.....26,486,987 06

OFFICERS
President, B. A. BECKER
First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER
Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN
Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT
Assistant Cashier, WM. HERRMANN
Secretary, GEORGE TOURNY
Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER

DIRECTORS
. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann, Ign. Stein hart, N. Van Bergen, E. Rhote, H. B. Russ, D. N. Walter and N. Ohlandt.
Attorney - W. S. Goodfellow

San Francisco Savings Union
532 CALIFORNIA ST.

Deposits July 1, 1898.....$23,356,130
Paid Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Reserve Fund..... 182,009
Contingent Fund..... 435.515

. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

DIRECTORS
eorge W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, aniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, George Tasheira, E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Es te, and Farms and Farming Lands in the country. Receives deposits. Country remittances may be ade in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Ex ess, but the responsibility of this bank commences nly with the receipt of the money.
No charge is made for pass book or entrance fee.
Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday even gs, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco
33 POST STREET

low Kearny Mechanics' Institute Buildin

Guaranteed Capital, $1,000,000
Paid Up Capital, $300,000

AMES D. PHELAN, President
S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-President
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier
C. B. HOBSON, Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS—James D. Phelan, S. G. Murphy, John Hooper, James Moffitt, C. G. Hooker, Frank J. ullivan, L. P. Drexler, Robt. McElroy, Jos. D. Grant.
Interest paid on deposits.
Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be nt by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Ex ange on City Banks.
When opening accounts, send signature.

CONNECTICUT
FIRE INS. CO.
OF HARTFORD

ssets. $3,300,000. BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.
COLIN M. BOYD,
Agent for San Francisco
501 Montgomery Street

Thuringia Insurance Co.
OF ERFURT, GERMANY

apital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248

PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT
204-208 Sansome Street, San Francisco
OSS, CONRAD & CO,, General Managers

Don't Borrow a Home!
BUY IT Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the
CONTINENTAL Building and Loan Ass'n of California
WM. CORBIN, Secretary and Gen. Manager.
ome Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

ANKLIN K. LANE G. WHITFIELD LANE

LANE & LANE
Attorneys and Counselors
Removed to
1409-1412-1413 Claus Spreckels Building

How One Regular Died.

"Well, Lewis, how many rounds did you fire to-day?"

We were lying at ease in that "thin line of blue" deployed just behind the crest of the San Juan ridge. Hosts of stars were coming out, and their unfamiliar aspect in the southern sky was dividing our interest with the high-pitched, singing challenge of Mauser bullets, fired in chagrin at desultory intervals, but harmlessly clipping fronds high up on the royal palms above us.

"I used up one hundred and twenty rounds," answered Lewis, a grizzled veteran of Indian fights, dispatch-bearing adventures, and "Bad Lands" campaigns.

"Where did you get the twenty?" I asked, preferring talking to thinking that evening.

Lewis shifted his carbine to a better rest on a little knoll, turned from scanning the sky line Santiago-ward, and after a moment's silence answered slowly:—

"One of the 'nigs' of the Tenth gave me his belt."

Gave away his belt in action! I understood what that meant. Besides, there was an approach to sadness in the old fighter's quiet voice.

"Tell me about it?" I asked. And he did.

"It was after the troop got separated, when we began to advance down there in that jungle. Nothing to go by but the Dago volleys, and their cross fire keeping me guessing. I only knew you fellows were somewhere on the right and left, because there was no noise behind. I was tearing my way through that everlasting tangle when the 'nig' came smashing up beside me.

"'Where's the Tenth?" he asked.

"'Lost in the brush looking for a hole,' I said. 'Where's the Third?'

"'Lookin' for the Tenth, I guess, boss.'

"Then we came on. When we got to those barb-wire fences we worked it together. I'd stretch up a wire and make a hole for him. Then he'd do the same from the other side. We were making fast time along there. The Dagos had the range of those fences down fine.

"Pretty soon we got where we could see the top of the ridge, and could drop when we saw those straw hats rise up out of the ground up there. They were keeping the lead flying to beat h—l.

"We struck the last fence just where it ran along a ditch. We came up on the run. He was ahead. He jumped up on the bank, yanked up a wire and I made a dive to go through. One of the barbs ran through the back of my belt and held me.

"Just then he said: 'Get back; they're going to fire a volley!'

"I couldn't move, and he saw it. I could just feel that volley coming. I told him to get down himself. He didn't. He grabbed me by the belt and swung me back behind him into the ditch, just as the volley did come. He fell beside me, but he didn't get up when I did to make another rush. All he said was: 'They've got me, white friend.' I saw two holes where his shirt was open in front. Both bullets had gone clean through him. I knew by the look in his eyes that it was all up, and that he knew it.

"I said good-by, he said good-by, and—I had to come on. I was up at the fence when I heard him trying to speak. I jumped back and bent over him.

"He said: 'Better take along my belt; there's sixty rounds left.'

"He died trying to unfasten the belt hooks."

Lewis turned slowly back to his carbine and resumed his watch of the sky line. A moment later he added: "I took the belt." Then, grimly: "I used his sixty first—for him. He could have saved himself."—*N. Y. Herald.*

The Rough Rider "Remarks."

"I was raised way up in the Pecos Valley;
They call me now the Texas lamb;
I was in Hell Caney in Roosevelt's rally—
If I was not may I be dam."
Said the Rough Rider.

"I never had no use for a nigger,
A yellow mulatto I didn't admire,
But I lay tl at day with finger on trigger
And watched the colored cavalry fire
And thought out loud as we waited for orders
'If them there darkies should break on our right,
'Twould be good-by to the first Rough Riders!'
And I wished to God them niggers was white."
Said the Rough Rider.

"Up the hill through bramble and briar,
Leaving killed and wounded there in the brush,
They pushed straight ahead in the face of the fire,
Then lined up true for the final rush.
Straight in front was the barbed wire fence;
Over they went it, hellity split;
You should have seen the greasers git from thence—
I swear, I reckon they're running yit!"
Said the Rough Rider.

"There is plenty of sand in troops that stand
Such a rain of bullets as comes this way;
In this kind of a game I ll fill my hand
With them black devils that fight for play.
For beauty they don't show up very much;
For color they're off a little bit;
But the way they git there beats the Dutch;
They may lack beauty, but they don't lack grit."
Said the Rough Rider.

"The cowboys always pay their debts;
Them darkies saved us at Hell Caney;
When we go back on the colored vets,
Count Texas Bill as out of the play."
Said the Rough Rider.
W. A. B in New York World.

Insist Upon Having Your Ticket to New York Boston, or Other Eastern Cities

Read over the Nickel Plate (N. Y. C. & St. L. R. R.), the popular low-rate short line. Quick time, unexcelled accommodations, and no extra fares charged. Jay W. Adams, Pacific Coast Passenger Agent, 37 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal.

For health and strength: Damiana Bitters.

"No use for a duster — there 's no dust on BattleAx PLUG It sells too fast"!

Every dealer who has handled Battle Ax knows this to be a fact. There is no old stock of Battle Ax anywhere:—nothing but fresh goods, as Battle Ax sells five times more than any other brand in the world. All who chew it never change.

Remember the name when you buy again.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

400 GRADUATES SECURED POSITIONS IN PAST TWO YEARS

LOW RATES!

San Francisco Business College

Only Experienced Bookkeepers and Reporters Employed as Teachers. Send for Catalogue.

1236 MARKET STREET, S. F.

Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson's Academy
1427 Franklin St., near Post

Reopens August 1, 1898. English, French, German and Spanish Boarding and Day School. Begins with kindergarten and prepares for universities, business and society. Drawing and painting. Cultured home training. Excellent table. $30.00 per month. Music in all its branches, if desired, extra.

Lyceum Preparatory School

For the University, Law and Medical Colleges. Accredited with Stanford University and Cooper College. References—President Jordan or any Stanford Professor.

PHELAN BUILDING.

Los Angeles Military Academy
A Classical and English Boarding School
Re-opens Sept. 14th. Catalogue on application

The Solly Walter School of Illustration
Evening Classes
Tuesdays and Thursdays
26 O'Farrell Street, San Francisco

The Graphophone

When you get a talking machine, get one on which you can record as well as reproduce sound.
The Graphophone is the greatest and best talking machine. Other so-called talking machines reproduce only records of cut-and-dried subjects made in laboratories. The Graphophone, besides affording marvelous entertainment by reproducing brilliantly and clearly the music of bands, orchestras, popular singers, and all the great variety of records made for entertainment purposes, affords infinite personal delight through its power of instantly recording and reproducing at once, and as often as desired, songs sung to it, words spoken to it, or any sound.

Graphophones are sold for $10 and up
Write for Catalogue No. 75

Columbia Phonograph Co.
(DEPARTMENT 75)
723 Market Street, San Francisco
NEW YORK, PARIS, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, WASHINGTON, PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE, BUFFALO.

Blake, Moffitt & Towne
DEALERS IN
PAPER
55, 57, 59 and 61 First Street, San Francisco
Telephone Main 199

AMUSEMENTS

Baldwin Theatre

FRIEDLANDER, GOTTLOB & Co., Lessees and Mgrs.

Week of October 24th

Elaborate Production of Edward E. Rose's Dramatization of Anthony Hope's

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA

Cast to the full strength of the **Frawley Company**

Miss Blanche Bates as Princess Flavia

Next play—"The Transit of Leo"

Orpheum

Week commencing . . . . Monday, October 24th

The Rossow Midgets in their Famous Boxing Match, and Charlie Rossow in his most laughable imitations of Anna Held

John C. Rice and Sally Cohen in a Sketch entitled "Our Honeymoon"

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Milton Royle and Company in "Captain Impudence"

Last week of Miss Mary Norman in New Caricatures

Felix & Barry Comedy Sketch Artists

Louis M. Granat, Unique Whistler

Ray Burton, Equilibrist and Rifle Shot

The Biograph—New Views

Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c.

Tivoli Opera House

MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING, Proprietor and Manager

Last Nights of **The Circus Queen**

The Merry Farce-Comedy Opera

Next week—Regal Revival of Lecoq's Masterpiece

GIROFLE - GIROFLA

Great Cast, Special Scenery, Appropiate Accessories

The Finest Singing Company in America

In preparation—**Suzette**

Matinee Every Saturday at 2 p m.

Popular Prices : : 25 and 50 cts.

Matinee Reserved Seats 25c. Tele. Bush 9

Alcazar Theatre

FRED BELASCO, Lessee : MARK THALL, Manager

Telephone Main 254

Week of October 24th — Only Matinee Saturday

David Belasco's Drama by the Sea

MAY BLOSSOM

Magnificently Presented and Strongly Cast

Scale of Prices—15c., 25c., 35c., 50c.

In preparation—Nat C. Goodwin's Political Comedy "Ambition"

New Comedy Theatre

Direction, M. B. Leavitt. Alf Ellinghouse, Res. Man.

To-Night, To-Morrow Night and Matinee at 2

Souvenirs to all! Last times of **'Where's Matilda"**

Beginning Monday—Last Week

First time here of the Operatic Farce-Comedy

THE LITTLE HUSSAR

Clara Thropp in the title role

New Costumes! New Music! New Specialties! Pretty Girls!

Matinees—25c. to all parts Gallery—15c.

Evening Prices—15, 25, 35 and 50c.

Next—The Henderson Company of Players.

SHERMAN, CLAY & CO. HALL

223 Sutter Street

An Artistic Triumph!

Next Week—Three Additional—Monday and Friday Evenings and Wednesday Afternoon

THE HEINRICH RECITALS

MR. and MRS. MAX HEINRICH, Baritone and Soprano, and MISS JULIA HEINRICH, Contralto

Reserved Seats, 75c. and $1

Now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co's.

SHERMAN, CLAY & CO. HALL

Thursday Evening and Saturday Afternoon of Next Week

Two Entertainments Given by

PEARL LADD

California's Youngest Pianiste and Dramatic Reader

Assisted by **Senorita Matildita**, the Wonderful Toe Dancer, and the **Lombardero String Quartette**

Reserved Seats 75c. On sale at Sherman, Clay & Co's, beginning Wednesday morning.

For those who appreciate Comfort and Attention

A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL

SAN FRANCISCO

M. B. HOOPER, MANAGER

Hotel Belvedere

Opened for the Season May 1st

Belvedere, Cal. MRS. A. T. MOORE.

Golden Eagle Hotel

Seventh and K Sts., Sacramento

First-class in every respect. All modern conveniences. Bus at every train. GRAY & TITUS, Props.

THE THEATRES

Passing Comment on Contemporary Performances.

It would be too much, of course, to ask Mr. Frawley to change his face, or even its expression, but might we not be indulged with a little variety about the legs? For instance, could he not subdue that agitated "single-foot" of his into a walk or, this being too tame, accelerate it into a genuine run. It is quite possible he might enjoy the change himself, after the newness wore off, for the perturbed trot to which I refer is always accompanied by a slight staccato jerk of the head, which can't be comfortable.

It almost looks as if Blanche Bates were retrograding under the influence of our genial climate and discriminating applause. As Una Urquart she is more like her old jerky self than she has been since Daly loaned her. Perhaps this is because "Love in Harness" is itself so uneven. The first act is a very amusing little satire; the other two are given up utterly to mere farcical tangling and untangling. Without doubt, Miss Bates plays her part acceptably and looks very handsome, but neither her acting nor gowning indicate the close supervision of her head—a very clear head, I should think. In fact, the entire performance of "Love in Harness" bears marks of hurried or careless preparation, Sam Edwards alone seeming to have a real grip on his role.

Barring a trifle too much attention to the house—that didn't deserve it—Frank Mathieu was pleasing in a part singularly lacking in color or significance. He is a distinct addition to the company, promising more delicacy of touch, more subtlety of conception and execution than has been prevalent among the Frawleys past or present.

* *

It is well worth one's while to visit the Orpheum this week just to see Edwin Milton Royle and his company in "Captain Impudence." The entire farce, boiled down to one act, is so full of bright dialogue and amusing incidents that it really seems shorter than it is. Royle, as Captain Impudence, and his wife, as Mrs. Trigg, are given many opportunities to display their knowledge of stagecraft, while Mamie Dupont is so very natural that it is hard to believe she is not in real life. However good the Royles are, we must not forget Mary Norman, who still impersonates the city girls of high degree, or Louis M. Garnot, who makes a most melodious instrument of his mouth and fingers. Gladys Felix and Lydia Barry are awfully dull the first five minutes of their farce, but when Felix as a half-witted person makes his reappearance he fairly convulses the audience with his weird antics.

* *

MUSIC

Especially interesting and delightful were the recitals of Mr. and Mrs. Heinrich and Miss Julia Heinrich in the gems of German and American compositions, of which their repertoire consists. Heinrich is very much more than a singer, he is an artistic musician who presents music in the highest acceptation of the term. A song in his charge becomes a vocal poem or a vocal painting. He is a great example to young and old singers, to teachers and to pupils, who cannot afford to miss the rare treat and enormous education to be derived from hearing him. Mrs. Heinrich has a soprano voice of agreeable quality, which is particularly enjoyable in the ensemble work. Her diction is clear, and her phrasing and interpretation what might be expected under such guidance as that which it has been her privilege to enjoy. Miss Heinrich has a round, warm contralto voice, the coloring of which is very artistic. Her youth and attractive manner lead the public to hope for much when she will attain her height. Heinrich will give some illustrated talks on Brahms, Dvorak, Schubert and Schumann songs, at 11 a. m., several days of next week.

* *

The first matinee of the Minetti Quintet took place last Saturday, at the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium. The quintet—consisting of Mrs. Alice Bacon Washington, piano; Mr. G. Minetti, first violin; Mr. S. Savannah, second violin; Mr. C. Heinsen, viola; Mr. A. Weiss, violincello—deserves great credit for the fine presentations given the Haydn String Quartet, D major; Beethoven String Quartet, B major, op. 18, and Dvorak Quintet Piano and Strings, A major, op. 81. Every attribute necessary to enjoyment was distinct, the ensemble in dynamics, shadings, and interpretation was impeccable, and a thorough musical intelligence permeated every number. The next program, which will contain the great Smetana Aus meinem Leben quartet and Schumann's piano quartet, is anticipated with eagerness by those present at the first concert.

* *

DRAMATIC NOTES

Next week the Tivoli Opera House will revive "Girofle-Girofla." The cast will include Anna Lichter and Elvia Crox, alternating as the twin sisters, Girofle and Girofla; the well-known actress, Jean Clara Walters, has been specially engaged for Aurore. This will be this artiste's first appearance in this city in nearly five years, when she made a success with Mr. Nat Goodwin in "In Mizzouri." Annie Myers will be Paquita; Phil Branson, the Marasquin; Wm. Pruette, Mourzouk; Edwin Stevens, Don Bolero; Arthur Boyce, Pedro, and Wm. Schuster, the pirate chief. After "Girofle-Girofla," Oscar Weil's comic opera, "Suzette," will have the boards. A revival of Lortzing's comic opera "The Royal Shipwright," is also underlined.

An interesting course of historical lectures is to be given at Golden Gate Hall on the successive Tuesdays beginning with Oct. 25th at four o'clock. The course arranged by the Puerta Del Oro Chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution is to cover American history during the critical period of our national life from 1781 to 1836. These lectures are to be delivered by the professors from the University of California and Stanford, and should prove of great value to all persons interested in the Financial and Constitutional development of the Government.

The California Society of the Sons of the American Revolution held a banquet at the California Hotel on Wednesday evening, the 19th inst., the occasion being the 117th anniversary of the surrender of Cornwallis. It was a very successful affair and the speeches were notable for their eloquence and wit. The attendance was good, about one hundred and twenty-five being seated at the banquet board.

Miss Pearl Ladd, the talented young pianist and dramatic reader, is to give two entertainments at the Sherman and Clay Hall, one on Thursday evening, October 27th, and another on Saturday afternoon, October 29th. Her musical programmes have been carefully selected. Miss Ladd will give some dramatic readings, and will also show several of the latest novelties in dancing. She will be assisted by the Lombardero String Quartette.

"The Wife," after two weeks of successful business, will be withdrawn at the Alcazar after to-morrow evening and "May Blossom," another of David Belasco's successes, will fill the bill. It is an excellent piece of dramatic workmanship and the company is competent to give it a first rate presentation.

One of the attractions at the California next month will be "Hogan's Alley." Such well known artists as Campbell & Caulfield, Frank Rhodes, Johnnie Dugan, Misses Ethel Cope, Annie Driver, May Cunnard, and Tiddlewinks as the Yellow Kid, appear in the performance.

William Calder's company of players will appear in "The Span of Life" at the California Theatre for one week, commencing Sunday night, Oct. 23rd., at 15, 25, 35 and 50 cents. The famous living bridge, from which the title of the play is derived, is the feature of the third act.

The opening of Glen Park, the Mission Zoo, was attended by between 10,000 and 15,000 people. The day was a complete success, and this augurs well for the future popularity of the grounds. Indeed, the railway accomodation was inadequate for the crowds.

Mr. and Mrs. Heinrich and their daughter, Julia, will give three more of their delightful song recitals at the Sherman and Clay Hall, next Monday and Friday evenings and on Wednesday afternoon. They have made an artistic hit here and their concerts are poetical and unique.

"The Little Hussars" is billed for next week at the New Comedy Theatre. It is full of catchy music and funny situations. Miss Clara Thropp, who is a real little hustler, has been at work all week staging this piece herself.

The performance of the Frawley Company at the Baldwin on Monday evening next will be for the benefit of the Pioneer Kindergarten. A new play, "The Transit of Leo," is to be peformed and a swell house is anticipated.

At the Baldwin next week we are to have "The Prisoner of Zenda" with T. D. Frawley as the romantic hero and Miss Bates as Princess Flavia. Miss Lucille La Verne, who has not had much chance this season, enacts Antoinette de Maubon.

"In a Persian Garden" is to be given in Metropolitan Temple on the evening of Oct 27th, for the benefit of the Teachers' Mutual Aid Society.

Following the "Prisoner of Zenda," the Frawley Company will present at the Baldwin Augustin Daly's latest comedy success, "The Transit of Leo."

Frank Mathieu will be seen as Hentzau in the Frawley production of "The Prisoner of Zenda." Theodore Roberts will play Black Michael.

Frank Daniel's Opera Company will be heard at the Baldwin shortly after the new year.

The prices at the California Theatre are to be from 15 cents to 50 cents, with matinees at 25 cents.

Tom Masson's *The Yankee Navy* (Life Publishing Co.), fully illustrated, is a compact little book familiarly outlining the history of the American navy from its inception right up to the conclusion of the war with Spain. Within a hundred and twenty-five pages the author has interestingly set forth our ever-victorious naval career, and describes many stirring incidents of "grit, gumption and gunnery" by which our flag has been gloriously maintained on the seas.

A Russian inventor, as reported in *L'Electricita*, has succeeded in devising a method for the manufacture of permanent arc lamp carbons, and this in a very simple manner. They are composed of the purest carbon mixed with finely powdered silicon carbide, some adhesive material, such as molasses, being used. A mixture of 90 per cent of carbon and 10 per cent of the silicon carbide is stated to be a good composition for the purpose, though the proportions can be varied indefinately. The electrodes, too, can be made with a core of the carbide, or the latter may be combined with any conducting material, such as carbon, to form the core. Since silicon carbide can only be produced by the action of a temperature approximately that of the arc, it contains no volatile ingredients and has the highest resistance to oxidation of all known substances, and, as it develops a very intense light, is regarded as promising excellent results.

An English firm has developed an electric process for the production of ceramic wares, which is stated to produce a very superior product. Photography is employed to produce the designs, and the electric furnace for burning. After the photograph has been applied to the material the photograph is put under a specially prepared glaze and burnt in. A great deal of the beauty and success of the system depends upon the use of the electric furnace, due to the regulation of its high temperatures. A representative of a London electrical paper, who examined several specimens of this ware, pronounced them excellent, and gave his opinion that the process can be applied to all kinds of ware with commercial success, as it is not costly.

The latest idea is to utilize the gases generated in blast furnaces for gas engines. It is stated that 2,000-horse-power hours can be positively developed from the gases resulting from the smelting of one ton of pig iron. The potent fact thus involved is made evident at once in view of the productive capacity of the nearly 200 blast furnaces in the United States, exceeding weekly 243,000 tons, and, assuming that this, by electricial means, could—to the extent of 50 per cent. of mechanical energy obtainable from their waste gases—be delivered to points of utilization, such an amount of power would be immensely valuable.

THE NEW STORE OF M. A. GUNST & CO.

M. A. Gunst & Co., the tobacconists, have one of the largest trades in the United States, due to the business acumen and activity of the senior partner, and to the business qualifications of the Esberg Brothers, whom he took into partnership several years ago. The company has generous and artistic ideas about what a cigar store should be like, and it needs but a glance at their new quarters, 23 Kearny street, to bring forth the praises due their good taste. This is probably the handsomest tobacco store in the country. It is the principal place of business of M. A. Gunst & Co., and they have spared no pains in making it worthy of their standing in the commercial world. The location is most desirable and the front and interior were planned for an advantageous display of the choice things kept for sale. The floor is laid in mosaic work, on pleasing lines, and the mahogany ceiling combines to give the place a rare tone—what an artist would call "an attractive atmosphere." The offices in the rear are luxuriously furnished. The store is fitted with every facility for handling the choicest of pure tobacco stock, and really the new home of M. A. Gunst & Co. is a model of its kind.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, the famous orator, statesman, railroad president and millionaire, in an interview said of his recent visit to Del Monte: "I visted Monterey, and I call it the most beautiful place in the world. Monte Carlo cannot compare with it. Its seventeen mile-drive is unparalleled for fineness."

Specially reduced rates for the winter months of November, December, January and February, are offered, as follows:
Single room, with board for one person, by the month, $65. Double room, with board for one person, by the month, $70; two persons, $135.
Best room, with board for one person, by the month, $75; two persons, $145. Best room, with bath and board for one person, by the month, $80; two persons, $155
Small parlor suites, with board for one person, by the month, $80; two persons, $155. Daily and weekly rates remain as heretofore—from $3 to $5 per day

For further information, address **GEORGE SCHONEWALD, Manager**
Hotel Del Monte, Monterey, California.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway wharf San Francisco.
For Alaskan ports, 10 a. m. Oct. 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, Nov. 2; transfer at Seattle.
For B. C. and Puget Sound ports 10 a. m. Oct. 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, Nov. 2, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, 2 p.m. Oct. 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, Nov. 5, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a. m. Oct. 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, Nov. 1, and every fourth day thereafter.
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 a.m. Oct. 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, Nov. 3, and every fourth day thereafter.
For Mexican ports, 10 a. m. 18th of every month.
For further information, obtain folder.
The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing.
Ticket Office: 4 New Montgomery St (Palace Hotel)
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen. Agts.
No. 10 Market Street, - San Francisco, Cal.

OCEANIC Steamship Company

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S.S. Mariposa, for **Australia**, Wednesday, Nov. 2d, at 2 p.m. Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.
S. S. "Australia," for **Honolulu only**, Saturday, Oct. 22d, at 2. p.m.
Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.
Freight Office 327 Market St.
J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO General Agents

Santa Fe Route

The Most Comfortable Way to Travel Across the Continent!

Through Pullman Parlor and Tourist Cars Every Day
Meals at Harvey's Famous Dining-Rooms

Get full particulars at Ticket Office
328 MARKET STREET
SAN FRANCISCO
1118 Broadway, OAKLAND

A. K. DAGGETT

Drawing of Deeds and all Legal Papers a specialty
NOTARY PUBLIC
14 Montgomery St., S. F
Telephone 305

"Remember the Name!"

Certain individuals who do not patronize American industries
Run off with an idea that in order to get good wines they must use
European products, when there is no necessity for
So doing, and in these stirring and patriotic times of
To-day everybody should feel a keen interest in
American products which are of deserving merit,

Both for the reason that they are used
Largely among American citizens, and made by
Americans for American people in America
Now and always, and therefore we ask you to give the
ARESTA BLANCA California Wines
A fair and impartial trial at your club or home

With anything of like cost from France.
Inasmuch as these wines have been acknowledged second to
None in comparison with goods from the
European countries, wherever exhibited, you
Surely are in favor of American goods.

WETMORE - BOWEN CO.
410 Post Street San Francisco, Cal.

MRS. M. E. PERLEY MRS. S. V. CULP

DECORATIVE KERAMIC ART STUDIO

215 Post Street

All Branches of China Painting Taught
Morning Class: Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, from 9 a. m. to 12 m. Afternoon Class: Daily, from 1:30 to 4:30. Lessons $1 each. Private Lessons $1.50 each. TRY OUR ROMAN GOLD.
Telephone Grant 43

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

Main Office, 510 Montgomery St.
SAN FRANCISCO
Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper Information
Advance Reports on all Contract Work
Telephone Main 1042

Brushes

For barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bathhouses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candymakers, canners, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paperhangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, steamers, tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

BUCHANAN BROS.
TEL. 5610 609 SACRAMENTO ST
BRUSH MANUFACTURERS

We will send "The Wave" for Four Months to any address in the United States

For One Dollar

The Best Illustrated Paper West of New York

"The Wave"

Topics of the Day Ably Discussed

Subscribe Now

Address
Subscription Dept. "The Wave"
24 Montgomery St.

GREENBAUM'S

White and Dark Violet

The Most Fashionable Perfume
Possesses the Odor of Fresh Violets

128 POST ST. UNDER BOHEMIAN CLUB

BONESTELL & CO.

Dealers in PAPER

Fine Coated Papers a Specialty

401-403 SANSOME ST.,
San Francisco, Cal.

JOE POHEIM, THE TAILOR

Makes the best fitting clothes at 25 per cent less than any other house on the Pacific Coast. See Prices:

PANTS TO ORDER	SUITS TO ORDER
$3.50	$10.00
4.50	13.50
5.00	15.50
6.00	17.50
7.00	20.00
8.00	25.00
9.00	30.00

The firm of JOE POHEIM is the largest in the United States. Rules for self measurement and samples of cloth sent free.
201 and 203 Montgomery St., cor. Bush.
844 & 846 Market St. 1110 & 1112 Market St.
SAN FRANCISCO.
485 Fourteenth St., Oakland. 603 & 605 K St., Sacramento.
143 South Spring St., Los Angeles.

THE LATEST STYLES IN
CHOICE WOOLENS
H. S. BRIDGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors
622 Market St. (up stairs) opp. Palace Hote
Bicycle and Golf Suits

WINDOW SHADES

The Only Manufacturer on the Pacific Coast

Any size or color painted to order. Plain, Dado, Fringed or Lettered. Hand-Made Opaque Shade Cloth a specialty. Wall Paper, Paper Hanging,

WM. McPHUN
1195 Market Street, cor Eighth, opp. City Hall

BAJA CALIFORNIA
DAMIANA BITTERS

[illegible] and leading physicians recommend [illegible] the greatest nerve tonic known. Long winded testimonials are not necessary. Damiana [illegible] known on their merits. Send for Circular.

NABER, ALES & BRUNE Agents
323 325 Market St., S. F.

NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

Olivera, a Member of Parliament, who had a craze for the introduction of French wines at a nominal duty, stalked up to the table at Bellamy's, where Disraeli was dining, and, picking up a little flask of red wine and glancing at it between him and the light, demanded: "Do you know what you are drinking, Mr. Disraeli? You think it is port wine, but it isn't." "No," replied the man of the world, who was determined not to be bored; "I have no doubt that it was made in Holywell street, but I like it."

Dr. Slifer, of Philadelphia, was taking home a fine bull pup and the conductor of his car spotted the animal. "You can't carry that dog on this car," said he; "it's against the rules." "Dog?" exclaimed the doctor, with fine scorn. "Why, man, this is a guinea pig." The conductor looked dubious. "That's the d——dest-looking guinea pig I ever saw," he said. "Looks like a dog." "Perhaps it does look like a dog," replied the doctor, "but supposing Jo-Jo, the dog-faced man, were to get on your car, would you put him off for the same reason?" The conductor didn't attempt to answer that argument, and the puppy rode the rest of the way undisturbed.

A certain general and his staff, while wending his way through one of the narrowest valleys of Tirah, were annoyed by the attentions of a solitary marksman, who from time to time sent a bullet unpleasantly close. At last the general turned to his orderly—a Pathan sowar—and told him to dismount, take his carbine, and try and stalk the mountaineer. He started off, and presently there was a crack, and a gray-bearded old Afridi tumbled headlong down the mountain side. The sowar rejoined and fell into his place. "Well done!" said the general. "But how on earth did you manage it so easily?" "Oh," replied the sowar, "I knew his babits. *He was my father.*"

In his younger days the Marquis de l'Angle-Beaumanoir was famous as a duellist, and several of his encounters are sufficiently characteristic of the man to have remained on record. Thus, one evening, meeting his cousin, the Marquis du Hallays, in the foyer of the Opera, he walked up to him and in the course of conversation remarked: "Isn't it odd, my dear fellow, that, qnarrelsome as you and I are, we should never have fought with one another?" "That's true," replied Du Hallays. "But that can always be remedied." And on the strength of that, the two cousins met on the following morning, the encounter resulting in the Marquis de l'Angle-Beaumanoir having his right hand pierced by his adversary's rapier.

In a country church in the west of England the rector preached with great earnestness for home missions, using the text: "Feed me with food convenient for me." As he came down from the pulpit the disturbing thought struck him that he had made no arrangements for the collection. Passing through the chancel he whispered hurriedly to an intelligent choirboy: "Go into the vestry, take the plate you will find on the table, hand it round to the congregation and then bring it to me." The last words of the offertory had scarcely died away when the boy stood before him, a plate of biscuits in his hand, and an apologetic expression on his chubby face. "Please, sir," he explained, in an audible voice, "I've handed them all round to everybody, and nobody won't take none!"

Several years ago Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, of Philadelphia, was troubled with a nervous ailment, induced by his unflagging energy. His condition became so serious that he went abroad for a change. In Paris he suffered an attack of the old trouble and went to call upon a certain specialist, a man famous on both continents. He visited the doctor purely as a patient and did not even give him his name. During the conversation preliminary to the examination, the Parisian said: "I see you are an American." "Yes," answered Dr. Mitchell, "I am an American." "Which is your home city?" he was asked and replied: "Philadelphia." The French physician held up both hands and exclaimed: "What, a man come to me here in Paris to be treated for a nervous ailment when his home is in Philadelphia, where resides the most famous nerve specialist in the world!" "To whom do you refer?" asked the author. "Ah, you have never heard? Why, to Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, of course."

Private Jack Holland, First Illinois, in camp at Chickamauga, was kicked by a mule. That was on Friday. Sunday morning the mule died. Divine services were about to be held in a grove adjoining the camp. Major Sanborn assembled the First Battalion and announced: "Of course, attendance on Sunday service cannot be made compulsory in the army, and all those who do not desire to attend will take one step to the rear." Twelve men promptly fell out of the ranks. The rest of the battalion marched away to the grove. The Major, turning to the squad of twelve men, said: "I want you to go out and bury that mule this afternoon." They looked at one another a minute, and with heavy hearts set out for the spot where Jack Holland's late aggressor lay in the sun. It was 2 o'clock when they began work, and the mule was an ordinary-sized animal; but when they had dug into the sand for an hour or so and made a grave about six feet deep they looked at the mule, and he seemed to have increased in dimensions. They returned to their task and dug still deeper and wider, and every time they glanced at the mule he seemed larger than before. The sun, with one parting whack at the dead mule, disappeared over Lookout Mountain and still that grave was not large enough. Meanwhile the rest of the battalion had returned from service and sat around in the shade, writing home to mother and extending encouraging remarks to the gravediggers. It is related that on every Sunday thereafter those twelve men occupied front seats at the Sunday services.

THE UNAPPROACHABLE COLDNESS

...OF...

THE Alaska REFRIGERATORS

HAS WON FOR THEM

MANY WARM FRIENDS!

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.

Pacific Coast Agents

309 to 317 Market Street, San Francisco

LAUNCH AHOY!

Leugth 45 ft.; beam 10 ft.; speed 10 miles.

20 H. P. Hercules Gasoline Engine

NOISELESS! SELF-STARTING!

The only absolutely reliable, durable, and perfectly satisfactory marine gasoline engiue.
4 H. P. to 200 H. P.

HERCULES GAS ENGINE WORKS

405-7 Sansome St. San Francisco

Send for New Catalog

If we made it, it's proper!

We are giving

demonstrations daily in the art of correct tailoring. Our customers are models of neatness and fashion, and we take pride in having them such. If you are particular—if your clothes must be just so—then we want you for a customer. Wou't you let us demoustrate this with you?

GRENNAN BROS. Telephone Black 2465 850 Market St.

COTTON SAIL DUCKS

22-inch, in all numbers. Medium, Soft and Hard

ALSO

Hosey Nauget Wagon and Draper Ducks

From 30 to 120 inches wide

Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks

Manufactured by Murphy, Grant & Co.

Mount Vernon Company, Baltimore — Pacific Coast Sole Agents

Beware of Imitations

This is a fac simile of the package

Genuine Diamond "L" Tea

Pure and Uncolored

GEO. A. MOORE & CO.

208 California St., S. F.

For sale by all grocers

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

PALACE AND GRAND HOTELS

Now Under One Management

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1400 rooms — 900 with bath

Rooms, $1.00 and upward — Room and Meals, $3.00 and upward

A beautifully illustrated book, containing floor plans and rate card can be had for the asking. JOHN C. KIRKPATRICK, Manager.

HOTEL WESTMINSTER

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLANS — LOS ANGELES, CAL.

The Finest and Most Complete Hotel in the City. Everything New.
The Highest Standard of Perfection Maintained in all Departments.

F. O. JOHNSON, Proprietor.

Louis Roederer Champagne

HIGHEST GRADE IN THE WORLD

E. LA MONTAGNE & SONS
Sole Agents
45 Beaver St., New York

Three kinds, all of equal excellence:

BRUT
GOLD SEAL
A Perfectly Dry Wine

GRAND VIN SEC
BROWN SEAL
The Perfection of a Dry Wine

CARTE BLANCHE
WHITE SEAL
A Rich Wine

MACONDRAY & CO.
Sole Agents Pacific Coast
116 California Street

573-579 Market Street, San Francisco — R. H. PEASE, Vice-President and Manager — 73 and 75 First Street, Portland, Ore.

REPSOLD SELECT VINTAGE

California State Exposition 1898

First Prize and Premium Award, Repsold *Cognac*
First Prize and Premium Award, Repsold Select Vintage *Montecito*
First Prize and Premium Award, Repsold Select Vintage *Burgundy*
First Prize and Premium Award, Repsold Select Vintage *Gutedet*
Special Mention of Honor, Repsold Select Vintage *Sauternes.*

THIS BRAND OF WINE IS SOLD AT ALL FIRST CLASS HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS

Office, 416 Pine Street

HAWAIIAN ADVERTISEMENTS

Coffee, Fruit and Grazing Lands FOR SALE OR TO LEASE

8,000 acres in fee simple — 5,000 acres leasehold
IN THE CELEBRATED COFFEE DISTRICT OF KONA, ISLAND OF HAWAII
Also, some desirable lots in the City of Honolulu

Apply to J. M. MONSARRAT
Real Estate and Fiuancial Agent, HONOLULU, H. I.

Hawaiian Trust and Investment Co., Ltd.

Paid Up Capital, $30,000

Makes a Specialty of Hawaiian Securities and Real Estate. Correspondence solicited.

G. R. CARTER, Manager
GEO. R. CARTER, Treasurer

References — Welch & Co., San Francisco; Bank of Hawaii, Honolulu

W. C. ACHI & CO.

Real Estate Brokers

We will buy or sell real estate in any part of the group. We will also buy or sell Stocks in any corporation in the Hawaiian Islands.

Office, 10 West King Street, Honolulu, H. I.

R. C. A. PETERSON

BROKER

FINANCIAL — Opp. Bishop & Co. Bank
STOCKS AND BONDS — Houolulu, H. I.

Real Estate, Custom House, Notary Public

PATRICK & CO. RUBBER STAMPS
STENCILS, SEALS, BRANDS, ETC.
318 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

SOHMER PIANOS ARE THE BEST

BYRON MAUZY
308-314 Post Street

THE WAVE

OL. XVIII. No. 18 SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 29, 1898 PRICE 10 CENTS

This Paper ... to be taken from the Library.

HENRY S. MARTIN

REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR SHERIFF

Photo by Thors

THE WAVE

Is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $5.00 per year. Sample copies free on application.

The trade is supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 342 Geary street; east of the Rocky Mountains by the American News Company, New York.

The Wave is kept on file and is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France; 31 Union Square, New York City; 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 206 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

For advertising rates and on all other matters pertaining to city business, address Trevor Corry, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Eastern representative, D. M. Foltz, 34 Park Row, New York.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 29, 1898

CONTENTS

Editorials	2
Things and People; by Boswell Jr.	3
President McKinley at the Omaha Exposition	4
Aguinaldo & Co.: by Robert Porter	5
The Indian Jubilee	5
"A Terrible Illustration": a Story	6
The Dreyfus Affair; by Etienne Marcel	6
Colonel Roosevelt's Home	7
Pictures from the Art Association Exhibition	8
A Roosevelt Delusion	9
The Oregon Fair	9
Autumn Art	9
Typical Views in Manila	10
The Annual Gathering of Indians at North Yakima	11
New Football Rules	12
The Babblings of a Belle	13
Market Street, the Pride of the City	14
Traveling Couriers	14
An Admiral's Memories: a Review	15
London Letter	16
New York Letter	16
"A Secret": a Story by J. A. Flynn	17
The Theatres	18
New Stories Re-Told	20

THE SUPREME COURT AND THE TRAFFIC ASSOCIATION.

The Supreme Court of the United States having pronounced illegal the eombinations of systems known as the Joint Traffic Association, the questiou for the railroad managers is how to harmonize rates and conditions of traffic without infringement of the Anti-Trust law. The problem is of exceeding difficulty, for the decision sweeps away the contention that the provisions of the law do not apply to associations among carriers; also, the objectiou of unconstitutionality. It is expressly declared that:

This public service, that of transportation of passengers and freight, is a part of trade and commerce, and when transported between States such commerce becomes what is described as interstate and comes to a certain extent under the jurisdiction of Congress by virtue of its power to regulate commerce among the several States. When the grantees of this public franchise are competing railroad companies for interstate commerce, we think Congress is competent to forbid any agreement or combinatiou among them by means of which competition is to be smothered.

Having affirmed the power to regulate, the decision declares further that an agreemeut "whose first and direct effect is to prevent the play of competition, restrains commerce, and the prohibition of such an agreement may, in the judgment of Congress, be oue of the reasonable necessities for the proper regulation of commerce, of which necessity and propriety Congress is the judge." The Court takes notc of the hardships which its construction of the law inflicts, but declares, however, that the question for it is "one of power not of policy." Admitting that Congress has the power to regulate interstate commerce, the condemnation of the Association is inevitable.

On the Pacific Coast, better perhaps than elsewhere in the United States, are the evil effects of unbridled competition among the railroads appreciated. Merchants ask uniformity of rates rather than low rates. In conducting business it is essential that all dealers be on the same basis, so that John Jones shall not enjoy better rates than John Smith, unless, indeed, the former ships ten times the quantity the latter does and becomes entitled to a consideration, which would apply to Smith under similar conditions. When several lines cover the same territory and have the same point as their common terminus, uniformity of rates is only attainable by mutual agreement. Even then the most stringent precautions must bc taken against rate cutting, for the tendency is altogether in that direction. It may be as Judge Peckham suggests, "that good sense and integrity of purpose would prevail among the managers, so they might make such reasonable charges for the work done as the facts might justify," but there is no evidence to justify so optimistic an assumption. In the absence of a combination, transportation charges have been slashed to pieces and railroads have passed one by one into the control of receivers. What has happened before, is inevitable again. Eliminate the Joint Traffic Association and its several counections and there will ensue a war of rates which must depreciate the value of merchandise now on hand and disorganize the business of the country.

There are several ways in which this condition of affairs may be remedied. The doctrine of the right to reasonable rates may justify the railroads asking Congress to permit associations for the better regulation of traffic. A fear of the abuse of this privilege by unjust exactions may operate as a barrier against relief in this direction. Failing Congress, a system of State associations might be devised which, though cumberous, would serve the purpose. It is hard to conceive such organizations actiug in unison without the connivance of a central bureau, which in its turn would come withiu the prohibition of the Court. Should thc fertile minds of the railroad managers be unable to devise a satisfactory evasion there remains the final resort of consolidating the trans-continental systems under one gigantic incorporation. This is the plan that C. P. Huntington suggested some years ago in a magazine article, and if feasible it would solve the problem. Yet in the way of such a consummation the difficulties are almost insuperable. Harmonizing the conflicting interests of these great railroads, their disincorporation and reorganization, the purchase and re-issue of thousands of millions of stock and bonds—in the face of such a stupendous undertaking the mind wavers. Yet for the properties and their owners it would be a solution infinitely beneficial. The affairs of the consolidatiou would be administered by one set of officers as against a dozen presidents and other sets of executives who now control the destinies of individual systems. At ouce a saving of millions annually in the direction of salaries would be effected, while the scalper and the rate-cutter would cease to be factors in railroading.

Considering the possibility of such an orgauizatiou being effected, one is also compelled to reckon its consequences. There is no doubt that the recent improvements in traveling accommodation are the fruits of competition. Under the Traffic Association uniformity of rates prevailing, opposing roads have competed on the score of equipment and speed. We have the Sunset Limited, through parlor and dining cars, fast mail trains and other conveniences, the object of which is the diversion of travel from one system to another. Under a single organization, controlling all the lines, the preferences of the traveler would be a matter of indifference, and in consequence his comfort would also be a secondary consideration. The giant power such an aggregation must exercise and its absolute control of transportation rates would constitute it the most powerful of monopolies, and as such inevitably a menace to individual interests throughout the territory it traversed. Self-preservation, however, is the initial law for railroad corporations as well as for human beings, and it would seem rather a just reprisal for unreasonable regulations, the rearing of such an all-powerful organization.

DISORDERED FRANCE.

M. Brisson and the thirty-ninth ministry of the Third Republic were sacrificed to the army fetich. That this was a compromise Cabinet intended to bridge the gap created by the failure of M. Meline's ministry, and that it was born under conditions which forbade it longer life than the vacation of the Chamber of Deputies, is true, but the reopening of the Dreyfus case it was that killed it. M. Brisson is one of the finest men in French public life. His honesty is unquestioned; his ability has been proven in many a stormy debate, but his reputatiou could not withstand the violent oppositiou of the army. So he had to give way.

In France the army is a religion. It is the great bulwark of the nation, and its chiefs, though untried by war, are the popular heroes. Take suddenly from a Christian his faith in God aud you deprive him of directiou and hope. If the French realize that their army is also dishonest and seamed with the same corruption as was demonstrated in their Government at the time of the Panama scandal, depend on it there will follow a great popular uprising that will repeat the horrors of the revolution.

For the opposition of the General Staff to the revision of the Dreyfus case, there must be reason far more potent than its assurance of the guilt of the unfortunate Alsatian. Ouce the people are made aware that they have been fooled, that Dreyfus is innocent and that their idols are the traitors—in the shock of their disillusionment what tragedy may not occur? Nor are the people alone to be considered. In its blind belief in the iutegrity of its chiefs, the army is ready to go any lengths in their defense, but if the prisoner of the Ile du Diable be guiltless, they also are victims of corruption and intrigue. The demoralization incident to such a disclosure may be imagined by those who know the race. Discipline will be destroyed and all cohesion must vanish from the ranks.

The German theory offered to account for the condition of affairs in France is that the Latin race is degenerating. In its rapid chauges of ministry, in its popular outbursts, its perennial excitements, France resembles rather a Central American republic than a civilized European nation. As for Spain, there is a taint of corruption infecting the entire governmental system. M. Lockroy, in his four months' office, has demonstrated the weakness and inefficiency of the navy; the existing troubles exhibit the disorder of the army. It is not to be suggested that the body of the French people is steeped in ignorance and indifference as the Spaniards are, but in their lack of self-control, their excitability, amounting almost to insanity, they go to the other extreme. In Italy conditions are but little better. The southern peninsula provides anarchists for Europe, and its administration is torn by insurrections or scandalized by venality. Evidence at hand forces us to conclude that the Latin race is unfit for the constitutional form of government. Its excitability requires for its curbing the strong hand and the iron heel of an autocrat. Let there be a Chamber of Deputies, indeed, but its powers must be subordinated to the control of the crown. To regenerate France an absolute ruler is necessary; a dictator alone can awaken Spain. It is not within the power of President and deputies to restore France her stability, and the patent hour will become the opportunity of some strong-willed adventurer to seize a kingdom. It is said that France only awaits the advent of the right man on horseback to bow to his dominance. In the meantime, in the absence of a commanding figure, what a diseased and distracted nation is discovered to the world!

As for the Brisson Ministry, the auspices under which it accepted power numbered the hours of its lease there. The Premier has been in a false position throughout. He is a free-trader, yet had to pledge himself to follow his predecessors on the breadstuffs tariff. He is an earnest anti-Clerical reformer, but had to promise that the Church should not be touched. He believed in the innocence of Dreyfus, yet his War-Minister, Cavignac, opposed a revision of the affair. Thus haudicapped, the downfall of his administration is not extraordinary. He goes out of office, however, a stronger man than when he attempted the government of France, and will go into history as the brave statesman who dared do justice in the face of armed and popular clamor aud journalistic denunciation.

THE EXPRESS COMPANIES AND THE WAR TAX.

On June 13th Congress approved an act providing for the raising of revenue for the prosecution of the war with Spain. In this act it was specifically defined that an express company, on being tendered a package for transportation, should issue to the person so tending a bill of lading or other evidence of receipt, on which, canceled, should be a stamp of the value of 1 cent. Failure to comply with the regulation, the law stated, "shall subject the express company to a fine of $50."

Wells, Fargo & Co., and its kinnred express companies disobeyed this law in letter and in spirit. They were more than any other class of people or corporations depend upon and require the protection of Government in peace as in war, purposed to evade their just portion of the war tax. They have carried out their intention. Wells Fargo & Co. issued the usual receipt, stamped and canceled, but exacted from the shipper the cent which the law called upon the express company to pay. The shipper had to pay the extra cent or his package would not be received and carried. In order to test the law a citizen refused to pay the express company's taxes.

Suit was brought in this city, in the case of Costley *versus* Wells, Fargo & Co., for damages for refusing to take the plaintiff's package, and to compel the express company to pay the tax. Justice of the Peace Barry found for the plaintiff aud gave a judgment against the defendant for $ damages and costs of suit. The express company appealed. On October 21st the Superior Court handed down an opinion sustaining the decision of Judge Barry and affirming the judgment. Judge Troutt made it perfectly clear that the Federal law meant exactly what it said. One of the several authorities cited by him was The Western Wheel Company *versus* the United States Express Company, tried before the Illinois Circuit Court of Appeals. In Judge Tuley's opinion we read:

It would be an absurd conclusion to say that the company is required to issue to the shipper an unstamped bill of lading, the issue of which is made a penal offense by section of the act. It was not the intent of the statute to place the express companies under an obligation to do an illegal act. The bill of lading, a receipt which the express company is to issue, must be a complete bill of lading, a legal instrument, and this can only be a stamped instrument.

The presumytion is that the Express Company will further appeal the case, taking it first to the State and finally to the United States Supreme Court. We believe the principle asserted in Judge Tuley's decision will be affirmed even more vigorously by the courts of last resort. The law as framed leaves no doubt of the intention of Congress and the express companies throughout the country, and the telegraph companies also, in exacting these charges from the public are guilty of an evasion of the statute, and are doubtless amenable to the penalties which Congress has provided for its violation.

THINGS AND PEOPLE

The unfortunate Mercantile Library—it does need a man, me one with force and vigor, to take hold and save it om inanition. Here is this splendid collection of books, oused in the finest reading-room in the country, steeped in ebt and disorder, and losing membership and revenue ily from lack of spirit and direction. They are well-eaning gentlemen, the directors, though all they accom-ish is but the fanning of an expiring flame. Either the ibrary should be allowed to die or made live, and without renuous effort on the part of some enthusiast, the latter is apossible. Funds must be subscribed; the library must be -organized, else—better merged with the Mechanic's or ade the home of the Free Public Library. Just now the ercantile is on the down-grade. Its management is in-ficient; to obtain a new book there is next door to impos-ble; what books it contains outside of the catalogue, no ne there can tell, nor even where individual books may be und. With all due respect to Miss Coolbrith's literary nse, she is quite without the qualities essential to her fice of librarian. A clever woman, who has enriched terature with some charming verse—unfortunately her lents are artistic rather than executive. The conse-uences are confusion among the books and dissatisfaction mong the patrons. What is essential at this post is a oung, capable and energetic man, who, though he may ever have pollished a sentence, will bring to the task some rganizing faculty and business aptitude. Many years have one by since the Mercantile had an actual librarian, and it annot hope to be better than a failure as long as it remains n its slough of despond.

***

The casual observer who reads the papers and travels on he cars is struck by the manner in which the Philistine ill-poster is usurping the field and function of the news-apers. Nowadays in San Francisco new advertisements re seen on the signboards and not in the papers. The edi-ors are too busy airing their hatred of one another to have me to capture the dollars that are flying past them into he bill-man's pockets. There is a council of proprietors hich meets at due intervals and discusses the unfortunate ffects of undue competition. It has regulated the number f pages each journal may print and has agreed not to ad-ertise save in each other's columns, but, like the Concert f Powers, its members are too jealous and too suspicious of ne another to bring about reasonable reforms. Since this ortentous organization has been meeting, the bill-posters ave added a third story to their fences. Every vacant lot as now its advertising department, in some places wooden alls reared high above the sidewalk and covered with audy lettering and grotesque painting. These vulgar lasters of wood and paint deform our city, and I sincerely rust the latest move of the Supervisors taxing these crea-ions 1 cent per square foot, which at a recent meeting of he board was passed to print, will prevail. It will mean at nce a reduction in the broadsides and also an increase in he cost of this advertising, which will I trust restore it to s legitimate place in the journals.

***

The crusading Kaiser is moving on Jerusalem through an tmosphere not unlike that which surrounded Sherman on is march from Atlanta to the sea. "Before him was ter-r, behind him was ashes." Before the Emperor swarms a loud of the Sultan's "white-wings," raking and scraping, arrying the scourge of soap, water and paint into the omes of the inhabitants; behind the war-lord lies cleanli-ess, "the latest modern improvements," and a gasping, tartled people. *Allah-il-Allah!* The Sultan, in his zeal o impress Wilhelm, has undertaken to renovate every vil-age in Palestine through which the Emperor must pass. o eager are the Turks that they have actually painted with right blue and floored with colored tiles the house of Si-non the Tanner where St. Peter lived, and many another istorical spot has been similarly vandalized.

***

Captain W. S. Barnes of the Eighth California Regiment, who in civil capacity is District Attorney of San Francisco nd a lawyer of considerable distinction, was recently ap-ointed by Governor Budd Judge-Advocate of the Depart-nent. In the present state of military activity the duties of his officer are by no means a sinecure, and having consid-rable bearing on affairs at the Presidio, it was essential he hould be equipped to commence his duties at once. So a Second Lieutenant, recently from West Point, who is at-ached to the Judge Advocate's office of the Department of he Pacific, was sent over to Captain Barnes to post him on is duties. Alive with the importance of the task, and a tranger to the Captain's legal attainments, the Lieutenant egan with great earnestness to explain law terms, the rules f evidence and the elementary principles of the profession o his listener. It was really a very lucid explanation, hough decidedly patronizing in tone. Properly impressed y his teacher, the Captain asked innocent questions about orms calculated to lead him further into his delusion. Finally the young man, after having laboriously defined what an indictment was, remarked: "Captain Barnes, it is a great pity you have never studied law. When I was ap-ointed to the post I hold in the Judge Advocate's office, I ook two months off and read law in my brother's office. He happens to be in a large way of practice in Maryland, ir. That experience has been of priceless benefit to me, nd I strongly advise you to do the same." With this he eturned to the Presidio, leaving the new Judge Advo-ate chuckling with inward laughter. A week later Captain Barnes was in the Presidio Club gossiping with a lot of offi-ers, among whom was the Second Lieutenant, when the alk turned on the Durrant case, which the District Attorney ad so successfully prosecuted. "By the way, Barnes," ome one asked, "I want to see that book which is being otten up about the case. When will it be out?" "Very hortly now," was the reply. "I'll send you a copy." The Second Lieutenant caught the bearing of question and nswer, and turned with a murmured query to the man be-ide him. A loud whisper was heard—"That—why, he's District Attorney Barnes, who tried the Durrant case, you now." Being a man of action, the Second Lieutenant de-layed not a moment. He planted himself squarely in front of his erstwhile pupil and seized his hand. "If that was not the coldest deal I ever got, may I be ——. But," he added, to an attending orderly, "put a couple of quarts on ice. The laugh is on me."

***

One of the best soldiers in the Eighth Regiment is John Donaldson, whose efficiency, however, is impaired by a passion for alcohol. He has never returned after a leave of absence, but has always been brought back, his thirst being of that helpless and hopeless kind that can neither be de-nied nor satisfied. Indeed, in the several months of his service Donaldson has only received 60 cents, the rest of his pay having gone in fines. So it was made the rule that Donaldson should have no leave of absence, pray he ever so meekly. The last excuse of the enlisted man who wants to go into town is to plead toothache. A few days after this order was made Donaldson came to Captain Barnes' tent with a most lugubrious expression. "I've got the devil of a toothache, Captain," he said. "Suffered with it all night and couldn't sleep. I'd like to get half an hour off to go into town and get the blooming bone pulled."

"That's too bad," replied the Captain, with due sym-pathy, well knowing that Donaldson's toothache was the cover of a thirst. "Sergeant," he called, "detail two men to escort Private Donaldson to the camp of the Sixth Regi ment above. There's a sergeant in Company B who used to be a dentist, and kindly ask him to pull a tooth for Private Donaldson." The impostor's face fell. He was marched off, however, and into the presence of the sergeant of Company B. "Got a bad toothache, eh?" inquired the ex-dentist, looking at the alleged sufferer. "We'll soon relieve that." He was about to turn to his instruments, when Donaldson said: "Wait a minute, sergeant. I ain't got no toothache. The truth is, I wanted to get off for a booze and the Captain was on to the game." The sergeant, who happens to be a strict disciplinarian, was not to be put off the exercise of his profession by any such flimsy excuse. "You were sent up here," he said, "to have a tooth pulled and you've got to have one out, toothache or no toothache." "I'll be jig-gered if I do," returned Donaldson. "I never had a tooth-ache in my life, and you'll pull one of my teeth at the risk of your life." Alas, poor Donaldson! Four soldiers promptly grasped his arms and legs and held him to the chair while a lusty molar was wrenched out. "A good job," pronounced the sergeant, passing the tooth over to the sufferer, who was trembling in every nerve. "Take this to the Captain and tell him I obeyed orders."

***

The way in which the boomerang came back and whacked the pocket of the California Winemakers' Corporation in their suit against the California Wine Association, is the cause of much grim hilarity where lawyers most do con-gregate. The California Winemakers Corporation sued the California Wine Association for $30,019, balance due on sales of wines, the Association selling the wines produced by the Corporation. The Association entered a cross-com-plaint alleging a breach of contract, and demanding there-for $257,156 damages. The Corporation answered this cross-complaint by alleging that the contract was void because it sought the restraint of trade, and was illegal because it cre-ated a monopoly. The contract was made on February 16, 1895, for the annual purchase by the Association from the Corporation of 4,000,000 gallons of sound, dry wine, and 1,000,000 additional gallons after the first year. The Asso-ciation's cross-complaint averred that the Corporation failed to deliver the goods. The struggle was what the newspapers call "titanic." Judgment was given for both parties. Judge Bahrs held that the contract did not create a monop-oly, for the reason that there was no attempt to control all, or nearly all, the wines of any certain district. He held, also, that the attempt the contract did make to restrain trade was not illegal because the restraints put upon the liquor traffic by the State make it clear that it is not against public policy to restrain a trade which the State distinctly discourages. The contract having been found legal, the Court awarded the plaintiff Corporation the $30,019 prayed for as due on sales of wines. The cross-complaint alleging breach of contract was next found to be justified. The first year's delivery having been short 1,155,711½ gallons, the Association was allowed damages at 7½ cents a gallon. The second year's delivery having been short 1,619,071½ gallons, the Association was allowed dam-ages at 2¾ cents a gallon. The Association was further granted $1 each for other minor breaches of contract. In all, the defendant Association was given judgment for $130,981, with an order that the $30,019 due the plaintiff Corporation be deducted from that amount. This nets the defendant Corporation just $100,961. Verily people who live in glass houses should not throw stones.

***

Washington presents a "horrible example" of the effects of fusion rule. One glimpse of Popocratic insincerity may be of interest here, where a fusion ticket, at a loss for an honest issue, is mouthing a drummed-up "Railroad" bogie. The Ellensburg platform of the Washington fusionists of 1896 strenuously declared against the use of a free pass by any public official. Section 39 of the Constitution of Washing-ton, furthermore, expressly states: "It shall not be lawful for any person holding public office in this State to accept or use a pass * * from any railroad * * and the Leg-islature shall enact laws to enforce this provision"; yet the Legislature, having in both houses a fusion majority of 79, failed to obey the direct mandate of the Constitution and failed to carry out the pledge of the fusion platform. On the contrary, Governor Rogers traveled over the State in the glory of a special car furnished by the Great Northern Railroad, and fusion members of the Legislature openly traveled to and fro on annuals, clearly "under the influence" of "Railroad" blandishments. The "Railroad" reigns in fusion Washington. Illinois has had her Altgeld, Kansas her Leedy, Colorado her Waite, Oregon her Pennoyer, Washington her Rogers and California—California may profit by their example.

The health of our troops at Santiago has been much im-proved by the systematic cleaning process put into operation by General Leonard Wood. Not more than ten per cent are on the sick list, and yellow fever has been practically stamped out. For several weeks Major Barber, who is at the head of the street-cleaning department, has had 600 men engaged in carting away the filth of generations and burning it in one or the other of the crematories.

POLITICAL CAUSERIE

However little one may be affected personally by the turn of events it is impossible not to be interested at this moment in politics. The fight engrosses conversation. Even in society it is the favorite subject. Talk about books, and your neighbor asks will Phelan be elected, about theaters, and it is "what are Patton's chances?" It's a great game, and the excitement developed over it makes the re-sult of apparent consequence to all of us. Doubtless it is since most people are compelled to contribute to the taxes, but, would you recognize your individual insignificance—then call early in January on the politician over whom you are now waxing most enthusiastic. He may know you and have a glad hand for you, but the chances favor complete oblivion on his part to the influence you have ex-erted on his behalf. No, he is not more forgetful than some other fellow, but there is a great deal of surplus ex-uberance at election times and your excitement is only an incident. The practical politician will tell you that the man who can swing votes is rare. In no business is there so much confusion over the noise of the workers. Send down Market street a dozen lusty fellows yelling "Patton," and men in stores and will imagine the ten are a hundred. The clamor becomes an ovation until you count the throats. I doubt if the outcries of ten score of shouters would make a vote for either candidate. The impression that prevails among the citizens is that which guides in the balloting. State and national issues affect local results at times, but in this election it is an affair of man to man. May the best win

***

In estimating the strength of the aspirants great stress is laid upon fraternal association influence. We are told that certain organizations are out for Patton, while certain others favor Phelan. Depend on it, fraternal connections, though they have a value in advertising the identity of a man, cut a small figure in determining votes. Because you happen to be an Odd Fellow for domestic and protective reasons, is that a good reason why you should vote for Brother Jones against Smith, who is a Mason or a Y. M. I., but not an Odd Fellow? All other things being even, you may favor Jones, but not if you know Smith is the better man. If social organizations affected votes the most suc-cessful politician would be he who belonged to the largest number of associations. In an election it is reputation or expectation that counts. Adolph Sutro was elected on ex-pectation. So was James D. Phelan. The latter accom-plished results. The results are well known. A man who can do so much, doubtless will do more, hence the hold Phelan has on the community. Call him demagogue, boss and other opprobrious terms—was he not instrumental in framing a charter and in repaving Market street. His pre-decessors all tried and failed. He succeeded.

***

As to the fight against Phelan and the wide-spread oppo-sition about which we are told so much, is it really as for-midable as rumored? One of the ablest politicians in town assured me he had been at pains to investigate the state-ments abroad, and had come to the conclusion that the Mayor would have an overwhelming majority. "If Phelan is as unpopular as Mr. DeYoung and Mr. Spreckels declare, why is he so cheered at the Democratic meetings held all over town every night?" he asked. "The receptions ac-corded Budd in San Francisco are nothing to what the Mayor is having. It may be the party is to be snowed un-der, but, if so, the minority is the most enthusiastic and de-termined I have ever heard of." In certain districts, it is true that opposition to Phelan exists, but it is not disinter-ested opposition. There are personal and political reasons for it. It is not based either on distrust or disfavor. Against him are Raineyites, Buckleyites, Kellyites and Crimminsites, and they are against him because they can-not use him and his association for their fell purposes. It is active and violent, the antagonism of these gentry, but what better testimony could you have as to the worth of its ob-ject? If for no other reasons, Phelan should be elected for the enemies he has made.

***

Nothing indicates the "low down" of events better than the anxiety of the "Push" to be taken on board on the Democratic end. I have it an good authority that there are constant applications from the machine "workers" to be placed in one or other of the main fights. There is no friendship in this, but simple business. The politician does politics for a living, and he wants to range himself where are the best chances of salary and pickings. In such a contest as between Bonnet and Henry Martin, or between Siebe and Dodge, into which the element of personality en-ters strongly, the results are difficult to foresee. Siebe has a strong following, and is a veteran campaigner, but he has chosen his deputies, and the workers have nothing to ex-pect from him. Dodge, however, is a new man, and there is a chance of places under him. Though the incumbent may seem to have the advantage, yet office is often a handi-cap. Dodge is the strongest man Siebe has ever been up against, and to succeed will try his popularity to the utmost. In an open year such as this is, when campaigning counts and prejudices have a market value, I should be inclined to think Sheehan had the advantage of Block. The incumbent is an old-time office-holder and exalted by the conscious-ness of his own virtue. For all his friends he has found places, and there is no hope for the outsider—all of which makes for the advantage of his opponent, whose cause seems to have a host of aduocates. It may be said he will make a first-class public servant.

***

Apropos of fights, that between Brown and Deane for County Clerk is as close as that between Bonnet and Mar-tin, whereas Martin Meagher has clearly a walkover against Bertheau, who cannot poll half his party's vote. Between Lane and Fitzgerald for City and County Attorney the chances now favor the Democrat, who has proved the most popular speaker next to Mayor Phelan in that party. He has talked north and south, and his personality has made a most agreeable impression, while his speeches have been full of good thought and entertainment. The men who nominated Mr. Lane knew his ability, and his selec-tion by the Non-Partisans against so strong an opponent as Judge Fitzgerald was a recognition of just deserts.

President McKinley Delivering His Address. On the platform are seated Cabinet Officers, Generals of the Army, and Foreign Diplomats

The Presidential Party Arriving at the Speaker's Platform

PRESIDENT M'KINLEY AT THE OMAHA EXPOSITION

Photos by F. A. Rinehart

AGUINALDO & CO.

An Intimate Impression of the Insurgent Leader — Cleansing Manila.

Manila is ours, the dispatches read. It would have been more strictly correct to say we are Mauila's, for, since that thirteenth day of August, all the energy of the American army has been bent towards reducing the streets, lanes, courts and dozen other untranslatable thoroughfares of the city to something dimly approaching sanitary conditiou. To one who has thought the streets of San Fraucisco or New York filthy, imagination cannot picture Manila's high-ways, nor could words jog imagination to efficiency.

The natives keep themselves scrupulously clean. The poorest and most wretched of them uever looks dirty or un-kempt. Their flimsy clothiug is always neat and spotless, their faces and the bare shoulders of the women shine from thorough and frequent use of soap and water. The Span-ish, too, even to the beggars, look well-washed aud neat, put aside from their personal cleanliness, these people wal-low in filth. Some idea of the condition here may be had by a trip through San Francisco's Chinatown, where the inhabitants keep themselves clean, but their streets, despite health boards and police, are horible with filth. Filth and refuse of any description to the Spanish and Philippinean minds are adequately disposed of when beyond the eye. So the courtyard behind a house, the street in front, the space under floors, or out-of-the way and infrequently-visited cor-ners of the house, become the depositories of material that in the United States we would be glad to send hurrying through the sewers or away to garbage crematories. Gar-bage and filth in the streets, on the sidewalks or courts, is no offense to the native eye, aud the odor has not yet been found that could offend the uative nostril. The accumula-ted debris, personal and real, of geuerations cumbers every nook and corner, so it happeus that Manila owns the inva-ders. The army is cleaning the city, while thousauds of Spanish prisoners are idling arrogantly about, and it seems that we might find others thau American volunteers to play the scavenger. The United States is feeding these Span-iards, and certainly it would not be too much to ask that they clean the city their predecessors have allowed to reach this hardly-imaginable state of uncleanliness. However, the Generals appear to fear that our maguanimity will be questioned should we be so barbarous as to demand that military prisoners give some return for their food.

The great trouble is, that unlike Admiral Dewey, the Governor of Manila is a reflective rather than an active man. He will postpone necessary and inevitable actions from day to day while he considers their legality. There is no grasp of the fact that formative questions must be dealt with swiftly aud decisively—that achievement awes au Ori-ental, while procrastination leads him to class the procrasti-nator with himself, as merely a talker. It is this lack of firm, quick handling that has given Aguinaldo the impres-sion he has that Philippineans can best the Americans in a fight far enough from the water to prevent Dewey from tak-ing a hand. I had a long talk with him on the evening General Otis' request to vacate American territory reached him. He smiled as he read it, and handed the paper to me. "We and the Americans were great friends," he re-marked. "The Spaniards are out of Manila;" then, as an afterthought, he added, "we are great friends *now*," with a feasty little slur on the "uow," and a smirkiug grin on his little Japanese-looking face under the short wiry pompa-dour. If you have seen the slight, short, thin-faced coolie type of Japanese who makes a more or less successful do-mestic in California, you have seen Aguiualdo. You must not mistake me—I do not mean the very intelligent Jap nor yet the very stupid—just the average, with a face perhaps a trifle lighter than most of his fellows. "Among the blind the one-eyed man is king," I heard someone say, referring to the President and Dictator of the Philippines. This is unfair; if Aguiualdo is one-eyed, nearly all his lieutenauts are gifted with second sight, for the delegates from the pro-vinces tower above him intellectually as most of them do physically.

These delegates are, in fact, the Parliament of Luzon, elected from the twenty-eight proviuces. From Mauila come three, from other populous provinces two, and from the less inhabited one. To these men Aguiualdo plays the ancient role that the diplomatic monkey induced his friend the cat to accept, in the fabled matter of chestnuts in the fire. These Philippineans know as well as we do the unfit-ness of their people for a republican government. They also know that Germany, England, Russia and France have covetous eyes on the islands. Their emissaries in Hong Kong keep them informed of the trend of feeling in the United States, so the Junta has its finger on the pulse of America. Knowing all these things as the world knows them, they have another knowledge. With a rare combi-nation of educationally-acquired Occidental insight and Asp of affairs, they have a keen race instinct. They know the needs of their people, and they are playing their cards to get the best for them, whichever way the wind may blow. In one thing only are they determined — never will they yield again to Spanish misrule.

Most of all, they would welcome an Americau protector-ate. Failing this, a republic is their scheme, a republic which they know will be gobbled in a few months by some great power. In the meantime they are watching them to see ther power and organization, for power and organization gained in the present will be levers to gain them hearing and might when the politics of the future age are unmasked. For it is, they have their government perfectly organized in the provinces outside of Manila and the immediate country, which is under the martial law of the Americans. As to the working of this machinery, that is something no American wots of save the secret service and the heads of kings, and I doubt their knowledge, for the native is cautious, secretive and the most imaginatively fecund liar in any clime produces. Aguinaldo's sole distiuction is that, one of a race of liars, he overtops them all, is Ananias and a brood of Muuchausens. For further particulars the reader is respectfully referred to Admiral Dewey.

In his talk, Aguinaldo had to say that he trusted the wis-dom and justice of the American people to bring right out of chaos. "I would certainly have held Manila in an-other month," declared the dictator. "The Spanish were starved."

"Did not the American blockade help to bring that con-clusion about?" I asked him.

"Oh, yes, but if Dewey had not destroyed the Spanish fleet, I would have captured it and blockaded the city my-self."

"I beg pardou," I replied, humbly, "I hadn't thought of that, but I do uot imagine how you could have done it."

"Oh, easily," returned Aguinaldo, confidently. "We would have captured Cavite and turned its guns on the ships."

"A very clever idea," I said, "very clever, indeed."

"Yes," he agreed, "I am good at military detail."

So this preposterous chap wandered on. At last I asked: "Did not Admiral Dewey bring you down and arm your followers?"

"Bring me down," he repeated excitedly. "Oh, no, I was coming. When I was leader before, the Spanish agreed to make certain reforms if my people would lay down their arms and if I would leave the Islands. I did. My people became peaceable. Months went by and the burden of my people was not lessened, so I was coming back. When Admiral Dewey offered me passage on his boat, some more arms he had than he needed so to my government he sold them — that is all. I would have driven Spain into the sea if the Americans had never come. They come here and spoil my plans, and now I must give way from my richest province to please them. I will not. I will not. Their woman of a general dare not fight me. My army has fought a hundred battles, and these Americans have hardly smelt powder. Bah! I will uot fall back—I will drive them into the sea in-stead of the Spaniards. They have robbed my army of Mauila, the only pay I had to offer. I will not be trifled with."

I suggested that he was angry and there might be a mis-take. "I will not yield," Aguinaldo reiterated.

I saw Don Baustito, delegate from Cavite, regarding the bay dictator with that tolerant, quizzical look a parent often bestows on the outburst of a school-boy's anger. There was a half smile on his face as he listened. Here was a man a who is a power with the people, a Warwick to Aguinaldo, a man whose magnificent head is less magni-ficeut thau the intellect it guards, towered like a Burne-Jones' beside the small-browed Mercury head of the ac-credited leader. He spoke a few words in Spanish to the General. Some others of the delegates came in, and for a few moments I was forgotten, while an animated conversa-tion ran around me. Soon Aguinaldo turned to me and we engaged in conversation on some commonplaces, about the equipment of his troops (in truth they had none and needed less), and of the Philippinean flag with its sun and three stars on a white triangle for field, and the two stripes of red and blue. Cigarettes and chocolate appeared aud it was time for me to be going. As I extended my hand Aguin-grasped it, saying:

"It is my wish to do nothing to embarass the Americans, so to-uorrow I will withdraw my army, as I have been re-quested, depending on the justice of the Americans, should they return these islands to Spain, to place me in just the position I was when Manila was taken. I hope though that America will hold her army here. Of course," he added quickly, "this is not a war of conquest, so America's utmost interest would be in a protectorate assuring the Philippine republic from mightier foes."

As I turned to my carametta I smiled. The wise old del-egates had turned sail to the wiud. They were sailing to reach port. The rash geueral would have battled the wind but for their counsel. I suppose he sputtered over it, but what matter. Those mestizos, in the ineffable calmness of the Chino blood, probably reminded him that it was as easy for brains to unmake as to make dictators aud presidents.

Never comic opera sported such an army as this of Agui-naldo. The soldiers are mere boys; few of the privates are more than sixteen, and most of the officers are less than twenty. Their uniform consists of a pair of blue-striped cotton trousers, captured from the Spaniards when the in-surgents looted Cavite. Some of them wear coats of the same material, but the majority besides the trousers wear only a light cotton undershirt aud a battered native straw hat. Their feet are as innocent of shoes as they themselves are of markuanship. The guns they carry are Reming-tons, also captured during their rush upon Cavite while the Spauish were flyiug from Dewey's cannon. Cartridge pouches they have none, so they carry their ammuniton in cloth bags slung around their necks. Nearly all these cart-ridges were rescued from the bay where the flying Span-iards flung them that they might not fall into the enemy's hands. In their haste the Spanish dropped their shells into low water, so it was easy for the enterprising natives to scoop them out and polish them. To just what extent their find benefited them I am unable to say, but certainly an in-surgent with a rifle is hardly more dangerous than an in-surgent without one. The peculiar method they have of firing makes their volleys more a moral than a physical persuasion. Instead of taking aim from the shoulder these soldiers, with one knee on the ground, crouching low, place the musket butt firuly against the earth, give barrel an ele-vation of about 45 degrees and blindly pull the trigger. The report is just as loud, and the Philippcan gauges his efficiency by the amount of noise he makes in a fight.

The officers of this impossible aggregation are not quite so bad. Many of them are educated and well bred, but the majority are of the same mold as the privates. Their an-imating desire was Manila, aud revenge on the Spaniards. "When the Americans go we will cut all the Spanish throats," they say, "and we will pocket all the Spanish gold." But the wisc old chaps, in whose hands these gen-erals and colonels and privates are but tools—clumsy tools—difficult to wield, it is true, but still wielded, and by shcer brain power; these will find some way to control the loot-lusting army and to preserve the natives' standing with the powers.

The natives are a kindly people under the surface. Their faults, which are patent, are the faults that three hundred years of Spanish dominance have bequeathed them. They are prodigious liars, yet those who know this people in its primitive, unmarred condition, as they live in their valley communities far withdrawn from Spanish influence, say that they are remarkably honest and truthful and have the ut-most trust and confidence in the stranger, and yet the na-tive who dwells by the Spanish is more suspicious and reti-cent in a white man's presence than is an American Indian. Whatever ills Spain may have brought this race, at least it has through the long dominance of the Roman Catholics stamped indelibly upon the national character two virtues, industry and chastity. You see few idling Philippineans. They all have their trade or their little shop. Most of them have their little shop, which the wife or mother or daughter tends, while the man is away at his daily task. The women are by far the brighter and more business-like. The affairs of the house and of business are usually in their hands, and they render a good account of their stewardship. Few of them are really pretty, but few are ugly, and none but beams with intelligence, some to so vivacious a degree that they become attractive even to a white man's eye. The erectness of their carriage is a thing to marvel at, they would be graceful were it not for the slob-along Oriental sandals they wear, with high wooden heels and nothing to hold the shoe to the feet but a narrow toe-strap. The en-deavor to keep this footgear from divorcing itself of the foot forces a peculiar jerky gait on these otherwise graceful creatures. Their number is legion. They fill the streets—all ages of them, from the tottering beginner to the other totterer almost done with walking. All colors, too, from the deep rich chocolate or old mahogany-faced full-blood Malay to the *café-au-lait*, much more *lait* than *café*.

But all of them pass along with downcast eyes and unin-viting demeanor past the groups of men of their own race and the thoughtless, ogling soldiers, minding their own business, modest as maids have ever been. All honor to the church that has stamped so insistently on this character the two highest virtues, industry and chastity.

ROBERT PORTER.

THE INDIAN JUBILEE

As is always the case during the hop-picking season, the Indians gathered in great numbers at North Yakima this year. It matters not how great the obstacle in the way or how urgent the hop-grower's needs are for their service on Sunday, the Sabbath is set apart absolutely as a gala day, and they spend it in visiting and shopping and admiring one another's finery. Every Indian has a horse and what with Indians and horses there is scarcely room for one to elbow his way through the crowd. They are of all ages, from the week-old infant to the aged great-grandfather tot-tering on the edge of the grave. The papoose is invariably wrapped up in clothes and bound to a board which hangs on the mother's back or is leaned up against a post or building as the case may be. In traveling it is usually hung from the pommel of the saddle in front of the mother, while two others ride behind her on the little Indian pony.

The horses are of all sorts as are their trappings. Some boast only of a bridle made by tying a rope around the under jaw, and from this the horse's furnishing increases until the climax is reached with a silver mounted saddle and bridle, having long tapaderos almost reaching the ground and highly decorated martingale.

The Indians themselves are bedecked in their customary ornaments, which reach from their beaded moccasins to the colored feather in their hair. They wear leggings of many colored blanket material fringed and beaded buckskins, shirt of brilliant hue with sleeves decorated with bright metal arm ornaments, and over these a blanket which passes over one shoulder and under the other arm. When a hat is worn it is always of the cowboy variety and is ornamented with a shining metal band or leather band with metal orna-ments. Their earrings are of shells and their faces, eye-brows aud their skull, where exposed by the parting of their hair, are painted with a red stain. The women wear flashy silk handkerchiefs for a head dress and are partial to rings aud bracelets. The blanket is the gaudiest and commonest article of wearing apparel among them. They are of every imaginable combination of colors, red, yellow, green and white prevailing, and are striped, checked and figured. They are worn draped from the shoulder and reach to the ankle except when on horseback, and then are wrapped around the waist and legs. One can easier imagine than describe the effect of a thousand such costumes moving up and down our sidewalks.

The photographs were taken the day of the Indian Jubilee. The most important features of this function are the pony races, but unfavorable conditions prevented the securing of snap shots.

C. B. BLETHEN.

Apropos of the news from China, here is a list of the British and Russian warships in Chinese waters. The fig-ures give their tonnage:

British.		*Russian*	
Battleships.		**Battleships**	
Victorious	14,900	Navarin	9,476
Barfleur	10,500	Cissoi Veliki	8,880
Centurion	10,500	*Armored Cruisers*	
Armored Cruisers.		Vladimir Monomach	5,754
Immortalite	5,630	Ad Nachimoff	7,782
Narcissus	5,600	Dmitri Donskoi	5,893
Undaunted	5,600	Pamyat Azova	6,000
Unarmored Cruisers		Rossia	12,130
Powerful	14,200	Rurik	10,923
Grafton	7,350	**Unarmored Cruiser**	
Edgar	7,350	Ad Kornuloff	5,000
Iphigenia	3,600	**Armored Gunboats**	
Pique	3,600	Gremiastchy	500
Rainbow	3,600	Otvazny	1,500
Torpedo Destroyers		**Destroyers**	
Handy	245	Two	480
Hart	265	Total tonnage	75,318
Foam	265		
Whiting	265		
Coast Defence			
Wivern	2,750		
Total tonnage	85,100		

Russian soldiers are accustomed to sing when on the march. One is surprised at the excellence of their singing, which consists of solos sung by one of the soldiers in front, and choruses lustily and musically rendered by the main body. In France and Russia the assistance which the sing-ing of some swinging song is to men on the march is recog-nized to a great extent. In the French Navy there is an In-spector of Singing, who spends his life in going from port to port teaching the men how to sing. This Frenchman is to take the naval cadets at Brest in hand and teach them how to use their voices. In a few years' time every officer and sailor in the French Navy will be able to sing, and, when they go into action, ashore or afloat, they will keep their courage up by going over the old patriotic and other songs taught them in times of peace.

M. Lepelletier — M. Crepon — M. Petit — M. Geoffroy — M. Coutourier — M. La Borde

THE COMMITTEE APPOINTED TO EXAMINE THE FINDINGS IN THE DREYFUS CASE

A Terrible Illustration.

By William Shirlaw, Jr.

Once upon a time, in a certain Scottish town, there lived a man named Peter Potts and his son John. But the father was a publican and kept a whisky-shop, which is a recruiting ground for soldiers of the Devil, and the son was a captain in the Salvation Army, which is a recruiting ground for the soldiers of God. The one resounded with songs and shouts of ribaldry—the other echoed with the songs and shouts of salvation, with the tinkling of tambourines, the shrill voices of women, the blare of trumpets, and the rolling of drums.

The father cursed his son—the son prayed for his father. "Verily, I say unto you, I am not come on earth with peace, but a sword."

This Scottish town was famous for its high rate of mortality and low rate of morality, its drunkenness and its crime, and the large paper-mill which growled all day long over its work down beside the black ribbon of a river. This mill swallowed at six o'clock every morning all the young womanhood of High street, which is the lowest slum in Marketown, and vomited them forth at six o'clock at night—a motley crew of the Devil's amazons, marching in long rows linked with bare arms, with flashing, bold black eyes, and tossing black curls, and bawling black oaths—silly, buzzing flies, ripe for the human spiders.

Here John Potts worked for his living—all day long toiled in the hot, clanging uproar, listening to the loud, monotonous babble of the machinery, and its suckings, and its sighings, and its sobbings, and its shrieks; all day long seized the long, clean paper which curled out of the machine like an endless tongue—darting to and fro, a thin, white-faced figure, without a thought of the big drum and his evening's discourse; and the wild girls tossed their curls and shot bright arrows at him with their eyes, for he was a nice-looking fellow, though he "were a durned Salvationer."

So, throughout the day, he worked for the body—in the evening he worked for the soul.

In the evening the millworker was forgotten when he put on the armor of God in the shape of a crimson jersey, and a helmet in the shape of a red cap. Every evening at nine o'clock he sallied from the barracks at the head of his corps, beating his drum, and looking like a red and blue bathing costume rising and falling in the black sea of people. He beat the drum, the corps burst into a hymn, the banner swayed like a signal of distress. He plunged down the black throat of High street, and vanished with a stifled shriek. Every evening, at ten o'clock, High street vomited him forth like a modern Jonah—the angry drum still beating as though it had never left off for a moment—torn and bedraggled, to be sure, for the dirty mouth had sharp teeth, but once a month—Glory be to God!?—dragging behind him a shame-faced prisoner with fiery countenance.

"A brand my comrades," quoth Captain Potts, "plucked from the burning;" and he thought of his father still in the fire.

He lived in a little attic at the summit of a drunken block of buildings. There was a bed, a chair, and a table on which was placed two religious books from the Free Library. Often in the silence of the night he would open the window and survey the city lying at his feet. He would gaze at the heavens, at the blue, jewel-decked roof of the world, at the gauzy clouds wrapping up the moon like an evening gown. He would watch the stabbing church spires and listen to the city moaning like a woman in pain, and often at that sound a hidden spring in his nature was touched, and he would stretch out his arms over the city like a mother over her suffering babe, his face white, and his big black eyes full of religious ecstacy—standing like a marble statue of entreaty, illumined by the moon.

Peter Potts was a diver in the sea of Life. He lived in the very vortex of the dirty market-town whirlpool, struggling in its whisky-poisoned waters, whirling round and round and sinking lower and lower.

He kept a whisky-shop at the foot of High street, in the very center of the Salvationists' battle-ground, and Captain Potts, beating the drum and shouting his hymn of battle, could hear the drunken laughter burstiug from the "Merry Heart" of the gin-shop. And he would bite his lips, and beat the drum to drown the sound. He was fighting the enemies of God, and his father was supplying them with ammunition.

While the proprietor of the "Merry Heart," dealing out the beer and accompanying his customers along a drunken ballad, would suddenly hear above the chorus the shrill battle-song of the Salvation Army Corps, the brazen voice of a trumpet, the tinkling of childish tambourines, and the rolling of drums, and, falling from the very height of the ballad to the depth of silence, he would draw the beer with a shaking hand, as though stunned, and watch, with watery eyes, the tankard's foaming at the mouth like a lot of devils.

He was a tall, thin man about sixty old. Sixty steps up the ladder of time, and he was getting bent. We climb the ladder like bricklayers, bearing our years on our back. Young and straight at starting, but gradually bending beneath the increasing load.

He had thin, grey hair; thin, greyish hair hung from each of his cheeks like the roots of his brain. His nose was flaming red, and it might have been the flower—watered carefully every morning with whisky.

He knew very few people when he was sober, and so never wanted for friends.

So the owner of the "Merry Heart" staggered all day long behind the long counter with its burnished tankards and its shining brass fittings, and its ornamentation of beery haloes; all day long the counter was filled with the nightmares of Humanity haunting broad day; all day long the joking barmen handed over to cursing men, and women with children in their arms, and children themselves—God help us!—the liquid ammunition of the Devil.

He lived in a house in Candlemaker Row with no companion but his conscience, and the two were always quarreling. Peter Potts had no peace till he had drowned it in rum. He murdered his conscience every night.

Until, three months later, when the inevitable crash came, when the "Merry Heart" was broken, when he watched his money melt into thin air and his friends vanish in the same ghostly fashion; when he looked in the mirror of soberness and saw herself, and remembered his son who did not call him father—then conscience had a grim revenge.

Three days later he knocked at the doors of Death, and on the fourth he picked the lock with a pistol-shot—broke into the forbidden door and stood in an instant before the Great Judge.

And that evening Captain Potts, cap in hand, led the assault once more on the stronghold of Satan.

"My friends, whither are ye traveling—up or down? Up the narrow road or down the broad road that leadeth to destruction—that leadeth to destruction? Return the Devil his bribes. Throw the whisky he gives you in his face. Turn your back on the darkness and face the light—face the light."

He swung his cap over his head and his eyes flashed as he raked the yelling crowd with a volley of wordy shells.

"You are plunging into everlasting darkness," he blazed. "Go your way, and where does it lead you? To the red gate of Suicide! Woe to him who enters there! Woe to him who flings off with crimson hands the garments of flesh and blood and plunges, like a naked bather, into the eternal sea—without the life-belt of salvation—without the life-belt of salvation——"

The crowd broke with a hushed murmur. Four men appeared, carrying a shutter, and something on it, covered with a jacket. The blood dripped from the dangling sleeves like red rubies—drip—drip—drip. The men walked with slow, solemn steps.

The eyes of Captain Potts, S. A., flashed. God had sent him this as a terrible illustration.

"Stand!" he cried. The men stood. The blood plashed a red heart on the curb. Captain Potts lifted the jacket—a white, drawn face, blood-splashed—clenched fists—glassy eyes, staring at Death—at him.

A terrible cry burst from his heart. He stood stricken. The drum beat like a funeral march.

They replaced the jacket and walked away—drip, drip, drip.

A little white dog snuffed at the red roses.

All this took place three years ago, but John Potts has climbed no higher the upward path. His father's dead body is stretched at his feet, and he cannot step over it. But still he is Captain John Potts, S. A., and beats the big drum; still every evening shoots like a blue and crimson arrow the dirty heart of Marketown; still, cap in hand and eyes no longer flashing, bawls the road to wandered pilgrims; but he himself is no longer a traveler—nothing but a flesh and blood signpost standing by the way.—*The Outlook*.

THE DREYFUS AFFAIR

Latest Phases of the Great Sensation of the Century.

At last there is light in the Dreyfus case. Sensible progress in the direction of elucidating the sensation of the decade may be announced, and M. Manau, the public prosecutor, has examined the *dossier* and has pronounced that there are grounds for revision. This report presented to the Court of Cassation has set the machinery of justice in motion. Formal appliation was made last week at the Registry of the Criminal Chamber of the Court for a review of the proceedings, and it remains for their Honors either to close the clause finally or to open up the whole business down to its roots.

What their course may be, no one knows. M. Manau declares that the Court must infallibly decide in favor of revision. An interview in one of the papers with a Councilor of the Tribunal seems to indicate a different result. His impression is that the appeal would be rejected on a technicality—on the ground, he suggested, that the case had not the proper judicial elements in it. Judges the world over are ameuable to political influences, and the conservative members of the Court are not too favorably disposed to the Radical ministry of M. Brisson.

So far as the initiated know there is little proof left against Dreyfus. The famous letter in which that "*canaille de D—*" having been disposed of as forged by Colonel Henry, the solitary other proof is the notorious alleged confessi made by Dreyfus to Captain Lebrun Renault on the mo ing of his degradation. On this point it has been est lished by Dupuy, then Minister, that, in the presence of h and General Mercier, the Captain protested that Drey made no such confession. It was only three years later, last October, that Lebrun Renault, who in the meanti had become a semi-silly invalid from excesses and t climate of Haiti, was bullied by the General of Staff i writing down an assertion that Dreyfus had confessed him.

Some idea of the condition of public feeling may deduced from the newspaper end of the controversy. the side of revision are but a handful of journals—the m important being the *Petite Republique* (40,000 circulatio and *La Siécle*, which has been strongest of all the Drey organs, is credited with only a circulation of 1,500. Ou t other side are the *Petit Journal* with its 1,000,000 a da *Le Petit Parisien*, 600,000; Rochefort's *Intransigeant*, 30 000, and Drumont's *Libre Parole*, 180,000. *Le Jour*, *Journal*, *Le Matin* and *Le Figaro* have become indepen ent, though previously strongly anti-Dreyfus. The mob still against the prisoner of the Ile du Diable, though strong body of opinion has arisen demanding justice at a cost. For instance, I have seen in many of the sho photographs of Picquart in uniform, his hand resting on h sword. He is rather a handsome man, with a fine head a a good and resolute face.

In the meantime, how about the unfortunate victim, y ask. Don't believe the stories the papers have doubtle printed concerning his escape. He is still at Ile du Diab and is ignorant of the excitement about him. He kno absolutely nothing. Letters addressed to him are careful censored by the Secretary-General at Cayenne, and no all sion to current events is allowed. Even his guards are n permitted to read the later magazines or newspapers, indiscretion on their side is impossible. Otherwise t prisoner is in excellent health.

Mme. Dreyfus, the heroic woman who conducted th great campaign for freedom and justification, is living Chatou, a suburb of Paris, and there I had a talk with h recently. She is a handsome woman. I must confess having been astonished at her cheerfulness. "But I mu keep a cheerful face," she explained, as I congratulated h on her appearance; "if only for the sake of my children. Indeed, there is slight trace of the four years of hard wo in which she has been engaged, striving to establish h husband's innocence. Hope begins to dawn for her no and she firmly believes the end is at hand.

I asked her what, in her opinion, was the explanation the calamity that had overtaken her husband.

"I think," she answered, "I still think, in spite of a that has happened, that the origin of our trouble was mistake. I cannot, I will not, believe that an innocent vi tim was intentionally singled out. By a strange and ter ble freak of chance there was some resemblance betwee my husband's handwriting and the writing of the *borde eau*, and it was this similarity between the two handwri ings that was the cause of the initial blunder. Unhappily this blunder was wilfully perpetuated. What was a mistak to begin with developed into a crime, into a series of crime I have told you of my husband's reserved manner towar persons with whom he was not intimate. This attitude u doubtedly made him enemies. Besides, it cannot be que tioned he was very clever, and assured of a brilliant caree and certain persons were jealous of him."

ETIENNE MARCEL.

IN THE SWIM.

I was struck with the warmth of her greeting.
When she gave me her finger tips,
And I heard with surprise, at our meeting,
The laugh and the chaff of her lips.

I thought her as cool as December,
Whenever we met heretofore,
But now I had found her an ember
With smiles and with small-talk galore.

She talked of the fun and the fashion,
She talked of the dullness of town,
She talked of the play and its passion,
She talked of her new Paris gown.

And then, with a queer little gesture,
She said it was laid on the shelf;
Though sad was the hue of her vesture,
She seemed in high feather herself.

My man, in the meantime, was walking
My team on the asphalt below,
And I asked, could we not do our talking
On the road to the "Cliff"? would she go?

Ah, no, she was housed for the season,
She thought it had form to go out;
Then told me, sub rosa, the reason,
Her Uncle had died of the gout.

As she passed me the wine and the biscuit.
She said it might do after dark;
And if I thought best, she would risk it,
And go for a spin in the Park.

I may be as dull as a booby,
But I thought, as we stood in the hall:
"She has heard of dad's strike in the 'Ruby,'
And thinks me a catch, after all."

PHUT

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt

The Rough Riders' Regimental Flag

Approach to Colonel Roosevelt's House

Library in Roosevelt's House

COLONEL ROOSEVELT'S HOME

"Sagamore Hill," where the Noted Rough Rider Resides.

"Sagamore Hill" is the name of the home of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, late commander of the First United States Volunteer Cavalry, more familiarly known as the "Rough Riders," and now the candidate of the Republican Party for Governor of New York. It is a large, substantial, but entirely unpretentious wooden mansion, situated in the midst of trees, lawns and gardens, on a low hill in the open rolliug country near Oyster Bay, Long Island. From the verandas a fine view may be had of Long Island Sound aud of the wide aud handsome landscape lying back from the water. Here Mr. Roosevelt has made his home for fifteen years, and here, when he has not been occupied with political duties in New York, Washington or Cuba, or with chasing big game in the Rocky Mountains, or with looking after the cattle on his Dakota ranches, Mr. Roosevelt has led the quiet life of a country gentleman, devoted to his family, busy with his books and with other literary labors. The family life of the Roosevelts at Sagamore Hall is ideal. Neither the late chief of the Rough Riders nor his wife cares for society, and neither has any inclination to frequent the "charmed circle" in which their birth and wealth entitle them to a high place. Mrs. Roosevelt is an excellent housekeeper, and she is a delightfully entertaining woman in her quiet way. Their children are hearty, healthy, polite, well-kept and well-behaved youngsters, sturdy American boys, worthy sons of such excellent

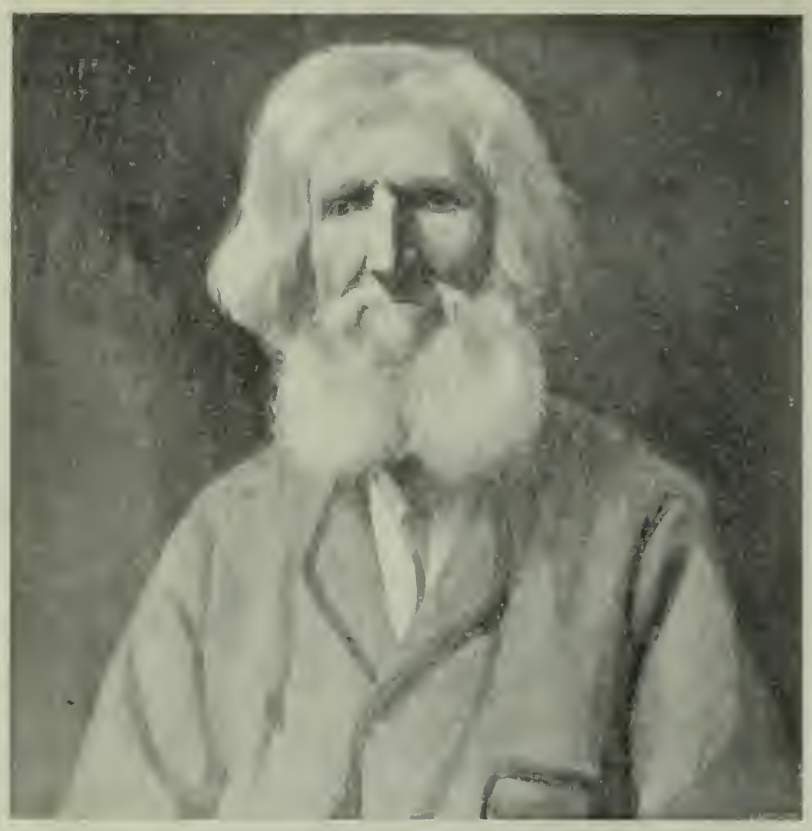
View of the Lawn

parentage. This family gives its individuality to Sagamore Hill.

The house itself is a roomy building, large and comfortable. It is given quite a rustic air by a number of vines and creepers and rose-trees climbing up its walls and over the porch and porte cocherc, and by clumps of shrubbery growing close around it. The verandas and porches have plenty of easy chairs and lounging places, and the Colonel likes to sit out of doors and do his reading in the open air. Within, the great hall is lined with trophies of war and the chase. The floors are soft with rugs, made of the skins of wild animals killed by the nimrod master of the house. Bear and buffalo, deer, fox, wolf, catamount aud a variety of other pelts are scattered everywhere. On the walls are many antlers; here and there are stuffed birds and beasts; there are weapons, too, of all kinds, and over the fireplace, resting on a huge pair of antlers, the regimental flag of the disbanded Rough Riders. It is a handsome feature of the decorations. On the silk cloth is embroidered the arms of the United States and the words "1st Regiment U. S. Volunteer Cavalry."

The picturesque piece of brouze work, "The Bronco Buster," presented to their Colonel by the Rough Riders, occupies a prominent position in the hall. The next most interesting room is the library, which is stocked with fine books and comfortably furnished for the needs of a studious man and an author who is an industrious writer. Upstairs under the roof there is a billiard-room and smoking-room, and a gun-room wherein the Colonel has an enviable collection of sporting weapons and weapons of war. The rest of the house is arranged and furnished like any quiet country home, but everywhere in it and around about it is to be seen that which is characteristic of its versatile owner.

R. L. B.



A Study by A. Altmann

Professor Paget, by Mary Curtis Richardson

Pastel of a Ballet Girl, by Miss Moren Froelich

A French Landscape, by Jules Pages

"Unreconciled," by C. Chapel Judson

A Portrait in Pastel, by Blanche Letcher

PICTURES FROM THE ART ASSOCIATION EXHIBITION

Main Hall

Machinery Hall

THE INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION IN PORTLAND

A ROOSEVELT DELUSION

he Rough Rider a Political Fakir Who Campaigns on His War Record.

Roosevelt is rather a depressing young person. Men of telligence are disappointed in the character of his campign, which he is making with a cowboy hat and Rough ider suit. He is injudicious enough to discuss himself. hatever of honor or glory belongs to him for his leaderip during the late war, he is ruining it by making it the sis of his claims for the votes of the people. Teddy is ally a fakir of the Governor Budd type. He lives to ake displays. A reporter who will interview him is more elcome than a wise friend who would advise him. He is ot the level-headed fellow we in the West have taken him r. He runs to calcium light effects and stagey display. reet hawkers are selling Roosevelt buttons five inches in rcumference, with a bust of Teddy in rough rider costume, raped in American flags, and a real rabbit's foot hanging own from the bottom of it. On the back is printed the llowing:

YOU CAN'T STOP TEDDY'S LUCK.

THE RABBIT'S-FOOT CHARM.

This Rabbit was killed at midnight, in the dark of the moon, on the grave of a cross-eyed Spaniard, on San Juan Hill, Cuba.

Roosevelt, it appears, gave his word in certain convenons to certain politicians. The question arose, "Will eddy keep his promises?" The matter was discussed ith some seriousness, and, finally, an old acquaintance of e candidate's was appealed to. He replied: "He will not reak his promise if he remembers having made it, but he ill not remember it if he can profit by forgetting it." eady Roosevelt is a great disappointment, and, really, latt, who is a very wise politician and much smarter than ost of his race, did not want him nominated—not because his alleged virtue but because of his well-known iusinrity. At the time of the convention it would have been mistake to have defeated him. Yet the day of election, ven old Republicans are prophecying, will demonstrate he as the wrong man to lead the party. Roosevelt is making he blunder of managing his own campaign. He is too conited to place himself in the hands of a manager, and too ratic to organize an intelligent and systematic canvass.

It is said that his conduct at Washington while Assistant ecretary of the Navy was intolerable. On every conceivble occasion he harshly criticised the acts of his superiors. itting next a lady at a smart Washington dinner he was ursuing these tactics when the lady turned on him and sked:

"Are you not holding an important secretaryship under his Administration, Mr. Roosevelt?"

"Yes," replied Teddy. "Why, pray?"

"Then I should resign it sir, so that I might at least in ood taste criticise that which I could neither remedy nor olerate."

Teddy subsided.

A Boston merchant just returned from a purchasing tour Europe sat in one of the clubs the other day. "It beats he devil how my Hebrew friends in New York can sell oods at the prices they do. I have just returned from broad and am familiar with the prices prevailing in Euope for merchandise in my liue. I can buy there on as ood terms as the New York Hebrew. Iudeed, buy at the ame establishments and pay the same prices. Yet the rices at which I cau buy here are cheaper than the same oods can be bought in Europe and landed here, freight nd duty paid."

"Then how do you account for it?"

"Smuggling," he answered. "There's something inferally crooked here. The mercantile morals of this comunity are uot of a high standard, and the almost entire bsence of American names along Broadway testifies that is not, at least, American Christians who are successful in rade in New York."

By the way, ex-Secretary Carlisle's article on "Our uture Policy," in the last *Harper's* has attracted some ttention. He is practicing here in New York. I saw him t the Lawyers' Club the other day—a quiet man in black, mooth face, well-cut features, well-molded head. He enered alone and lunched alone, silent, reserved, and rearded his Blue Point oysters with stern dignity as he ropped a bit of horseradish on each bivalve. B.

THE OREGON FAIR

People who come into Portland now are not allowed to leave without seeing the State of Oregon in miniature. In the ample pavilion of the Industrial Exposition is gathered every product of the State, vegetable, auimal and mineral. Some of them represent industries well developed and coupled with the name of Oregon throughout the country, others are infant enterprises, which capital and ingenuity have combined to make important. All are displayed attractively, and never before has Portland entertained so many visitors as are now gathered to see her great fair.

The exposition building is divided into three great halls. The most ingenious exhibit in the main hall, to the eye of the writer, is a model of the battleship *Oregon*, in which vessel every Oregonian claims a personal interest. The model is wrought eutirely of the product of a local soap factory, and is accurate in every detail, even those of measurements. Portland merchants and manufacturers are represented in this department, all the displays being arranged with a careful eye to harmony with the general decorations of the hall, which are very tasteful and elaborate. Patriotism is not lost sight of, a fact which is evidenced by numerous life-size portraits of the commanders in the Army and Navy, who have made themselves famous in the recent war.

In the machinery hall is the great electric converter, which turns the "crude" power as it comes from the falls of the Willamette at Oregon City, fourteen miles distant, into

Music Hall

serviceable electricity, which glitters in myriads of lights in every part of the building, and rumbles in the shafting running overhead to supply power to the numerous working exhibits. Hemp is here woven into rope, flax is spun, blankets are made, and a thousand and one articles produced in the local factories are turned out for visitors while they wait. Beside this, the heavy machinery that is used to grind the resisting stone of southern and eastern Oregon into a powder that will give up its gold is shown in many varieties, aud the farmer can learn the latest thing in agricultural implements that work by hand, horse or steam.

In the gallery of Machinery Hall is the State and County exhibit, where fruit that almost rivals the products of California is arrayed in row after row of linen covered tables; here, too, are specimens of Oregon's mineral wealth, and nuggets and bars of gold that would make even a successful Klondiker feel that he would have fared better had he not gone so far afield for his wealth. An interesting exhibit is the miniature Salmon Hatchery, where in a stream of pure cold water, supplied through the city's mains from near the base of Mount Hood, ten thousand eggs have become nine thousand young salmon, who wriggle about in their newfound liberty in a fashion very delightful to the juvenile visitors, and exceedingly instructive to those who know what an industry these hatcheries are building up.

Certain grasses, vegetables, lumber, ornamental trees, everything of use and beauty than cau be found within the borders of the State is gathered together in this department, and no one who visits it fails to come again and learn more of the wonders these things tell of.

All goes to make up some of the attractions of a fair the like of which Portland has never seen before.

GERTRUDE METCALF.

AUTUMN ART

A Review of Pictures at the Art Association.

The present exhibition of painting at the Hopkins Institute of Art, though containing many excellent canvases, would fulfill its educational purpose better if the judges had completely eliminated three pictures, which from a technical as well as every other point of view are dismal failures, and even uninteresting as such. The hanging committee, by being more critical and trying to preserve a reasonable standard of excellence, might then have made a very creditable show. As it is, real works of art hang in friendly proximity to pictures which are not works of art, but trash To find the canvases of Charles Rollo Peters, Wm. Keith, Mrs. Richardson, J. M. Griffin—to name only a few—in the same room with the works of certain other painters of portraits and landscapes, impresses the rational observer as strangely contradictory, to say the least.

Of Peters' moonlight pictures the "Camp by the Cross" has been most admired. Though it shows his clever technique and pictorial feeling in a high degree, I prefer the exceedingly simple pictures—"Sausalito" and "Monterey." That is moonlight seen by a poet and painted by a true artist. To admire the canvases Keith sends yearly to these exhibitions has accome a good family custom among San Franciscans. Still I doubt if the extraordinary improvement in technique which these landscapes evince, year by year, is appreciated, or even realized. In some quarters you will hear this development attributed to the modern French school, but I don't believe that a true genius like Keith is influenced by any school. He only has found a more simple and therefore more effective way of expressing what he feels and sees. His "April Showers" is beautiful in color and feeling. He and Peters should go into broader fields. Living in the atmosphere of Paris or Munich, both would insensibly paint better. The immense influence of artistic surroundings and feelings upon the soul and mind of an artist it is difficult to overestimate, and that San Francisco in that respect is little less than darkness seems only too true. At any rate, it is shown by the work of Mr. Joseph Greenbaum. When he returned from Europe he brought back some really excellent things, that showed true talent and strong individuality. What he exhibits now is so poor in conception, drawing and coloring, and so little like his former works that I am inclined to think that he is purposely having fun at the expense of his unsuspecting friends. Undoubtedly he is a man of great ability, but he had better leave practical jokes alone.

Of the portraits Mrs. Richardson's picture of an old man is unquestionably the best. The bold handling, exquisite coloring and absolute vitality are masterly. It was rather cruel to hang in such close proximity to this real picture Clawson's fiue likeness of Sidney Smith. This is nothing but a fine likeness (something, by the way, not even a photographer is sure of achieving nowadays) and not a picture. It has no soul, no life, no atmosphere. It seems to me that those two pictures illustrate effectively what a portrait ought to be and what it ought not to be. Joseph Strong's heads in the same room evidence both the good and the bad points of this artist's style. His work averages very well, the chief fault being that the coloring is occasionally off. The portrait of W. Greer Harrison, however, is a good piece of painting in every respect. Raschen's conscientiously-executed portrait of Dr. Behr deserves nothing but praise; the same for Kunath's head and his miniature of a boy. Miss Letcher should be able to paint a good portrait, her pastel (No. 2) being very fetching in pose and coloring. In a group by themselves are Griffin's landscapes; it is a pleasure to notice his unconventional method of expression. The "Approaching Storm," as well as the "Cornfield" show a fine ability predestined to success. Except his "Nativity," Fonda's things are so little demonstrative that they easily escape the spectator, but they ought not to be overlooked, a fate to which Altmann's charming little bits of ladscape are probably foredoomed A. G.

An Arab can think of no other channel for his charity than the construction of a fountain, yet the Arabs have a curious characteristic in common with horses and other animals. They prefer stagnant water, however disgusting in smell and appearance, to the most limpid running water, which they assert generally contains disagreeable medicinal properties.

Canal by the Market Place

A Side Street

An Important Street Corner

Carriages and Vehicles on the Lunetta

Insular Building

TYPICAL VIEWS IN MANILA

Cayuses

Posing for the Camera

A Temporary Camp

Two of a Kind

A Group of Redskins

Bucks

An Indian Rendezvous

Bucks Entering the Town

THE ANNUAL GATHERING OF INDIANS AT NORTH YAKIMA, WASHINGTON

Photos by Blethen

HENRY S. MARTIN

Republican Candidate for Sheriff of San Francisco.

As the campaign orators would say, Mr. Martin needs no introduction to the people of this city and county. He was born here just forty years ago, and has lived among us all his life, an honest, happy, good-natured boy. and an upright, honorable, friendly man. We all know him, and know him only to respect and admire him. His nomination by the Republican convention to the office of Sheriff has aroused his legions of friends to enthusiasm for his election, and one may hear his many virtues and innumerable qualifications being proclaimed in every quarter of the city.

Mr. Martin is proud of the city and State of his birth, and he has been identified with every movement that has worked for the growth and greatness of San Francisco and California. He has thorough faith in the present and future of this cosmopolitan metropolis. His great influence in the order of Native Sons, in which he has held high offices of trust, has ever been for progress. Mr. Martin's interest in municipal affairs has always been keen, and questions of our public finance have taken up much of his time and thought. His knowledge and experience along these lines has frequently been put to practical use, and his financial good sense and executive skill have never failed those who have pinned their faith on him.

Henry Martin was Treasurer of the Golden Jubilee Committee, and he served on the finance committee of the Midwinter Fair. He has, for years, been Grand Treasurer of the order of Native Sons. He is Past President and at present a Director of the French Hospital, and it was largely owing to his initiative that that excellent institution was opened for the reception of our sick soldiers from the camps near by the hospital buildings. He has always been active in such benevolent works, and the Red Cross and other patriotic movements, and many public and private charities have grateful knowledge of his quiet generosity.

Henry Martin is a Republican of the Republicans, but so many Democrats admire him for his fine executive ability, integrity and hearty kindliness that they are outspoken in his advocacy and in their intention to give him their votes. His election will be a credit to the city and an encouragement to clean municipal politics.

There is nothiug in our language to be compared to a word recently used in cold blood by a Dresden newspaper. It appears that a murderer (*Attentaeter*) had killed the mother of two deaf-and-dumb Hottentot children (*Hottentotenstrottertrottelmutter*), whereupon the police arrested the culprit and shut him up in a kangaroo's cage. Now such a cage rejoices in the German name of *Hattengitterwetterkotter*, so anybody shut up in it would naturally be a *Hattengitterwetterkotterbeutetratte*. The affair was, however, complicated by the escape of the prisoner and his capture by a man of eighty, who hurried off to the Chief of Police to report his success. "What man have you arrested?" the policeman inquired politely. "Why, don't you know?" was the reply. "It is that miserable *Hottentotenstrottertrot telmutterhat t entaeteratteng i tterwetter kotterbeuttetrratte*, of course! Whom did you suppose it was?" The Welsh tongue can produce no equal to that, but the Flemish name for a motor-car comes near it. A Brussels policeman, seeing one of these vehicles careering furiously through the streets, will feel called upon to apostrophise it, and say: "Hi! stop there, you rumbling old *Snetpaardetooszondersporrwegvapeurrijtuig!*"

The revised report of the census board of the Russian interior shows that since 1885 the population of Russia has increased at the rate of 1,500,000 anuually. It now numbers 129,000,000.

JOHN A. DRINKHOUSE

The practical men of affairs in San Francisco, who have the decisive vote in the approaching election, are almost unanimously favoring the candidacy of John A. Drinkhouse for Public Administrator. Mr. Drinkhouse is well worthy of all the honors the city is asked to bestow upon him. He is a young man, but he is old enough to have won the confidence and respect of the entire business community. His mind and judgment are ripe enough to carry on successfully the large and prosperous business of the J. A. Drinkhouse Company, the pioneer tobacco house of this city, founded in 1850, and now controlling a heavy wholesale trade. He is old enough to have developed a character strong in all the manly virtues, and to have built

up an enviable reputation for generous fair-dealing, sound business sense, and public-spirited enterprise. He is the careful, tactful, honest and conscientious man required for the oftentimes delicate and always exacting duties of Public Administrator. The Republican party chose Mr. Drinkhouse for that important office after due deliberation, the Non-Partisan convention freely endorsed him, and on every side it is conceded that this candidate should be elected. If his business record stands for anything—and it stands for everything good—the affairs of the office of Public Administrator will be conducted by him economically, honestly and ably.

A new phase has been given to the rabbit scourge in New Zealand by the success which has attended the experiment of freezing the rabbits and exporting them. Thus, out of what has hitherto been an apparently irremediable curse, an important industry may be developed. One exporter is said to be in the receipt of between 15,000 and 20,000 rabbits per day, and is paying to trappers and in wages between $4,000 and $5,000 per week. He has 24,000 traps out, giving employment to about 500 trappers. His exports of rabbits last year was about 700,000, and this year he will increase it to 1,500,000. It is estimated that this season's exportation of rabbits will run to between 5,000,000 and 6,000,000. This, even at the low price of six cents per rabbit, will net a handsome figure.

NEW FOOTBALL RULES

The Intercollegiate Football Rules Committee has concluded its labors after nearly six months of deliberation, and the new code will soon be finished by the printers.

Very few radical changes have been made in the methods of play, but the rules have been simplified to make them plain and intelligible to both players and officials. The alterations made last fall by A. A. Stagg and the Western Intercollegiate Association were almost entirely ignored by the Eastern men, and possible games between members of the associations will have to be played by the old code or by compromise rules. The older and more experienced colleges resented the dictatorial attitude of the Chicago organization.

The only change of any great importance is a clause in the scoring code which calls for one point instead of two points for a goal kicked from touchdown. Cornell and Princeton secured this, the idea being that many games are decided by goals kicked from touchdown, and that there was an inequality in the scoring of points due to the location of the touchdown and the subsequent goal trial. The mass play rule came in for the most discussion, but was finally left untouched, to the satisfaction of the Pennsylvanias, who can continue to use their "guards back" interference. The committee took notice of the fact that in the big games played by Penusylvania, Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Cornell, and Brown, not a single member of any of these elevens was seriously injured by these mass plays, so-called, but that there were some accidents in games played by minor institutions where the elevens lacked both physical strength and skillful knowledge of the fine points of play. The proposition to let the quarter-back run with the ball was rejected, principally because it would tend to complicate matters in the field and lead to disputes. It was admitted, though, that this quarter-back play would make the game faster and more entertaining.

The best work done by the committee was in the formation of footnotes and an index to all the rules. The old rule-book was so complicated that the officials found it a rather difficult matter to locate their duties. In the case of disputes with captains over various points of play, inability to turn to turn to the rules quickly caused long, tiresome delays. With the new book there will be no more trouble of this kind. There will also be no conflict of authority between a referee and an umpire, such as occurred during the Yale-Carlisle Indian game last fall. The duties of each official will be plainly set forth, and each rule over which the referee or umpire has jurisdiction will be marked accordingly.

Captain William Astor Chanler, one of Tammany's millionaire members, is a candidate for Congressional honors in New York. Captain Chanler has led an active, adventurous life. Before the Spanish war he was best known for his explorations in Africa, which brought him fellowships in the Royal Geographical Society of England and the Royal Institute of Vienna. When the war with Spain began, Captain Chanler organized and equipped at his own expense a well-drilled regiment of volunteers. It was a great disappointment to him that Governor Black found it impossible to accept his men. With half a dozen picked companions he went to Tampa, intending to join the staff of the Cuban General Lacret. He found a better fighting position as Assistant Adjutant-General, with the rank of captain, on the staff of General Wheeler. Captain Chanler was mentioned for bravery under fire at Santiago. The Democrats depend largely on recognition of his war services to elect him.

A professional school of electricity is to be established near Paris, France. The school is intended to furnish laborers and foremen with an electrical education, and first-class instruction will be given in both theory and practice.

CAPTAIN COOK'S MONUMENT ON THE ISLAND OF HAWAII

BABBLINGS OF A BELLE

Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

The summer is dead, peace be to its ashes. It was not a wildly exciting season, but its aftermath gave us all a little something to talk over our teacups—I mean our informal teas. I wonder if men have anything that causes them to gossip so comfortably as the cup that cheers. I think it is nonsense when they say that tea does not inebriate. Perhaps it may not, when taken after a short infusion in perfect solitude. But tea as we girls indulge in it certainly does take the edge off your caution and makes one's tongue trip gaily along unconscious of what trouble may be brewing. They say men wax coufident over a cigar, and I know I prefer to tell papa any little worries I have when he is comfortably ensconced on the lounge in the library, with nicely shaded lights and a good Havana. I also find that the best time to persuade him to let me do things which on the surface appear to be slightly unreasonable.

Last week several of the San Mateo crowd gave these informal teas, and we girls had great sport in discussing intimate affairs as we sipped agreeably-flavored Ceylou mixture. First the engagement of Clemmie Kip and our great surprise thereat: then the sundry titbits of gossip, and, finally, the future events. The first tea was at Carrie Taylor's, and the Hopkins, Caro Crockett, the Carolans, and Edith McBean were there. It was not one of those decorated house affairs, but we girls lounged around in our tailor-built frocks and made ourselves at home. Carrie has awfully good salted almonds and her sandwiches please my capricious palate. Edith McBean rejoiced exceedingly that she was not to be here this winter, and predicted a perfect dearth of good times. "I don't know what you girls will do, for there is a greater scarcity of men than ever," she said. "Never mind," said Carrie, "my two brathers are here, and——" "Ah, yes," interrupted Edna Hopkins, "they are hosts in themselves." "Yes, but they can't dance with all of us at once, can they?" chimed in Helen Hopkins. "No, they are not octopuses," I interpolated, in a mild way. "Of course not," said Caro; "an octopus is a railroad corporation, isn't it?" "I thought it was some sort of a fish," replied I. "Oh, Miss Cricket, you are a goose; don't you ever read the papers?" said all to together. "Whatever an octopus was, it is now a railroad company; so that settles it," said Caro.

"Never mind," I said, "let us enumerate the men. The Dibblees are more or less mortgaged, so we can't count on them. Then there is Bennie Holliday, Clarence Follis, the Taylors. Nat Wilson, Will Page, Airy Eyre, that new man—what's-his-name—the footballer. Oh, Mr. Cochrane, and who else?"

"The Martins," said Edna.

"Oh, you can hardly count them, for Walter is away, Peter spends half his time down South, as does Andrew," I objected.

"Do you mean to say these are all?" asked Carrie.

"Pretty nearly," I answered. "Of course, there is Harry Stetson; I forgot him, and he naturally brings to mind Harry Holbrook. But if the latter be elected he will be far too busy for our frivolities."

"Well," added Helen Hopkins, "we shall have to have teas and luncheons, and all sorts of girly-girly affairs."

"What has become of your brother, Evelyn?" said I to Miss Carolan.

"Oh, he is gone to New York, where he has a fine appointment in one of the hospitals."

"What a shame," I said. "I quite approved of him."

"There is Lloyd Breckenridge," said Leila.

"Oh, Leila, we are no longer debutantes, and Lloyd, though a very dear boy, is rather juvenile," I remarked in my newly-acquired tone of belledom.

"Never mind about the boys. Did you know that Mrs. Kohl has taken the Goad house for six months and is going to make things lively?" said Leila. "She and Miss Kohl, who is a thoroughbred and a splendid girl in every way. Her son Fred and his wife are coming out here from Philadelphia to stay with them. Mrs. Fred is a Philadelphian, and in some respects I prefer the natives of the Quaker City to any other people."

Then I came off home and let them go on with their gossip.

Next day we met at Edith McBean's, and I had a great piece of news to impart—that is that Papa and Mamma, Aunt Sybil and Uncle Harry are going to spend November in Monterey and leave us in the charge of dear Aunt Carolyn, who has promised us a house party at Burlingame every week. I love that woman! The girls wondered why the family were going in for Del Monte so extravagantly in the off season.

"More wheat, I suppose," said one of the girls.

"Lower rates," I explained, "and the ancients are going to take advantage of it."

"Let us all go down and have an old-time New Year's there, girls," said some one. "Why, wait—what is the matter with spending Thanksgiving there?" cried another. So we all chattered away, and the noble game of golf came up. We decided to go to San Rafael on Saturday, and a party of us girls—the Carolans, Caro, Edith and Carrie Taylor and I—went over there. Tiny O'Connor was playing and simply disgruntled the rest of us by her scoring. Think of it, she rarely goes above sixty-one or sixty-two and has made fifty eight on several occasions. Little Baron Alex von Shroeder was there and was as polite as usual. He is an extremist when it comes to a question of manners and I do enjoy him. He is passionately fond of smoking, yet time and again I have seen him throw away a whole cigar rather than smoke in the presence of a lady. Arthur says that is the hardest thing for a fellow to do. The Deans are back from San Rafael and the O'Connors return on November 1st, as do the two Barons von Shroeder. Baroness von Shroeder and the youngsters sailed for Europe on October 20th. They will remain a month in Paris and then go to Hamburg, where the children will go to school. Mr. and Mrs. Gus Spreckels and Lurline have also gone abroad for an indefinite period. They expect to live in Paris. Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Fitzgerald Kenney and their small boy are also among those leaving here. Therese Morgau is still down South having a beautiful time and loath to return. Mrs. Morgan gave a very swell little dinuer and card party to the married crowd on Thursday evening. What else has happened? Oh, the *Philadelphia* is in town and Arthur was over there on Sunday.

Arthur went ou board the *Philadelphia* on Sunday afternoon to see the boys that are there. You know Russell Selfridge and Norris Davis are on board in the engineers' corps, and John Doyle is assistant paymaster. They find it very jolly, although I believe Norris Davis does not care for it particularly, as he has to flag to Russell Selfridge, and it comes hard. There is one awfully nice chap on board, a Mr. Sellars, who is secretary to the Admiral. He is a man after my own heart, and when Arthur brought him home to dinner we were all delighted. He is a Southerner, with very charming manners. The *Philadelphia* goes to Mare Island on Friday to await orders, and then expects to be sent to join Admiral Dewey's fleet at Manila.

Josephine Loughborough is to have her coming-out tea on Saturday, November 5th, and we girls who have been asked to assist are anticipating a gay time. I have two affairs on for that day, first, the fete at Mrs. de Young's in aid of the Woman's Exchange. It is to be a function, and Edith McBean, Julia Buckbee, Marie Wells, Helen Wagner, Marie Ogg and Mary Bell Gwin are to assist in receiving. Mrs. de Young has given us her house, and we hope to make a tremendous success of it.

I am trying to improve my mind a little this winter, and am taking that historical course given by the Daughters of the American Revolution. Aunt Sybil is very much interested, and although I insisted that I knew American history thoroughly, after she had asked me a few ordinary questions and I absolutely failed to answer intelligently, she decided that I had better go. The series opened on Tuesday, when Dr. Howard of Stanford discussed the finances of the American Revolution. It was not at all deep, although the title sounds most decidedly so, and I was almost afraid to go, but he made the subject simple and interesting, and I forgot it was instructive and just enjoyed myself.

Now I must say adieu, having bored you sufficiently. Your own rather stupid

MISS CRICKET.

* *

A very smart wedding, which took place at the Concordia Club on Tuesday evening, was that of Miss Hilda Sachs and Mr. Julian Newbauer. Miss Sachs never looked more handsome than in her stunning bridal dress of white duchess satin. The skirt was of the new paquin order and fell in deep full train. Starting at the waist line and garlanding the skirt to the middle, simulating the peplum effect, were arranged love knots of chenille and lace, which were appliqued and cut out. The waist was cut decollette filled in with mousseline de soie and lace shirred with chenille. From yoke to waist duchess lace was draped, the main design outlined in chenille and mousseline de soie. Beyond this was the applique of chenille love knots, which also formed the sleeves. The girdle was of tucked white satin. Miss Gertrude Strassburger, who was the sole attendant, wore pale pink taffeta silk covered in organdie, and looked very pretty. Mrs. Louis Sachs, the grandmother of the bride, was strikingly gowned in black fleur de velous. The bodice had a full fedora of white point d'Alencon, waist outlined with a chenille rose pattern with garland effect. This trimmed also the back and sleeves. The skirt was cut with demi-train and around the middle was a garland of black chenille and velvet roses over a white background, below fell a deep flounce of black chantilly lace. Another handsome dress worn at the wedding was that of Mrs. Simon Newman, which was of white satin covered in black tulle. The outer gown was appliqued in embroidered velvet chenille and flower design and round the bottom of the skirt was a deep flounce of sun rayed accordion pleating with heading of chenille and lace. The waist was exquisite and similarly trimmed. The ceremony took place in the reception room of the Club, which was banked in pink roses tied in pink and white ribbons. Dr. Voorsanger was the officiating clergyman. After the ceremony the guests went into the ballroom and danced until supper time.

* *

Our suburb of San Rafael is growing more and more interested in the San Rafael Golf Club and in the new links, over which we Bay people will have the pleasure of gamboling for years to come. After three months of negotiation, five hundred acres of probably the finest golfing ground in the country have been secured, thanks largely to the untiring efforts of Mr. Carter Pomeroy. Arrangements have been made with the railway company to furnish a station on the northern end of the place. The putting greens being quite large—one hundred feet in diameter—and it being the intention of the Board of Council to keep the grass green the year through, water from the Marin County Water Company will be brought to the grounds and piped over the course. Mr. Tetley, the manager, has already laid out nine links, and the players are now using them, but eighteen will be provided by the 1st of March. The Clubhouse will shortly be erected, 50x100 feet in dimensions and containing nearly two hundred lockers. The club's membership is rapidly filling up, and it is said the Board of Council purposes doubling the initiation fee before the first of the year. The officers of the San Rafael Golf Club are Captain, Richard A. Parker; Vice-Captain, Carter P. Pomeroy; Secretary, Fred H. Green; House and Green Committee, Frank S. Johnson and James H. Wilkins; Directors, Marcus A. Gerstle and J. J. Crooks.

* *

Teas are always the method of ushering in the season in Oakland, and during the past week there have been any number of receptions and "At Homes." The kettle was set a-brewing by Mrs. Pennoyer on Saturday last, when a crowd of her friends were given the chance of admiring her new artistic home in Berkeley. Mrs. Pennoyer had the opportunity while in Europe of collecting many beautiful things, and her house forms an admirable setting for them. On Tuesday Mrs. Ralston gave a farewell tea to her daughter Mrs. Bluet, formerly Claire Ralston, prior to her departure for her home in Kentucky. The Ralston house was very prettily fixed up in flowers and ferns, and the affair was delightfully informal and jolly. Mrs. Plehn of Berkeley entertained some fifty or sixty people at tea on Thursday afternoon, and Mrs. Seabury did likewise on Friday.

The next large affair is to be the coming out of Misses Florence and Jean Hush, who have recently returned from Miss Edie's school in New York. It is to be one of the largest affairs given in Oakland, as there are to be some eight hundred invitations. The Misses Hush anticipate making things very lively in East Oakland this winter, and intend following up their tea by numberless little dinners and luncheons.

Of luncheons, that of Mrs. J. J. Valentine given last week to some twenty of the Oakland ladies, both from the point of beauty of decoration and delicacy of the menu, surpassed any of the recent achievements in entertainment across the bay. The house was massed in flowers throughout and the ladies sat at three round tables, each differently decorated. One was in autumn leaves and arbugeutum; a second was in Virginia creepers and berries; a third in brilliant yellow chrisanthemums. A small little dinner was given on Friday last by Miss Mary Macdermot to some twelve of her friends. The table was decked in Homer roses.

The first of the Berkeley cotillions was given last week at Reed's Hall, under the patronage of Mrs. Martin Kellogg, Mrs. E. H. Davenport, Mrs. John Garber, Mrs. John Dean, Mrs. Duff, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Pennoyer and Mrs. Ralston. The hall was decorated in flags and palms. The German was very ably led by Mr. Hewitt Davenport and Miss Leslie Green. Of the girls who looked especially well were Miss Leslie Green, Miss Genevieve Fore and Miss Lola Davis.

An informal dance was given at the Hotel Metropole on last Friday evening, under the patronage of Mrs. Barton, Mrs. Dunning, Mrs. Stubbs, Mrs. Eastland and several others. It was a very pretty affair, nearly all the younger Oakland set being invited. Of the girls whose appearance was noteworthy were Miss Bessie Palmer, Miss Ethel Pomeroy and Miss Fore.

A Water Combine.

The Appollonaris Water Company (Limited) and Johannis' Water Company have amalgamated.

Cotillion Hall, at 1310 Polk street, has been recently renovated, and is now under the management of Professor G. Farrell. Rent reasonable for balls, parties, etc. Classes Monday evenings.

SHOPPING BY MAIL

barring the bother of writing, is a great convenience to the housewife, as it gives her the time and opportunity for testing the value of an article at home. The bother is trifling in the case of

SILVER ELECTRO-SILICON POLISH

simply send your address on a postal, no charge for liberal trial quantity, or for 15 cents in stamps a full sized box will be sent post-paid. **It's unlike all others.**

Your grocer has it—
Most good grocers do.

The Electro Silicon Co., 30 Cliff Street, New York.

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

Insist Upon Having Your Ticket to New York Boston, or Other Eastern Cities

Read over the Nickel Plate (N. Y. C. & St. L. R. R.), the popular low-rate short line. Quick time, unexcelled accommodations, and no extra fares charged. Jay W. Adams, Pacific Coast Passenger Agent, 37 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal.

IMPORTANT!

GREAT NOVELTIES

—IN—

French Drapery
Lace Curtains
Artistic Furniture

In French, Italian and Colonial Styles

Special Designs

Estimates for Interior Decoration, Furnish and Hang. Get our figures before contracting your orders with other houses.

THE P. ROSSI CO.

117 Sutter Street

Bet. Kearny and Montgomery, San Francisco

A Cleanser and Beautifier

California Cream of Lemon is an ideal toilet preparation because it is a pure and unadulterated lemon. It is made entirely from fresh selected San Diego County lemons. Cream of Lemon cures and prevents sunburn, freckles, tan, chapped hands and lips, pimples and all other skin blemishes and irritations. It restores youthful complexions and removes wrinkles. Used in the bath, it leaves the skin delightfully soft white, smooth and velvety. It cannot be excelled for babies' bath. It keeps the skin sweet and pure and prevents all irritation.

It retails at 25 cents. Ask your druggist for it. If he will not supply you send 25 cents and we will send a three-ounce collapsible tube of Cream of Lemon prepaid to any address in the United States.

CALIFORNIA CREAM OF LEMON CO. Inc.
San Diego, Cal.

Most druggists sell it—all druggists should.

STARK'S QUINTETTE CLUB

Is open for afternoon musicales, teas, receptions, weddings, etc.

Address HERR F. STARK,
Baldwin Hotel.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

400 GRADUATES SECURED POSITIONS IN PAST TWO YEARS

LOW RATES!

San Francisco Business College

Only Experienced Bookkeepers and Reporters Employed as Teachers. Send for Catalogue.

1236 MARKET STREET, S. F.

Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson's Academy

1427 Franklin St., near Post

Reopens August 1, 1898. English, French, German and Spanish Boarding and Day School. Begins with kindergarten and prepares for universities, business and society. Drawing and painting. Cultured home training. Excellent table. $30 00 per month. Music in all its branches if desired, extra.

Lyceum Preparatory School

For the University, Law and Medical Colleges. Accredited with Stanford University and Cooper College. References—President Jordan or any Stanford Professor.

PHELAN BUILDING.

Los Angeles Military Academy

A Classical and English Boarding School.
Re-opens Sept. 14th. Catalogue on application.

The Solly Walter School of Illustration

Evening Classes
Tuesdays and Thursdays
26 O'Farrell Street, San Francisco

A. O. LINDSTROM. AL. JOHNSON.
Phone Main 178

Sutter Street Hammam

TURKISH AND RUSSIAN BATHS

415 Sutter Street, between Stockton and Powell

Open Day and Night for Gentlemen
For Ladies, from 9 a m to 6 p m

TRAVELING COURIERS

How Their Services Make Easier the Life of the Tourist Aboard.

There are those among us who can easily remember the time when there was no pleasure to be had in traveling on the continent of Europe without the services of a courier. Thirty or forty years ago, and before, foreign travel was restricted to the very rich. The means of getting about were slow and difficult, and too few English or Americans could then converse readily in French, German, Italian or Spanish. In fact, in those days an American who was conversant with one or all of these tongues was admired as a genius or was suspected to be a freak; and it is a matter of record that the late Lord Granville and the late Lord Ampthill were seriously distrusted by a respectable party of their countrymen because of their Parisian perfection in the Gallic language. Nowadays most well-educated people command at least a smattering of French and German, our wide reading has given us a general knowledge of ways and means all over the world, and so the courier is a luxury, except in the Oriental countries. In former days, though, he was a downright necessity to those who desired to travel with any degree of comfort.

The courier is familiarly acquainted with the languages, manners and customs of the Continent, and so is qualified to serve as agent, guide and interpreter, and to take entire charge of traveling arrangements. As a general thing, couriers with unquestionable papers and testimonials can be depended on implicitly. They are as honest as are the higher grade of servants the world over. That is to say, you can trust them with the keys to your trunks, and even to your dispatch box, and they will not rob you. On the contrary, they hold it a point of honor to guard you against thieves and against extortion and swindling of any kind; but they have no hesitation, for instance, in exacting a percentage from the proprietor to whose hotel they have guided you; the landlord cinching you for it, of course, in his bill. In the same way the courier gets his percentage on about every franc your party spends abroad, and besides this, as he is "deadheaded" everywhere, he pockets the hotel and transportation expenses paid for him by his employer. So with a salary of about a hundred dollars a month the courier generally gets his share of the plunder which Europe reckons on annually fleecing from the "crazy Englishman" and the "rich Yankee." But as far as saving worry, annoyance and trouble is concerned, the courier is well worth his hire.

These ordinary couriers are to be had by anybody who chooses to employ them. There is, however, a more glorified class of royal and imperial couriers, who are in the permanent service of royalty. Such a one is the Mr. Dosse, Queen Victoria's "Director of Continental travel," who, we see by announcements in English and German official papers, has been placed by Her Majesty at the disposal of her grandson, the Kaiser, for his pilgrimage to Palestine and tour of Egypt. This functionary's office is no sinecure, by any means, and its responsibilities and anxieties may be estimated by the nervous collapse of the Chevalier von Klaudy, who died of congestion of the brain at the conclusion of one of the journeys of the late Empress of Austria from Vienna to Paris and Biarritz. Such a trip is fatiguing enough to an ordinary traveler, but Von Klaudy was not known to have slept from the beginning to the end of the journey, so conscientiously did he look to the safety of his imperial mistress. He saw to the proper guarding of the train and the stations en route, to supplying the royal party with refreshments, arranging with the railroad authorities for a clear track for the special train and for relays of engines, and to avoiding the numberless hitches and untoward events likely to occur on a trip of this kind. Von Klaudy was the best courier the Emperor of Austria ever had.

Mr. Dosse succeeded old Mr. Kanne as Queen's courier. He is busiest when Her Majesty takes her yearly spring holiday on the Continent. Weeks in advance of the journey, Mr. Dosse is sent off to hunt up a suitable residence for the royal party. The Queen is quite particular about this. Her requirements vary up to one hundred rooms; she insists that the house be well apart from any town and surrounded by extensive private grounds, with good roads for driving. When a house has been found of which the Queen approves, Mr Dosse then sets about contracting for household supplies and arranging for special postal and telegraphic facilities, and for thorough police protection in the neighborhood of the establishment. This courier takes charge of the Queen's boat and train and conducts the royal party safely to the chosen retreat. An assistant takes charge of the baggage, and it is a heavy train on which he rolls out of Calais, carrying trunks innumerable, carriages, horses and so forth.

The Queen's special train is the care of Mr. Dosse. In order that the slumbers of the party may not be disturbed, it must be run, at night, at less than twenty miles an hour; there must be no blowing of whistles, the train must be stopped while meals are being eaten, or while Her Majesty is dressing or undressing, there must be no delays on account of traffic on the road, and a guard must keep the crowd away whenever the train is still.

All this goes to illustrate the thousand and one cares incident to the duties of a courier, "Director of Her Majesty's Journeys." If Mr. Dosse gets the Kaiser and his Empress back from the East in safety he will probably be given another decoration with which to adorn his coat. There is a mysterious tradition in Europe that, in one way or another, terrible misfortune has overtaken every royal couple that have ever visited the Holy Land together, and at the various courts is to be heard the same uneasy talk which preceded the assassination of Elizabeth of Austria.

ARCHEVRALE.

A correspondent of the *Westminster Gazette* thinks that it takes too much exertion and ink to speak and write the "citizens of the United States of America," and he suggests, inasmuch as in manuscript it is customary for brevity to print the three letters, "U. S. A.," for the "United States of America," that the republic be called "Usa" and its inhabitants "Usans." He argues that there are twenty separate nations or governments in America—the same number there are in Europe—and that it is as absurd to call citizens of the United States exclusively "Americans" as to have the word "Europeans" apply solely to Spaniards. The correspondent concludes by saying that "if one or two of the daily papers would make use of the word 'Usa' when alluding to that part of America which is comprised in the United States, the word 'Usa' would be found so convenient that it would very quickly be generally adopted."

The explosive bullets used by the Spanish consisted of a brass coating containing soft lead. On impact, this bullet exploded and produced a ghastly wound. It was used by the Spanish volunteers, who fired it from the old Springfield rifle. Its passage through the air was accompanied by a peculiar humming sound, and there was a short, sharp pop as it exploded. The Krag-Jorgensen bullet at short range was found to be explosive, like the Mauser rifles, but the range of the former was shorter by three or four hundred yards. On the visit of the British consul to the American lines during the cessation of hostilities, he was asked to notify the Spaniards that if they did not stop using explosive bullets the Americans would retaliate in kind. To this the Spaniards replied that the Americans were also using them, and upon investigation it was discovered that the Krag-Jorgensen bullet acted in this manner.

There are now three railroads on the Hawaiian Islands. The Kahului Railroad, on the island of Maui, is thirteen miles long, and the Hawaiian Railroad, on the island of Hawaii, is about twenty miles long. These two roads are used principally to carry the products of the plantations to the various points of shipment. The principal road is the Oahu Railway and Land Company line, which runs from Honolulu to Waianae, the total length, including sidings, being a little over thirty-five miles. This road was opened for traffic July 1, 1890, since which time its business has shown a steady increase, both in its passenger and freight traffic.

The New Bituminous Pavement

The Cars That Were

The Old Basalt Pavement

MARKET STREET, THE PRIDE OF THE CITY

Souvenir of the Street Parade, Saturday, October 29th

"The rickety, antiquated one-horse bobtail cars will run on Market street no more. Mayor Phelau issued an order to the Superinteudent of Streets shortly before midnight on Friday directing him to remove the objectionable rails on Market street."—*Catt*, July 31, 1898.

A GOOD REASON WHY MAYOR PHELAN SHOULD BE RE-ELECTED

AN ADMIRAL'S MEMORIES

Fifty Years of American Naval Service Reviewed by S. R. Franklin.

The *Memories* of Rear-Admiral S. R. Franklin, U. S. N., retired, is an excedingly interesting book, handsomely turned out by Harper & Brothers. It covers half a century's service in the American navy, and reviews, from an intimate personal point of view, many of the great events in our history during that period.

The first chapters contain biographical matter that is chiefly of interest to the Franklins and their uumerous connectious. The admiral proceeds then to describe life in the old navy and the vicissitudes of his midshipman's career. His first cruise is taken on board the frigate *United States* to South America and the Pacific Coast. He tells how Thomas ap Catesby Jones sailed from Calloa to capture Monterey.

"About this time the relations between the United States and Mexico were very much strained. Commodore Jones had seen in some newspaper a corresponnence between those high in authority in both conntries, of such a character that he felt sure that war must inevitably follow. His mind was soon made up. The first blow to be struck on this coast must be the seizure of California; and to that end he bent all his energies for the next two months. The flagship, as well as I can remember, took the *Cyane* and *Dale* in company, and we all sailed away together for far-off California, which it took us many days to reach. We were constantly exercising, on our way up, and getting ourselves in the best possible trim for war. I remember that some of the midshipmen gave so keen an edge to their cutlasses that one could almost shave with them. We never knew the object of the expedition upon which we were bound until we reached the coast of California. One morning, with a fresh top-gallant breeze, the frigate *United States* and the sloop *Cyane* swooped down upon two Mexican merchantmen, that were bound to sea from Monterey, and we knew that some kind of a war had begun. We stood into the Bay of Monterey under British colors, turned the merchant vessels back, and they were for the time prizes to our ships.

"And now the war began in earnest. We came to anchor in the harbor, a mimic army was at once organized, and we proceeded immediately to take possession of the place. The army was marched on shore, marched up the hill to the fort, and, finding it abandoned, we hauled down the Mexican flag, which was left there flying when the garrison evacuated, and hoisted the Stars and Stripes in its place. I was one of the army of occupation, and the prospect of a little soldiering in a foreign land was a most pleasing anticipation; but, alas, after we had been there one night, and had had the excitement of the long roll, as a strange dog came within our lines, we were ordered on the day following our occupation to fold our tents, lash up our hammocks, and then to proceed down the same hill which, twenty-four hours before, we had marched up so gayly, with colors flying and drums beating, in all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war. It seems that the Commodore went on shore, after having disembarked his army, and had a consultation with the American Consul and the selectmen of the town. Another newspaper was produced, so different in tone from that which had caused the war, that peace was immediately proclaimed, and the army of occnpation ordered back to the ships."

After a winter of pleasnre at Monterey the fleet scattered, but Franklin soon came back to California aboard the *Levant*, which was so prominent in the Mexican war in this State. He passes over briefly the trouble between Fremont and Governor Castro, the part played by Larkin and Lientenant Gillespie, the declaration of independence of the Americans, their captnre of Sonoma, raising the Bear Flag and proclamation of the Republic of California, and the final subjngation and cession of the entire region to the United States. Franklin himself was one of the landing party that took possession of Monterey.

In those early days of the American navy Franklin journeyed far afield. We find him on the *Independence* touring the Mediterranean under Commodore Morgan. The commodore was an extremely gonty old fellow, married to a woman much yonnger than himself, and he had a stroug sense of hnmor. In their jonrneyings they had occasion to visit Trieste, and there they were made a great deal of. Among others, the King of Saxony visited the ship, and in showing him round the commodore directed his movements thns: "Step this way, King, if yon please"; or, "Let me help you down this hatch, King"—instead of utilizing the familiar "Yonr Majesty," which he well knew was the proper term. On another occasion he entertained at dinner a number of Anstrian officers:

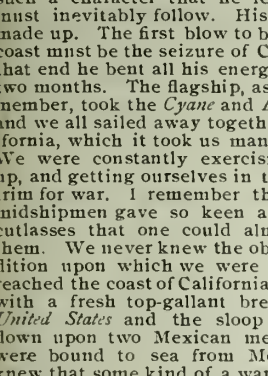
"They were all pretty well filled with wine by the time dinner was over, and adjourned to the poop-deck. He presented a most comical appearance, with his wig slued one side, and his eye, which always looked as if it were glass, rolling aronnd in the most qnizzical manner. He was snrrounded by Austrians, who seemed all to be talking to him at the same time. He was backing away from him, as they were gesticulating at him, until he reached the end of the poop, and could go no farther without going overboard, when he threw up his hands in despair, exclaiming, 'I don't understand a d——d word yon say!'"

Admiral Franklin's part in the Civil War is a matter of history and need not be reviewed here, but it should be remarked that his vivid descriptions of the battle between the *Monitor* and the *Virginia*, or *Merrimac*, and of the fight at Mobile Bay are well worth reading again. After hostilities were over he was once more ordered to San Francisco, this time for dnty at the Mare Island Navy Yard, and he describes his impressions on retnrning to San Franscisco after twenty years' absence:

"I had anchored in the same spot twenty years before, when the village which then existed there was Yerba Buena, and California was a province of Mexico. Since then, as if by enchantment, a great city had sprnng up on this very spot, which at that time was but little more than a barren sand-beach. It is difficult to conceive a transformation so complete in so brief a period. As the *Saginaw* was out of repair I made np my mind that I wonld have to remain a long time at Mare Island, to which point I had taken her in order to have the necessary work accomplished. I found there Captain Davenport, of the *Lancaster*, whose ship was in the same category. He was messing on board the receiving-ship *Independence*, and invited me to join his mess, which I was very glad to do. Captain Parker, who commanded the *Independence*, was also one of the mess, and so we had a very pleasant *partie de trois*. * * * My old friend and shipmate Louis McLane was living at San Francisco at this time as the agent of Wells, Fargo & Co. He had resigned from the navy some years before, and is one of the few naval and military men who have abandoned their profession and gone into business life that was successful. As a rule, their training did not fit them for the active, pushing methods of those times, and they generally ended up wiser bnt sadder men. McLane is a man who would have been successful in any walk of life. In the navy he belonged to the highest type of men of that profession, and I felt sure that when he left it that he would attain to eminence in any thing which he undertook. I hunted him up when I went to San Francisco, and found him living delightfully, with his interesting family, in one of San Francisco's most comfortable habitations."

One of the most interesting announcements fo the day is that of the assured progress of tapping the river Nile at its higher level above the cataracts, conducting the water to vertical shafts, down which it will fall to drive turbines, then using the power so generated to run dynamos, frou which electricity in the form of alternating or continuons enrrent will be transmitted to points near or remote. The water, after passing through the turbines, will be restored to the river at a lower level or else used to irrigate the land. There will be no waste of material, as in burning coal, and no smoke. Electricity will be applied, not only in pumping for the irrigation, bnt in driving machinery for preparing the raw products of the soil, spinning cotton, weaving silk and various other industries. But even this surprising scientific scheme is eclipsed by the later proposal, to raise water to an elevation by the sun's rays and use it to run a water wheel and dynamo the water being contained in tanks within a structnre of glass similar to a conservatory, the sun's heat, expanding the air in the first tank containing water, forces it into the tank above, the air being cooled by screening the tank, and the water then raised to the next tank. The sun's rays, acting on a square mile will, it is calculated, furnish one million horsepower, and, with a temperature of fifty degrees in the glass house ontside, the efficacy of the arrangements is believed to be practicable.

Prof. Lupo of Naples puts his patients with diabetes upon an exclusive vegetable diet with no restriction as to kind, as he claims, with the most satisfactory results.



"Beauty and Power."

The secret of a woman's power is in her complete womanliness, both physical and mental. This does not mean perfection of outline nor regularity of features. It does not mean wit, nor talents nor accomplishments. It means that physical attractiveness that comes from perfect bodily condition and the bright, happy cheerfulness of disposition which only complete health can insure.

A woman with a bright eye, clear complexion, mantling color in the cheeks and buoyant elastic step and manner has a natural attractiveness that no artificial agency can counterfeit.

A woman who is afflicted with the mortifying misfortune of a dull, sallow, pimply complexion or that listless movement and attitude which provokes only disgust and revulsion in the opposite sex, ought to avail herself of the purifying, invigorating power of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which makes a strong, healthy stomach and digestive organism; purifies the blood and imparts a natural stimulus to the excretory functions; insures healthy weight, clear skin, bright eyes and the animated manner and bearing of perfect health.

A lady living in West Virginia, Miss Anna Callow, of Kyger, Roane Co., writes: "It is with pleasnre I write you after using a few bottles of Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and I think them valuable medicines for female troubles and weaknesses. I could hardly go about my work I had snch inward weakness and coustant misery in the womb. It worried me so that I would give out in walking a short distance. I had a bad cough aud my lungs hurt me all the time. I got very thin, my complexion was bad, and my eyes would get so heavy iu the eveniug they seemed stiff iu the lids. I could hardly move them. Many persons were alarmed about me, I looked so bad and had such a cough; they were afraid I wonld go into consumption. I felt so badly every day that I had no life about me. I used only five bottles in all. I shall ever speak in praise of your grand medicines. They are blessiugs to suffering females."

Another good thing to have in the house is a vial of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They cure biliousness and constipation and never gripe.

"A PERFECT FOOD—as Wholesome as it is Delicious."

WALTER BAKER & CO.'S

BREAKFAST COCOA

"Has stood the test of more than 100 years' use among all classes, and for purity and honest worth is unequaled."

Costs less than ONE CENT a Cup.

Trade-Mark on Every Package.

WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD.,

TRADE-MARK Established 1780. DORCHESTER, MASS.

USAGES OF HERALDRY

Dr. Holden Lays Down the Law About Armorial Bearings.

The parading of crests is a vice especially encouraged by stationers and seal engravers. Pandering to the snobbish proclivities of the newly-enriched, these gentry pass off on them stamped note paper and engraved signet rings, both of which are signs and tokens of an order to which they do not belong. The heinousness of this practice, together with much information on the subject of heraldry in general, is set forth in *A Primer of Heraldry for Americans*, by Edward S. Holden, LL.D. (The Century Co.) The rules of the game are specified with excellent conciseness by the anthor, who, it seems, is an authority on this subject as well as on astronomy.

Heraldry is a feudal practice purely. Originated first to distinguish mail-clad warriors in battle, it came to be applied to their families and property, and finally became a fixed and hereditary institution as fixed and hereditary as their family name. The extinguishment of feudalism in the American Revolution confined the right usage of heraldry to only those families then bearing arms recognized by the various Colleges of Heralds. Hundreds of persons may be entitled to the same name, but only members of a certain family can lawfully bear certain armorial ensigns, and the various branches of that family have their separate differences to distinguish one from the other.

Whatever purpose there may be in the usage is defeated by the silly practice so common in the United States at the moment of appropriating armorial bearings and having created for one's self at order a pedigree. It is as vulgar a proceeding as appropriating someone else's name. The author waxes indignant over the feminine crimes of crested note paper and armorial jewelery. What woman ever wore a crested helmet into battle? One of the primary rules of heraldry, as old, too, as the art, is that no woman is entitled to a crest except she be a queen. Women never should display a crest. Another heraldic absurdity is found in women displaying coats of arms on the knight's shield. "Women have no rank," as Napoleon said, except that given them by their father or husband. They are entitled to bear their father's or husband's arms, but when they do this they must display them on a lozenge. These are only two illustrations.

Many families in the United States are rightfully entitled to bear arms; they are especially numerous in cavalier Virginia; but those families are invariably the quietest in their use of crests and coats.

We will send "The Wave" for Four Months to any address in the United States

For One Dollar

The Best Illustrated Paper West of New York

"The Wave"

Topics of the Day Ably Discussed

Subscribe Now

Address Subscription Dept. "The Wave" 24 Montgomery St.

The Graphophone

When you get a talking machine get the one on which you can record as well as reproduce sound. The Graphophone is the greatest and best talking machine. Other so-called talking machines reproduce only records of entertainments made in laboratories. The Graphophone besides affording marvelous entertainment by reproducing brilliantly and clearly the music of bands, orchestras, popular singers, and all the great variety of records made for entertainment purposes, affords infinite personal delight through its power of instantly recording and reproducing at once, and as often as desired, songs sung to it, words spoken to it, or any sound.

Graphophones are sold for $10 and up. Write for Catalogue No. 48.

Columbia Phonograph Co.

(DEPARTMENT 48)

723 Market Street, San Francisco

NEW YORK PARIS CHICAGO ST LOUIS WASHINGTON PHILADELPHIA BALTIMORE BUFFALO

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT. BULLION MINING CO. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 1st day of October, 1898, an assessment (No. 53) of five cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 11, 331 Pine street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 8th day of November, 1898, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on Monday, the 14th day of November, 1898, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

R. R. GRAVES, Secretary.

Office, room 11, 331 Pine street, San Francisco, Cal.

CHOLLAR MINING CO. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on October 18, 1898, an assessment (No. 4) of ten cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 20, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 14th day of November, 1898, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday, the 7th day of December, 1898, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

CHAS. PLUMMER, Secretary.

Office, room 20, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

BEST & BELCHER MINING CO. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the eighteenth (18th) day of October, 1898, an assessment (No. 61) of ten (10) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 20, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 7th day of November, 1898, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the 13th day of December, 1898, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

M. JAFFE, Secretary.

Office—Room 20, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

PATRICK & CO.

RUBBER STAMPS

STENCILS, SEALS, BRANDS, ETC.

318 CALIFORNIA ST. SAN FRANCISCO.

ROYAL
Baking Powder

Made from pure cream of tartar.

Safeguards the food against alum.

Alum baking powders are the greatest menacers to health of the present day.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

LONDON

London, October 13th.—How soon after the first days of October comes the feeling of the approach of winter in the air! A sort of keenness, a frostiness, and then the gradually decreasing length of the days—the lights in the streets and shops all seem the heralders of a fast-approaching winter. In England, September and October are the most delightful months, and I have spent the latter days of each week taking little trips into the country, sometimes on my wheel, at others by train, to the various points of note or interest.

Chief among the fascinations of England are the innumerable picturesque spots. Sometimes it is a little seaside resort unknown to fame or fashion, but dear to the heart of artist or itinerary; again a tiny village, snuggled in between grass-covered hills, with its quaint gardens and flower-covered cottages. There are also the homes of the greater English—the baronial halls with their wide parks and Italian gardens. One is never at a loss to find a place in which to pass a day or two—a day of dear delights cheaply purchased. And what delicious food one may procure there!—newly-laid eggs which one consumes to the accompanying notes of the cackle-cackle of the fowls in the barnyard nearby—fresh, sweet butter and fine crusty bread.

In one of my more recent little jaunts I went to the Duke of Somerset's estate at Totnes. The Duke's interest in this part of the world is large and exceedingly valuable. He has fine river frontages on the Dart, and owns the greater portions of Totnes and Bridgetown. The shooting on his place is especially good. There is a field there that had an undesirable notoriety owing to a monument erected in it with a particularly disagreeable inscription vilifying the twelfth Duke, who married the famous beauty, who was Queen at the Eglinton Tournament. The present Duke had this obnoxious affair removed immediately after his accession. By the way, he, too, made a truly romantic marriage. The Duchess of Somerset was in her youth Miss Susan Mackinnon—a very beautiful but impecunious maiden who was obliged to earn her living by instructing the young idea how to shoot. She became governess in the family of one of the Duke's relatives, and one day as he was strolling in their park he ran across her and her charges. It was a case of love at first sight, and in spite of the opposition of his family, the Duke insisted on marrying the lady of his choice. Even now the Duchess of Somerset is a very fine-looking woman—tall, of stately carriage, and looks as though born in the purple. She has now been married twenty-two years, but has had no children. On the death of the Duke the succession passes to his brother, Lord Percy Seymour. The Duchess has recently been on a coaching trip through Wiltshire and Berkshire, and had some very effective toilettes. One was of tan-colored cloth in princess shape with appliqued seams. The skirt had a deep flounce from the knees, and around her shoulders the Duchess wore a large caped cloak. Her hat was on the Tyrolean order, with pheasants' feathers, and was most effective.

Speaking of beautiful Duchesses reminds me that the famous Gainsborough portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire, which was stolen some twenty odd years ago, is said to have been found in a cellar in Smith street, Chelsea. There is an interesting little story connected with it. You know, in 1876 this famous painting was sold at auction with the collection of Mr. Wynn Ellis. Messrs. Agnew paid $59,500 for it. It was on exhibition for eighteen days, and created a tremendous sensation in London, where it brought the Gainsborough hat into fashion. Then one memorable night a thief entered the gallery, carefully cut the picture out of the frame, and vanished with it. All the detective force of Europe was put on its track. The owners offered $5,000 reward, and promised not to prosecute the thief, but without avail—the earth had apparently swallowed the picture. Some weeks ago a vestryman of Chelsea (one of the poorer districts of London) in his search for nuisances and evil-doers, decided to investigate a big tumble-down house on Smith street. This house was a wretched-looking place, the sole inhabitant being a miserable, dirty-looking old hag. She was very mysterious in her ways, and although so poor that she often needed the necessities of life, always ate from splendid silver plate. No amount of money could induce her to part with the plate, which she said was not her own. It has since been learned that she was housekeeper to a noted American burglar, who is now serving a term of imprisonment for a particularly daring robbery committed on the continent of Europe. The vestryman called again, but the old woman had disappeared. He went into the cellar—a large place filled with old furniture and rubbish. On walking around in the dark he knocked his foot against a light wooden frame. He struck a match and found a picture in a sad state of dirt and disfigurement. Closer investigation discovered vague outlines of a portrait. Then the vestryman put two and two together, and considering the history of the former occupant of the place and the evident age of the picture, decided it might be some canvas of great value. On cleaning off some of the dust and dirt, he discovered the outlines of a woman's figure and the well known Gainborough hat. The hat furnished him with a clue, and remembering the famous theft, he at once communicated with the Agnews. Young Mr. Agnew visited the cellar, and was impressed with the resemblance. His father came later, and decided that this was his picture. The Agnews then requested the vestryman to buy the pictures for as little as possible, and said they would reward him. He did so, but refused to part with it for less than the $5,000 originally promised for it. The Agnews, however, would not pay, and now it is said that the vestrymen will not take any price for the masterpiece. The case is involved considerably, for the possessor of stolen property, no matter how innocently acquired, has no right to it, but in order to recover it the owner must establish his case and prove his title. This after twenty years is not an easy matter. There are so many copies of the Gainsborough in existence, and some of them very hard to distinguish from the original. The statute of limitations would prevent the Agnews from prosecuting the thief, but his evidence would undoubtedly prove of vital importance in helping them recover their property. Now they are searching for the fellow, and the vestryman remains in undisturbed possession of his great find.

A particularly interesting wedding took place recently in Hamilton Palace, Scotland, and a friend of mine who is on intimate terms with the family managed to procure me a bid—a piece of good fortune which I thoroughly appreciated. Hamilton Palace is one of the really stunning places in Scotland, and is the seat of the Dukes of Hamilton and Brandon. It is situated in the midst of a finely-wooded park, some thousand acres in extent, and is on the left bank of the Clyde, which at this portion of its course is a most picturesque river. The palace itself is a very majestic-looking building, and in the interior there is a staircase of black Galway marble that is a work of art. Some years ago the famous Hamilton collection of paintings was sold, and realized $2,000,000, but even yet there are priceless treasures in the old palace. The occasion in question was the marriage of Lady Flora Mary Ida Douglas Hamilton and Major Robert Poore of the 7th Hussars.

The ceremony took place in the great picture gallery, which was made a most effective backgrouud—the family portraits on the walls with their curious headdresses and antique costumes, and then the bridal party in their *fin de siecle* array. On entering the palace we were met by a guard of honor of the Cameronians; we then proceeded up the grand staircase into the gallery, which was decked in palms, chrysanthemums and ferns. The bride came in upon the arm of her brother, the Duke of Hamilton, who surrendered her into the hands of her husband. As the procession moved in the orchestra and choir of the church gave the bridal chorus from "Lohengrin," which was most impressive. There were six bridesmaids, all related in some way to the Duke of Hamilton. Besides, there were two little flower maidens. The bridesmaids were very quaintly dressed in costumes modeled on the riding habit worn by Flora Macdonald in the well-known picture. The bride was magnificently attired in ivory white satin embroidered in silver thistles—a square-cut bodice filled in with chiffon, a long embroidered peplum, and sleeves of satin trimmed with chiffon and old Brussels lace, the latter the gift of the Countess of Seafield. The same lace also trimmed the long court train, which was caught on the shoulders by sprays of orange blossoms and white heather. The ceremony was exceedingly short, but a swell reception followed, after which Lady Flora and Major Poore left for Stockton-Wilts to spend their honeymoon. The traveling dress was of hyacinth blue canvas. The bodice was trimmed in chiffon—sun-rayed pleated, you know. The skirt was very strikingly cut—very wide around the hem and had a frill of accordion-pleated chiffon around the foot. The hat was on the picture order, with white plumes.

Mrs. Craigie—John Oliver Hobbes—is quite lionized by the nobility, and is, what may be called the fashion, just now. Her last book created a sensation among the aristocratic English, who really like to be written about by one who possesses the magic pen of Mrs. Craigie. During the house party season she visited Arlington Manor, the picturesque home of Lady Jeune; from there she went to Cromer to spend a week's end with Lord and Lady George Curzon. She was to have remained longer, but was taken ill and obliged to return to her parents, who were staying at East Cowes. The Richards—Mrs. Craigie's parents—have been staying in Norris Castle, the property of Lord Ampthill, in the Isle of Wight. It is very pleasantly situated, adjoining Osborne, the estate of the Queen.

KATRIONA.

Pears'
was the first maker of sticks of soap for shaving. Pears' Soap established over 100 years.

Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist, 806 Market Street

NEW YORK

New York, October 20th.—It ought to be cold here now after such a hot summer, but this is the very warmest day of a sultry week. Everyone who can get away is in the country, or spends the most of his time there, coming back, like me, to put in two or three days at a time clearing up business affairs. Yesterday I took a run in the Park during the late afternoon. The place was beautiful with Autumn colors—leaves of purple, yellow, crimson, carmine and rich brown. The exquisite blending of these hues, and the strong contrasts of different trees, were sights to delight an artistic soul. As I rode home I felt a chill crispness in the evening air, which was eloquent of the end of these dog-days and the coming of the welcome winter.

Just now the general talk is either matrimony or golf. The marriage of Howard Gould and Miss Clemmons did not cause the sensation the press had prepared to exploit. Indeed, we expected it any day and were not surprised. It is pretty thoroughly settled that Mr. Gould will not lose his $5,000,000 for marrying against the consent of his family, as the late Jay Gould provided in his will. If his brothers and sisters insist on "fining" him for wedding the woman of his own choice, Mr. Gould will certainly move the Surrogate to set aside the parental codicil, on the ground that punishing a man for marrying honorably is contrary to good morals—that Jay Gould's authority over his family ended with his life. Mr. Gould is a shrewd young man, and knows what he is about, so do not be wasting any sympathy on him. He and his bride are now comfortably cruising southward on the magnificent *Niagara* and do not ask for anything but honeymoon weather.

There is life a-plenty in the suburbs. Golf tournaments and other country-club gaieties are the inducements, if any are needed, that keep people out of town. The Ardsley tournament for the Woman's National Championship was won by Miss Beatrix Hoyt, as expected. The final match was played on Saturday between Miss Hoyt and Miss Maude Wetmore. I hurried to see the finish, and was well repaid for my trouble. There was a cold gale blowing and a wild sky, but the weather did not interfere in the least with the game, which was of absorbing interest. (You see, I already have become a victim of "golficitis"). Miss Hoyt plays a man's game, swift and hard. She is a manly girl, a fine fellow, handsome, too, and not at all displeasing in her masculinity. She has the "stride that speaks of man," she went about bareheaded, with her sleeves rolled up and a resolute expression that emphasized her strong, hard strokes. She might change her dress, crop her hair and pass for an athletic undergraduate at any of the universities. That is the way she impressed me at Ardsley. I am told that off the links she has all the daintiness and charm of her sex. She lives at Westchester in the winter, and spends the summer at Shinnecock and plays golf continually.

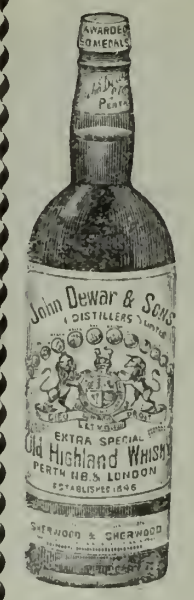
Miss Hoyt played on Tuesday and yesterday at Baltusrol in the Woman's Tournament held there. The Baltusrol course is one of 18 holes. The links are laid in a beautiful country at the foot of Springfield Mountain in Northern Jersey, just across the Hudson from Manhattan. After the Baltusrol tournament, golfing will probably pause and retire. And it is just as well, because life cannot be allowed to become one continuous golf score.

Despite these suburban gaieties, there are unmistakable signs of life in town. There are familiar faces to be seen on the Avenue and at the clubs and theatres. Mrs. Astor has come back from Newport, having closed "Beechwood" for the winter. The Horse Show, on the 10th of November, really opens the social season, but the musical and theatrical days are with us already. The opera begins on Nov. 28th, and will continue for seventeen weeks. The subscription concerts at the Astoria will be repeated this year, and the Boston Symphony and Philharmonic concerts, with the Kneisel Quartette and other organizations will keep music lovers attending a continuous feast. The subscriptions for the opera are large, and there is every indication that the Metropolitan will have a prosperous season. Mr. Maurice Grau has brought together the most expensive company ever known here, and the season is to be the longest on record—to make up probably for our not having had any opera last winter. Think of Sembrich, Melba, Nordica and Eames together. And for tenors, Ernst Van Dyck, the famous Baireuth Parsifal, and Jean de Reszke, Albert Saleza and Andreas Dippel. The baritones include Van Rooy, who delighted London with his Wotan, and M. Henri Albers, and Bispham and Ampanari are both to return. The principal contraltos are Marie Brema, Eugenia Manelli and Ernestine Schumann-Heink, the last a German said to possess an amazing voice. There are several new minor singers—Suzanne Adams, a Covent Garden success, Fanchon Thompson, Adolph Muhlmann, a Russian baritone, Lempriere Pringle and a number of others. Of course, there are Edouard de Reszke and Pol. Plancon. Franz Schalk will take Anton Seidl's place as the German conductor, while Mancinelli and Bevignani will lead for the French and Italian productions.

The Boston Symphony announces ten concerts instead of five as heretofore, and they will be given in Carnegie Hall instead of the Metropolitan Opera House. I approve of this heartily, because the Carnegie Hall acoustics are better adapted for string music than are those of the Metropolitan. The Philharmonic Society has the advantage of the leadership of Mr. Emil Paur, who formerly led the Boston Symphony. It is the general opinion that Mr. Paur will pull the Philharmonic orchestra together and get it out of the slipshod ways into which it had fallen just before the death of Mr. Siedl. The society will give eight concerts and eight public rehearsals, all to be held in Carnegie Hall, and their pecuniary success is already assured. Several of our leading musicians, like Henry Wolfsohn, are trying to arrange for a short tour in this country of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Arthur Nikisch, well-remembered here by all lovers of good music. Frank Damrosch is to conduct six orchestral concerts for young people. Aside from these orchestral promisings, there are to be virtuosii without end in the field, with piano, violin and song recitals *ad infinitum*. Two of the most eminent foreign pianists, Emil Sauer and Moritz Rosenthal, will be among the visitants.

Chamber music will be as plentiful as ever, and the announcements look promising. The Kneisel Quartette is to have five evening and three afternoon concerts, and numberless local groups have their announcements out. With society eager for gayety as a colt for a frolic, and drama and music and opera promising their best, we ought to have the liveliest kind of a time in old MANHATTAN.

Queen Victoria



of course, has the best that money can buy. That is the reason why

Dewar's Scotch Whiskey

is supplied by Royal Warrant to Her Majesty's household.

Pacific Coast Agents

SHERWOOD & SHERWOOD

San Francisco
Los Angeles
Portland

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, } ss.
Lucas County. }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of One Hundred Dollars for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this sixth day of December, A. D. 1886. A. W. GLEASON,
[Seal] Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

GERMEA

The Ideal Breakfast Dish

For those who appreciate Comfort and Attention

A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL
SAN FRANCISCO

M. B. HOOPER, MANAGER

Hotel Belvedere

Opened for the Season May 1st

Belvedere, Cal. MRS. A. T. MOORE.

Dr. G. A. Danziger, Dentist, 22 Geary street

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO

Capital and Surplus . Six Million Dollars

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON.....Second Assistant Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

CORRESPONDENTS

New York..... { Messrs. Laidlaw & Co. / The Bank of New York, N B. A.
Baltimore.....The National Exchange Bank
Boston.....The Tremont National Bank
Chicago..... { Illinois Trust and Savings Bank / Union National Bank
Philadelphia.....Philadelphia National Bank
St. Louis.....Boatmen's Bank
Virginia City, Nev...Agency of the Bank of California
London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
Paris.....Messrs. De Rothschild Freres
Berlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft
China, Japan and East Indies.....Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China
Australia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California St., S. F.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....$2,135,820 60
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash..... 1,000,000 00
Deposits June 30, 1898.....26,486,987 06

OFFICERS

President, B. A. BECKER
First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER
Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN
Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT
Assistant Cashier, WM. HERRMANN
Secretary, GEORGE TOURNY
Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann, Ign. Steinhart, N. Van Bergen, E. Rhote, H. B. Russ, D. N. Walter and N. Ohlandt.
Attorney - W. S. Goodfellow

San Francisco Savings Union

532 CALIFORNIA ST.

Deposits July 1, 1898.....$23,356,130
Paid Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Reserve Fund..... 182,009
Contingent Fund..... 435,515

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

DIRECTORS

George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, George Tasheira, E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate, and Farms and Farming Lands in the country.
Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.
No charge is made for pass book or entrance fee.
Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco

33 POST STREET

Below Kearny Mechanics' Institute Buildin

Guaranteed Capital, $1,000,000
Paid Up Capital, $300,000

JAMES D. PHELAN, President
S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-President
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier
C. B. HOBSON, Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS—James D. Phelan, S. G. Murphy, John A. Hooper, James Moffitt, C. G. Hooker, Frank J. Sullivan, L. P. Drexler, Robt. McElroy, Jos. D. Grant.
Interest paid on deposits.
Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks.
When opening accounts, send signature.

CONNECTICUT

FIRE INS. CO.

OF HARTFORD

Assets. $3,300,000. BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.
COLIN M. BOYD,
Agent for San Francisco
501 Montgomery Street

Thuringia Insurance Co.

OF ERFURT, GERMANY

Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248

PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT
204-208 Sansome Street, San Francisco
VOSS, CONRAD & CO,, General Managers

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL Building and Loan Ass'n of California

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and Gen. Manager.
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

FRANKLIN K. LANE G. WHITFIELD LANE

LANE & LANE

Attorneys and Counselors

Removed to
1409-1412-1413 Claus Spreckels Building

A Secret.

BY J. A. FLYNN.

When Doris married I arranged to allow her a couple of hundred a year, on condition that she kept it a secret. I am blessed with a number of other nieces to whom I have no desire to allow anything. They're all nice girls in their way, and I've no particular fault to find with them; but they aren't Doris. She was always my favorite, from the time she began to talk. No doubt it was artful of her mother to teach her to say, "nice uncle!" before she could toddle; but she did, and that settled the question of favoritism.

Doris is a romantic young person, with a weakness for writing poetry, and all that sort of thing, and she had some scruples about keeping a secret from her husband; but I insisted.

'Of course, if Harry should ever be hard up, you'll have to tell him and go shares," I said. "But if he has a fault——"

"He hasn't," she assured me.

"Well, if he had, it would be a tendency to extravagance. It is much better that he should underrate the resources of the establishment." So at last she consented. I always had a good bit of influence over her.

When they had been married about fifteen months, she called at my office one afternoon. She kissed me three times, and termed me "dear old uncle" twice; so I knew that she had come to propose something preposterous.

"Well, madame," I inquired, crossing my legs and folding my hands judicially, "may I ask the real purport of this demonstration?"

She traced the pattern of the carpet thoughtfully with her parasol. "It is getting rather worn," she said, "and the pattern is too small. I should have a warmer color next time if I were you; and—oh!—I came to propose something."

"Yes, my dear," I said calmly, "I could have told you that."

"You are so clever," she said, enthusiastically, "that I don't believe anyone could deceive you."

"I begin to suspect a very wild proposal," I informed her.

"You are horrid," she retorted, "but——"

"Well?"

"I really did want to pay you one compliment, if you hadn't stopped me." She traced the pattern again.

"By all means."

"I was going to say that you were quite right about that allowance of mine. It is very kind of you, uncle, really. I don't mean that for flattery." She touched my arm with her tiny gloved hand and I patted it. "You were right, I was going to own, about keeping it secret."

"I trust Harry hasn't been plunging?" I asked, with alarm. He is an unusually nice fellow, and had seemed quite steady since the marriage.

"Oh, dear, no!" she cried. "How could you imagine such a thing?"

"Then how is my wisdom proved?"

"I am going to explain. You—you won't be cross—or satirical—will you, uncle dear?" She leaned eagerly towards me, with her head a little on one side. She is nice to look at.

"I hope not."

"Promise."

"Very well. I promise not to be cross or satirical; but, of course, I may object."

"It's this, uncle. You know how fond Harry is of painting, and how he gets up early and does such lovely pictures before he goes to the city?"

"Ye—es. Go on, my dear." They're rather of the dabby order to my mind.

"I call them beautiful; but they won't have them at the Academy—I'm *sure* it's only jealousy—and he can't sell them often, you know."

"Umph!" I thought she wanted me to purchase them!

"I want you to get an agent to buy some—with my allowance—which Harry knows nothing about." I was preparing to object, but she put her hand on my shoulder. "It would please poor Harry so," she pleaded, "and I should be just as well off. He would be sure to buy things for me and the baby, with the money. If he didn't, we have everything we really need. He *is* so good and kind to me, and—I *do* so want to—uncle—dear." She paused for breath, with her big eyes looking so entreatingly. I wiped my pen carefully and considered.

"Master Harry is a sufficiently lucky man, without being a great artist," I said at last. "I don't know that he deserves any more good fortune."

"It would please *me*, uncle."

"My dear child, the allowance is to be spent entirely at you own discretion."

"But you wouldn't mind, would you." I watched her eager face admiringly.

"No, my dear," I told her, "I shouldn't mind. It's a very good plan—of a very good little woman." She jumped up and fairly hugged me, until I had to protest that one of my clerks might come in.

Doris' plans were duly carried out—they generally are. We bought eleven of the masterpieces for £215. The agent evidently thought that we were a pair of lunatics, but he promised to send Harry a cheque for the amount, less the commission, at once, and, as we found afterwards, kept his word. Doris was in high glee, and actually offered to stand me lunch out of her small balance. Strange to say, Harry made no mention of the sale to her, though he seemed very jubilant. So we felt sure that he was preparing some grand surprise. When a week had passed, however, I began to feel uneasy. Then he called at the office.

"I want to consult you about something, uncle," he said. "It is a secret from Doris, you must understand."

"Yes," said I, rubbing my hands, and laughing up my sleeve. "Yes, my boy."

"I've sold some of my old daubs," he continued, with a hearty laugh, "for a couple of hundred. It's quite a windfall. So I want to do something for Dorry with the money."

"Exactly," I agreed.

"You know she wrote a book of poems before we were married, called 'Roseleaves'—not half bad either."

"Yes, of course, I know; but I wouldn't encourage her to do any more if I were you, Harry. She's better occupied with her baby and house and husband."

"Certainly, but they were published at her own risk—or——?" He looked at me.

"Mine? Well, I'm afraid so. Ninety five pounds odd I had to pay for excess of cost over receipts."

"It has always been a sad point with her that they didn't go off better. So I thought perhaps we could arrange to buy up the lot with my two hundred. It would please her awfully, poor little woman."

I nearly choked with laughter, but I managed to control my countenance.

"A splendid idea, and does you great credit," I told him.

We arranged it so successfully that in a few days a cheque went to Doris from her publishers for £202 18s. 6d.

She came round just before dinner next day to tell me; but, to my surprise, she seemed very dismal. After a few minutes' gloomy conversation, she sat down on the rug at my feet as she used to do when she was a child, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"He has never said one word to me about the pictures," she cried; "and—and—I looked in his cheque book and—and he's spent it all. I know it is on—someone else."

I was, for a moment, completely at a loss what to do or say. Then I resolved to pooh pooh the matter.

"I have more faith in Harry than his foolish little wife has," I said, cheerily. "Come, come, dear, you mustn't give way like this."

"I wouldn't have cared for myself if he had just bought something for the dear little baby," she continued, huskily.

"Give him a little more time," I suggested. "Meanwhile, I'll see what I can find out. I shall see him at the club this evening, if you will let him out——"

"He can go just where he pleases, and when he pleases," she said, scornfully. "I don't want him."

"Don't be a little donkey," I said, sharply. I seldom speak sharply to Doris. If I do she generally cries, and makes me feel a brute. On this occasion, however, it acted as a tonic.

"Men are all wicked, deceitful creatures," she pronounced, emphatically. "I suppose you and he will make up some fine story to put me off. But I won't believe a word of it—so there!" And she bounced out.

I went round to the club after dinner, and found Harry watching the billiard tournament, as I had expected. He was very dull, and after a bit drew me into an alcove.

"Look here, uncle, Doris hasn't said a word about the cheque for the poems. I thought, perhaps, she hadn't opened the letter—you know she's jolly careless about such things—so I went up to her room when she was out this afternoon, to see if it was lying on her table. It wasn't—but the envelope was. So was her cheque-book. I didn't know she had an account even. I suppose it was shabby, but I looked at it, and found she had a lot of money I knew nothing of, and had just paid a cheque for over a couple of hundred."

"Good heavens, man!" I cried. "You surely don't suspect her of anything wrong?"

"Wrong—certainly not, foolish—nothing more likely. Anyhow, she hasn't been straight with me. I don't know if she thought I might want her money." He kicked a chair savagely.

"You fellows are missing the best game of the season," said that interfering ass, Dobson, appearing at the corner of the alcove. "Harris has just made forty-three." So we went to look at the play. At least, I did. When I turned to speak to Harry he had bolted.

I saw the game through while I considered the matter. Then I left, and took a cab to their house, resolved to have done with secrets. The truth might hurt their vanity, but they'd have to put up with that. When I entered the drawing-room they were both there, and I plunged at once into the matter.

"Look here, young people," I said, "you both have a secret." But Harry put his arm around her, and they looked at one another and laughed.

"I've found out," said he.

"So," she said, 'have I. I think you're a pair of wicked, deceitful creatures, and I should be very cross, if—if I didn't like you both so much."

The man who wants **BattleAx PLUG** can get it anywhere. It is as popular as sunshine and almost as universal. It satisfies that dry taste in the mouth better than anything else, and you can buy a larger piece of Battle Ax for 10c. than of any other kind of high grade quality.

Remember the name when you buy again.

Poodle Dog Restaurant, southeast corner of Grant avenue and Bush street. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone 429. Blanco & Bruno, proprietors.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes, Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

For GAGE & NEFF

REPUBLICAN RALLY

OF THE STUDENTS OF

University of California and Stanford University

AT WOODWARD'S PAVILION

This Saturday Evening, Oct. 29th

Speech by General W. H. L. Barnes. Addresses by Students. Reception to HON. HENRY T. GAGE. Prize Songs. Music by Stanford Band.

HON. WEBSTER DAVIS

THE ELOQUENT ORATOR

Will discuss National Issues at Woodward's Pavilion

ON

Monday Evening, Oct. 31st

GO AND HEAR HIM

AMUSEMENTS

California Jockey Club

OAKLAND TRACK

Opening of Winter Meeting 1898-1899

Racing commences Saturday, October 29th, and continues to Saturday, November 12th, inclusive

Purchase tickets at Ferry Depot for Shell Mound. Special Boats leave at 12 oc, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30 and 3.00 p.m., connecting with trains running direct to the track gate. Returning Special Trains leave the track at 4.15, 4.45, and immediately after the last race.

Baldwin Theatre

FRIEDLANDER, GOTTLOB & Co., Lessees and Mgrs.
Monday, Oct. 31st—Last Week

THE FRAWLEY CO.

And Blanche Bates, presenting for the first time in this city, Angustin Daly's Comedy

The Transit of Leo

Sunday Night—**An Enemy to the King**
Special—Friday Matinee, November 4th, Ibsen's **A Doll's House**
Monday, November 7th—" Mistakes Will Happen "

Orpheum

Week commencing . . . . Monday, October 31st

Carl Hertz, the World-Renowned Illusionist and Magician
Pearl Andrews, the Queen of Mimicry
Newsboys Quintette, the Eastern Musical Novelty
Raymond Moore, the World-Famous Singer
Sells & Young, European Pantomimists and Acrobats
John C. Rice and Sally Cohen in "Our Honeymoon"
Rossow Midgets and Charley Rossow in New Acts
Edwin Milton Royle and Company in a New Farce, "The Highball Family"

Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c.

Tivoli Opera House

MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING, Proprietor and Manager

Monday, Oct. 31st—Every Evening and Saturday Matinee—Offenbach's Greatest Comic Opera

THE GRAND DUCHESS

Presented by the Leading Opera Organization of America!

Next—Oscar Weil's Comedy Opera, **Suzette**

Popular Prices : : 25 and 50 cts.
Matinee Reserved Seats 25c. Tele. Bush 9

Alcazar Theatre

FREN BELASCO, Lessee : MARK THALL, Manager
Telephone Main 254
Week of October 31st—Matinee Saturday

ALL LAUGH!

Nat C. Goodwin's Comedy

AMBITION

"Bribery cannot govern the American people."—*Beck in "Ambition,"*

Reserved Admission — 15c., 25c., 35c., 50c.

November 3d—"Dr. Bill."

New Comedy Theatre

Direction, M. B. Leavitt. Alf Ellinghouse, Res. Man.
To-Night, To-Morrow and To-Morrow Night
Last times of **Where's Matilda**
Monday, October 31st—One Week Only

The Henderson Company of Players

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday Nights and Wednesday Matinee, **A Scrap of Paper**
Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday Nights and Saturday and Sunday Matinees
The Crust of Society

Matinees 25c., all parts; Gallery 15c. Evenings 15c., 25c., 35c., 50c. Next—"The Heart of Chicago"

TO CHICAGO IN 3 1-2 DAYS

TO NEW YORK IN 4 1-2 DAYS

VIA

Chicago Union Pacific

AND

Northwestern Line

Through Pullman and Tourist Sleeping Cars Daily
All meals served a la carte in Dining Car. For full information, address

R. R. RITCHIE,
General Agent Pacific Coast
No. 2 New Montgomery Street (Palace Hotel)
San Francisco, Cal.

MRS. M. E. PERLEY MRS. S. V. CULP

DECORATIVE KERAMIC ART STUDIO

215 Post Street

All Branches of China Painting Taught
Morning Class: Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, from 9 a. m. to 12 m. Afternoon Class: Daily, from 1:30 to 4:30. Lessons $1 each. Private Lessons $1.50 each. TRY OUR ROMAN GOLD.
Telephone Grant 43

THE THEATRES

Passing Comment on Contemporary Performances.

To say that the Frawley production of "The Prisoner of Zenda" is successful would be both unjust and untrue. However hard he tries, Mr. Frawley is not an ideal Rudolf Rassendyl, but his inability to enact the role is no reflection on his histrionic capacity. He has neither the voice, the manner nor the air for a romantic role, and he knows that himself just as well as his audiences do. Failing E. M. Bell, policy would have dictated engaging someone else to do leading romantic parts. However, it is almost as hard to-day to find a good leading man as it is to discover a competent leading lady. Though the country is full of actors and actresses, never were talented men and women so scarce. The Frawley Company contains excellent material, and in Miss Bates it now has a leading woman of ability and charm. A substitute for Mr. Bell, when found, will balance the troupe and render it capable of giving excellently rounded performances.

That the company has had extraordinarily bad luck this summer is undeniable. One accident after another occurred to mar its season. However, Manager Frawley has deserved well of us, and it is devoutly to be hoped the affairs of the company, will after this, prosper. It is now one of the important theatrical organizations of the country, and in its existence the Pacific Coast is especially interested.

* *

"May Blossom," which has been doing an excellent week's business at the Alcazar, will be succeeded this week by "Ambition," Henry Guy Carlton's masterpiece. As many know, and another many may not know, "Ambition" is a political satire, leavened with enough comedy to create pleasing lights and shades. "Ambition" was first produced at the Fifth-avenue Theater, New York, and Clarence Montaine, now a member of the Alcazar company, was specially engaged by the author to create the part of Major Roanoke Gashwiles, which part he will play during its present production. "Ambition" abounds in humor, and having to do with Cuban politics is a most opportune selection at this time.

"The Grand Duchess" will brighten the Tivoli stage this week, after five years of retirement. This famous military opera of Offenbach's was first produced in Paris during the halcyon days of the second empire and created a tremendous furore, which it justifies even now. The Grand Duchess will be played by Anna Lichter, Wanda by Miss Myers. Phil Branson plays Fritz and Elvia Crox will be seen as Prince Paul. Edwin Stevens will revel in the part of Baron Puck. Following "The Grand Duchess," Oscar Weil's comedy-opera, entitled "Susette," will receive its first presentation in this house. The author is now supervising its rehearsals.

Judged by the first week of its season, the California Theatre promises to be a brilliant success as a popular-price playhouse. On Sunday evening, October 30th, it will present the farce-comedy, "Hogan's Alley," in which Mickey Dugan, the "Yellow Kid," will lead a host of similar fun-makers. In addition to all the latest songs, ballads and ragtime melodies, several new features have been introduced. The management has secured such attractions as Campbell and Caulfield, Tiddlewinks, Johnnie Dugan, Frank Rhodes, the Misses Driver, Ethel Cope and May E. Cunnard.

Of the five new acts at the Orpheum this week Carl Hertz, the well-known magician, is the head liner. The Newsboys' Quintette, Pearl Andrews, who styles herself queen of mimicry; Sells and Young, European acrobats and pantomimists, and Raymond Moore, the famous author and singer, are also leaders. The Royles will appear in a new act entitled "The Highball Family," which is said to be exceedingly funny. John C. Rice and Sally Cohen continue "Our Honeymoon," and little Charlie Rossow appears in new songs and imitations.

The Henderson Company opens at the Comedy Theater on Monday evening. On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings the Kendal version of Sardou's comedy, "A Scrap of Paper," will be the bill, and the remainder of the week will be devoted to "The Crust of Society." The Henderson company was organized at the Great Northern Theater in Chicago last winter and enjoyed a run of many months. It brings to San Francisco the artistic scenery made for its productions.

"The Heart of Chicago" is due at the Comedy Theater on November 7th. It is a melodrama of the sensational order. In one of the scenes is the much-talked-of approaching train, said to be little short of perfection. In this scene the train is in view for ten minutes, first as a mere speck in the distance, and finally it arrives at the footlights, full-sized.

At the Baldwin next week the Frawleys will appear in "The Transit of Leo," a Daly adaptation from the German. It has proved a great success in New York, and Mr. Frawley and Miss Bates enact the leading roles.

On the evening of Monday, Nov. 7th, at the Baldwin Theatre will appear Heurietta Crossman and Charles Dickson at the head of a strong company in "Mistakes will Happen."

On Friday afternoon next Ibsen's "Doll's House" will be produced at the Baldwin, Miss Bates enacting the role of Nora. Theodore Roberts will do Tourvald Helmer.

Wm. Calder will produce the great melodrama, "Northern Lights" at the California next month.

There is a music store in San Francisco where customers get prompt attention, low prices, and the very best stock to select from. Everyone will guess right away that we mean Mauvais', 769 Market street.

MUSIC

The steady increase in the attendance at the Heinrich recitals is a pleasant instance of the slow but invariably sure recognition by our musical public of what is really good. There is a large and generous musical element in San Francisco, but it is quite critical and will not attend public performances until it knows that they are of the best. It is said, with reason in appearances, that the Heinrichs really lost money on their opening recitals, but now that our music-lovers have been advised of the real merit of the performances, the houses are larger, and the talented trio may recover and make some deserved profit.

An attractive program was most acceptably rendered on Tuesday evening. In all that Mr. Heinrich does, one feels, first of all, the artist. A lack there seems sometimes in warmth, particularly noticeable in the group of Schubert songs chosen for the opening numbers. Mr. Heinrichs handled both voice and accompaniment with evident artistic appreciation of the compositions—he is a virtuoso in accompaniment—but the warmth and tenderness of the simple, soulful Schubert was absent. It needed the complexity of the more modern music to call out his powers, as was evidenced in his rendering of the MacDowell songs.

Mrs. Heinrich, who is the most sympathetic singer of the trio, sang most charmingly two of Chadwick's songs, the second of which she was obliged to repeat. For another encore she gave Schubert's "To Sylvia," displaying both voice and style to their greatest advantage. Of Miss Heinrich much is to be expected, enriched as she is with a fine quality of voice and a pleasing personality. She is as yet very young, and so her powers are not developed to their utmost. One feels that behind those delicious tones there should be fire, warmth, what you will—a little less of the ethereal. As lessons in artistic rendering and finish, these recitals are invaluable to both voice and piano students. The Wednesday matinee was well attended by an excellent and appreciative audience. The program was arranged with the care and taste usual to the Heinrich recitals. W.

* *

California is getting to be known abroad as a sort of nesting-place for talent. We have our colonies of students and artistic exiles in every Eastern and foreign city where culture and the fine arts are better appreciated. Once in a while a painter, a singer, a sculptor, an actor, a writer, an architect, a musician, a poet, comes back to the nest—to stay or not as it may be.

Her friends are looking forward to such a home-coming for Miss Lillie J. Lawlor, who is now in Brussells studying under Mme. Moriani, the peer and rival of "the" Marchesi of Paris, so famous as a teacher of voice cultivation, and to whom for years American girls have flocked for instruction. Helen S. North, in a recent number of the *Musical Courier*, makes mention of Mme. Moriani and the San Francisco contingent in Brussels:

"[Miss Lawlor] who had studied with well-known professors in Paris, came to Brussels and quite by accident went with a friend to hear a little musical talk and explanation of the method given by Mme. Moriani. Before the end of the *seance* she was so astonished and delighted by all she had heard that she felt this was the professor she had been searching for."

Miss Lawlor has made excellent progress, and is in a fair way of realizing the brilliant future her friends so often predicted for her.

Clothing, curtains, blankets, etc., cleaned or dyed. Pacific Cleaning and Dyeing Works, 353-357 Tehama street. Telephohe South 40. J. Spaulding & Co.

For health and strength: Damiana Bitters

Johannis.

Of exceptional purity and excellence.—*London Lances.*

Political printing

AS IT...

should be done!

Every Kind .·. Any Quantity
Fair Prices

BROWN, MEESE & CRADDOCK
(Incorporated)

419 Sacramento Street.

We print THE WAVE 'Phone Main 530

WINDOW SHADES

The Only Manufacturer on the Pacific Coast

Any size or color painted to order—Plain, Dado, Fringed or Lettered. Hand-Made Opaque Shade Cloth a specialty. Wall Paper, Paper Hanging,

WM. McPHUN

1195 Market Street, cor. Eighth, opp. City Hall

Blake, Moffitt & Towne

DEALERS IN

PAPER

55, 57, 59 and 61 First Street, San Francisco

Telephone Main 199

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, the famous orator, statesman, railroad president and millionaire, in an interview said of his recent visit to Del Monte: "I visted Monterey, and I call it the most beautiful place in the world. Monte Carlo cannot compare with it. Its seventeen mile-drive is unparalleled for fineness."

Specially reduced rates for the winter months of November, December, January and February, are offered, as follows:
Single room, with board for one person, by the month, $65. Double room, with board for one person, by the month, $70; two persons, $135.
Best room, with board for one person, by the month, $75; two persons, $145. Best room, with bath and board for one person, by the month, $80; two persons, $155
Small parlor suites, with board for one person, by the month, $80; two persons, $155. Daily and weekly rates remain as heretofore—from $3 to $5 per day

For further information, address **GEORGE SCHONEWALD, Manager**
Hotel Del Monte, Monterey, California.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway wharf San Francisco.
For Alaskan ports, 10 a. m. Oct. 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, Nov. 2; transfer at Seattle.
For B. C. and Puget Sound ports 10 a. m. Oct. 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, Nov. 2, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, 2 p.m. Oct. 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, Nov. 5, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a. m. Oct. 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, Nov. 1, and every fourth day thereafter.
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 a.m. Oct. 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, Nov. 3, and every fourth day thereafter.
For Mexican ports, 10 a. m. 18th of every month.
For further information, obtain folder.
The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing.

Ticket Office: 4 New Montgomery St (Palace Hotel)

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen. Agts.
No. 10 Market Street, - San Francisco, Cal.

OCEANIC Steamship Company

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S. S. Mariposa, **for Australia,** Wednesday, Nov. 2d, at 2 p.m. Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.
S. S. "Australia," for **Honolulu only**, Wednesday, Nov. 16th, at 2. p.m.

Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.
Freight Office 327 Market St.
I. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO. General Agents

Santa Fe Route

The Most Comfortable Way to Travel Across the Continent!

Through Pullman Parlor and Tourist Cars Every Day
Meals at Harvey's Famous Dining-Rooms

Get full particulars at Ticket Office

628 MARKET STREET
SAN FRANCISCO
1118 Broadway, OAKLAND

A. K. DAGGETT

Drawing of Deeds and all Legal Papers a specialty
NOTARY PUBLIC
14 Montgomery St., S. P
Telephone 305

JOE POHEIM, THE TAILOR

Makes the best fitting clothes at 25 per cent less than any other house on the Pacific Coast. See Prices:

PANTS TO ORDER	SUITS TO ORDER
$3.50	$10.00
4.50	13.50
5.00	15.50
6.00	17.50
7.00	20.00
8.00	25.00
9.00	30.00

The firm of JOE POHEIM is the largest in the United States. Rules for self-measurement and samples of cloth sent free.
201 and 203 Montgomery St., cor. Bush.
844 & 846 Market St. 1110 & 1112 Market St.
SAN FRANCISCO.
485 Fourteenth St., Oakland. 603 & 605 K St., Sacramento.
143 South Spring St., Los Angeles.

"Remember the Name!"

Certain individuals who do not patronize American industries
Run off with an idea that in order to get good wines they must use
European products, when there is no necessity for
So doing, and in these stirring and patriotic times of
Today everybody should feel a keen interest in
American products which are of deserving merit,

Both for the reason that they are used
Largely among American citizens, and made by
Americans for American people in America
Now and always, and therefore we ask you to give the
ARESTA BLANCA California Wines
A fair and impartial trial at your club or home

With anything of like cost from France.
Inasmuch as these wines have been acknowledged second to
None in comparison with goods from the
European countries, wherever exhibited, you
Surely are in favor of American goods.

WETMORE - BOWEN CO.
410 Post Street San Francisco, Cal.

"ALWAYS RIGHT ON TIME!"

UNION PACIFIC — THE OVERLAND ROUTE — WORLD'S PICTORIAL LINE.

The Finest and Fastest Train from California to the East
IS THE

Overland Limited

VIA

UNION PACIFIC

Leaves San Francisco DAILY at 6 00 p.m., running through to Chicago without change of cars.

EQUIPMENT—Pullman Double Drawing-Room Sleepers
Dining Cars
Composite Buffet Smoking and Library Cars
Reclining Chair Cars

Entire train vestibuled and lighted throughout by Pintsch Gas. Time, 3½ days, San Francisco to Chicago—*twelve hours quicker than all other lines*

Upholstered Pullman Tourist Sleepers are also carried on the "Overland Limited," daily, San Francisco to Chicago, without cange, thereby enabling passengers holding second class tickets to reach Chicago and all points at the same time as first class passengers. Steamship tickets to all points in Europe.

Tickets and sleeping car reservations at General Office, No. 1 Montgomery Street. Telephone Main 1930.
D. W. HITCHCOCK, General Agent.

BAJA CALIFORNIA
DAMIANA BITTERS

[illegible] and a specific for diseases of the kidneys and [illegible] these bitters are in use and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest [illegible] known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. Damiana stands on their merits. Send for Circular.

SAHLER ALES & BRUNE Agents
323-325 Market St., S. F.

THE LATEST STYLES IN
CHOICE WOOLENS
H. S. BRIDGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors
622 Market St. (up stairs) opp. Palace Hote
Bicycle and Golf Suits

BONESTELL & CO.

Dealers in PAPER
Fine Coated Papers a Specialty
401-403 SANSOME ST
San Francisco, Cal.

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

Main Office, 510 Montgomery St.
SAN FRANCISCO
Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper Information
Advance Reports on all Contract Work
Telephone Main 1042

GREENBAUM'S

White and Dark Violet

The Most Fashionable Perfume
Possesses the Odor of Fresh Violets

128 POST ST. UNDER BOHEMIAN CLUB

Brushes

For painters, tanners, coopers, paperhangers, printers, [illegible] for roofers, tanners [illegible] etc.

BUCHANAN BROS.
TEL. 5610 609 SACRAMENTO ST
BRUSH MANUFACTURERS

THE UNAPPROACHABLE COLDNESS

...OF...

THE Alaska REFRIGERATORS

HAS WON FOR THEM

MANY WARM FRIENDS!

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.

Pacific Coast Agents

309 to 317 Market Street, San Francisco

LAUNCH AHOY!

Length 45 ft.; beam 10 ft.; speed 10 miles.

20 H. P. Hercules Gasoline Engine

NOISELESS! SELF-STARTING!

The only absolutely reliable, durable, and perfectly satisfactory marine gasoline engine.
4 H. P. to 200 H. P.

HERCULES GAS ENGINE WORKS

405-7 Sansome St. San Francisco

Send for New Catalog

Centennial Stable

Boarding and Livery

Carriages, Broughams, Victorias, etc. First-Class in every respect

1521-1523-1525 California Street

Bet. Polk and

Telephone East 378 M. CONLON, Proprietor

COTTON SAIL DUCKS

22-inch, in all numbers Medium, Soft and Hard

ALSO

Heavy Naoget Wagon and Draper Ducks

From 30 to 126 inches wide

Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks

Manufactured by Mount Vernon Company Baltimore

Murphy, Grant & Co. Pacific Coast Sole Agents

Beware of Imitations

This is a fac simile of the package

Genuine Diamond "L" Tea

Pure and Uncolored

GEO. A. MOORE & CO.

208 California St., S. F.

For sale by all grocers

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

An English paper tells a story of a man who was attacked by inflammatory rheumatism, and was carefully nursed by his wife, who was very devoted to him in spite of his fault-finding disposition. His suffering caused her burst into tears sometimes as she sat by his bedside. One day a friend of the invalid came in and asked him how he was getting on. "Badly, badly!" he exclaimed, "and it's all my wife's fault." "Is it possible," asked the friend in surprise. "Yes. The doctor told me that damp places were bad for me; and there that woman sits and cries just to make the air moist in the room."

One day, during a morning walk, the Empress of Austria arrived at Baden as the train was pulling up at the platform. Following her orders, her valet hastened to the station-master to bid him stop the train at Hetzendorf, a little station near the Castle of Lainz. The valet remained too long to please the Empress, who signalled to a porter and said to him: "You see that gentleman in black? Go to him and tell him to hurry, or the train will go." The porter ran to the valet and cried: "Be quick, or your good wife will go without you!" The Empress, rarely as she smiled, laughed outright at this.

At a festival meeting in a London parish the great attraction was to be the presence of the Bishop of London, Dr. Temple. A great crowd gathered and the Bishop was late. He entered at the back of the hall in the middle of the singing of the opening hymn, and stood next to a workingman with a most lusty voice. The lusty vocalist politely offered the newcomer a share of his hymn-book. Now Dr. Temple can do many things, but he cannot sing. His companion struggled hard against the series of queer noises which came from episcopal lips, but at last the discord got beyond all endurance. "I say, governor," he at last exclaimed, "don't spile the show!"—and he didn't.

"Commandant" Booth of the Salvationists has been answering the critics, and at the same time amusing his friends at Melbourne with this little story of a tailor and a clergyman. The "king of shreds and patches" severely criticized the cleric's way of feeding his flock. At last the cleric grew restive. "Do you consider yourself a skilled tailor?" he asked. "Certainly," was the reply. "Then can you tell me," asked the cleric, "how much cloth it would take to make a suit for the Angel Gabriel, when he stands with one foot on the sea and the other on the dry land and proclaims that Time shall be no more?" The man of cloth confessed himself nonplussed, and provoked the rejoinder: "Be a master of your own trade before you criticize mine."

A professor of natural science was discussing in a recent lesson the process of fertilizing plants by means of insects carrying the pollen from one plant to another. In order to amuse the class, he extended Darwin's illustration used in the Origin of Species, about the connection between cats and clover, and said that old maids were really the cause of it all. "The bumblebees carry the pollen," he declared; "the field mice destroy the nests of the bumblebees, therefore it is quite evident that the more field-mice there are in any neigborhood, the fewer the bumblebees and the less pollen variation of plants. But cats devour field-mice, and old maids protect cats. Therefore, the more old maids, the more cats, the fewer field-mice, the more bumblebees. Hence," was the professor's triumphant conclusion, "old maids are the cause of variety in plants." At this point a fashionable young freshman, with a single eyeglass and general appearauce indicating that he was got up regardless of expense, arose and asked: "I sa-a-y, profes-sah, what is the cause—ah—of old maids—don't you know?" "Perhaps Miss Brown" (a quick-witted member of the class) "can tell you," suggested the professor. "Dudes!" said Miss Brown sharply, and without a moment's hesitation.

"I'll never forget the first time I ran for office," said Senator Sorghum, in a dreamily reminiscent tone. "There was one township that was dead against us. And we needed it. And we got it. But we didn't have to resort to any of the elaborate methods of surreptitious persuasion that I hear about so often and with so much pain. We were a little bit annoyed at first by the fact that a circus had arranged to show at the village on election day. It was only a small circus, but its arrival was a temptation for everybody to come to town and cast a vote, and the more votes there were the more trouble we had to overcome; for that was the most prejudiced township it was ever my experience to do business in. I had a long interview with the circus manager, who combined with the love of his art a very acute business sense. The circus was showing in a vacant lot adjacent to the polls. When the crowd began to gather, it found canvas walls stretching from the main entrance to the polls. People who went to make purchases at the ticket wagon were informed that Socrates Sorghum, Esq., was giving a theatre party that day, and that there wasn't room in the tent for anybody except his guests. When they began to assemble at the polls I announced that I appreciated the expressions of loyalty and esteem which had proceeded from Elderberry Township, and that in my turn I proposed to give the citizens a good time. I informed them that each of our ballots had a coupon which would be stamped by a man who stood just outside, where he could see that the holder had not been deceived into voting the wrong piece of paper, and which would admit the bearer and his family to the circus. Those who were not entitled to my hospitality could follow the show to some other town and see it next day." "Did it work?" "Work! Several of the men on the rival ticket voted for us rather than miss the circus. But you couldn't do anything like that now," he added with a sigh.

PALACE AND GRAND HOTELS

Now Under One Management

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1400 rooms — 900 with bath

Rooms, $1.00 and upward Room and Meals, $3.00 and upward

A beautifully illustrated book, containing floor plans and rate card can be had for the asking. JOHN C. KIRKPATRICK, Manager.

HOTEL WESTMINSTER

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLANS LOS ANGELES, CAL.

The Finest and Most Complete Hotel in the City. Everything New.
The Highest Standard of Perfection Maintained in all Departments.

F. O. JOHNSON, Proprietor.

Louis Roederer Champagne

HIGHEST GRADE IN THE WORLD

E. LA MONTAGNE & SONS
Sole Agents
45 Beaver St., New York

Three kinds, all of equal excellence:

BRUT
GOLD SEAL
A Perfectly Dry Wine

GRAND VIN SEC
BROWN SEAL
The Perfection of a Dry Wine

CARTE BLANCHE
WHITE SEAL
A Rich Wine

MACONDRAY & CO.
Sole Agents Pacific Coast
116 California Street

The illustrations in this paper are made by us.

California State Exposition 1898

First Prize and Premium Award, Repsold *Cognac*
First Prize and Premium Award, Repsold Select Vintage *Montecito*
First Prize and Premium Award, Repsold Select Vintage *Burgundy*
First Prize and Premium Award, Repsold Select Vintage *Gutedel*
Special Mention of Honor, Repsold Select Vintage *Sauternes.*

THIS BRAND OF WINE IS SOLD AT ALL FIRST CLASS HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS

Office, 416 Pine Street

HAWAIIAN ADVERTISEMENTS

Coffee, Fruit and Grazing Lands FOR SALE OR TO LEASE

8,000 acres in fee simple — 5,000 acres leasehold
IN THE CELEBRATED COFFEE DISTRICT OF KONA, ISLAND OF HAWAII
Also, some desirable lots in the City of Honolulu

Apply to J. M. MONSARRAT
Real Estate and Financial Agent, HONOLULU, H. I.

Hawaiian Trust and Investment Co., Ltd.

Paid Up Capital, $30,000

Makes a Specialty of Hawaiian Securities and Real Estate. Correspondence solicited.

G. R. CARTER, Manager
GEO. R. CARTER, Treasurer

References — Welch & Co., San Francisco; Bank of Hawaii, Honolulu

R. C. A. PETERSON

BROKER

FINANCIAL STOCKS AND BONDS

Opp. Bishop & Co. Bank Honolulu, H. I.

Real Estate, Custom House, Notary Public

W. C. ACHI & CO.

Real Estate Brokers

We will buy or sell real estate in any part of the group. We will also buy or sell Stocks in any corporation in the Hawaiian Islands.

Office, 10 West King Street, Honolulu, H. I.

Golden Eagle Hotel

Seventh and K Sts., Sacramento

First-class in every respect. All modern conveniences. Bus at every train. GRAY & TITUS, Props.

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS 308-314 POST ST.

Warranted for Ten Years

THE WAVE

VOL. XVIII. No. 19 SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 5, 1898 PRICE 10 CENTS

THEODORE F. BONNET

(THE POPULAR CHOICE FOR SHERIFF)

DEMOCRATIC, NON-PARTISAN AND PEOPLE'S PARTY NOMINEE FOR SHERIFF

Photo by Bushnell

THE WAVE

Is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $5.00 per year. Sample copies free on application.

The trade is supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 342 Geary street; east of the Rocky Mountains by the American News Company, New York.

The Wave is kept on file and is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France; 31 Union Square, New York City; 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 206 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

For advertising rates and on all other matters pertaining to city business, address Trevor Corry, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Eastern representative, D. M. Foltz, 34 Park Row, New York.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 5, 1898

CONTENTS

Editorials	
Things and People; by Boswell Jr.	3
Emperor William in Jerusalem	4
Yukon Life; by Theodore S. Solomons	5
The Porto Rico Campaign	6
A Journalistic Loss	6
Dramatic Critiques	6
Lake Chelane and its Environs	7
Interesting Canvases from European Art Galleries	8
The Philippine Problem	9
A Group of Parisian Stage Celebrities	10
Native Carriers in Mexico	11
Rapid Fire Justice	12
The Babblings of a Belle	13
Honors Cheap in Europe; by Archevrale	14
About Personages	14
In Magazines: a Review by C.	15
Loudon Letter	16
New York Letter	16
"The Folding Doors: a Story by J. A. Flynn	17
The Theatres	18
New Stories Re-Told	20

THE MAYORALTY CONTEST IN SAN FRANCISCO.

It is a safe presumption that the legislature will ratify the charter recently adopted in San Francisco. That means the men elected on Tuesday next to municipal office must relinquish their places twelve months hence. The city will then come under the dominion of a new organic law which completely changes the existing system of control and administration. Though the Consolidation Act under which we are now governed provides certain checks on the authority of public servants, greater power is vested in the Supervisors than under the New Charter. The privilege of granting franchises of various kinds is theirs, and they can legislate in a number of directions productive of good or of evil. These capacities end twelve months hence. It has been the lesson of experience that dishonest public servants take the greatest advantage of the final year of their sway to plunder the city to the fullest possible extent. Provided the voters are unwise enough to elect the myrmidons of Kelly and Crimmins, scandal after scandal will surely occur. It behooves that there be in the office of the Mayor a man competent to help the city should this emergency be precipitated, and save it from the despoiler.

Before the voters are two candidates for Mayor, Charles W. Patton and James D. Phelau. The former is a lawyer by profession, and such promiuence as he enjoys is due to membership in a multiplicity of fraterual associations. He belongs to more societies, parlors or councils than any other individual in San Francisco, but was absolutely without public recognition until invited to manage a Masonic Fair some months ago. He was "mentioned" as a candidate for Governor, apparently on the strength of these fraternal connections because there exists no other reason why he should be entrusted with public office. A man who iu coming before the voters finds it necessary to define himself and his occupation and proclivities is not the man to guide the destinies of San Francisco in the year of a possible "clean-up." We do not mean to reflect on the character or integrity of Mr. Patton, but he is certainly at a disadvantage in his political affiliations. He stands at the head of a ticket put forth by the corruptionists Kelly, Crimmins and Rainey, and however pure and undefiled he be, it is hard to escape from the stigma of such an association. At a political meeting of German-Americans the other night, in Turn Verein Hall, Mr. Patton appeared on the platform and made a speech. When he had finished a man in the center of the hall stood up. "One minute, Mr. Patton," he said, "I want you to answer me a question." "Proceed, sir," said the candidate. "We have a first-rate Mayor now—the best we have ever had—why should we change him to elect you Mayor?" The crowd applauded. The question is vital.

James D. Phelan is the best Mayor that San Francisco has ever had. There is no doubt of it. He is also the most liberal, most progressive and most patriotic of the men who have aspired to public office in this city. He is able, clever, quick-witted, and equipped with a thorough knowledge of the affairs of the municipality. He has nothing to gain from politics beyond the privilege of continuing to serve the people. Two years he has been Mayor, an office in which his predecessor, that champion of honesty Adolph Sutro, found he could do nothing for the causes he declared he represented. Consider what James D. Phelan has accomplished. We owe him our New Charter, in the constructive work of which he was foremost. He and he alone, rendered possible the re-paving of Market street. He has changed the system of charter elections, through a bill enacted by the Legislature. The system of awarding contracts for street work has been reformed; indeed, during his incumbency the interests of the municipality in the direction of expenditures of every character have been guarded with the saue vigilance as his private affairs. In addition to all this, Mayor Phelan has been prominent in every enterprise directed for the advancement of the city's interests. Let us not forget his many benefactions: the gift of the superb fountain that adorus Market street; the liberal contributions to the Balboa Boulevard fund; the library at the Almshouse; it was Mayor Phelan who exerted himself most strenuously to have the Wilmerding School located in San Francisco and who headed the subscription to purchase the site. In addition there are to his credit a hundred generosities; assistance given in all directions to the deserving or the aspiring. On a more honorable record no man has ever sought office, and we trust, for the good of San Francisco, his candidacy will be rewarded with the majority which his services have earned.

WHAT IS CHRISTIAN SCIENCE?

The death of Harold Frederic was the direct result of his having submitted to the unusual treatment of disease employed by a sect calling themselves Christian Scientists. The question is thus conspicuously before the world: Who are the Christian Scientists, and what do they believe and teach?

A New England woman named Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy is their founder and present leader and prophet, and the "First Church of Christ, Scientist," in Boston, is the nucleus of their order. Mrs. Eddy numbers her followers by thousands in the United States and in England. Christian Science propagandists—though the church denies that it does any proselyting—have been active in San Francisco for several years. "Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures," is the spring at which the faithful drink. It is popularly called the "Christian Science Bible." The book was written by Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy, and her copyright was entered first in 1875 and last in 1890. Its first paragraph embodies this interesting statement: "In the year 1866 I discovered the Science of Metaphysical Healing and named it Christian Science. God had been graciously fitting me, during many years, for the final revelation of the absolute Principle of Scientific Mind-healing." The reader familiar with this kind of plaint from hundreds of post-Christian "Inspired Ones" is moved to close the book; but the revelation which Mrs. Eddy claims God has chosen to make through her is worth examining. Under the rubbish of the book's verbiage is to be found this grain of thought: *Matter has no existence.*

Matter does not exist! This, and the subsidiary proposition that there is no evil, is the fonudation of Mrs. Eddy's new religion. A child can topple over the structure reared on such a base. It is doubtful if Mrs. Eddy ever applied the syllogism to her cardinal principle. *Matter does not exist: our bodies are material: our bodies are non-existent.* The conclusion is palpably false. The principle is preposterously absurd; and yet this is the pabulum upon which Christian Scientists hungrily feed. The argument follows that a non-existent body, a mere figment of the imagination, cannot suffer disease or pain. "You say a boil is painful," writes the self-styled prophet of God, "but this is impossible, for matter without mind is not painful. The boil simply manifests your belief in pain, through inflammation and swelling; and you call this belief a boil. Now administer to you patient a high attenuation of Truth" (Her "revelation"), "and it will soon cure the boil." Which instruction illustrates precisely the method of suggestion to a patient's subjective intelligence, given with the expectatiou of the patient's exerting a corresponding amount of self-suggestion, employed every day by reputable physicians.

Mrs. Eddy has bungled one of the greatest theories of philosophy when she urges, in her obscure phraseology, that "matter without mind is not painful." But it is highly presumptuous in her to arrogate to herself as an original discovery (with the help of God), that which was the best fruit of the Greek and Roman philosophy, and which the ripe intellect of Jesus Christ practically demonstrated nearly 2,000 years ago. Mrs. Eddy's claim that her practice is a science is a monumental absurdity, as we have seen in the briefest glance. It is not a science. It is a tissue of nonsense, which no thinker can combat seriously.

Is it Christian? Mrs. Eddy not only tells us that nothing material exists, but she asserts that there is no evil. God, she says, is all Good, and knows no Evil; and the soul of man is a part of God. Thus man's soul is all Good and knows no Evil. (And only his soul exists, because, as we have seen, he has no body.) It follows then that man knows no sin, cannot be sinful, and never was a sinner. This is interesting news to Christians, and also to pagans, publicans, scribes and pharisees. Then the Bible, and th Church builded upon It, are a colossal delusion and fraud. Why the story of Eden; why was Christ Himself baptized and why are the sacraments administered; what did He mean when he prayed, "Deliver us from Evil;" is the story of the Vicarious Atonement a lie; is not the Christian Bible one whole condemnation of evil and sin?

The church militant does not seem to be aware of the new dispensation sent by God via Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy. When that lady tells the people of this "wicked world," which we have been bred to believe is a sort of Divine penal settlement where the Cross of suffering and discipline is the aim and end of a goodly, Godly life, that matter and sin do not exist, she advances what may be called startling propositions.

"Christian Science" is neither Christian nor a science. It is a delusion, embracing thousands of dupes, but still a delusion. Mohammedanism, Swedenborgianism, Mormonism—to mention only three post-Christian sects that base their claims on Divine revelation—are either of them infinitely more respectable. It is a question if some of the beauties of Swedenborg's philosophy have not been stolen to adorn Mrs. Eddy's "revelation." Christ and the Greek and Roman philosophers have been robbed in the most bungling fashion. Mrs. Eddy's system of healing, moreover, is as old as time, though her unread, simple-minded followers gulp it down as something fresh-sent from Heaven. Eminent practitioners in the medical profession are using, and have long been employing, various methods of psycho-therapeutics in reasonable conjunction with known, natural (material), equally God-given curative properties. These "Christian Scientists," however, frantically and fanatically combat the recognized schools of medical science.

They are in the position of having abandoned mental self-dependence and self-sufficiency. Only the few can sustain that position. It is one of the curious facts of historical observation through the centuries that the common run of humanity cannot maintain itself on its own foundation. There comes a mental condition wherein the emotions must have an outlet, wherein the mind requires to lean on some supernatural support. Then ensues an ecstatic condition filled with a longing for a revelation of this superior spiritual power. It was this characteristic which abandoned the beautiful philosophy of Greece and Rome for the beautiful faith of Christianity. This accounts for such "ites" and "isms" as "Christian Science." But what a fall, O my brethren, from Jesus Christ to Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy! Persons credulous enough to subvert their reason with the woman's self-evident absurdities have not intellect enough to make the sacrifice important.

POLITICAL CAUSERIE

In politics the week has proved very exciting, especially in the Mayorality contest. The candidates have kept themselves busy making speeches or votes, and the presumption is that most people have made up their minds as to the identity of their choice. While it is difficult to estimate what consequence the assaults on Mayor Phelan have had, the impression of intelligent politicians with whom I have spoken is that he is much stronger than a week ago. The notable attack made on him for purely personal reasons must strengthen rather than injure his chances. Certain sources there are from which aught that savors of open dictation arouses antagonism rather than acquiesence. Whatever of influence may be exerted by this source must be accomplished by suggestion rather than command. In the controversy about the Sailor's Home, Mayor Phelan, Doctor Clinton and Doctor Dodge acted in harmony with Archbish Riordan, with whom a thorough understanding was first had. It will be seen, therefore, that there is no basis whatever for the foolish accusation of A. P. A. sympathies. An assault directed at men whom the world knows to be honest, whose integrity has been proven in the two years of public service, cannot injure, but its narrow prejudice must rather aid their candidacies.

***

Archbishop Riordan ranks as one of the most successful administrators in the country. He is a wise and intelligent prelate, who governs his broad dioceses with tact and discretion. He knows what to do and what not to do, and when heard from, like Dr. Jordan, is invariably on the side of sound sense and tolerance. His remarks on Mayor Phelan, in the *Examiner*, were in excellent taste, right to the point and thoroughly corrective of erroneous impressions. The task could hardly have been more neatly performed.

***

"Though a Republican in national politics, in State affairs I hold myself independent of party affiliations," writes a correspondent to the editor of The Wave. "How shall I decide between candidates for municipal office, seeing I cannot know personally of the identity or fitness of the men who are offered for Supervisors and School Directors?" I should answer that the safest plan is to vote for the men the Non-Partisan convention endorsed. Some good Democrats were passed over in favor of no better Republicans, but no error will be made in following the guidance of this organization. Indeed, with but one or two exceptions, the Non-Partisan party has chosen very wisely between the nominees, and throughout whoever endorses their selections will have the happy consciousness of having acted according to the best possible lights. Most men of large acquaintance have individual preferences in one direction or another. If a majority of the Democratic Supervisors are elected the taxpayers may breathe freely. If the Kelly-Crimmins board receives the majority of the votes, the worst

is to be feared. There are several good men among the dozen nominees, but they are not a leaven—merely a brake. This verdict by no means applies to the School Directors, because the Republican list has a number of excellent names, on which, however, the Non Partisans have set the seal of their approval. As to choice between other candidates—between Brown and Deane for County Clerk, most men will be governed by their preferences, those voting for Deane believing he will not make himself infamous by repeating the sins of the notorious Currey. Between Martin Meagher and Berthieu there can be no question. The former is a first-rate man and his opponent is not. Block has tax-collected with propriety during the years of his incumbency, but most people would welcome a change in this office. A man who has been re-elected twice invariably imagines himself privileged to serve the public forever. This idea is firmly set in the mind of Mr. Block, and he requires to be disabused of it.

***

In the matter of the judiciary the Non-Partisan nominees make a safe quartet. I'm told that members of the Y. M. I. throughout the city intend "plumping" for Murasky, who, it is said, is safe for election. His reputation is certainly beyond reproach. Judge Borden is made of the right material for judicial office, and he, Judge Troutt and Judge Seawell have the enthusiastic support of the bar. It is important to every citizen that the honest man for whom he votes shall also be a competent lawyer, a condition that is often obscured by fraternal devotion. Perhaps Judge Borden has not the advantages of his associates, who have been many years before the public, but he ranks as one of the best lawyers we have ever had on the bench, and his knowledge of municipal affairs, gained as City and County Attorney Creswell's chief deputy, should make him an invaluable aid in determining vexed questions in city litigation.

***

It seems certain at writing that Gage and Neff will be elected by a large majority, and this vote will doubtless carry the Republican ticket. An exception will probably be made with the nominee for Secretary of State, who is thoroughly undesirable on all counts. The success of Charles F. Curry would be a scandal. Mr. Thompson, his Democratic opponent, is a gentleman and a thoroughly upright man of good administrative ability and first-class education. He will serve the State to the best advantage. I believe A. J. Johnston, the nominee for State Printer, to be a thoroughly competent official, who will undoubtedly repeat his victory of four years ago. J. G. Edwards, the Republican candidate for the State Board of Equalization in the San Francisco district has always borne a high reputation among his insurance associates. His *Coast Review* is one of the best insurance publications printed, being carefully and intelligently edited and admirably managed. A man of strong character and good business capacity is needed on the Board, and these requirements the candidate meets.

***

Apropos of political advertising and the natural exclusion of newspapers this year, I am told one big printing house, which has had a monopoly of banner printing, passed 70,000 yards of canvass through the two presses it had for the work and consumed over a ton of ink. The results of this industry are displayed through the streets. I wonder how many men are persuaded to cast their ballot for a candidate beause a banner tells them to. If the gentlemen whose names confront us at every corner were only staple edibles their consumption would inevitably increase, but there is no connection between a sign and a vote. Votes are obtained by personal solicitation or won by the reputation the candidate has with the people. Take the instance of Franklin K. Lane, the Democratic candidate for City and County Attorney. Six weeks ago, Mr. Lane was known to a narrow circle of friends as an exceptionally bright and clever man, possessing a wide range of information on public subjects, a well-equipped lawyer and personally a very agreeable and interesting companion. He had figured in the Noe suit, in the Oak-street suit and other causes of importance, but at the bar long years are often passed before a man wins the place which entitles his legal service to journalistic mention, which is the sign and token of prominence. Mr. Lane has become one of the popular orators of the campaign. He has talked all over town, made four or five speeches a night from North Beach to Butchertown, and from the Ferries to the outskirts of Richmond. Next to Mayor Phelan he is the man who at local gatherings has had the best reception and is most eagerly listened to. This is not extraordinary considering Mr. Lane's talent, but it demonstrates the best method of winning public suffrage. To-day it is generally admitted that Lane will beat his opponent by a large majority, and for that he has only to thank himself. Though long a newspaper man he has had not a shred of support from men who were his friends at the editorial desk. Indeed, the *Examiner* for some occult reason has persistently ignored him, though, as a matter of fact, the Monarch has had but little to say for the bulk of the Democratic nominees, confining itself to booming Maguire, Phelan, Dodge and Barclay Henley.

THINGS AND PEOPLE

The *Farragut's* hoodoo perched on the destroyer's air-pump at almost the conclusion of her official trip on Tuesday, and the boat is laid up again for repairs. It is too bad it happened, because she was breaking records on the bay, going easily at 31.3 knots, 1,3 over the Government's requirement. At this 36-mile clip the *Farragut* goes fleeting over the water like a ghost, making scarcely a ripple. Her hoodoo went aboard at the launching, when the bottle of champagne failed to shatter against her steel prow. On each of her trial trips some trifling mishap like this latest one has sent her home to be patched. Jackies who have sailed the Gulf say that the destroyer will have to go around and trace her namesake's war-time route to New Orleans, and there and then a black cat will come from Congo Square and catch and eat the demon in the machinery.

***

Hoodoos suggest mascots. A sunbeam of the South called me aside at a recent festivity and said: "Mr. Boswell, will you kindly find out, as you go around town, where I may properly go and buy some lottery tickets? You see," she went on, because I could not but stare for a second, "we have been house-cleaning, and yesterday I sold $2 worth of junk to a cross-eyed Jew. Now, you know, I have a genuine rabbit's foot—the left hind-foot of a graveyard rabbit. It was killed at night in a graveyard in a town near Little Rock, and was given to me by a red-headed negro we had with us in Atlanta. Well—stop yon' laughing—that boy had lost his left middle finger, which leaves nine. So I have rubbed each dollar with the brush of the rabbit's foot, and I want tickets numbered with combinations of nine, and I must get them myself. Do you know any place where a lady may buy tickets?" I took the matter under advisement. If she wins I shall let you know.

***

Here is a contratemps. The wives of several officers of volunteers sailed for Manila on board the transport *Indiana* on Oct. 27th. On the transport *Ohio*, which sailed a day later, and on the liner *Doric*, General Merriam has sent instructions for the *Indiana* to be held up at Honolulu, and orders to Colonel Funston to land these women passengers as stowaways. The *Ohio* cannot catch the *Indiana*; the *Doric* can. The *Doric* carries embarrassment to officers of the United States army and shame and distress to innocent women, all because some dullard here allowed the law to be knowingly or unknowingly evaded. Permission must be obtained from the President or Secretary of War before wives of officers can rightly be allowed transportation on Government ships of war or transports. This formal permission was obtained by Major Frank H. Whitman and by Lieutenant John Hausemann of the Twentieth Kansas for their wives. Mrs. J. G. Schlieman, the Kansas chaplain's bride, the bride of Captain Buchan of the Oregonians, and the other wives on board are thus technically adjudged stowaways and must be put off at the first landing. The *Indiana* is on the high seas, and the commander of the expedition has absolute authority. When Colonel Funston and the *Indiana* left this port they left the jurisdiction of General Merriam and entered that of General Otis. Otis is in Manila. Colonel Funston can do as he likes. He ought to throw General Merriam overboard. It was General Merriam's duty to see that no unauthorized women, good or bad, sailed from San Francisco on the transport *Indiana*. This ordering Colonel Funston to put the wives of army

FRANKLIN K. LANE
Candidate for City and County Attorney

officers ashore at Honolulu, in the middle of the Pacific, far from their friends and without means of immediate communication, an unnecessary precaution which will redound to no one's advantage. It should not be forgotten that when General Merrriam went to Honolulu he, in the kindness of his heart, allowed two of his lady friends to accompany the expedition.

***

A new profession is that of X-ray photography, and a most expensive avocation it is. The appliances are exceedingly costly, and the charge per negative is $15. Quite a number of ladies and gentlemen whose bones have been fractured in one way or another, have subjected the injured members to the ray. The results are most unflattering to our physicians, who are shown up as bungling bone-setters. A well-knit fracture was a rare exhibit in a collection of radiographs I looked through recently. Indeed, several surgical reputations have already fallen by the wayside as the result of these examinations. Great skill and delicacy of touch are essential in setting bones, and not one doctor in a hundred has the requisite faculty. They imagine their task has been successfully achieved, but the finger tips are a deceptive substitute for the eyesight. Undoubtedly the most careful surgeons in fracture cases will, in future, test the success of their setting by means of a radiograph as soon after the operation as possible.

***

Like our own Midwinter Fair, the Omaha Exposition proved a financial success. At the time of the President's visit all debts had been paid and there was $185,000 in the treasury. It is probable the final settlement will enable the repayment of the entire sum advanced by the stockholders, besides leaving a surplus for a memorial. Results such as these are not to be obtained by ordinary men. The successful management of a great enterprise such as this demands the highest form of executive ability, which, by the way, is about the rarest form of capacity extant. M. H. de Young, who guided the destinies of our own fair, has a rare development of it; so, too, have President Wattles and Secretary Clarkson, who engineered the Omaha show. The latter, of course, was a much greater enterprise, but then it was accomplished under vastly different circumstances, being a national rather than a State affair. More important even than the immediate results of the exposition were its effects on the destinies of Omaha. The enterprise was projected at a time when the star of that city seemed to have set. Business was poor and bankruptcy in the air. The show virtually re created the city. Trade has been stimulated, mortgages lifted, the population increased. Beyond that, there has been a renewal of pride and confidence in the future of Omaha, which, in itself, counts enormously in the projection of enterprises. What an excellent idea, for San Francisco to organize an Oriental Exposition sometime in 1901 or 1902. The nations of the world, anxious to participate in the trade of the Orient, could easily be persuaded to exhibit, and if war disturbances do not intervene, thousands of the higher class of Japanese and Chinese might be persuaded to visit this city. The execution of the project might well engage the energies of Mr. de Young, who could choose no better way of winning the suffrages of the State.

***

The journalistic warfare between the *Examiner* and *Call* is off, I am told, and the community which is visited daily by these journals is to be congratulated. Perhaps the most violent of the editorial quarrels, its very fierceness seems to have precipitated a conclusion. That the axe has been buried is too much to expect, but I trust that peace will prevail. No subscribers are gained in these exchanges of journalistic amenities. They are a waste of time and space and leave an ugly taste in the reader's mouth. It is hardly to be expected that motives shall not be aspersed or policies condemned, but for Heaven's sake let there be a truce to abusive personalities. An united press, which would sink all differences for the common weal of the State, might do more to secure co-ordination of business interests and the advancement of trade than all other agencies combined. The principle of co-operation is strangely absent from San Francisco, which is the most potent reason for the decline of her influence.

***

Allusion has frequently been made in these pages to the supremacy of bill-posting. The newspapers are having their indifference vigorously brought home to them just now, for not only the candidates, but the parties, are utilizing the boards for advertising purposes. The Republican State Central Committee has a great fence down at the Ferries, reared upon some broken-down shanties, on which the candidates of the party are announced to travelers. Candidate Siebe has utilized the family bill-posting interest to place invocations for his own support on every fence in town. The Kelly Republican County Committee is using boards for its advertising in preference to the press, which, indeed, is given the go-by all round. The newspapers form the natural medium for electoral proclamations of all kinds, but with internecine war raging between the proprietors and lazy tolerance of this fence rivalry among the business managers, what can one expect? Thousands of dollars are annually diverted from legitimate channels of advertising by "fake" schemes in San Francisco, and the dailies are deserted because space can be had elsewhere which seems to subserve the function of announcement, at much lower rates. Never a day passes but some souvenir scheme is set a-going, often for charitable objects, which indeed rarely obtain more than 10 per cent of the proceeds. Merchants and manufacturers bite freely at the bait which these schemes offer, but not the most adroit advertising man can persuade them into the morning or evening papers. The money so spent is absolutely wasted, for these schemes are an absolute fraud, and never have or will return a profit to anyone but the projector. I trust the day will soon arrive when the managers of the dailies will get together and agree on a policy of aggression against all such dishonest advertising schemes, and by exposing them drive out of the business the set of lusty beggars and blackmailers who are waxing fat on 35 and 50 per cent commissions.

BOSWELL JR.

BONNET FOR SHERIFF

The Democratic candidate for the shrievalty is making such a strong canvass that the prophets have quit guessing and can only say, "May the best man win." If Theodore F. Bonnet is elected, and his friends adduce very pretty figures to show that he will, he will make a Sheriff who will be an honor to San Francisco County. Mr. Bonnet is known by his record as a journalist to be a man having intelligence, discretion, tact, and a wide knowledge of men and affairs. He is known by his record as License Collector to be a capable, energetic official, honest, courteous, and in all ways well worthy of the confidence reposed in him by the people. He is Californian to the core, eager for the advancement of all her interests. He has a natural pride in his home city, and has a laudable ambition to serve the people among whom he has grown up.

Mr. Bonnet should command respect for the enemies he has made. This city for years has been seeking to free itself from bossism and corrupt politics. Mr. Bonnet enjoys the hostility of all the bosses, heelers, thugs, plug-uglies and hoodlums in the "push," because in his political career he has absolutely refused to have anything to do with them. Mr. Bonnet is a man whose future is in his own making, and he may be trusted to consistently and continually combat the public enemies. Nowhere can this be done with better results than in and from the office of the Sheriff.

Mrs. Samuel J. Colgate, who is engaged to be married to the Earl of Strafford, is the wealthy widow of the philanthropical soap manufacturer, Colgate of New York, who died ten years ago leaving ten million dollars. Mrs. Colgate was much younger than her husband, and even now is said to be one of the most beautiful women seen in London society. She is tall, dark and stately, a type of Louisianaise, formerly Miss Cora Smith, daughter of Judge Smith of New Orleans. She is a fine amateur pianist, and sings in a charming soprano. She has a daughter of twenty, Miss Adele Colgate. Mrs. Colgate keeps up a fine town-house in New York, and a handsome estate on the Hudson, in Dutchess county. Her prospective marriage will have no mercenary flavor, as the Earl of Strafford is quite wealthy. His estates are large, including 15,000 acres close to London, and he gives most of his time to their management.

Jaffa from the Beach

Emperor William of Germany

Jews of Jerusalem

Empress of Germany

On the Field of Boaz

Gathering Stones to Fix the Roads

The German Colony at Jaffa

EMPEROR WILLIAM IN JERUSALEM

YUKON LIFE

An Exposition of the Tribulations of River Travel in the Icy North.

A Sandbar on the Yukon above Dawson, September 26, 1898.

In a hole-in-the-wall of ramshackle, one-story buildings, called the Riverside of First Avenue, a red-faced Canadian youth was selling tobacco and stationery and tickets for the San Francisco-built steamer *Clara*, bound for "White Horse Rapids, Lake Bennett, Dyea, Home and your Thanksgiving dinner!" That was on Thursday. Posters about towu informed the public that the *Clara* would sail at 10 a.m. A human sandwich postponed this to 2 p.m., the men on the boat said she couldn't leave at that hour, the red-faced Canadian agent called it daybreak, and she actually left at 9:30 the following morning. At 12 noon the purser emerged from the hole-in-the-wall, and clad in furs, braved the snow to post this sign on the facade of the Dominion Saloon:—

"Wanted—A Steamboat Engineer."

During the afternoon the agent turned his cubbyhole into an intelligence office. There seemed to be numerous positions to fill and still more numerous applicants to deal with. Swedes wanted to be deck hands for nothing. An old German shed some tears, got dowu on his knees and asked for a job diswashing to pay his passage home to his "kinder." He overdid it and was refused. A young doctor bound for an upper tributary got the job and a small salary. There must have been a hundred tattered men who wanted to work their way out. The Canadian took it all cheerfully, scolding them and protesting that it was not possible. They had more help now than they needed. He is a hard-featured though handsome fellow. Moreover, being the agent of other up-river boats, he has listened to piteous appeals by the hundred, and has become case-hardened.

Before night the snow had melted and mingled with the substratum of accumulated mud and filth, wettiug it to an unctious consistency. Some passengers with their persoual effects on their backs (the universal method here of carrying about your heavier belongings) struggled through it to the A. C. dock, where the *Clara* had lain all day, but she was there no louger, but was anchored at a landing a quarter of a mile down the river. Towards it we stumble, and after fifteen minutes of curses and pain we discern the muddle of structures and goods where the A. E. Company is neighborly with St. Mary's Hospital. The immediate approach to the hospitable deck of the *Clara* was down a river bank having a slime-greased grade of 45 degrees. Each and every, all and singular, of us passengers—the group with which I came, and also previous and subsequent groups—boarded the *Clara* by sliding down the bank, checking our speed with our hands to packs and embracing the gaugplank at the bottom. Then we arose, walked the plank, and were greeted with the most consummate *sang froid* by a committee of the ship's company, to whom we showed tickets. We could have showed shins.

At 11 o'clock carpenters were still knocking berths together and setting them between even the rods and. tubes of the machinery. Jeff Mahoney (his real uame sounds a little like that) of Number Steen, Bonanza, was wrestling with the second engineer to be allowed to get off again and "pay some billzh." He swore amid tears that he would not leave the country while he owed a blank blank man a blank blank cent. The new engineers, who had been prospecting all summer, were nosing about, getting acquainted with the machinery. During the night an occasional ripping sound might be heard as the uneasy celebrators of their "going out," rolled heavily on their elbows and tore the ticking from the tacks. Under the ticking was—the man on the bunk below. By next night the heavier men just touched their nether neighbors. On the third they used ropes, and in one case, fists. In the early morning the *Clara* steamed to the upper dock, and some ladies and a dozen more men came aboard; and then she stood into the stream for the "Outside and a Turkey Dinner."

There is a place just opposite Klondike City where steamboats puff most prodigiously, sometimes for an hour, without making the boat's length. But the *Clara*, sturdy little wench, steamed right along for that turkey. The sun came out; the snow disappeared from the dun hills; the air lost its chill; Old Winter seems not so very near after all. Jeff Mahoney slept late, but the felicity of the occasion was more than sustained by Uncle Charlie Cutter, who, with his broad-brimmed felt hat, long fur overcoat, gray hair and whiskers, and his ruddy face, bearing "good will to his fellow men," was treating all of the men on the upper deck and right gallantly toasting the two ladies iu sight. At dinner Charlie drew about him some choice spirits, human and bottled, and held forth eloquently, though unsteadily, on the correct philosophy of life. A richness and fulness of tone, and a plausible, winning manner of adding a persuasive affirmative, was Charlie's; a handsome, gentle man and a miner every inch, is Charlie. Little slips of diction to which his friend called his attention by loud coughs were apologized for profusely, Charlie turning in his chair and half-addressing the lady present, half-apostrophizing her sex; and he did not forget to thank his "considerate friend for calling to his attention," etc. In the afternoon Jeff and Charlie and as many of the rest of us as could be boaxed in or dragged good-naturedly by the arm, held down the dining-room. Sometimes soup was called for, sometimes pie, sometimes coffee, but always the steward set out a bottle of good whiskey and was paid in greenbacks at the Dawson price—fifty cents a drink. The whole history of the Klondike, past, present and future, was recited by Jeff and Charlie.

Mrs. Babbs has a youngster who is irresistible in his little fur cap. The *Clara* is a small boat, and everybody plays with Jimmy and compliments Jimmy's mother. The fact is Jimmy represents many youngsters having a wide range as to age, complexion and characteristics. Jeff and Charlie show delicacy in not petting the child during those periods when their happiness is at its worst. Mrs. Babbs is young, darkly good-looking in spite of an ample mouth, free and intimate without being in the least flirtatious, and the wife of a miner on Bonanza Creek, whose companion she has been for two years. One other lady shows herself on board. She is a sweet-looking, light-haired, beautiful-necked woman on whom dissipation and error have left many a disfiguring mark, but you can forgive and almost forget this as you watch her sad joy in fondling the little fellow. Her companion is a smooth, pale-faced, slender, clever-looking chap. The girl has worked hard in the dance halls all winter and summer. The fellow is a gambler. The other two women rarely show themselves. They are French, escorted by Frenchmen. The rest of us are a Yukon medley. That usually is a medley indeed.

Late in the afteruoon we tied up to a bank and chopped wood—the deck hands from duty and the passengers for exercise. Doctors, dentists, clergymen, drug clerks and insurance agents handle an axe comically, whether they are deck hands or passengers, and passengers who are woodmen, hunters, miners, or river men, are a great help to a steamer manned by picks-ups. You should understand that this boat *Clara* never saw the Yukon before, nor have any of her officers or crew. Often a passenger who knows the river pretty well gives the pilot a pointer, and the pilot thanks him.

An hour after we started next morning our keel grated on a bar. We backed up and side-stepped, choo-chooed ahead, struck it again, drifted back and churned around—all in an obviously impossible channel. In about eight hours we became tolerably familiar with the hills, trees and gravel banks in the vicinity, and were satisfied to be moving again, but we moved not. Meautime interesting things were happening in the water. The canoe was nearly capsized in trying to gain the shore with a rope, and the engine pipes were choked with gravel, for the builders had neglected to fit strainer caps on the pipes extending into the water. The mate was nearly drowned and the captain perspired freely. The intrepid canoist prepared for another attempt, but the crew demurred. Finally two passengers—old river men—got in along with half a ton of two-inch rope. Between us and the nearest shore the main current rushed. Rope and all they pulled away up stream and theu shot into the current and across, while the rushing water carried them down till they were opposite us. They tied the hawser to a pile of drift logs and paid it out along the shore two hundred yards up stream. One man stayed ashore, the other two shot across the current, paying out a small line attached to the larger. The current swept this down streaui with a huge straiu on the canoe, which to relieve itself kept paying out more; aud the man ashore also paid out the hawser, so that the canoe manaeged to get back to us, but at the expense of two or three hundred fathoms of rope in the river. The rope was wound round the capstaiu, not the captain, and that functionary, or rather that mechanism, manned by four stout passengers and one weak deckhand. It took two hours, by my watch, to haul in the slack and then—somehow the thing didn't work.

"A raft!" someone shouted. Sure enough, a log raft coming down our channel, a long sweep on the bow and auother on the stern. Our line was stretched taut, about a foot above the water. If any strong part of that raft was over a foot high, it would stretch the rope like the fore-arm stretches a bow-string. If it held the rope would snap; if it broke, or the rope slipped, the huge bowstring would recoil, and auything manimate or alive that stood in its way would be hurled as the bow-string hurls the arrow. The bow-sweepman set his sweep at a gentle angle and the rope slipped up on it over the two-foot pivot on which it swung. That saved his sweep, which means his raft and his late summer's work. Then he waited till the rope was near him and—skipped it as lightly as a girl jumping rope. The stern-man behaved differently. He, too, must protect the pivot-uprights of his sweep. He raised the blade of the sweep aud depressed the handle, lying on his stomach with the handle under him. The rope just rumpled his hair and climbed up on the inclined plane of the elevated sweep. Then he arose, and when the rope passed the uprights he lowered the oar and the rope which was sliding on it down to the water astern, and kissed his hand to us and cursed us for murderous fools. Those two fellows are fit for Alaska.

But that was to-day. Yesterday afternoon we tried in vain to sever our connection with that all-too-friendly bar. I say we, but I mean only the ship's company; for the passengers had grown disgusted, and one after another had left the manning of the capstan to the crew. Below decks the second-class passengers helped each other weave hammocks to take the place of the burst tickiug of their bunks. The chief use of the furnace was now a culinary one, and the men who had cooked over romantic campfires all summer in the wilds of the Northwest Territory prepared some hot food among the ill-smelling machinery of the lower deck of a Yukon steamboat.

Upstairs the heterogeneous group of passengers had become very intimate, and talked about their roommates, when it developed that a number of very sick were on board, among them being two cases of typhoid and one of scurvy. There the classification ended for want of data. The sick men evidently feared something—though they could only be put off, and that was not very likely to happen—they would not speak nor arise nor take food. No one knew them on board. Exhausted by their summer's struggle and sick unto death with the poison of failure—that was what ailed them some one said; and this remark was the beginning of a general conversation, one of the most interesting to which it was ever my lot to listen. We were in the dining-room, nursery, library and bar-room. As many ages classes and vocations as could anywhere be found accidentally associated were represented in the group, and the average of intelligence manifested was rather high. Men old in northern frontier life analyzed the hardships of the Yukon; survivors of a half-century of mining excitements made comparisons and stretched propheeies. The chief cook, who had never cooked before, walked out of the galley, spoon in hand, and gave us a thrilling anecdote of Australian life. The second cook, a well-known and erstwhile stylish Jewish merchant of San Francisco, sat on the edge of the table, between dishwashing, and used a very dirty mopping towel to emphasize his views of Dawson's future. The captain stoned the beans to give the steward a chance to tie up the samples of asbestos he had been showing, and the pilot and the purser were in and out in their shirt sleeves, and were frequently pinned against the wall by Jeff Mahoney or Charlie Cutter and choked till they agreed that Montana or British Columbia, as the case might be, had produced more true miners than any other section of the earth.

There is one linen shirt on board the *Clara*. It is colored, is unstarched in the bosom, and helongs to the gambler. who, of course, is the most popular man on board, and, singularly enough, the best woodchopper. The best dressed man among us is a deckhand.

Jeff Mahoney is the driest man on board—as to throat, of course. But what I meant was to speech. He has dancing blue eyes, and a grizzled, husky build and make-up, and is a typical Yukoner. "Twenty-sivin years in Alaska, me boys. Oh, not mining always, but sealin', whalin', huntin'." All last night Jeff had sung an old song ending with "I'm going home to see my old m—y old m-o-th-er" and, sure enough, it seems he was. Forty years ago he had run away from his home in Newfoundland, leaving his mother, brothers and sisters. He has never heard from them since nor they from him.

"I sold a claim on th' Hill—French Hill," and he dug me in the ribs. "'Twas one I bought for $400 last spring, and a nice young fellow comes up and asks me to sell it to him for tin thousand dollars. I says to myself, now, Jerry, wid yous claim on Bonanza and the wan on Victory Gulch, shure you have enough on your hands. So I thought I'd take his tin thousand, and that's just what I did. The night the chappie paid me the price me and me friends had a bit of a celibration in Dawson, and in the midst of it, be-dad, the thought of me mother struck me. I thought to meself there's that old lady back there in Newfoundlan', why shouldn't I go back there and spind me Christmas? That is, av coorse, if the old lady is alive (digging me in the ribs). But, thin (philosophically), there'll be nephews and neices, wid me brothers and sisters all married—and say, boy (punching me again, his blue eyes dancing wildly), think av me there and the time we'll have—me wid me bit of money (he is a millionaire). Oh', don't be afraid I'm coming back to Dawson to look after me claims. I wonder now whither the old lady is still above the turf. What's yeure opinion, me friend?"

He had me fastened against the wall, with anxious appeal in his face. Of course, I couldn't have the heart to kill his mother off in her—well not exactly in her prime. Jeff called for drinks all round, and the last bottle of whisky on board the *Clara* was uncorked in honor of the old mother in Newfoundland and women generally, and Mrs. Hobbs was so gallantly importuned by Charlie Cutter that she took a sip, with many blushes on her part and roars of laughter from the rest.

Charlie Cutter, the picture of Uncle Sam, always holds us fascinated, drunk or sober. He talks comically, yet not dogmatically, on every subject, from gold mining, his life work—down to politics and sociology. He got in last May, and now, in September, he is going out after modern equipment to work a line of river claims on upper Bonanza, which he had to only rub his overalls against to fill them full of money for the expenses of the trip, his own and any other good fellow's. We josh him about his "good luck," but a tall, eagle-beaked, lantern-jawed miner, the same who recently found gold in the mica schist, after looking for it in vain in the quartz, exclaimed in a deep voice

"Luck be d——. Years up against it. Ain't I right, Charlie?"

"Call it luck, call it foolishness," said Cutter. "I reached Dawson in the middle of May, nice and early. Y-e-s' I had just a thousand dollars and I spent it, every cent—liberal to a fault. I got to know the men and they told me all they knew. I studied the situation hard. Y-e-s' End of May I walked up the creek. I saw men carrying out gold in their hands, on their backs, on mules. I tapped myself on the shoulder, this way—y-e-s' And I says, 'Old man, this is the place for you—where the gold is. Y-e-s' where it actually is. Y-e-s'' I saw that 89 and 10 had it, and 14, 15 and 16. And 11, 12 and 13 had it, too. Y-e-s, just a little. It was fine, the men that worked lays were broke—y-e-s. I said to myself, 'It's under the hill—buried—the old channel.' I dug in one forenoon and got two, five, ten, twenty dollars to the pan. I put some men on above and below me for half—we covered the whole strip. One went back on me; wouldn't divy. Said he'd sell for $5,000. The prospect didn't suit him, but he'd sell for $5,000. I went to Healy. People cuss Healy. Good man to do business with, though—y-e-s' Told hiui what I had. Sent a man out. 'How much do you want?' said Healy. 'Ten thousand—twenty thousand?' I paid that fellow for the ground that should have been half mine. Y-e-s' Gave him five thousand, y-e-s, and *paid myself back out of his own ground in three days'* She dips, the bedrock, right into the hill The old channel, you know. Oh, puaty' It's like corn mixed with dirt—ten to twenty dollars to the pan. We'll sluice it right there on Healy's ground. It runs three feet—thirty-six to forty inches. The width' Why, Lord bless you madam, I never stopped to find out. It don't really need, you see, madam, to be very wide

Every mining man grinned.

THEODORE S. SOLOMONS

LAKE CHELAN.

This beautiful body of water, in some respects one of the most remarkable in the world, lies east of the Cascades in Washington, 1080 feet above the Sound. At the head of a great mountain basin several noble glaciers melt their fronts away. From these glaciers the Chelan stretches in a southwesterly direction, averaging a mile in width for sixty-five miles, between massive crags, high and rocky cliffs and precipitous snow-clad mountains 500 to 7,000 feet in height. The lake is beachless, the shores descending abruptly to a depth sometimes of 1,600 feet. Apparently the icy cold water is an opacous dark blue, but really its clearness is phenomenal. Three miles from the Columbia, the waters of the lake plunge through a crooked, narrow pass and tumble down 375 feet into that noble stream.

The water, soft as rain, is alive with gamey, delicious salmon trout, weighing from 1¼ to 3 pounds, which furnish fine sport for Izak Waltons. The scenery in this region is not surpassed in California or Switzerland or anywhere else. Tourists go there every year to feast on its beauties. Lake Chelan is an ideal summer resort. In the low valleys along the shore there are farms where all kinds of fresh food may be obtained daily. Steamboats traverse the lake throughout the year.

C. B. BLETHEN.

The salon of the Comtesse de Martel de Janville is one much frequented by the fashionable people of Paris. Many literary men visit at her house. "Gyp" is one of the few titled ladies who is an avowed Socialist. Another thing which distinguishes her from the ordinary aristocratic lady of France is her dress. She is noted for wearing the most extraordinary dresses and bonnets to be found in the whole of the gay capital of France.

THE PORTO RICO CAMPAIGN

Richard Harding Davis Declares it Was Not a Picnic, but a Performance.

The mismanagement of the Santiago campaign is relieved and also intensified by the skill and intelligence exhibited in the conduct of the Porto Rico expedition. The impression that this invasion was a species of military picnic is cleverly combatted by Richard Harding Davis in the November *Scribner's*. After the horrors of Santiago he took ship with General Miles for the southern island, and was one of the few correspondents to witness the entire campaign. His impressions rather lack the vivid picturesqueness of the Cuban story, but have in generous measure those qualities of entertainment and interest which invariably characterize his work. The bungling and waste of life of Shafter's expedition, as he set them forth, were fully noted last month, and it is but proper that the reverse picture should have equal attention. As Mr. Davis observes:

One of the lesser evils of the Cuban campaign was that it gave our friends, the enemy in Europe, the idea that the way that particular expedition was conducted was typical of the way every other expedition would be conducted which we would send over sea. If they should act seriously on that idea they may find themselves abruptly and painfully undeceived. The European can say, to our discredit, that we failed to feed our soldiers in the field, and to care for them when they were wounded and ill, but they cannot say that the soldiers did not do their share, even though republics were ungrateful and political officials incompetent.

On the contrary, the Miles campaign was admirably managed:

The army in Porto Rico advanced with the precision of a set of chessmen; its moves were carefully considered and followed to success; its generals, acting independently and yet along routes recommended by General Roy Stone and Major Flagler, and selected by General Miles, never missed a point nor needlessly lost a man, nor retreated from a foot of land over which they had advanced. Every day the four different columns swept the Spaniards before them in a net, capturing town after town, and company after company. Their fights were but skirmishes, but the skirmishes were as carefully thought out, and the enemy was as scientifically surrounded, attacked, and captured, as though great battles had been fought and thousands of lives lost in accomplishing the same end. There was more careful preparation and forethought exhibited in the advances our generals made upon the little towns they captured in Porto Rico, than was shown in the entire campaign against the city of Santiago—General Chaffee's reconnoisance and capture of El Caney alone excepted.

The campaign was by no means without humorous features. An episode of the surrender of Ponce, which journalism has not had was the part borne by Ensign Curtin of the *Wasp* in precipitating it. Young Curtin, whom Davis says is about the youngest-looking boy in the navy, landed at Ponce:

He landed with a letter for the military commander, which demanded the surrender of the port and city, and he wore his side-arms, and an expression in which there was no trace of pity. The Captain of the Port informed him that the military commander was at Ponce, but that he might be persuaded to surrender if the American naval officer would condescend to drive up to Ponce, and make his demand in person. The American officer fairly shook and quivered with indignation. "Zounds," and "Gadzooks," and "Damme, sir," would have utterly failed to express his astonishment. Had it come to this, then, that an ensign, holding the President's commission, and representing such a ship of terror as the *Wasp*, was to go to a mere colonel, commanding a district of 60,000 inhabitants?

"How long will it take that military commander to get down here, if he hurries?" demanded Ensign Curtin. The trembling Captain of the Port, the terrified foreign consuls and custom-house officials thought that a swift-moving cab might be able to bring him to the port in half an hour.

"Have you a telephone about the place?" asked the Napoleonic Curtin. They had.

"Then call him up and tell him that if he doesn't come down here in a hack in thirty minutes and surrender, I shall bombard Ponce!"

This was the ensign's ultimatum. He turned his back on the terrified inhabitants and returned to his gig. Four hacks started on a mad race for Ponce and the central office of the telephone rang with hurry-calls.

On his way out to the ship, Ensign Curtain met Commander Davis on his way to the shore. Commander Davis looked at his watch. "I shall extend his time another half hour," said Commander Davis. Ensign Curtin saluted sternly, making no criticism upon this weak generosity on the part of his superior officer, but he could afford to be magnanimous. He, at least, had upheld the honor of the navy, and he will go down in the history of the war as the middy who demanded and received a surrender by telephone.

The ability of our soldiers to govern foreign territory has been exemplified admirably by General Leonard Wood at Santiago. The leaders of the Porto Rico campaign showed the capacity of administrators. Says Davis:

It was not in the field alone, where they were on their native heath, that these generals distinguished themselves; but in governing and establishing order in the towns which they captured, where their duties were both peculiar and foreign to their experience, they showed to the greatest advantage. They went about the task of setting up the new empire of the United States as though our army had always been employed in seizing islands, and raising the flag over captured cities. They played the conquerors with tact, with power, and like gentlemen. They recognized the rights of others and forced others to recognize their rights. Wherever it was possible to do so General Miles propitiated the people by employing local labor. Within an hour after the firing had ceased at Juanica, he was renting ox-carts and oxen from the native ranch-owners and buying cattle outright. At Ponce he employed hundreds of native stevedores who had been out of work for many days. He set them to unloading the transports and coaling the war-ships, and when he learned that the boss stevedores were holding back part of the men's pay he corrected the abuse at once, and saw that each man got what was due him. General Wilson in his turn, as military governor of the city and district of Ponce, was confronted with many strange conditions. He had to invent oaths of allegiance, to tranquilize the foreign consuls, to protect rich Spaniards from too enthusiastic Porto Ricans, to adopt a new seal for the city, and a new rate of exchange; to appoint new officers in the courts, to set free political prisoners, and to arrest and lock up political offenders against the new regime.

A day after the fight at Aibouito, Peace laid her detaining hand on the shoulder of each general, and the operations closed for thirty days. Peace came differently to different men. One major of volunteers who had already established his nerve on polo fields and as a most reckless rider, without a moment's hesitation, threw his hat high in the air and cried: "Thank God! Now I won't get killed." On the other hand, the artillerymen of Battery B of Pennsylvania, when they heard peace had come, swore and hooted and groaned. They were behind a gun pointed at the enemy, who was intrenched to the left of Guayama. The shell was in the chamber, the gunner had aimed the piece and had run backward, but before it spoke, Lieutenant MacLaughlin, of the Signal Corps, galloped upon the scene shrieking, "Cease firing, peace has been declared!" Whereat the men swore.

Even as Davis writes it, one is not struck with the great difficulty of the achievement, but under different leadership the conquest of Santiago would have been a different story. In Porto Rico the Spanish were as ready to kill as in Cuba, but our commanding general was able to prevent their doing so. A performance of any sort always appears most easy when we see it well done by an expert. Even golf looks possible as Whigham plays it. All he does is to hit a ball with a stick. But you might go out and hit the same ball with the same stick for years and no one would think of giving you silver cups. So says Mrs. Davis.

A JOURNALISTIC LOSS

The Author of "In the Valley" and "Gloria Mundi" is No More.

London, October 19.—Harold Frederic's death has bred a storm of British wrath against the charlatans calling themselves Christian Scientists, whose pernicious activity has been so noticable of late. These people imported their absurd doctrines from America, where, I believe, as here, emotional women, and a certain breed of hysterical men, called by a Frenchman the third sex, are its chief supporters. This Christian Science has been the death of many here already, but its latest victim, Harold Frederic, was the greatest sacrifice, and all thinking England has called halt and is cursing and exposing the whole iniquitous business. This Christian Science is an American institution, with its head offices, I am told, in your city of Boston, therefore I shall not attempt to inform you about its beliefs and practices, but rather will direct my attention to your loved and lamented countryman, Mr. Frederic.

Early in September poor Frederic suffered a paralysis of his right side. The blow disabled him from active work, although his head remained clear and he conducted his affairs by means of an amanuensis, or "stenographer." The best of care, rest, and his strong constitution would have pulled him through, but unhappily he consented to try the Christian Science "cure," and under it he died. No regular physician would give a death-certificate, so an inquest will be held. A thorough investigation has been demanded.

But it is too late to more than bring to justice the quacks who killed that whole-souled man, that brilliant writer, whom we had learned to love and honor; Frederic, the hater of shams, the ridiculer of hypocricy, the scorner of thallowness, the enemy of imposture and fraud—himself she spoil of a delusion which ought to have excited only his contempt. When he was stricken at his home in Henley, six weeks ago, friends hurried to him from every side, among them an American, Dr. Nathan E. Boyd, visiting in Surrey, Dr. Brown of Henley, and Dr. Freyberger of London, a special expert in rheumatism and the heart. With their care, rest, and the skilled attention of two nurses from Guy's Hospital, he should now be well on the way to recovery. But in spite of his fine mind he had been stung in the heel. He had always laughed at doctors, forgetting, in his fleers at the pretensions of the half-fledged, the real worth of the masters. Christian Science had been in his thoughts for a long while, and now he ordered the doctors out of the house and substituted a female paid healer of the mental "school."

Frederic was not unbalanced, as some insist he must have been. Against the prayers and entreaiies of his anxious friends, he urged his right to be doctored as he preferred, and had his way. On September 20th he began the Christian Science treatment. All the experience of the centuries prescribed complete rest for him in the then condition of his heart; but Christian Science "argues" that matter is not real, that he has no body, thus no heart, therefore the heart cannot be affected, therefore he can work and eat and sleep and walk and drive out as usual. He did these things. It was fatal. He was dying when Mrs. Stephen Crane, the wife of the author and correspondent, exerted her strong influence and had the Christian Scientist dismissed. Every effort was then made to save him, but it had gone too far, and a day later he died.

Harold Frederic went to London in 1884 as correspondent for the New York *Times*, and, excepting three visits home, he has been in England ever since. He was never untrue to the land of his birth, and in his literary work all of his stories, save the last, are placed in the United States. Frederic was born in Utica, N. Y., the son of a railroad brakeman. His father was killed when Harold was but two years of age. Out of his school hours the boy drove a milk wagon in the morning and sold newspapers at night. At fourteen he learned to set type, later became a reporter, and then an editor and local Democratic politician. For a while he studied draughtsmanship and had vague longings toward art, but he returned to journalism and stayed in it to the last. He made an excellent name as a provincial journalist and story-writer, and when he went to New York in 1884 the *Times* took him up and sent him to London. There his most notable work was done. *In the Valley*, a story of the Revolution, was his own favorite of his novels. Other books were *The Damnation of Theron Ware*, called *Illuminations* in England, a decadent work; *Seth's Brother's Wife*, *The Lawton Girl*, *The Copperhead*, *The Return of the O'Mahoney*, and other writings, concluding with *Gloria Mundi*, which has been appearing serially in one of the magazines, but which will be published in book form at once.

Frederic was six feet high, powerfully built, and had a tremendous voice. He had many friends, but he made enemies or friends with cordial indifference. He was not a college-bred man, and one of his pet aversions was "college-bred airs." He was frank to a fault, hated shams, and never failed to denounce a fraud. In everything but his writing he was careless of consequences, and was the most easy-going fellow in Bohemia. He was devoted to his newspaper work and to literature, into both of which he carried noble ideals; but he was most ardently a lover of politics. He had all the adaptability of the American, and was a born politician with a newspaper training, qualities that were carrying him on to success. He was only forty-two when he died. A wife and two boys, the oldest eleven, survive him.

DRAMATIC CRITIQUES

The Endless Controversy Between the Critic the Criticised, and the Outsider.

For over a fortnight the artistic element in the metropolis has been much concerned with a discussion in the press about the merits and demerits of the critics and the criticism of the drama of the day. The question is a live one not only to the people of the stage, but to every person at whom the pen of criticism is, or may be, directed. It was begun by an anonymous article in the *Herald*, signed "An Outsider," which steamed around the New York critics and raked them with rapid-fires and pounded them with broadsides. "An Outsider" had seen the elder Coquelin in Paris play Cyrano de Bergerac, and, not wishing to disturb his impressions, refrained from attending Mr. Mansfield's opening performance. However, he did buy 12 cents' worth of morning papers, and was thrown into a quandary by their criticisms.

The *Herald* said that Mansfield's Cyrano was an abject copy of Coquelin. The *Press* claimed that Mansfield had changed Rostand's conception (and therefore Coquelin's) to suit his own qualities, and so "made a composite character that held the attention and won the favor of the audience. The *Evening Post* mixed praise with blame. The *Times* and *Sun* gave Mansfield unmixed praise; the *Journal* gave almost unmixed blame. The *Tribune* gave utterance to a wild paen, which, however, was almost buried under its heavy verbosity. The "Outsider" picked to pieces these irreconcilable opinions, pointing out various absurdities and contradictions in individual critiques. Then with "a plague on both your houses," he went to the Garden Theater and found Mansfield no mere imitator of Coquelin—a hint borrowed here and there, yes, but with a conception and rendition peculiarly his own. He found Coquelin's Cyrano a humorist, Mansfield's a cynic; one the sport of his emotions, the other of his intellect; Coquelin unctious, Mansfield bitter; Coquelin with an almost joyous appreciation of the grotesque side of his gasconading, Mansfield with a contempt for it as for everything else; Coquelin's Cyrano more intelligible, Mansfield's equally intelligent. Coquelin, in short, has genius, Mansfield a painstaking though brilliant talent. This is a fair estimate. "An Outsider" concludes it with the opinion that "Critics should at all times encourage such great undertakings by bestowing praise wherever it is possible to do so, and by delivering censure in no harsh, intentionally cruel words."

Alan Dale, *dit* Cohen, of the *Journal*, replied, ridiculing "An Outsider," yet betraying a resentment which showed that he and his colleagues had been hit by the flying iron. Alan Dale's reply, stripped of its tiresome cleverness, is worth reading, giving, as it does, the newspaper critic's point of view and a glimpse of the ethics of his craft. After asserting that because he and his confreres disagree neither need be a fraud, he writes;

The critic's duty is to his editor first, and to his public next. He doesn't write for managers, and he doesn't write for actors. He is there to express his own opinion—generally a competent and trained opinion. He belongs to the public. The public is anxious to know something about the play—and to know that something amusingly. The public doesn't want to be bored with technical essays, written at home before the play begins. It clamors for individual remarks hot from the griddle of first impressions. The public gets to know its critic just as it does its actor. The public says: "We want to read what this man says. We like him. We don't always agree with him, but he entertains us, and we can get a good idea of what to expect from reading his comments. It is the opinion of a man whom we know to be our friend—a sort of policeman zealous and anxious either to save us from disappointment or to urge us to enjoyment."

I think the "critics" have the long end of it. It would be vastly better, in my opinion, if the "critic" were dropped and a "dramatic reporter" substituted. There are a few critics here and there who know the artistic criterion, who are skilled in nice discriuiination and who are capable of constructive and creative criticism as well as mere fault finding. The average "critic," though, seems to feel that it is his right, self-elected, to rail at and lash and drive the actor as though he were a creature utterly lacking in sense or sensibility. Actors are particularly sensitive people, and even the veteran smarts under the "critic's" whip, like a thoroughbred would under the "brad" of a bull-driver. The trouble is that men capable of dramatic, musical and artistic criticism are usually at uore lucrative employment. Such criticism, if by a trained intellect, is done largely or wholly for the love of art, or is done by a sort of glorified reporter paid at "space rates," or in cards of admission. Only the actor knows what joy or pleasure one or the other of these critics may cause. Edwin Forrest repeatedly asked for "lenience or silence." Edwin Booth and Joseph Jefferson have told how they used to look with apprehension for the "morning notices." If favorable criticisms are most uumerous, there is pleasure and encouragement. If some dyspeptic bigot has twisted his vitriolic pen in the artist's vitals, there is nothing but suffering, or else consolation in the dictum of Deau Swift, that the "antiquity of the critics is proved from Pausanias, who represents all of them by asses browsing on the luscious fruit of the vine."

Actors are quick to acknowledge that a just and discerning criticism from a trained and cultured writer is always welcome and often of incalculable benefit aud advantage, but they cannot condemn too harshly the simpering sneer or thoughtless thrust. Yet the critic must often be cruel to be kind. The true and just critic can compass this and yet convey cultured advice and thoughtful encouragement. He will never be imposed upon by the glaring colors of a pretender, or be moved to pity a weakling. As Dr. Johnson has said in his ponderous manner: "It is the critic's duty to reclaim irregular and turbulent action, restrain and modulate vehement and confused vociferation. To see to that the stalk of the tyrant becomes the gait of the man, and that the yell of inarticulate distress may be reduced to human lamentations—all these should be corrected with gentleness and candor; but if in the actor there appears an utter vacancy of meaning, a stupid langour, a torpid apathy, the greatest kindness that can be shown him is a speedy sentence of expulsion. On the other haud, it is not the critic's business to condemn and cavil when all the world sees the highest reason for admiration and applause. While that which is supposed to ridicule merit generally gives joy to those who want it, rashness of abuse is but the false reason of a weak man, and offensive terms are only used to supply the want of strength of argument."

Mountain Peaks, Showing Perpetual Snow

Ribbon Falls, Glaciers in the Distance

Rainbow Falls

The Lake

Chelane River Canyon

A Catch of Lake Trout

Helen's Falls

LAKE CHELANE AND ITS ENVIRONS IN THE STATE OF WASHINGTON

"The Privilege of the Landlord." A. Zoppi Florence

"Music Has Charms." Albert Schroeder, Munich

"Spring Morning Milking." Franz de Beul, Brussels

INTERESTING CANVASES FROM EUROPEAN ART GALLERIES

On View in the Gallery of S. & G. Gump, San Francisco

THE PHILIPPINE PROBLEM

George W. Dickie on the Colonial Policy of the United States.

The problem of the moment is the destiny of the Philippines. It seems the Government of the United States has decided to take possession of the group, and it devolves on Congress to decide on a fitting system of administration. The ablest minds in the country are bent on considering the form of rule best adapted to the necessities of our new colonies and the various advantages and disadvantages involved in the new policy. At a recent meeting of the Congregational Club George W. Dickie, manager of the Union Iron Works, at which the *Oregon* was constructed, made an interesting contribution to the controversy, in answer to the question, "Can our form of government be adapted to a colonial policy?" His paper, however, was rather a general consideration of the entire idea of expansion. He made the point that, though the framers of the Constitution had no conception of what this country would grow to by the end of the nineteenth century, yet there was nothing in that great declaration of rights to prevent the country adopting a wise colonial policy. At the time of Washington's closing address "the world was larger than it is now, and events transpiring on one side of an ocean were not known on the other side for months. Fifty years ago, when California and New Mexico were added to the possessions of this country, men like Daniel Webster, who were justly considered the wisest of their generation, thought such acquisitions a useless burden and a source of weakness. Webster characterized California as an utter wilderness and wholly incapable of reclamation. Yet," continues Mr. Dickie, "the United States has managed to make something out of California." The most interesting passage of his paper is that devoted to the propriety of acquiring the Philippines. It makes a clear statement of the problems involved and the advantages accruing to the United States from the possession of that misgoverned territory:

The question then, is not so much one of ability to carry out a policy of acquiring and managing territory distant from our shores, but the wisdom of such a policy, that we and all thinking citizens of this great republic should carefully consider.

Can the ultimate destiny of this nation be fully worked out within the boundary of these United States, or are we to take part in the great questions affecting the welfare of the human race, helping to better the conditions that prevail in so many badly-governed portions of the earth's surface?

It appears to me that this country, trained in self-government, with no lack of men having the ability to organize and put in motion the best type of governmental machinery, is eminently qualified to undertake the government of these lands that Spain must give up, not so much that she has not been able by force to hold them, but because her ability to govern and develop the best that is in those lands, and their people, has long been tried and found wanting. We have to look at the rapid and effective work being at present carried on under the military governor of Santiago, by which not only the health of the people is being improved, and fever abated, but the confidence of all classes is being secured, and cheerful obedience rendered to the just and equal laws that have been put in force. This one case shows that there is no lack of ability to govern, and that wisely, such people as the Spanish have been misruling for centuries.

The western shore of our country borders on an ocean as yet but little traversed by the ships of commerce. The commercial nations of the world are now making ready for a struggle as to who is to rule the Pacific. No nation is more interested in this coming struggle than the United States, and no State more than California. The late acquisition of the Hawaiian group of islands, with their industrious people brought up almost as one of our own family of States, gives us a stepping-stone far out into this ocean, and with another addition like the Philippine group, we would be in position to enter this struggle for commercial supremacy on the Pacific, with as good a chance as any of the European nations as to possessions, and a better chance as to situation.

Admiral Dewey's victory at Manila was something more than a brilliant naval action; it was one of those events which become a factor in future history problems. For a time, at least, Spain's power in the Pacific is destroyed, and unless this country helps Spain to recover it, it can never be restored. This victory also encouraged and rendered in a measure successful, the nation's revolt against Spain, resulting in at least a nominal native government. But most important of all, it has forced this country to a turning point in its own history. Nations, like individuals, cannot escape the consequences of their own actions, and in the present case this law is likely to be conspicuously manifest.

The Philippines, which are practically at our disposal today, have been in the possession of—it would hardly be right to say that they had either been occupied or governed —for three centuries by Spain. And our victory has put an end to that possession. Spain has claimed, and may yet claim, the people of these islands as her subjects. Many of them, no doubt, have been the subjects of her oppression and misgovernment, though these are almost entirely limited to the natives of one island, that of Luzon. On the other islands of the group it does not appear that Spain ever had much of a foothold. The people of Luzon, who were most intimately acquainted with Spanish methods of government, have conceived a very hearty dislike of their Spanish task-masters. This dislike was rendered effective by the defeat at Manila, and enabled the insurgents of the island of Luzon to defy Spain, and set up at least a nominal government of their own. The problem of the Philippines is not, therefore, a simple one, but consists of two very distinct points demanding different solutions, before any justice can be done to either.

The United States may retire, then let Spain try to conquer these islands. In that case our actions would result only in ruin and destruction to the Philippines and their people; and the soldiers transported from Cuba to Spain at the expense of this country would be used by Spain to subdue her rebellious subjects in Luzon.

Can we do this in the face of the civilized world, and in view of our declaration of war for the sake of humanity? I think not. We must either restore order in these islands under our direct government, which I think is the only hope of success, or make an attempt at a native government under a United States protectorate. A republic of Luzon would probably prove a failure so complete as to make Spanish dominion beneficent in comparison; but a republic in Mindanao would be, at the present stage of its history, a simple impossibility.

No slow process of settling American people there, requiring generations to be effective, as in the case of the Hawaiian Islands, can be thought of. The one condition of time required for such a developing process is impossible in this case. What America proposes to do in the Philippines she must do quickly, and she must do it decisively. As matters stand our choice is a limited one. We cannot wash our hands of the embarassing questions and anxious responsibilities that confront us as a nation, but must accept the consequences of our own actions. We must govern these far-away islands, civilize and educate the people. It will cost time, and the expense will be great, but in the end the recompense will be noble, if the task is faithfully performed.

The eyes of the world are upon the American people at this time as never before, and I somehow think that even in this difficult task we will not disappoint our friends and will silence our enemies. Our management of this difficult problem determines our position in regard to the future commerce of the Pacific. If we can establish a firm, just, generous and stable government on these islands, we will be able to command a large share of the trade of the Orient. A great opportunity will develop for our industry and enterprise on the Pacific slope, the extent of which is not within our present vision, although its possibilities are grand enough to fill our minds with the thonghts of how it all may be realized.

In conclusion Mr. Dickie reviews the steps of the war's progress and the great voyage of the battle-ship *Oregon*. He makes an interesting point in regard to the educational benefit which the transporting of 20,000 men to Manila conferred upon the nation; the enlightenment of the inland population as to the advantages of maritime commerce and foreign enterprize, and ends thus:

To occupy the Philippiues and establish a wise and liberal government there will be a bulwark to our trade with Asia, that will ultimately repay what it will cost us.

That such a government for these islands must differ widely from our State or Territorial government is true; it would have to be paternal at first, but with provision to grow into something better as the people advanced in their knowledge of the art of self-government. The problem is before us, and I believe there is the ability in our own governmental departments to solve it satisfactorily, not only for the present, but also for the far-reaching results of the future.

JACOB H. NEFF
Republican Candidate for Lieutenant-Governor

JACOB H. NEFF

When the returns are all in, the "Grand Old Man" of California politics will probably be found to have run far ahead of his party. Jacob H. Neff is claimed by his supporters to be the strongest man on the Republican ticket in this campaign—the candidate for Governor not excepted. His numberless friends are all enthusiastic workers in his cause, and in their zeal they may be claiming too much for their favorite, but there is color for their statements and their predictions may pan out handsomely. Mr. Neff is perhaps the best known and most popular man among the miners in every part of California. For years he has presided over the deliberations of the Miners' Association. Among the miners — themselves a hardy, honest class—Mr. Neff's name is highly honored and his sterling character is held up as a household example. Knowing his many fine qualities, his firm integrity and solid worth, they will vote for him to a man regardless of politics. The mining people are yet a large and powerful element in California, and he who underestimates their strength has digged for himself a pit into which he will surely fall. Mr. Neff is also very strong in the agricultural counties.

The duties of the Lieutenant-Governor are such that he has an important influence in legislation. Wherever Mr. Neff has influence the mining and agricultural interests will not suffer for want of care. Marked executive ability, straightforward honesty and firm devotion to duty are strong characteristics of the Republican candidate for Lieutenant-Governor.

M. de Rougemont, the French gentleman who speaks English with a German accent, and who, after a thirty-year residence on the Sea of Timor, recently turned up in the pages of the "Wide World," continues to contribute to the gayety of nations and the humor of the press. Born with an honest imagination and a love of misadventure, fate conducted him to a coral reef and left him there with but a dog and a New Testament. The former he found preferable to any human being he had ever met, while the theological difficulties which he encountered in the latter fully occupied his leisure. For amusement he rode turtles, steering them with kicks in the eye built a house of pearl shells, made a hammock with shark's hide, and played the highwayman with pelicans, whom he robbed of their fish. For visitors he had parrots and fer almanacs, stones. In this fashion the years fell by. Ultimately savages appeared, who, on beholding him, decided that they were dead and that he was the Great Spirit. If that is not an example of honest imagination one may wonder what is. But now the plot thickens. Conducted by the aborigines to the mainland, he there became chief of the tribe, rescued white girls from black men, discovered gullies of gold and ditches of diamonds, conciliated recalcitrant cannibals by throwing handsprings and summersaults, found a newspaper, read in it that the deputies of Alsace refused to vote in the German Parliament, marveled at the statement, for he knew nothing of the war of 1870, and, as much perplexed by the political enigma of it as he had been by political difficulties, left scepter, diamonds, gold and girls behind, made for Melbourne, shipped for London before the mast and landed safe and sound in the office of the *World Wide Magazine*. Everything being possible, it may all be true. The northwestern corner of Australia where, as chief, he resided, is a region still unexplored. Moreover, was not Bruce disbelieved and Du Chaillu flouted? The eccentricity of the story consists in the fact that a gentleman who reached Melbourne with such first-class copy in his head should have been compelled to work his way to London. *Mais nul n'est prophete.* The story of R. Crusoe de Rougemont-Munchausen is at least entertaining, and his handspring device for charming the enemy may, with entire deference, be commended to General Shafter for future use at the front. —*Edgar Saltus in Collier's Weekly.*

It used to be said that baseball terms were unintelligible, and that the language of the game embodied a distinct dialect; but it was the simple prattle of children compared with the *patois* of golf. The linquist on the New York *Sun* staff reported the woman's tournament recently held in Ardsley, and from his description of the match play between Miss Beatrix Hoyt and Miss Maude Wetmore, we cull the followiug gem:

Good and poor golf alternated on the second hole. The Newport girl received the honor, but the drive did not carry the ravine and lay within four feet of the top, Miss Hoyt getting in a drive that many Class A men would envy. The up-hanging lie tempted Miss Wetmore to use a brassy for her second, and she made a very pretty shot nearly to the green. On Miss Hoyt's second a wofully sliced mashie shot nearly sent the ball into the Hudson; but it was stopped by a fencepost and bounded back on the fair green, whence a third shot pitched over the yawning hazard and made the green. Miss Wetmore bungled her mashie approach. Miss Hoyt, playing the odd, ran up with a putting cleek, her opponent doing the same. Then, after each had lost a chance by indifferent putting, they halved in 6. The champion made a long drive from the third tee, Miss Wetmore clearing the bunker but gaining short distance. She used a brassey on her second and made the edge of the green, Miss Beatrix making a fine iron shot, but pulling it in among the trees to the left of the green. Fortunately the trees did not stimie her, and, by a beautiful wrist shot, she made the green and ran down a long put for 4. If not weak in putting her opponent would have halved at this green.

Harold Frederic's death, and the similar case of Major-General Lester a fortnight before, has brought Christian Scientists to public notice, and it will fare badly with them before English law gets through. We have a sect here, called the Peculiar People, who likewise oppose the calling in of physicians. They have at least the virtue of not making any money out of their belief, an attitude which does not appeal to the guinea-a-week Christian Science healers. When a death occurs under the treatment of the Peculiar People, those concerned are taken in charge for manslaughter. This law will undoubtedly be applied hereafter to the mind-healing sisterhood, and the lunatic asylum or the gaol will open for them. Eminent men and our best journals are thoroughly ventilating the subject and are stiffening the weaker-minded members of the community against these blasphemous impostors.

Jefferson M. Levy, whom the Tammany Democrats have nominated to fight John Jacob Astor for Congress, is one of Richard Croker's best friends, and thus stands a fair chance for election, although cynics point out that while Levy has $17,000,000 Astor has $100,000,000. The Democratic candidate is a nephew of the late Commodore Uriah P. Levy, who bought "Monticello," in Albemarle county, Virginia, the home of Jefferson and the Mecca of all true Democrats. Jefferson Levy inherited "Monticello," and no price can induce him to part with it. He has long been active in New York politics, but went down under the Populistic avalanche with Hill, Whitney, Flower, Chanler, Cleveland, Croker, Van Wyck and other conservative Democrats. He is a pleasant, agreeable gentleman, and has a mind and personality that would reflect no discredit upon his State in Congress.

Prince William of Wied, whom Queen Wilhelmina of Holland has chosen for her husband, is her cousin. He was born in 1876, and thus is four years older than the Queen. He is a well-set-up, good-looking, bright young fellow, with a German solidity of character. His mother was Princess Marie of Netherlands. Wilhelmina has had as many suitors as Penelope, and could have taken a Prince-Consort of higher rank, but this is a love match.

A GROUP OF PARISIAN STAGE CELEBRITIES

1. Mlle. De Roessler. 2. Mlle. De Vries. 3. Mlle. Lender. 4. Mlle. Granier. 5. Mlle. Soule. 6. Mlle. Fortier. 7. Mlle. Girard.

NATIVE CARRIERS IN MEXICO

Photos by W. J. Belcher

POLITICAL PERSONALITIES

Notes of Candidates Who are Aspiring to Public Office.

The people of the Second Ward could not elect a better representative than Edward C. Kalben to the Board of Supervisors. He has the right kind of brains, in the first place; he

EDWARD C. KALBEN
Candidate for Supervisor, Second Ward

is a successful business man, president of the California Bottling Company, with interests closely allied with those of the retail grocery trade. He has a high reputation for integrity and this he is bound to keep spotless. Mr. Kalben is a good, strong man and such men are wanted in the Supervisors.

Henry L. Joachimsen, Republican nominee for Judge of the Police Court, came to this coast in 1852 and has lived in San Francisco since 1869. Thirty years ago, after some time spent in mining, he was admitted to the bar in

HENRY L. JOACHIMSEN
Candidate for Judge of the Police Court

Nevada County. For a time he was Justice of the Peace in the State of Nevada, with the largest jurisdiction any such Justice ever had. In 1871 he was elected Justice of the Peace in this city and was kept in that position for ten years. From 1884 to 1886 he was Court Commissioner, and in the latter year was again made Justice of the Peace. In 1888 Governor Waterman appointed him Police Judge, and the people have kept him in that office ever since. He bears the reputation of being one of the promptest and most equitable Judges that ever sat on the Police bench. Judge Joachimsen's voting number is 77.

The Republican nominee for Member of the State Board of Equalization from the First District, J. G. Edwards, is eminently well

J. G. EDWARDS
Candidate for the State Board of Equalization, First District

qualified for the position. Mr. Edwards aspires to represent the district contained in the city and county of San Francisco, a district which has not always fared well at the hands of the board. Mr. Edwards' long identification with the city's interests and his thirty years' experience as a practical and successful business man, give him special qualifications for membership in the Board of Equalization from San Fraacisco. We may add also, as recommending the Republican nominee, two facts which must have considerable weight with voters of whatsoever political affiliations. Mr. Edwards enlisted in the

CHARLES T. CONLAN
Candidate for Judge of the Police Court

Union army at the age of sixteen and remained in the service until honorably discharged at the close of the war. This is the first time he has ever been a candidate for office.

The presiding Judge of the Police Court is before the people for re-election to the office he has so honorably filled for six years. Judge Conlan was boru in Sacramento in 1864. He was educated at the College of the Sacred Heart in this city, aud is a graduate of Hastings' Law College of the University of California. He has performed the duties of Police Judge ably, honestly and conscientiously, and his re-election will be only a just recognition of his good and faithful services.

JOSEPH E. BARRY
Candidate for Justice of the Peace

JOHN D. SIEBE.

The candidacy of Honest John Siebe is very sure of obtaining its deserved endorsement at the election next Tuesday. Mr. Siebe is now resting on his oars after having made a careful canvass of the city, and his confidence of the result is not misplaced. Assessor Siebe has served San Francisco splendidly. He has been one of the best, most conservative and most conscientious Assessors we have ever had, and his defeat would really be a subject of extreme regret and loss. Years of honest service deserve popular endorsement, and this Mr. Siebe should have in rich measure on Tuesday next.

The use of the diamond saw for cutting stone is facilitatng the erection of the buildings for the Exhibition of 1900 at Paris. This new circular saw is due to M. Felix Fromholt, a Parisian engineer. The diamonds which form the cutting teeth of the saw are common crystals, worth about $2.50 cents a carat, and they are fixed in a steel disk over six feet in diameter, which is mounted on a spindle, and revolved by steam power, like an ordinary circular saw. For sawing hard stones there are 200 diamonds in the cutting edge, and the speed is 300 turns a minute. It advances into the stone about a foot in that time. For soft stones the teeth are of steel, with diamonds at intervals of every five teeth, and at a speed of twelve turns a minute the saw advances about a yard in that time. The new saw has been at work in the workshops of the Champs Elysees for several months, and has given every satisfaction. It cuts and dresses the stone on all sides and gives it sharp outlines. Moreover, it does so at one-eighth to one-tenth the cost of hand labor. A saw of this kind with an alternative movement, sawing stones four to six feet high, is to be set up.

There was a wide distinction between the parish rector and the curate in the old days. An old rector, returning to his parish after his autumn holiday, noticed a woman at her cottage door with her baby in her arms. He asked: "Has that child been baptized?" "Well, sir," replied the courtesying mother, "I shouldn't like to say as much as that, but your young man came and did what he could."

JUDGE LOUDERBACK

Some Reasons Why He Should be Elected to the Superior Bench.

Because his record while on the bench was pure and honorable.

He will not be owned or controlled by corporations or monopolies.

He favors neither the rich nor the poor, but will decide all matters according to the right of the case.

He is opposed by the vicious and criminal classes.

He will reform and prevent the abuses which have occurred in the selection and list of the grand and trial jurors.

He did more to suppress vice and crime and protect life and property than any judge who has ever occupied the bench in this city.

He is a candidate of the people who want to place the courts beyond the power of corporations aud politicians. — *San Francisco Bulletin*, October 16, 1898.

The President and Mr. Dooley, the Chicago Patriot, did not meet during the former's visit to the Illinois metropolis, unfortunately for both, but the patriot has kept track of the statesman, and this is his version of Mack's speech at the banquet of the Prosperity Brigade:

"'Gintlemen,' he says, 'an' fellow heroes,' he says, 'I alone shud not have th' credit iv this gloryous victhry. They ar-re others. (A voice: 'Shafter.' Another voice: 'Gage.' Another voice: 'Dooley.') 'But I pass to a more conganial linc iv thought,' he says. 'We have just emerged fr'm a terrible war,' he says. 'Again,' he says, 'Wear-re a united union,' he says. 'No north,' he says, 'no south, no east,' he says, 'no west. No north east a point east,' he says. 'Th' inimies iv our counthry has been cr-rushed,' he says, 'or is stuck down in Floridy with his rigmint talkin', he says, 'his hellish docthrines to th' allygotars,' he says. 'Th' nation is wanst more at peace undher th' gran' gol' standard,' he says. 'Now,' he says, 'the question is what shall we do with th' fruits iv victhry?' he says. (A voice: 'Can thim.') 'Our duty to civilization commands us to be up an' doin,' he says. 'Wear-re bound,' he says, 'to—to reelize our destiny, whativer it may be,' he says. 'We can not tur-rn back,' he says, 'th' hands iv th' clock that, even as I speak,' he says, is r-rushin' throug th' hear-rats iv men,' he says, 'dashin' its spray against th' star iv liberty, an' hope, an' no north, no south, no east, no west, but a steady purpose to do th' best we can, considerin' all th' circumstances iv th' case,' he says. 'I hope I have made th' matther clear to ye,' he says, 'an', with these few remarks,' he says, 'I will tur-rn th' job over to destiny,' he says, 'which is sure to lead us iver on, an' back an' forth, a united an' happy people, livin',' he says, 'undher an administration that, thanks to our worthy prisident an' his cap-ble an' earnest advisers, is second to none,' he says."

"What do you think ought to be done with th' fruits iv victhry?" Mr. Hennessy asked.

"Well,' said Mr. Dooley, "if 'twas up to me, I'd eat what was r-ripe an' give what wasn't r-ripe to me inimy. An' I guess that's what Mack means."—*Chicago Journal.*

A modern application of Samson's parable, "Out of the strong came forth sweetness," is provided by the district council of Sutton, in the County of Surrey. That estimable body carries on a most singular industry. It grows peppermint on its sewage farm, and manufactures peppermint oil. About four and a half acres of the farm are given up to the cultivation of peppermint plants, and grow luxuriant crops. The yield of oil is nearly $150 per acre and the price last realized was $6.12 per pound. The quality known in the trade as Mitcham oil is considered excellent.

Beau Brummell once stopped a particularly consequential person with the question, "Pray, sir, are you anybody in particular?" Charles Foote, the celebrated actor, is reported to have accosted a like individual thus: "I beg your pardon, sir, but have I your permission to remain on earth?"

RAPID-FIRE JUSTICE

Lynch Law Exploited as a Promoter of Public Morals.

I used to share in the anti-lynching sentiment. I deplore a lynching now, but I do not judge on prejudice or condemn without a hearing. The proceedings of our own Vigilance Committee were not more grave, dignified and respectable than those I once witnessed at the lynching of a negro in an up-river parish in Louisiana. I was visiting the boyhood home of one of the brightest men iu San Franscisco. One Sunday morning, in the gray dawn beforc sunrise, a young gentleman from a neighboring plantation galloped up and called for the Judge. The Judge and his two sons and I hurried down to the veranda.

"Gentlemeu," said the messenger, with, to me, strange calmness and brevity, because I knew him for a careless, laughing, talkative fellow, "it's Major ——'s niece this time. Went out to the spring-house last night, and that boy they call Dan did it. They found her two hours ago in the woods, most dead, and have just got her so she can say Dan did it. We've ——'s dogs at the Major's, and they're waiting for me to get you all and join."

On my honor, neither of those men spoke another word.

The Judge and the boys turned and went indoors, and the messenger jumped down on the gravel and went at tightening his girths and studying the lawn. For a full minute I stood there, dumb and motionless with horror and indecision. Then I heard the mother and the daughter crying upstairs. I passed young —— in the hall. He was armed, and very pale.

I caught at his sleeve. "A horse for me, too, please," I said.

He nodded gravely.

We were soon riding swiftly down the road. Not a word, not a glance. At the rendezvous in the oak woods we went up, one after the other, to Major —— and shook his hand. His suffering was painful to see. We could hear the women at the house.

There were only a few words, and those low-spoken, and we were off at a light gallop on the hardest, strangest ride I ever took. They were all gentlemen, except the men with the hounds. Their faces were pale, with that desperate seriousness which has to be felt to be understood.

We caught up with Dan about noontime, miles away, in a swampy country. He had been lashing a couple of logs together to cross a bayou, but hearing the dogs had jumped in and had swam almost across by the time we plunged into the muck at the edge of the trees. The negro was struggling through the mud at the other side, shrieking and screaming with fear. The Major glanced at us.

"Dan!" he shouted, in an odd, authoritative voice.

The negro turned his head with a jerk. A cloud of buckshot all but tore it from his riddled body. That was all.

We left the beast where he fell.

While there is a spark of manhood left in me, given the circumstances, I would do it again.

A fortnight or so ago an attempt was made to abduct from her very bed the attractive daughter of Colonel B. A. Osborne of Watsonville. The news reports stated that "if the abduction had not been frustrated there would have been another Durrant affair." A dissolute young American and two greasers were arrested and were at once identified by the terrified girl. The young men of the Pajaro were eager to take the scoundrels to the plaza and hang them at once, and, when the usually officious constabulary of the place lagged in their duty, the father "threatened to take the law into his own hands." But "cooler counsel prevailed and there were no lynchings." I met Colonel Osborne at Sacramento when he was Assemblyman from Santa Cruz county. He fought through the Civil War in the First Maine Cavalry, and is a man of military bearing and resolute character, a lover of fair play, too, but with a deep prejudice against the South and Southerners. One morning the papers contained a "scare-head" account of the merciless lynching of a Tennessee negro who had raped and strangled the wife of a small planter while the husband was at the Court-house on jury duty. Later in the day I joined a trio of G. A. R. men who were discussing this news.

"It's an outrage," said Osborne, with emphasis. "The Government ought to step in and stop these lynchings. We have been too easy on the damned rebels. I'd give them some more Sheridan. (Twisting his fist.) I'd hang every man of that necktie party if I had to proclaim martial law in Tennessee."

I venture to say that Colonel Osborne's point of view has been shifted from Maine to Tennessee. He is now in a position to understand the fierce passions of the men of his own blood—not, like him, surrounded by a quiet, well-settled commmunity of his own race—whose mother or wife or daughter or neighbor has been seized and ravished by a brutal negro—a peril by which in the South white women are constantly menaced.

BABBLINGS OF A BELLE

Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

If anticipation were the king that crowns all, then last week, Diary dear, would not have been so tiresome as it proved. It was the dreariest possible week, for not a single event worth recording took place. To be sure, I went to the informal hop at the Presidio on Thursday evening, but it was practically an army affair, and we outsiders did not find it wildly exciting. Miss Merriam, General Merriam's daughter, is one of the new girls there and is very sweet and charming. She is rather pretty, too, and dances well. There was no especial man to describe, Diary dear, for I have already discussed the more interesting ones, and as for the others—well, they don't count, do they?

On Saturday, as Papa and Arthur were going over to the opening of the new clubhouse of the Jockey Club in Oakland, I persuaded them to take me with them. There were simply hordes of people there and the special trains and boats were positively packed with people. The clubhouse is a very pretty one-story building, with an upper and lower veranda, and what I call an embryonic roof garden—that is, a roof with what will be some day a garden, if the interest of the members takes that form. The inside is entirely decorated and finished in black and yellow, the club colors. The furniture is in black ebony and is very handsome. Then they have lovely window seats, covered with cushions in the bay windows. The races were great fun and I won several small sums from my beloved parent. The horses from one stable won all the races, a thing, I believe, that has never before occurred in the annals of racing.

I must say I enjoyed the people as much as the horses—such a weird-looking lot came over with us, flotsam and jetsam as well as the really smart people. Then the gambling element, with their eager faces and quick, keen eyes, the lines drawn tight—lines of worry, I suppose. I should not like to be a gambler—the uncertainty must be awful!

On Monday afternoon I went to Jessie Newlands' wedding, which was not a very large affair, only the personal friends of Jessie and Mr. Eldridge having been invited. Jessie Newlands is a bright, handsome girl, and highly educated in the broadest sense of that term. She enjoyed especial advantages, for after finishing her elementary education here she spent several years abroad under the best masters. She is clever and jolly, and one of the particularly well-groomed girls. You know she is a daughter of Mr. James Francis Newlands. Mr. Eldridge, the groom, is connected with the Geographical Survey department at Washington, D. C. The house was covered throughout with myriads of flowers. Great jars of chrysanthemums were placed on every available stand, as well as stunning American Beauty roses. Jessie looked very pretty in her traveling dress of brown cloth and her little brown turban hat. After the ceremony we had a jolly breakfast, and then pelted Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge with rice as they left for the station. They will live in Washington.

The rest of this week is to be made up of anticipation until Friday or Saturday, when I shall make up for lost time and enjoy myself. On Friday will be the first Fortnightly, and as I am to be in the first set I dare say I shall enjoy myself. All the San Mateo and Burlingame sets are going—the Hopkins, Caro Crockett, the Eyres, Muriel Atherton—then the Kips and May Belle Gwin, Susie Blanding and all the old adherents. We shall come out in new, fresh-looking gowns, and see if we find any new men debutantes. I wonder will Josie Loughborough and Olive Holbrook be there, or will they wait until formally introduced. Mr. Greenway has not sent the announcement of his Germans yet, and I am on the *qui vive* to know when they are to come off. A number of the girls are not going this year. Ethel Keeney and Leontine Blakeman, Marie Wells and Marie Oge, have regretted. The first two will be in the East and the last are simply giving up everything for horseback riding—one might almost say they live on their steeds. I hear everyone is going in for riding this winter, even Mr. Greenway. Some talk there is of having paper chases on this side of the bay, but I don't think that would be a very successful venture.

On Saturday I shall have a splendid time, first the Cushion Tea at Mrs. de Young's in aid of the Woman's Exchange. We girls expect to sell heaps of cushions, and really some of them are positively too beautiful. Such an amount of work, and the prices are to be as reasonable as is possible. I want mamma and Aunt Sybil to buy several for papa and the uncles for Christmas gifts. Mamma thoroughly believes in giving papa things for the house, for really it is impossible to get him anything he cares for, as he has an endless variety of cigar-cutters, inkstands, shaving apparatus and the other accessories. From the Cushion Tea I am going to Josie Loughborough's to receive, and shall remain there to dinner afterward. I anticipate taking in the Saturday Fortnightly dance at Golden Gate Hall. Bennie Holliday dined with us the other evening and told me that his mother anticipates entertaining a good deal this winter. You know she has taken the Blair house on Van Ness avenue. If she does so, Bennie's stock will go up a hundred per cent, for so few of the men's mothers do anything that we shall endeavor to show our appreciation of those who start so excellent a custom.

The historical lectures given by the Daughters of the Revolution at Golden Gate Hall on Tuesday afternoons are becoming more popular with each succeeding lecture. At the last, which was by Dr. Howard of Stanford, the finances of the confederation were discussed. And now, dear Diary, adieu.

Your ever faithful MISS CRICKET.

* *

The nuptials of Miss Mollie Wethered and Mr. Emil Kruse were quietly celebrated at the home of the bride's parents on Wednesday evening. Miss Wethered is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Wethered and very popular in the Southern set. The ceremony was celebrated by the Rev. Joseph Wooster. It was a simple but unusually pretty affair. The drawing-room was turned into a bower of greens with here and there a burst of bright flowers. Around the sides were quantities of white chrysanthemums. The bride and groom stood on the identical rug on which Mr. and Mrs. Kruse pledged their vows so many years ago. The bride was prettily gowned in white satin and point lace. There were no bridesmaids and the maid of honor was little Dorothy Woodworth, niece of the bride. Only the relatives and personal friends of the bride and groom were bidden. Afterwards supper was served and the young people's health was drunk in wine bottled by the grandfather of the bride nearly a hundred years ago in Maryland. Mr. and Mrs. Kruse have gone to Portland for their honeymoon.

The wedding of Miss Mattie B. Sargent and Mr. Alec Wilberforce, which took place in Stockton on Saturday, was an unusually interesting affair. Miss Sargent is the daughter of State Senator Ross C. Sargent, and is a bright, pretty girl. Mr. Wilberforce is a son of Mr. Edward Wilberforce, Master of the Supreme Court of Judicature, England, and cousin of the Bishop of Chichester. It may be said that Mr. Wilberforce introduced tennis on this coast and was for years one of the greatest enthusiasts of that game. The bride made a pretty picture in her wedding dress of cream duchesse satin trimmed with duchesse lace and orange blossoms. Miss Bessie Reid was maid of honor and the sole attendant. Mr. Reginald Truman of England was best man. After the ceremony supper was served and Mr. and Wilberforce left for San Diego.

Another interesting affair was the marriage of Miss Hamilton of Santa Monica and Mr. Harry Goodwin, of San Francisco. The wedding took place at "Miramer," the home of the bride's uncle, Senator John P. Jones. The decorations were in pink and white and the ceremony took place under a bell of carnations tied with lovers' knots. The bride wore a very fetching gown of white satin veiled in tulle. Miss Alice Jones, the maid of honor, was in white organdie, and the bridesmaids in white over pink taffeta. Among them were Miss Laura Gaylord, Miss Daisy Van Ness, Miss Therese Morgan, Miss Newmark and the Misses Marion and Georgina Jones.

On Wednesday afternoon at the Sketch Club rooms a very interesting talk was given to the artists by Frederick A. Harrison. Mr. Harrison discussed the different schools of painting and sculpture and showed forth the best points in each. Rodin, the much criticized sculptor of Balzac, Mr. Harrison regards as an interpreter and artist for the artists, not for the masses. All the best known, as well as the less famous of local artists were present: Chas. Rollo Peters, Joe Strong Raschen, Pissis, Stanton, Mary Curtis Richardson, the members of the Sketch Club and some of the students from the Hopkins Art Association.

The really important event in Oakland last week was the fete in aid of St. Paul's Church, which took place at the Kirkham home on Saturday night. The house was given to the ladies of the parish by Mr. Smilie, and everything in the way of decoration was done to make it as really artistic as possible. Mrs. Metcalf, Mrs. Henshaw, Mrs. Frank Adams and Mrs. Guines were the decorators on this occasion. One room was arranged in Oriental colors; another, in which lemonade was served, in yellow; a third was decorated in orange leaves and trees. In the center was an immense orange tree, with all sorts of fancy conceits sewn up in the pretty fruit. A dance was held in the big reception rooms after the fete. Of the girls who participated were all the Deux Temps set—the original and their successors. The prettiest of them were Miss Alice Moffitt, Miss Margaret Collier of San Francisco, Miss Blanche Sharon, Miss Marietta Havens, Miss Lillian Story and Miss Bessie Palmer. They had fortune telling by palms and cards, and refreshments were served in real New England fashion in the old-fashioned kitchen. On the mantels were blue china of antique patterns, spinning wheels, an old gun or two, and some Colonial candlesticks.

An interesting engagement just announced is that of Miss Abbie Clift, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Clift, and Mr. Irving Lundburg. Miss Clift is one of the younger girls, and bright, popular and pretty. Mr. Lundburg is in the San Francisco National Bank. The wedding is to take place on December 5th and is to be a very elaborate affair. Miss Jean Clift is to be maid of honor, and Miss Harriett Kittredge and Miss Grace Gorrill bridesmaids.

On Wednesday afternoon of last week the Cosmos Whist Club was pleasantly entertained in East Oakland by Mrs. A. A. Moore.

An informal supper was given at the Oakland Golf Club on Thursday evening. All the original members were there and things were exceedingly jolly. The H. M. A. Millers, Mr. and Mrs. Orestes Pierce, the Misses Moffitt, the Folgers and the Magees were there.

Miss Evelyn Craig gave an enjoyable girls' luncheon at Piedmont on Thursday in honor of Miss Elmore of Oregon. The table was prettily arranged with roses and ferns. Among those bidden were Misses Ethel and Mabel Gage, Miss Mary and Marion Randall, Miss Merle Morrison, Miss Maud Pope and several others.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bixby (*nee* Florence Green), are now in New York. Mr. and Mrs. Oliver and Miss Carrie Oliver are in Boston, and Mrs. Bullitt (*nee* Ralston) has returned to Kentucky.

Of coming events are the several dancing parties which take place on the coming Fridays and Saturdays. The Saturday Night Cotillion is to be led by Mr. Arthur Kales and Miss Jacqueline Moore.

Mme. de Seminario, who has just returned from an extended trip through the East and Canada, comes to us to spend the winter. Our music-loving people, and her admirers, will be glad to hear of her success in the best circles—notably soloist of the Dannrenther Quartette of New York City.

The Newbauer-Sachs wedding was one of the events of the social season. The guests drank the couple's health in "White Seal" champagne.

"Pensive." By A. Seifert, Munich
On View in the Gallery of S. & G. Gump, San Francisco

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch

Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist, 806 Market Street

Dr. G. A. Danziger, Dentist, 22 Geary street

IMPORTANT!

GREAT NOVELTIES

IN

French Drapery
Lace Curtains
Artistic Furniture

In French, Italian and Colonial Styles
Special Designs
Estimates for Interior Decoration Furnished Free
Get our figures before entrusting your orders with other concerns

THE P. ROSSI CO.
117 Sutter Street
Bet. Kearny and Montgomery, San Francisco

The Graphophone

When you get a talking machine, get one on which you can record as well as reproduce sound.
The Graphophone is the greatest and best talking machine. Other so-called talking machines reproduce only records of cut-and-dried subjects made in laboratories. The Graphophone, besides affording marvelous entertainment by reproducing brilliantly and clearly the music of bands, orchestras, popular singers, and all the great variety of records made for entertainment purposes affords infinite personal delight through its power of instantly recording and reproducing at once, and as often as desired, songs sung to it, words spoken to it, or any sound.

Graphophones are sold for $10 and up
Write for Catalogue No. 75

Columbia Phonograph Co.
(DEPARTMENT 75)
723 Market Street, San Francisco
NEW YORK, PARIS, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, WASHINGTON, PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE, BUFFALO.

CREAM OF LEMON

California Cream of Lemon is made entirely from the soluble substance of the whole lemon. It contains no chemicals or adulterants. Used as a bath soap it not only cleanses the skin quickly and thoroughly, but leaves it delightfully soft, smooth and white. Being a natural skin food, it cannot be excelled for babies' baths. It keeps the skin sweet and pure, and prevents all irritation. It is a skin tonic and a skin builder. It restores faded complexions to the freshness of youth, and removes wrinkles. After using the Cream, either in the bath or otherwise, the skin is strengthened, invigorated and beautified.

It retails at 15 cents. Ask your druggist for it. If he will not supply you, send 20 cents and we will send a three-ounce collapsible tube of Cream of Lemon prepaid to any address in the United States.

CALIFORNIA CREAM OF LEMON CO., Inc.
San Diego, Cal
Most druggists sell it—all druggists should.

MRS. M. R. PERLEY MRS. S. V. CULP

DECORATIVE KERAMIC ART STUDIO
215 Post Street

All Branches of China Painting Taught
Morning Class: Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, from 9 a. m. to 12 m. Afternoon Class: Daily, from 1:30 to 4:30. Lessons $1 each. Private Lessons $1.50 each. TRY OUR ROMAN GOLD.
Telephone Grant 43

GREENBAUM'S
White and Dark Violet
The Most Fashionable Perfume
Possesses the Odor of Fresh Violets
128 POST ST. UNDER BOHEMIAN CLUB

STARK'S QUINTETTE CLUB
Is open for afternoon musicales, teas, receptions, weddings, etc.
Address HERR F. STARK,
Baldwin Hotel.

HONORS CHEAP IN EUROPE

Titles May be Assumed or be Had for the Asking, Except in England.

Feudal institutions like titles, arms, dignities, decorations, precedence, and similar vanities, so vital in effete Europe, have not heretofore seriously vexed American society, strong in its republican simplicity. There is a silly element, to be sure, who persistently endeavor to exalt themselves in certain amusing ways, but they are a harmless minority as yet, though among us in sufficient numbers to cause several pretty sound thinkers to detect in them the approach of that rapid decadence which is argued to be the inevitable result of our phenomenal growth. For instance, such indications as a growing list of utterly useless hereditary societies: the disputes about precedence at Washington; and such things as the "Genealogical Department" of a New York newspaper, which gravely traces the pedigree, we will say, of Peter Blunt, of Oysterville, Cape Cod, through the noble Blounts of Burnham, in Buckinghamshire, to Walter de Blount, who entered England in the train of the Conqueror, arms so-and-so. And the aspiring daughter of honest Peter Blunt, the simple old fisherman, has the knight's shield and crest (to neither of which is a woman entitled by the laws of heraldry) stamped on her note-paper and engraved here and there about her belongings, thereafter speaking with hauteur of her ancient Norman lineage and the escutcheon of her "Blount ancestors."

But, as these trifles gain in value in the United States—if they do gain—they become of less importance abroad, where, in France, for instance, any simple *particulier* can assume a title at will. It is estimated that there are eleven thousand Frenchmen using titles to which they have not the slightest right. "Count" Esterhazy is a fair example of this "nobility." Esterhazy's name, by right, is Marie Charles Ferdinand Walsin. Count Paul Esterhazy, the Austrian Minister-Plenipotentiary at Paris, made a public statement, in December, 1897, declaring that Major Esterhazy had no right to the name, that he was the great-grandson of a daughter of the house of Esterhazy, who was morganatically married to an officer named Walsin, and that Major Esterhazy's father had assumed the name of the Austrian house without any right to it. The title of "Count" is a mere imposition.

Nothing is more common than for a Frenchman to spend a portion of his recently-acquired wealth in buying a property to which some small privileges of nobility attached before the Revolution. It should be added, however, that the real name and original rank of these bogus marquises and counts has always to be put down in any legal document; and when the contracts were being prepared for three or four smart Parisian weddings last winter there were some very curious revelations as to the bridegroom's real origin and ancestry.

There is the Baron de Courcel, one of the most eminent and successful diplomats of Europe, a courtly and capable gentleman of perfect manners and aristocratic bearing. The Baron attained to the highest places in the French diplomatic service. He presided over the Behring Sea tribunal of arbitration in which we were so vitally interested. He is now, in the capacity of Embassador to the Court of St. James, negotiating with Lord Salisbury over the Fashoda affair. No one, on meeting him, but would believe that his blood must be the bluest of the blue. But no, M. de Courcel should be really M. Chaudron, or, Englished, just plain Mr. Kettle. His grandfather was the confidential lawyer of the great Talleyrand. The latter appointed the son attaché to the French Embassy at London. Chaudron, or Kettle, rather grated with the aristocratic patronymics of the Embassy staff. The Prince, therefore, induced the young fellow to change his name to that of Courcel, the name of a small farm opposite the Talleyrand estates of Athis, near Juvisy, belonging to the lawyer father. At London, Monsieur de Courcel found that any one less than a baron was at a discount in the diplomatic service, so, at the urging of his colleagues, he styled himself "Baron." This ready-made nobleman had, though, when married to the daughter of M. Boulay de la Meurthe, to sign the indispensible documents thus: "Baron de Courcel (*dit Chaudron*)." His son, the present Ambassador, dropped the "Kettle" part of it entirely, and history will record his achievements as those of the Baron de Courcel.

This method of converting a plebe into patrician is common in the French diplomatic service. It has been held up to ridicule repeatedly by "Gyp" and other satirists of social foibles and weaknesses. Any number of cases like that of de Courcel could be cited, but take that of the late Senator Tisserand de Bort, who was, at one time, the French Ambassador at Vienna. While but M. Tisserand, a subordinate in the Ministry of Commerce at Paris, he won and married an heiress named Bort. Instantly his wife's villa became the "Château de Bort," and himself became Monsieur Tisserand de Bort. Appointed Ambassador to the Austrian Court, he took his son along as secretary, and that young gentleman cheerfully proclaimed himself to the world as Viscomte Tisserand de Bort. That title being recognized by the French Ambassador, it had to be honored at the Austrian Court and in official Vienna. No doubt the Viscount's son will drop the Tisserand and blossom out a Marquis de Bort, and his son will probably be a Duc de Bort, and his son may rival the Orleans pretenders if he inherits the enterprise of his present ancestor. This practice cannot be checked under the Republic, where there is no reason for opposing it. The Republic confers no title, yet dukes and counts and particled people are springing up right along, anybody being at liberty to assume a title, if he does not do so for fraudulent or criminal purposes.

In fact, save in Russia and England, the modern creation of European titles are as cheap and common as in France. In Germany, and in Austria, too, every officer in the army or navy above a certain rank is ennobled. Financiers who have rendered service to the State, to the Sovereign or his family, or even to one of the higher government officials, experience no difficulty, in those three countries, in obtaining the title of Baron. Successful manufacturers receive similar rewards. There is no ceremony of investure about it. The new patrician pays the heavy registration fees and proceeds to trample on his late equals. The Kings of Italy, of Portugal and of Spain, and the Pope, are generously liberal with titles and honors. It does not cost them anything and they often make more or less powerful friends thereby. In Spain, for instance, there are about 200 dukes, 900 marquises and thousands of counts. At Madrid, a successful hatter was made a duke by his king; a retail butcher captured a marquisate, and a chiropodist was given the rank of count.

However, the real aristocracy of Spain is a select company of just 245 Grandees, many of them without other title. They are of the Spanish Grandezza—that is enough. This order was created in 1520 by Charles V. On his coronation he created an order of twelve peers, or grandees, whose number has been gradually increased to the present figure, though admission to the Grandezza is exceedingly difficult to obtain. The applicant must be able to prove a very long line of blue-blooded ancestry, unsullied by any vulgar strain on either side. When a member is admitted he is initiated by means of a ceremony called the Almohada. This literally means "taking the pillow," and is not only exceedingly quaint and interesting, but rare. It is the only surviving ceremony of investure in the Old World, except the English ceremony of inducting a peer to his seat in the House of Lords.

ARCHEVRALE.

Carrying coals to Newcastle has always been regarded as a synonym for lack of judgment in business, but, according to recent reports of American Consuls on the Continent, American silk is now being sold in Lyons, which has long been known as the real centre of the silk trade of Europe. The only difference is that the American silks find a ready and profitable sale. Certain grades which were formerly imported from Austria and Germany are now obtained from this country—quite as good in quality and at lower prices.

In the neighborhood of the Gold Coast, monkeys are now almost extinct, and last year the colony could collect only 67,660 monkey skins, whereas four years ago 168,405 skins were exported.

ABOUT PERSONAGES

Archbishop Chapelle, of New Orleans, who has been appointed to represent the Pope in Cuba, is now at his old home in Washington, D. C., preparing to go to Havana. The Archbishop was born in France, but was educated in Baltimore and is a loyal American by choice. He is an accomplished linguist, and a diplomat with a thorough understanding of the Latin races.

A Chicago girl, Miss Kathleen M. Shippen, makes a business of entertaining children at parties, with pronounced success, and to the great relief of mothers and older sisters. Miss Shippen spent her childhood in Germany, Switzerland and Italy, where the games of children are almost a part of history. There she learned many quaint ways of self-entertainment, which she has now turned into practical use. She is in demand for every fashionable children's party in Chicago. She has many ways of interesting the children—tells them stories, gets up impromptu theatricals, for which she furnishes tissue paper costumes, and plays lively ditties, getting them all to dancing the sprightly dances of the elves and fairies they like so well to hear about.

Miss Grace Espy Patton is Colorado's Superintendent of Public Instruction, and she has jurisdiction over fifteen hundred school districts, in fifty-six counties, employing over three thousand teachers. Miss Patton is a Democrat, and in 1896 was president of the Woman's Democratic Club. Under her supervision, much attention has been given to extending the kindergarten system, furnishing school libraries, and introducing manual training. Miss Pattou has very little use for male school directors, believing that women school-directors are conscientious, energetic and unprejudiced. The inference being left that men, as one of her woman adherents phrased it, as "only fit for carrying trunks" and as a rule are "incapable of distinguishing between principle and politics."

The Earl of Minto, who succeeds the Earl of Aberdeen in the Governor-Generalship of Canada, is a descendant of Gilbert Elliot of Stobs, called "Gibbie wi' the Gowden Garters," a border warrior of four centuries ago. His name is Gilbert John Eliot-Murray-Kynynmound. Having taken his degree at Cambridge, he entered the Scots Guards in 1867. He was attached to the Turkish Army during the Russo-Turkish war of 1877. He saw fighting in Afghanistan in 1879, and in Egypt in 1882, and he was appointed military secretary to the Governor General of Canada in 1883. When the Riel Rebellion broke out, in 1885, he resigned his position as military secretary and volunteered for service with the Canadian Militia, being made Chief of Staff. He was popular with all ranks, and fairly idolized by French Scouts and Bolton's Horse, for during the advance he invariably rode with the irregular cavalry. The interest he took in sending Canadian voyageurs to the Nile in the expedition of 1884 is still remembered. The new Viceroy is a man of sound judgment and a friend of the United States.

General George Washington Custis Lee has resigned the active presidency of the Washington and Lee University at Lexington, Virginia, on account of failing health, after twenty-six years' able administration of this historic seat of learning. General Custis Lee is in many respects the most notable living representative of the Lees of Virginia. He is the eldest son of General Robert E. Lee and Mary Custis; in consequence the grandson of Light-Horse Harry Lee of the Revolution, and the great-grandson of Martha Washingtou. Graduated at the head of his class at West Point before the war, he enlisted in the Confederate cause upon the secession of Virginia, but, contrary to his own inclination and the wishes of his father, was retained by President Davis upon the executive staff at Richmond. During the latter years of the war, however, he saw active service in the field. He succeeded to the presidency of Washington College—as it was then called—upon the death of Robert E. Lee, in October, 1870. Since that time he has lived at Lexington the life of a scholarly recluse. General Lee is about sixty years old, and in personal appearance as well as in gentle dignity resembles his illustrious father.

CAPTAIN SIGSBEE

THE NOVEMBER CENTURY, ready Tuesday, November 1st, will contain the first part of Captain Sigsbee's personal narrative of the destruction of the "Maine." Here, for the first time, the commander of the ship gives in a full and authoritative manner his account of the memorable events connected with the "Maine," including important facts and details not before made public. The story will have a tremendous popular interest. Authentic photographs and drawings will illustrate it. Captain Sigsbee's story will be complete in three numbers. Lieut. Hobson's graphic narrative of the sinking of the "Merrimac" will begin in the December CENTURY.

THE SPANISH WAR SERIES, which begins in the November CENTURY, will be one of the most notable achievements in the history of magazine literature. The *Tribune* says: "The latest enterprise of THE CENTURY throws into the shade nearly everything that has been done in the past. The naval battles in the Spanish-American War are to be described by some of those who took part in them. Sampson, Schley, Evans, Taylor, Wainwright, Sigsbee, and Hobson are the principal contributors to the series." Captain Mahan, Captain Crowninshield, Captain Bartlett, Lieutenant Bernadou and many other well-known naval officers will furnish additional papers.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE "MAINE"

THE November CENTURY not only begins the Spanish War Series, but contains first chapters in a new life of Alexander the Great, superbly illustrated; a new novel by Marion Crawford, an historical romance of the Second Crusade; and the first part of Paul Leicester Ford's papers on Franklin; also the first part of a story by Frank R. Stockton, and a complete story by Mark Twain.

Do not miss the November CENTURY. Price 35 cents. It is necessary that subscriptions should be sent in early if subscribers wish to receive a copy of the first edition of the November CENTURY containing the richly decorated cover, by Grasset, the famous French poster-maker. The second edition of the magazine will have only a plain cover. All dealers take subscriptions ($4.00 — begin with November), or remittance may be made to the publishers,

THE CENTURY CO.,
Union Square,
New York.

Capt. Sigsbee and Lieut. Hobson Will Write only for

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

IN MAGAZINES

A Cursory Review of the November Monthlies.

The literary consequences of the war are overwhelming. There is no question about it. The field that the newspapers have reaped is now being swept clean by the magazines. Great actors in great events are busy recording their impressions and conclusions with portentious deliberation, entirely ignoring the fact that their weighty deductions are an oft-told tale. Has not Constructor Hitchborn told us in the dailies what the naval lessons of the war are? Hiram Maxim has been heard from in similar terms. Captains and Commodores have generously detailed their assumptions, but the end is not nearly at hand. The *Century* advertises for next year a choice collection of generals, colonels aud admirals; *Harper's* promises an authoritative history of the war elaborately illustrated. My! my! we'll be reading about war until the middle of the next century.

The disadvantage of all this bellicose reminiscence is the absence of news in it. The subject has been pumped dry. It is true that Ira Nelson handles the lessons of the war in an iuteresting mauner in the *Atlantic*; indeed, his is a better article than Captain Chadwick's in *Scribner's*, which, while put together with some pleasantness of manner, has a touch of the technicality rarely absent from the style of a professional not engaged in literary work. The same advantage is developed in John R. Spears' article about torpedo boats as compared with Lieutenant Fremont's contribution on the same subject in *Harper's*. Spears, a trained writer, is more forcible, and infinitely more readable than the Lieutenant's—which, however, is no more than one has a right to expect, for Mr. Spears is a correspondent of repute — a New York *Sun* man, I believe. "The Inner History of Admiral Sampson's Campaign," by the Associated Press representative on the *New York*, in *McClure's*, has been partially forestalled by publication of the more important of the dispatches of which it is composed. Undoubtedly the utilization of these officirl messages at this stage is a contribution to the controversy between Sampson and Schley. It is made clear that Sampson was mainly responsible for the much-vaunted "bottling" of Cervera's fleet, and one gathers that Schley was remiss in the blockading of Santiago. It is too early to obtain an unbiased account of the differences between the two commanders, and Schley, it must be said, has not assisted his friends either by suggestions or contradictions. Captain Sigsbee's article in the *Century* is a lucid and pleasant narrative of the *Maine's* celebrated voyage to Havana, and tells with much detail the Captain's effort to guard against accident or treachery. While it is true Captain Sigsbee specifically states he does not know how the battleship was blown up, he believes the explosion was due to an exterior agency.

The truth is, however, that the news interest of the war has been exhausted. Criticisms of the system of operations will be read and fine descriptions of events will have value. It is true I shall read Captain Sigsbee's second article, and also the *Merrimac* article by Hobson, which the *Century* promises, but after noting General Wheeler's evidence before the President's Investigating Committee, it seems impossible that any communication by him would be of value. It may be proper from a military point of view to gloss over the failures of a superior, but the truth is more virtuous and more valuable—from a literary as well as from the moral point of view. Except Davis' articles in *Scribner's*, the war has brought out little in the way of good writing. Remington's impressions in *Harper's* are vivid and unusually realistic, but they lack the sanctification of style. Neither the charge at San Juan or that at El Caney have yet been described the proper epicin spirit, but surely among the legion of war correspondents some one will arise able to put those fine eveuts into appropriate prose.

Otherwise the magazines are sufficiently readable. H. J. W. Dam's article on Vesuvius in *McClure's* is done in excellent style—no one handles facts more happily than this skillful writer, who has the rare gift of being both instructive and entertaining. Fitzgerald's "On top of Aconcagua" lacks the virtue and charm of vividness. It is indeed difficult so to describe such hardships as the author and his friends underwent as to project the scene of their exploit upon the mind's eye of the reader. Here is where art and skill are developed and Fitzgerald has not the combination. The feature of the current *Harper's* is undoubtedly the pictures by Remington. They are suberb. "Grimes Battery Going up El Paso Hill" is a notable composition—as fine as anything he has ever done. To-day Remington is the most national of American illustrators, and seems to have usurped the place of prominence which Gibson once held.

The new volume of the *Century* commences brilliantly. Professor Wheeler's serial on the "Life of Alexander the Great" is a happy design and susceptible of interesting illustration. It makes a most readable story. Another historical feature begun in this issue is Paul Leicester Ford's "Franklin," which in such skilled hands should be a valuable addition to American literature. Pierre de Coubertin on the Parisian World's Fair; the new story by Marion Crawford, *Via Crucis*, are all first rate ideas, representing excellent editorial capacity. Undoubtedly the *Century* is up to date. It is giving its readers in unstinted measure the best material in the world.

The place of honor in the *Atlantic* is appropriately given to Dr. Jordan's "Colonial Lessons of Alaska." The writer is one of the nation's great men. A fine executive, a strong, independent thinker, his voice is ever raised for freedom and reason. Never is he heard to disadvantage. His are the utterances of sanity and good judgment, whatever the topic. I have listened to him at Women's Congresses, Pure Food conventions, at Temperance convocations, at Collegiate associations, and his brief has always been in the great cause of common sense. Dr. Jordan's comment on the government of Alaska is in line with his virile expressions condemanatory of the expansion policy upon which the country is entering. He claims and shows that the territorial system used in the administration of our northern colony is both bad and inadequate. "The primal difficulty," he says, "is neglect. We try to throw the burden of self-government on people so situated that self-government is impossible. We impose on them statutes unfitted to their condition, and then leave to them the enforcement. Above all, what is everyone's business is nobody's, and what happens in Alaska is generally nobody's business."

Admitting the United States is to enter upon its career of "compulsory imperialism," Dr. Jordan insists: "If we are to have colonies, even one colony, there must be some sort of a colonial bureau, some concentrated power which shall have exact knowledge of its people, its needs and its resources. The people must be protected, their needs met and their resources husbanded." He cites the example of Canada, which has granted full executive power to Governor Ogilvie and placed him in charge of its Klondike territory. By way of remedying the ills of Alaska Dr. Jordan suggests fostering the country's resources, leasing the rivers to the various canneries and protecting them in their leases. The article well repays reading, being full of practical observation and solid reasoning. John Muir on the "Animals of the Yosemite" writes delightfully of the bear and deer aud lizards and squirrels. Muir's to day ranks as one of the very fine descriptive styles, and this contribution has all the charm he has led us to expect from him.

The current *Cosmopolitan* is an excellent number, really evincing editorial intelligence, a characteristic this magazine has not recently been notable for. The initial article, "A Dangerous Mission to Spain," reads like a yellow supplement story, the sole value of it being to mark the neglect of our State Department to institute a secret service in Spain. Joseph Leiter writes the "Great Problems in Organization" artice on wheat. There is a finely illustrated article on "Placer Mining;" another on "Types of Beauty."

Now, as to fiction, not one of the magazines has a story comparable to Joseph Conrad's "Youth," which appears in the October *Outlook*. It has genius and beauty, is inimitable literature of a high type—has the rarest distinction of manner and feeling. That passage describing the writer's first impression of the tropics is extraordinarily fine and delicate. The "Secretary of the Interior," in *Scribner's*, is a clever story with an original complication. and Edith Wharton's "Pelican" is a very smart piece of work. They are the best short stories of the month. *McClure's* fiction is third rate. "The Actress of the Chateau" is a good idea wasted—it reads like a special article and its end is as flat as a postage stamp. "Pancho's Happy Family" and "The Reprisal" are two of those artificially-constructed tales that *Harper's* affects. "A Question of Happiness," the prize-winner in the *Century's* college competition, is touched with homely feeling and there is evinced a sense of character. It is quite without distinction, however. H. G. Wells' story in the *Cosmopolitan*, "Jimmy Goggles the God," is a clever scheme done with a touch of the author's rare humor. Zangwill's "To Die in Jerusalem," is unworthy of the writer of the "King of Schnorrers;" though that verdict applies to most of what he has lately written.

C.

Pleasant Dreams.

It does not lie in the painter's fancy to imagine a prettier picture than that of a young girl, with lips luscious with the promise of love, half parted in the smiles of happy dreamland. The mind of happy maidenhood is a clear and polished mirror, which, when the wits go wandering into the ghostland of dreams, reflects the impressions of waking hours. If those impressions are pleasant and painless and happy, she will smile in her sleep. If the impressions are those of a suffering woman, tortured with the special ailments to which the feminine organism is liable, the picture is spoiled by the lines of suffering and despondency. Maladies of this nature unfit a woman for joyous maidenhood and for capable motherhood. They incapacitate her to bear the burdens of life in any sphere of action. Household, marital and social duties alike are a burden to the woman who is constantly suffering from headaches, backaches, dragging sensations and weakening drains. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription positively, completely, unfailingly cures troubles of this nature. It imparts health, strength, vigor to the distinctly womanly organs. It fits for carefree, healthy maidenhood, happy wifehood and capable motherhood.

"I have a little step-daughter who had St. Vitus's Dance, which your medicine cured," writes Mrs. T. F. Boze, of Ford, Dinwiddie Co., Va. "I spent about twenty dollars for doctor's bills and medicine, and it did not do the child one cent's worth of good. We commenced giving Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery' and used three bottles of each, which cost only six dollars. Now the child is running around every where and is just as healthy as ever."

Hoch, Der Kaiser!

From the Montreal Star

Der Kaiser auf der Vaterland
Und Gott on High all dings gommand
Ve two! Ach! don'd you understaud!
Meinself—und Gott!

Vile some men sing der power divine
Mein soldiers sing der Watcht am Rhine
Und drink der healt in Rhenish wein
Auf me—und Gott!

Dere's France dot swaggers all arount,
She's ausgespiel—she's no aggonut
To much, ve dinks, she don't amonnt—
Meinself—und Gott!

She vill not dare to fight again,
But if she should I'll show her blain
Dot Elsaas und (in French) Lorraine
Are mein—by Gott!

Dere's Gran'ma dinks she's kein shmall beer,
Mit Boors und dings she interfere—
She learn none owns dis hemisphere
But me—und Gott!

She dinks, good frau, some ships she's got,
Und soldiers mit der scarlet coat
Ach! Ve could knock dem—pouf!—like dot!
Meinself—und Gott!

In dimes auf peace brebared for wars,
I bear der helm und spear of Mars,
Und care nicht for ten dousand Czars—
Meinself—und Gott!

In short I humor every whim
Mit aspect dark und visage grim,
Gott pulls mit me, und I mit him—
Meinself—und Gott!

TELEGRAM.

To der Shief auf dot Bolice, Berlin:

Who vas dis man who makes dis pluff
Und dares to brint up all dis stuff
'Bond me—und Gott?

Ich show him dot mittont use of Kummel
Or even helb auf Gott in Himmel
Dot vor dis grime he shall adone,
Und Ich can run dis world alone—
Mittont Gott—by Gott!

YOUR KAISER BILLIE.

Great Love.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

I.

GREAT LOVE IS HUMBLE.

Humble is Love, for he is Honor's child
He knows the worth of her he does adore,
And that high reckoning humbles him the more.
By her dear sweetness from his pain beguiled,
He would be proud because her look is mild:
But all the while he scans the oft-told score,
Aud his imperfectuess must still deplore,
Ahashed no less because on him she smiled.

To be allowed to love is Love's dear prize:
To lay his homage at her royal feet—
To enter thus the true heart's paradise,
The name of names forever to repeat,
And read his sentence in her answering eyes—
Love should be humble—his reward is meet.

II.

GREAT LOVE IS PROUD.

For very humbleness Great Love is proud:
The round world were a tribute thrice too small
To render to the rightful queen of all—
Yet why should Love's least gift be disavowed,
If once her royal head the queeu has bowed,
Lending her gracious ear to the low call
Of him whose glory is to be her thrall—
Who only prays his worship to be allowed?

Once to have known her fairness—who is fair
Beyond the dreamer's dream, the painter's art—
This, only this, were bliss above compare:
But if he find the gateway to her heart,
Shall he not, like a king, be set apart
Who for one royal moment entered there?

Love.

BY RUTH MCENERNY STUART AND ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

I.

Last night I held your pulsing hand in mine,
And pressed upon your lips one clinging kiss,
Until the rapture of that wordless bliss
Suffused my soul like draughts of ancient wine.
And as the glamor of that spell divine
Enslaved me with its potent subtleness,
"Dear love," I said, "for such a boon as this
All hope in life and death would I resign."

To-day I live again that thrilling hour,
And feel no less the thraldom of its spell;
Yet in God's sunlight I discern the power
That wrought in sorrow Love's red miracle
Of His own essence came this regal flower
And all the right to gather it, as well.

II.

Because a sentient form I loved is gone—
Because the lambent charm of her pure face
Illumes no longer its accustomed place
Because—because the lidless dark lags on,
I say that she is dead and curse the dawn
That, limping feebly from the halls of space,
Leans on the couch she hallowed by her grace
What time I held her sinless soul in pawn.

Oh, Love that blossoms by the arid way
That lies between the birthplace and the tomb!
We gather of thy sweetness for a day,
Forgetting life's inevitable doom.
Then rail at death that frosts our flower, and pray,
With trembling hope, for some sweet after-bloom.

The minatype is clearly the most attractive original novelty in photography and the allied arts. The word minatype was coined from miniature. A minatype portrait is produced from any photograph by a certain expert treatment and by the skillful use of water colors. The minatype artist of taste and dexterity produces a portrait of such rich texture and delicacy that only a practiced eye can detect at once the difference between it and an oil-painted ivory miniature. Coover & Rasmussen, photographers, proprietors of the Imperial Gallery, are introducing the minatype to San Francisco, and they are meeting with gratifying success, especially among fashionable people who can appreciate the real art in their work. They are prepared for an extensive holiday trade.

The chemicals constituting the incandescent mantle of the Welsbach gas burner are principally the oxides of zirconium, lanthanum thorium and yttrium. The mantle is made by first impregnating a woven fabric with a chemical compound containing salts of the above metals. In lighting the first time, the fibrous substance is consumed, leaving behind the fragile cone of the above oxides, which when heated to intense whiteness by the gas flame underneath shine with great brilliancy.

SEE THE SPECIAL

"Omar Khayyam"

WINDOW AT

DOXEY'S

At the Sign of the Lark

TRUSTEE'S SALE

In accordance with the terms and under the authority of a certain deed of trust duly executed by Owen Kelly and Catherine Kelly (his wife), parties of the first part to Arthur F. Bridge, party of the second part, and Frederick W. Bridge party of the third part, dated March 14th, 1895, and recorded in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California on March 13th, 1897, in Liber 1722 of Deeds at page 258, and in pursuance of a notice from the said Frederick W. Bridge (the holder of the promissory note, to secure the payment of which the aforesaid deed of trust was executed) that default had been made in the payment of the principal sum and interest due under said note, and requesting and directing the undersigned, Arthur F. Bridge, trustee to sell the real estate described in said deed of trust to satisfy said indebtedness.

I, Arthur F. Bridge, do hereby give notice that on Tuesday, the twenty-ninth day of November, 1898, at twelve o'clock noon of that day, and at the auction salesroom of G. H. Umbsen & Company, 14 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, I will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash in gold coin of the United States, that certain piece or parcel of land, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, described as follows

Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Twentieth street, distant thereon twenty five (25) feet westerly from the southwesterly corner of Twentieth and Alabama streets, running thence westerly along said southerly line of Twentieth street fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles southerly one hundred and four (104) feet, and thence at right angles easterly fifty (50) feet, thence at right angles northerly one hundred and four (104) feet to the point of commeucement. Being a subdivision of Mission Block No. 142. Together with the appurtenances.

Terms of Sale Cash in gold coin of the United States; ten per cent payable on the fall of the hammer, balance on delivery of deed and if not so paid, unless for want of title (ten days being allowed for search), then said ten per cent to be forfeited, and the sale to be void.

The said property is subject to a mortgage to the Hibernia Savings and Loan Society for the sum of one thousand dollars, and accrued interest, which is on record in Liber 1067 of Mortgages, at page 327, Records of the City and County of San Francisco, and the interest to be sold herein is the equity in said property over and above said mortgage

ARTHUR F. BRIDGE, Trustee

Haven & Haven, Attorneys for Trustee

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT—BULLION MINING CO.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California, location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 1st day of October, 1898, an assessment (No. 53) of five (5) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 11, 331 Pine street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 5th day of November, 1898, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on Monday the 28th day of November, 1898 to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

R. K. GRAYSON, Secretary

Office, room 11, 331 Pine street, San Francisco, Cal.

CHOLLAR MINING CO. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California, location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 12th day of October, 1898, an assessment (No. 47) of ten (10) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 15th day of November, 1898, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday, the 7th day of December, 1898, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. CHAS. L. ELLIOT, Secretary

Office, room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

BEST & BELCHER MINING CO.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California, location of works, Virginia District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the eighteenth (18th) day of October, 1898, an assessment (No. 65) of ten (10) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 33, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 21st day of November, 1898, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday the thirteenth day of December, 1898, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

M. JAFFE, Secretary

Office—Room 33, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Golden Eagle Hotel

Seventh and K Sts., Sacramento

First-class in every respect. All modern conveniences. Bus at every train. GRAY & TITUS, Props.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
ABSOLUTELY PURE
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

LONDON

London, Oct. 20th.—To the woman desirous of having the latest wrinkles in fashion a smart wedding is infinitely a better place for the pursuit of this branch of knowledge than the swellest establishment in the West End. In even the best shops ideas become muddled and tastes vitiated by the conglomeration of varieties that are thrust before you. At a fashionable wedding you see the modes, but the modes interpreted by artists for the smart set. This was especially noticeable at the wedding of Lady Lillian Spencer-Churchill and Mr. Grenfell, which took place last week. It was supposed to be a very quiet affair, owing to the death of the bridegroom's brother, who was killed in the battle of Omdurman; but all the Churchill clan was there, as well as the personal friends of Lady Lillian and Mr. Grenfell. The dresses worn were for the most part tailor-made gowns rather elaborately trimmed. The cloth dresses were all trimmed with appliques, cut out of the material of which the costume was fashioned. One was of red—deep scarlet; the skirt was trimmed, or rather covered from waistband to hem, with ribbon bands of the cloth stitched on with red silk of a slightly deeper shade than the material itself, the hoop line being broken at uncertain intervals, thus forming irregular patterns all over the full straight skirt. The skirt had large fancifully-shaped reveres embroidered in dark red with three perfectly plain back ends in coat tails. With this was worn a sleeveless white lace shirt with a sable roll over collar. Several of the dresses were black with single-breasted short coats and real lace trimmed reveres.

I noted also any number of the new capes, which are, for the most part, shawl-shaped. A few that were especially chic were of colored velvet, harmonizing with the general tint of the gown. The most original gift to the bride was that of the young Duchess of Marlborough, who gave her a set of very exquisite lingerie. Gorgeous petticoats, really ravishingly beautiful, and all the other little *frou-frous* dear to the heart of woman. The remainder of the lingerie was plain but good, of fine linen trimmed with narrow lace or embroidery. Americans are much more extravagant in this regard than English women, and their lingerie is a matter of far greater moment.

The death of the Queen of Denmark has deprived the Princess of Wales of her dearest of friends and most heartfelt sympathizer, as well as of her well-beloved mother. She was the eldest and favorite daughter, and up to the last Queen Louise was only happy when holding her hand. The Danish royal family owe their devotion and union to the hardships they have endured together. All through the younger days of the Princess of Wales they were very poor, and there was no idea of royal dignity or distances. The father taught drawing, and the Princess of Wales and her sisters not only made their own dresses, but even turned them. The girls were very strictly brought up and always made sit up straight—to which some say the Princess of Wales owes the graceful erectness of her figure. However it may be, the Princess says she can never get used to lounging.

The Duke of Cambridge, who represented Queen Victoria at the funeral of Queen Louise; was, through his mother, first cousin to all the children of Landgraf William of Hesse Cassel. As a boy, he spent a great portion of the year at Rumpenheim, and it was at that time that he and the late Duchess of Teck became so intimate with the future Queen of Denmark. This intimacy has continued and it may be said caused the alliance between the Duke of York and Princess May of Teck. The poor Duke of Teck is in a very wretched condition of health and his disease has now affected his mind. He will remain at White Lodge for the present under the care of his son, Prince Francis.

There are to be some very big balls given in the second week of November in the district known as the "Dukeries"—a part of Nottinghamshire thus named in the last century because it was made up of the estates of the Dukes of Portland, Newcastle and Kingston. The Duchess of Newcastle has sent out "bids" for a big ball at Clumber, and the Duchess of Portland gives a similar festivity in the celebrated underground ballroom of the castle. Lord and Lady Wolverton sustained another disappointment in their royal visit this year. On two former occasions the Prince of Wales has been prevented from keeping his engagements with them by the death of some member of his family, and now the Queen of Denmark's decease has put off his visit until just before Christmas. Lady Wolverton has always belonged to what is known as the inner Marlborough House ring. Iwerne Manor is a magnificent estate, Lord Wolverton being one of the wealthiest peers in England. He has a very unique collection of sporting trophies, gathered before his marriage, when he spent a portion of each year in the pursuit of big game in Africa, America and India.

A girl I know has just returned from visiting Mrs. Montefiore at her country home, Worth Park, near Crawley, and is very enthusiastic about the beauties of the place. Worth Park is a new house with all the modern conveniences and luxuries, and, my friend adds, is very different from even the most magnificent ancient castle, where you are constantly in dread of breaking your ankles in the dark halls or stumbling down some secret staircase. Worth Park rather reminds me of Waddesdon Manor, the home of Baron Rothschild, only it is, if possible, more luxurious. In every room is magnificent French furniture. The reception rooms are carpeted in Aubusson carpets and decorated with tapestries, old china and well-selected bric-a-brac. The bedrooms, however, are most comfortable. The dressing-tables are loaded with every variety of scent and toilet water, and rolls of postage stamps and telegraph blanks are ready at hand in the writing tables. Mrs. Montefiore carries this luxury even into the servants' quarters, for, beside a sitting-room and library, they have an excellent billiard-room and a large apartment for the servants' balls. Mrs. Montefiore is a widow; her son, Sir Francis Montefiore, has a separate establishment in London, but usually assists his mother during her succession of house parties. The shooting is said to be good and the society more smart than intellectual. Of the guests this year the more notable have been the Prince and Princess Duleep Singh and Sir George and Lady Arthur.

Another very jolly place to spend a few days during the visiting season is Castle Bromwich, the country seat of the Bradfords. It dates from 1573 and is a real Elizabethan manor with fine, large beautifully-panelled rooms, antique tapestries and painted ceilings. The gardens, which are as old and mediaeval as the house, are surrounded by brick walls and curiously divided by hedges of holly, privet, yew and box, while at intervals are ivy-covered bowers and arches. The porch is supported by columns of twisted gray stone. The church, on the Queen Anne style of architecture, contains an altar of marble with gold veining—now very rare. Lord and Lady Bradford are better known as Lord and Lady Newport, for they have but recently come "into their kingdom." Lady Bradford is a sister of Lord Scarborough. One of her daughters married Lord Dalkeith; another is Lady Beatrice Pretyman, and a third married Mr. Osbert Molyneux, the future Lord Sefton.

Truly the old-fashioned woman with her dread of rats, beetles, spiders and mice has gone out of existence, and to-day we find as the most recent fad in society the pet mouse. Some weeks ago there was an exhibition of these wee creatures and there were no less than 117 entries. Exhibitors came from Scotland, Ireland, Wales and all parts of England—they were every variety of mouse, varying in color from pure white to ebony black. There were sable, fawn, chocolate, cream, Dutch marked, variegated, silver gray, golden agouti and black and tan. There is a national mouse club, which was formed some two years ago by a few enthusiasts, who have since made a hobby of breeding these little animals. The prize was won by a white mouse with jet black eyes, the property of Mrs. George Atlee. A prize mouse is worth from four to five pounds; it is a vegetarian, is fed on farinaceous foods and never allowed to touch cheese. For my own part, I believe I should choose the more varied existence of the common mouse, for at least he is free to suit himself in the matter of diet.

The new comedy by Mr. Anthony Hope, "The Adventures of Lady Ursula," was put on for the first time at the Duke of York's theatre on Tuesday last. The play, while rather weak in construction and at times a mere dialogue, has an undeniable sparkle and abounds with good things. Pretty Evelyn Millard took the heroine's role and did excellent work. She made a very fascinating figure in coat and breeches and entered into the sport of the play with a rare amount of humor. Mr. Herbert Waring, the hero, managed to acquire the artificial bearing of the period and made a great hit. This is Mr. Hope's first unaided effort in playwriting, for in "The Prisoner of Zenda" he was associated with Mr. Edward Rose. This is apparent in parts, though as a whole the play deserves commendation.

KATRIONA.

Pears'

What is wanted of soap for the skin is to wash it clean and not hurt it. Pure soap does that. This is why we want pure soap; and when we say pure, we mean without alkali.

Pears' is pure; no free alkali. There are a thousand virtues of soap; this one is enough. You can trust a soap that has no biting alkali in it.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

NEW YORK

New York, October 27th.—Next week the box-office will open for the National Horse Show, and on Nov. 14th Madison Square Garden will begin its week of gaiety. There is every indication that the Show will be a pronounced success this year. There is to be a big entry list, because the prizes are liberal and the classification has not been excelled at any previous exhibition. There have been plenty of suburban shows to pave the way, and the best animals in the country are being groomed to win the Garden's blue ribbons. Just now the town is in the doldrums between seasons and the tedium is relieved only by the political scrimmage which is going on.

The political struggle means much to New York, but I need not discuss the issues. I was hot-foot for Roosevelt in the beginning and took a few odds at five to three, preparing to plunge a little after the campaign, but now I am hedging. The Colonel's tactics may be good in war, but he has gone wrong in this civil campaign. He is parading his personality too much, and is charging on the opposition in true "Rough Rider" fashion—bridle in teeth and both hands full of smoking artillery—but such pyrotechnics will never break a Tammany Square. "Augustus the Silent," Van Wyck, has shown that he is not possessed by any dumb devil at all. He is making his canvass in a systematic, quiet, business-like way one must respect and admire, and which is making Republicans look dubious. I very much fear for a Republican New York. Roosevelt is pursuing the up-and-at-'em, hit-or-miss tactics that were lucky enough to win San Juan Hill, but are ineffectual against the cool and seasoned campaigners of the Hall, who are not to be terrified by headless horsemen from Sleepy Hollow, or from Oyster Bay. As his late moss-trooper, Stampede Maxwell, the Lone Wolf from Bitter Creek, would say: "Teddy is going off half-cocked."

There is well-dissembled exultation at all this down deep in Tammany Hall. "Let him keep up the cowboy act. He'll hang himself in his own riata," they say. Roosevelt can not make the progress on his bronco that that skilled engineer Croker can with his machine. Croker is a genius for organization. He has assembled the machinery disrupted by Bryan, patched up the breaks, oiled every point of friction, and now is slipping up and ahead, playing the tortoise to Roosevelt's hare. No one need consult an oracle to learn that organization and strategy have won many a fight against what looked like hopeless odds, witness Lee's compact army stampeding twice its number at Chancellorsville. And the Tammany crowd did not go into the fight hopeless by any means.

The plays on the theatre boards are plentiful and interesting, but not new. The discussion of "Cyrano de Bergerac"—Mansfield's Cyrano, Coquelin's Cyrano; Mansfield's play, for which he paid author's fees, Daly's "adaptation" which he stole—has progressed to the verge of rancor in the press and in private. There is precious little else theatrical worth chatting with Californians about. The Garden Theatre is rolling high on a wave of prosperity, which is yellow with "dust", crowds flocking there to see and hear Mansfield in the role of Cyrano. The pronounciation of Cyrano de Bergerac is being used for a sort of silly season topic by the *Tribune*. There have been cane fights and fisticuffs over it, and two ladies are said to have hat-pinned each other in one dispute. This is strange, because it is spoken several times in the course of the dialogue. People go to the Garden Theatre because there is a good show there. Almost as many more go to the Knickerbocker, not for the reason that the show is good, but because controversy over "The Christian" has got that play talked about. The controversy is kept alive by Miss Viola Allen's and the theatre's press agents, and their activity is all that keeps the play from dying of inanition forthwith.

"The Christian," written and dramatized by a pert little Manxman named Hall Caine, is a reproach to Christians and a shame upon the stage. It is what may be called a religious burlesque. The book was tiresome enough. The play was dramatized by a man clearly ignorant of stage-craft. It is dull and tedious until the third act comes on. Then there is a good deal of sensually suggestive acting intermingled with a lot of cant and rot about love, and much talk about the salvation of souls. The vestments of the Anglican Church are continually paraded; a Crucifix is bandied about, and the Doxology is sung. A heathen would sicken at the sacrilegiousness of it all. I do not like to find Caine's picture staring out of the pages of magazines, because I see again in his face the weak and pitiful, silly and nasty, sniveling, preachy, unhealthy, hypocritical and monotonous fraud—the Christian.

Miss Allen deserves great credit for her excellent work with such poor material. Edward J. Morgan, who acts the part of John Storm, does it to very near perfection and he may be classed among the new actors who have possibilities of greatness. He is easily the most distinguished member of the company and will be heard of in the future if he keeps up as he has begun. One feels sorry to see him playing in such a low-toned production. Joseph Jefferson and his fine company, with that never-old comedy of Sheridan's, "The Rivals," are doing very well indeed at the Fifth Avenue. Jefferson's Bob Acres is a work of genius, as every one knows, and the rest of the cast gives him strong support.

MANHATTAN.

SCHLITZ....

not only made Milwaukee famous, but is making the United States famous all over the world.

The people of all nations call for it. They know it is good.

Pacific Coast Agents
Sherwood & Sherwood
San Francisco
Los Angeles
Portland

The Talking Machine in the White House.

The Graphophone plays an important part in the business of the White House. The Graphophone is located on the desk of Colonel Benjamin S. Montgomery, who is in charge of the telegraph and telephone service of the Presidential office, and through whom all the war news came to the President. The instrument is put to some strange and interesting uses, showing that the Graphophone has great practical value as well as power to entertain. Its various uses are best described in the words of Colonel Montgomery, who writes: "The Graphophone is placed in the back of my desk, near the telephone and close to a resonator, which holds a telegraph sounder, thus within easy reach at all times for any kind of work it may be called upon to do. To illustrate if an important and confidential communication is talked over the telephone, it is repeated, while being received, into the Graphophone; if a telegraph message is ticked out on the sounder, if the telegrapher is not at the moment convenient, the speed regulator of the Graphophone is adjusted and the machine at once becomes an expert operator and records the telegram. In short, for my work it is a first-class stenographer and telegrapher combined. It is run by the same electric current which supplies the light, and for this reason it is always ready when wanted. Unlike many stenographers and telegraphers and not a few clerks it has no attacks of indigestion, sick headaches, or restless anxiety to get away to the ball game or meet a 'cousin from the country.' It is never late in the morning, nor in a hurry to get home in the evening; it is never 'shaky' from smoking cigarettes nor 'all run down' and 'worn out' by a bicycle ride or a Sunday-school excursion the day before. It is almost human in its efforts, but not subject to the 'ills that flesh is heir to.' Of course, it 'talks back,' but was never known to say any more than was necessary."

Cotillion Hall, at 1310 Polk street, has been recently renovated, and is now under the management of Professor G. Farrell. Rent reasonable for balls, parties, etc. Classes Monday evenings.

Clothing, curtains, blankets, etc., cleaned or dyed. Pacific Cleaning and Dyeing Works, 353-357 Tehama street. Telephone South 40. J. Spaulding & Co.

Poodle Dog Restaurant, southeast corner of Grant avenue and Bush street. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone 429. Blanco & Bruno, proprietors.

GERMEA
The Ideal Breakfast Dish

Political printing
AS IT...
should be done!
Every Kind ... Any Quantity
Fair Prices
BROWN, MEESE & CRADDOCK
(Incorporated)
419 Sacramento Street.
We print THE WAVE 'Phone Main 530

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO

Capital and Surplus . Six Million Dollars

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON.....Second Assistant Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

CORRESPONDENTS

New York.....{ Messrs. Laidlaw & Co. / The Bank of New York, N B. A.
Baltimore.....The National Exchange Bank
Boston.....The Tremont National Bank
Chicago.....{ Illinois Trust and Savings Bank / Union National Bank
Philadelphia.....Philadelphia National Bank
St. Louis.....Boatmen's Bank
Virginia City, Nev...Agency of the Bank of California
London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
Paris.....Messrs. De Rothschild Freres
Berlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft
China, Japan and East Indies.....Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China
Australia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California St., S. F.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....$2,135,820 60
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash..... 1,000,000 00
Deposits June 30, 1898.....26,486,987 06

OFFICERS

President, B. A. BECKER
First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER
Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN
Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT
Assistant Cashier, WM. HERRMANN
Secretary, GEORGE TOURNY
Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann, Ign. Stein hart, N. Van Bergen, E. Rhote, H. B. Russ, D. N. Walter and N. Ohlandt.
Attorney - W. S. Goodfellow

San Francisco Savings Union

532 CALIFORNIA ST.

Deposits July 1, 1898.....$23,356,130
Paid Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Reserve Fund..... 182,009
Contingent Fund..... 435,515

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

DIRECTORS

George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, George Tasheira, E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate, and Farms and Farming Lands in the country.
Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.
No charge is made for pass book or entrance fee.
Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco

33 POST STREET

Below Kearny Mechanics' Institute Buildin

Guaranteed Capital, $1,000,000
Paid Up Capital, $300,000

JAMES D. PHELAN, President
S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-President
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier
C. B. HOBSON, Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS—James D. Phelan, S. G. Murphy, John A. Hooper, James Moffitt, C. G. Hooker, Frank J. Sullivan, L. P. Drexler, Robt. McElroy, Jos. D. Grant.
Interest paid on deposits.
Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks.
When opening accounts, send signature.

CONNECTICUT

FIRE INS. CO.

OF HARTFORD

Assets. $3,300,000. BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.
COLIN M. BOYD,
Agent for San Francisco
411 California Street

Thuringia Insurance Co.

OF ERFURT, GERMANY

Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248

PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT
204-208 Sansome Street, San Francisco

VOSS, CONRAD & CO,, General Managers

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL Building and Loan Ass'n of California

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and Gen. Manager.
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

FRANKLIN K. LANE G. WHITFIELD LANE

LANE & LANE

Attorneys and Counselors

Removed to

1409-1412-1413 Claus Spreckels Building

The Folding Doors.

BY J. A. FLYNN.

The color-tone of Mrs. Haviland's music-room is sombre green, whilst the drawing-room is decorated in merry pink. When her guests are too serious or too frivolous, she changes their mood by passing them through the folding doors.

Upon the afternoon in question she received me in the music room; so my usual gaiety deserted me, and conversation seemed to flag.

"I have often wondered," she said suddenly after I had sighed three times, "why you quarreled with Thea Lester. Forgive me for alluding to a painful subject."

"Oh — er — certainly," I responded awkwardly. I didn't want to discuss the subject, and I should probably have found a way to change it if I had been fortified by a pink environment.

"The fact is, my dear Mrs. Haviland, I didn't quarrel with her." My hostess shook her pretty head.

"You don't mean to tell me that it was Thea's fault? I simply can't imagine her quarreling with anybody."

"Of course she wouldn't. That's just it." Thea is outwardly placid. "Still Life" my irreverent young sister used to call her. Nevertheless, there are charming depths within.

"Then, if you didn't quarrel with her, and she didn't quarrel with you, however did you quarrel with one another?" I shook my head and looked into the conservatory.

"We didn't exactly quarrel," I said. "We thought it better to part; at least, that is what we said."

"Ah, well! I am letting my curiosity run away with me. We will talk of something else. Come, say something amusing?"

I tried to think of something clever to say, but everything that came into my head seemed trivial or inappropriate, so I sighed for the fourth time.

"It was thoughtless of me to raise sad memories," said Mrs. Haviland, gently. "You must forgive me, Mr. Richmond. You see, I am so interested in you both." I bowed.

"Both in their respective ways appreciate your kindness, I am sure." She is an excellent little woman, whose only weakness is a mania for marrying off her friends.

"It was in this house," she continued, almost tearfully, "in this very room, if I am not mistaken, that you and Thea——"

"Yes; it was." She left us alone for two whole hours, the good little soul!

"You both gave me your confidence—then!" She is one of those nice little women whom everybody confides in, you know.

"Believe me, I should confide in you now, if there were anything to confide; but there isn't." I didn't want to talk to anyone about it either.

She shook her head slowly. "When you talk about—it—as if it were a mere nothing, I know that you are not in earnest, Mr. Richmond," she said, reproachfully.

I twirled my moustache uneasily. She was evidently determined to know all about it, and somehow she always gets her own way.

"The simple truth," I said, "my dear Mrs. Haviland, is that Thea and I found out that we were absolutely different in tastes and opinions."

"Of course! that is the proper thing."

"She is as serious as—this music-room of yours."

"Most people consider it a charming room."

"Certainly. Thea is the most charming of women—with one rival." She smiled and held up her hands deprecatingly. "My respect and admiration have not lessened in the slightest."

"I am glad of *that*," she cried, clasping her hands. "But it makes me regret all the more that you—oh! why should you?"

"Because I, on the other hand, am as light as—your pretty pink room."

"As attractive in another way," she observed, with a complimentary smile.

"Well, the long and short of it is that Thea was always green and I was always pink; and neither could change the other."

"Why need you try?" I laughed a little.

"Thea is quite a missionary, you know. Of course, she was bent on reforming me."

"An impossible task! But you might have persuaded her that no structural alteration was necessary."

"She intimated her disapproval of smoking and billiards the day after our engagement."

"Surely she didn't insist on her objection. That *would* be unreasonable."

"Well, no. She conceded smoking and a little billiards; but she wanted me to go to church about three times a week, to give up betting—it's only a trifle now and then, just for fun, I assure you."

"I know. Like Fred." She nodded. Mrs. Haviland bets a pair of gloves occasionally herself; and pays when she loses!

"She wished me to avoid music halls, to forswear whisky, and to take her to a lecture on the Primitive Something-or-others once a week!"

"Why not?" My hostess shrugged her shoulders and held out her hands expansively. I shrugged my shoulders with less elegance, but equal emphasis.

"Because I'm—pink," I said. She studied the bows on her slippers for a few moments.

"You were very fond of her?" she asked, suddenly. I dropped my gloves and picked them up again before answering.

"Yes," I said stubbornly, "I was."

"And you are?"

"Yes," I said, "I am."

"You wish sometimes that you hadn't parted?" I tapped the floor impatiently.

"Yes, I do. But as we could not agree——"

"Oh!" she cried, reproachfully, "you might have tried a little harder. It was only a matter of really understanding each other; only a case of a few concessions on each side. All people have to make them, even Fred and I." They certainly seem to get on very well.

"I'm certain Thea wouldn't," I said, doggedly.

"Don't you think she was very, very fond of you?"

"That's just what I wasn't sure. If I had been——"

"I venture to say that I am sure." I thought I heard a movement in the next room. You can hear through the folding-doors.

"There isn't anyone in there, I suppose?" I asked. "It sounded just like——"

"The wind rattling the window," she said, laughing. "I haven't fastened it. Don't you think Thea very pretty and sweet and *good*?"

"Most certainly I do. I—well, I shall never think anyone like her." I never shall.

"Then why don't you put the matter frankly to her. If you appeal to her love for you, I *know* she will meet you half way. And, my dear Mr. Richmond" she put her hand on my sleeve in her eagerness "you wouldn't be any the worse for an occasional keeping in green!"

I considered the matter carefully for a few minutes. "You are quite right, as usual," I said, resolutely. "I will go and see Thea as soon as I have thought out what to say. But I don't suppose she'll ever——"

"Now you are getting dismal," said my hostess, brightly. "Go and think it out in pink!" She opened the folding-doors, and I went through alone.

Thea was fluttering against the passage-door, with her hands on the handle, like a frightened bird trying to escape.

"Thea, my dearest!" I cried.

"She didn't tell me you were coming," she said, brokenly, "and she locked the door! And—and——" Then I held out my arms and she flung herself into them.

I shan't tell you what we said, or how we compromised our differences. But I may remark that Thea is growing as merry as—pink, and I am improving under a mild course of green!

"Take it back—I told you 'Battle Ax.'"

Every man who has once chewed Battle Ax—or who has made up his mind that he will chew it—will not accept any substitute. There is a peculiar excellence in it that can only be understood and appreciated by trying it.

Battle Ax PLUG

No matter what brand you have been chewing, Battle Ax is better, and if you will try it you will say so yourself.

Remember the name when you buy again.

Insist Upon Having Your Ticket to New York Boston, or Other Eastern Cities

Read over the Nickel Plate (N. Y. C. & St. L. R. R.), the popular low-rate short line. Quick time, unexcelled accommodations, and no extra fares charged. Jay W. Adams, Pacific Coast Passenger Agent, 37 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes, Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

We will send "The Wave" for Four Months to any address in the United States

For One Dollar

o

The Best Illustrated Paper West of New York

"The Wave"

Topics of the Day Ably Discussed

o

Subscribe Now

Address
Subscription Dept "The Wave"
24 Montgomery St.

PATRICK & CO.
RUBBER STAMPS
STENCILS, SEALS, BRANDS, ETC.
318 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

AMUSEMENTS

California Jockey Club

OAKLAND TRACK

Opening of Winter Meeting 1898-1899

Beginning Saturday, October 29th, to Saturday, November 12th, inclusive

Racing Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Rain or Shine. Races start at 2:15 sharp

Purchase tickets at Ferry Depot for Shell Mound. Special Boats leave at 12 00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30 and 3.00 p.m., connecting with trains running direct to the track gate. Returning Special Trains leave track at 4.15, 4.45, and immediately after last race.

R. B. MILROY, Secretary. T. H. WILLIAMS JR., President.

GLEN PARK THE MISSION ZOO.

A SOFT SNAP FOR TEN CENTS!

Sunday, November 6th at 1:30 p. m.

All this show and more!

Thrilling tight rope walk, 1000 feet long, 300 feet high. Balloon ascension and parachute jump. Educated cockatoos. Balancing of ladder. Wrestling match. Bird aeronaut. Concert. Trombone solo.

Admission, ten cents—no further charge. Children under 5 years free. Take San Mateo Electric Cars; Valencia, Mission and Sutter Street transfer.

No liquors sold in Glen Park.

Baldwin Theatre

FRIEDLANDER, GOTTLOB & Co., Lessees and Mgrs.

For Two Weeks

The Comedy Success

"Mistakes Will Happen"

A Great Company

Headed by Charles Dickson and Henrietta Crosman

Coming—"Secret Service"

Orpheum

Week commencing . . . Monday, November 7th

Engagement Extraordinary of Pauline Hall, the Queen of Comic Opera

Beatrice Moreland and Company in George Cohan's Latest, "A Game of Golf"

Carl Hertz, World-Famous Illusionist and Magician, assisted by the beautiful Mlle. d'Alton

Raymon Moore in a change of repertoire

Newsboy Quintette—New Songs, New Comedy, etc.

Pearl Andrews in New Impersonations

Sells & Young, Comedy Acrobats

Rice & Cohen, Comedy Stars

Return of the Biograph—New Series of Views

Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c.

Tivoli Opera House

MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING, Proprietor and Manager

Week commencing Monday, Nov. 7th

Grand Double Bill!

Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Sunday Evenings

GIROFLE-GIROFLA

Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday Evenings and Saturday Matinee, THE CIRCUS QUEEN

Next—First time here—Suzette

Popular Prices : : 25 and 50 cts.

Matinee Reserved Seats 25c. Tele. Bush 9

Alcazar Theatre

FRED BELASCO, Lessee : MARK THALL, Manager

Telephone Main 254

The New York Garden Theatre's Greatest Comedy Hit

DR. BILL

Hamilton Aide's Adaptation from the French.

Election Returns announced from the stage Tuesday Evening.

Our Prices—15c., 25c., 35c., 50c.

In preparation—"A Fool of Fortune."

New Comedy Theatre

Direction, M. B. Leavitt. Alf Ellinghouse, Res. Man.

To-Night and To-Morrow Night

Matinees To-Day and To-Morrow

Last times of the Henderson Company in "The Crust of Society"

Next Monday—One Week Only—Lincoln J. Carter's

The Heart of Chicago

Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday—25c. to all parts; Gallery 15c. Evening—15c, 25c, 35c, 50c.

Seats at Comedy Theatre and Emporium

Next—Lincoln J. Carter's "Under the Dome"

THE THEATRES

Passing Comment on Contemporary Performances.

"Ambition" may fairly be called a satisfactory comedy. Henry Guy Carleton put his best work into it, Nat Goodwin made it a New York success, and the Alcazar Company has just concluded a production of it, which has settled the question of its popularity in San Francisco. Dealing as it does with the Cuban question, and with Congressional Washington, it is full of enthusiastic political interest. This never overshadows the comedy element and the harmonious blending results in a wide-awake, very amusing play. Montaine's acting as Major Roanoke Gashwiler, the role which he created in New York, was most creditable. Ernest Hastings did his best work as Senator Beck. It is said that Eastern showmen are dangling fancy figures before Mr. Hastings' eyes, but it is to be hoped that such an excellent actor may be kept in San Francisco. Miss Gretchen Lyons did as well as usual; so did George Osbourne. In fact, the whole Alcazar cast, with only one or two minor exceptions, is strong. They ought to do well with "Dr. Bill."

* *

An excellent programme, minus the biograph's finish, makes the Orpheum a really desirable theater to visit this week. The performers, with two exceptions, are all new, all clever, and, if applause counts for anything, the cleverness is thoroughly appreciated. Royle and his company appear in a jag piece entitled "The Highball Family," in which both the actor-author and his wife show a startling familiarity with the agreeable and disagreeable symptoms peculiar to persons of intemperate proclivities.

Prestidigitateur Carl Hertz does illusionizing in handfulls and succeeds in resuscitating a number of feats of legerdemain that were supposed to have been exposed before Hermann's demise. However, his illusion, "Vanity Fair," in which he is assisted by an extremely blonde young lady and a mirror, is a very astonishing trick, causing the audience to indulge in much wonder. Pearl Andrews imitates Anna Held, Sousa and some other celebrities strangers to this coast. Five newsboys: all possessing splendid voices, sing very much more sweetly than any group of warblers the Orpheum has produced for some time past.

* *

The Comedy Theatre is to be congratulated on the success of the engagement of the Henderson Company of Players from the Great Northern Theatre of Chicago. Their production of Kendal's version of Sardou's famous comedy, "A Scrap of Paper," was highly creditable to them. The play was most artistically staged. The old "Bush Street" under its new name and management is rapidly justifying its right to be called the "Home of Comedy" in San Francisco. "The Heart of Chicago" opens the next week.

* *

The Frawley Company was at its best in the "Conquest of Leo." The play suits the troupe and Miss Bates had a part that showed off her capabilities at their best. This clever young actress, whose vivacity and charm find their cleverest expression in modern roles, should discourage her managers from casting her in characters to which her manner and method are unequal. The Blanche Bates of "Zenda" and the Blanche Bates of "Leo" are as far apart as the Poles.

* *

DRAMATIC NOTES

The coming bill at the Orpheum is one of the most notable this enterprising institution has ever offered. Miss Pauline Hall, the well-known comic opera star, who has lately entered the vaudeville field, will sing operatic songs. She has been a great success in the East. Miss Beatrice Moreland and Chas. M. Seay will appear in a sketch written by Geo. M. Cohan, entitled "A Game of Golf." It is said to be full of witty repartee and funny dialogue. John C. Rice and Sally Cohen will appear in a new sketch entitled "The Kleptomaniacs." Raymon Moore, the ballad singer, will render new songs of his own and other eminent composers; Carl Hertz will appear in his new illusions; Pearl Andrews, the Queen of Mimicry, will have something new to offer, and the Newsboys Quintette and Sells and Young will appear in an entire change of act.

Edwin Adams is recalled to us by the sale at auction in Chicago recently of a silver laurel wreath, which a number of San Francisco admirers presented to him at the height of his stellar fame. "Our Ned" died in Philadelphia in 1877. How the wreath got to the junk-house is an unsolved mystery. A gentleman bought it, and it is believed he intends presenting it to the Player's Club. In the center of the crown was a shield bearing the words: "Edwin Adams—From his friends in San Francisco, Oct. 29, 1869." Above the inscription was a five-pointed star, on which were the masks of Comedy and Tragedy.

The Tivoli Opera House will present an interchangeable bill this week, reproducing "Girofle-Girofla" by request, and "The Circus Queen," which was so popular a few weeks ago, the former being played on Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evenings, and the latter on the other evenings of the week and at the Saturday matinee. This program was decided upon on account of the extra work in preparation for Oscar Weil's "Suzette," which is to be given with a special cast.

Professor Williams, the celebrated aerialist, will attempt a hazardous feat of high wire walking to-morrow at Glen Park. The other principal features of the programme for Sunday's performance at Glen Park will be a balloon ascension and parachute jump, an exhibition of educated cockatoos, balancing ladder act, wrestling match, aerial performance, concert and trombone solo.

"The Heart of Chicago," Lincoln J. Carter's great melodrama, will be produced at the Comedy Theatre on the week beginning Nov. 7th, for the first time in this city. It is said to contain a story of extraordinary power, well told, and relieved by many bright moments of comedy.

Nat Goodwin's "Ambition" closes at the Alcazar to-morrow evening. Monday evening, and each evening during the week, "Dr Bill," Hamilton Aide's adaptation from the French of Albert Carre will be produced.

"Mistakes will Happen," a farcical comedy with Charles Dickson and Henrietta Crossman in the leading roles, has the boards at the Baldwin next week.

* *

MUSIC

Anyone may give a concert—may hire a hall and a well-known name or two to strengthen the programme, and may, as I say, give a concert. And the unsuspecting public, misled by extensive advertising, may attend. Is it, then, surprising that with this repeated experience with our average local concert, what is really good is often left to be tried before empty benches?

At her debut concert, on Monday evening, Miss Charlotte Voorsanger rendered an ambitious programme with much confidence and display of finger dexterity. The young lady may have talent: she is certainly young and has much to learn. Her playing on Monday evening was lacking in clear phrasing and in musical intelligence generally. Maurice de Vries, whose assistance Miss Voorsanger had procured, sang with his usual admirable method, several operatic selections.

Mr. Armstrong, the Chicago *Tribune's* able musical critic, who has been lecturing at the Unitarian Church, gave one of his most interesting lectures on Tuesday evening last. His subject, "A Group of Song Composers: a Synopsis of the Rubaiyat," was illustrated by the music from "In a Persian Garden," given under the direction of Mrs. Marriner-Campbell. Mr. Armstrong is, later on, to give a special talk on American composers, Scheel's orchestra assisting and performing several of the most interesting works.

Symphony concerts, so far as we are concerned, are already an assured fact. Scheel is hard at work rehearsing his men, and H. J. Stewart is spoken of as a possible successor to Louis Lisser as president of the society. W.

The attention of inventors has lately been emphatically called to the necessity of greater security in the construction of elevators and their operative mechanisms. The dropping of the cage is the most serious as well as the most frequent form of accidents. It is reasoned that the difficulty does not lie in a defiency of cable strength, it being easy to determine the maximum load and the strength of the wire strands. Nevertheless, cables break when there is no apparent cause, the safety of passengers being thus dependent upon the immediate action of the catches put on for the purpose of stoping the car at any point in the shaft. The *American Machinist* wisely urges that the safety catches be normally operative instead of inoperative, so that the cage cannot be moved unless they are properly and temporarily released.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

It is wonderful how cheap pianos, and good pianos, too, are sold at Mauvais', 769 Market street.

For health and strength: Damiana Bitters.

Johannis.

Of exceptional purity and excellence.—*London Lancet.*

ELECTRIC..

Supplies
Construction
Repairs

CALIFORNIA ELECTRICAL WORKS

409 MARKET STREET

Stylish Fall Clothing

Men's Suits and Overcoats, fines grades, for Business and Dress Wear.

English Mackintoshes and Silk Umbrellas.

Agent for the King's Perfect Trousers

Boy's and Children's Department one of my specialties.

J. J. GILDEA

THE NEW CLOTHIER

756 Market St., corner Grant Avenue

Old "Examiner" Office

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

400 GRADUATES SECURED POSITIONS IN PAST TWO YEARS

LOW RATES!

San Francisco Business College

Only Experienced Bookkeepers and Reporters Employed as Teachers. Send for Catalogue.

1236 MARKET STREET, S. F.

Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson's Academy

1427 Franklin St., near Post

Reopens August 1, 1898. English, French, German and Spanish Boarding and Day School. Begins with kindergarten and prepares for universities, business and society. Drawing and painting. Cultured home training. Excellent table. $30.00 per month. Music in all its branches, if desired, extra.

Lyceum Preparatory School

For the University, Law and Medical Colleges. Accredited with Stanford University and Cooper College. References—President Jordan or any Stanford Professor.

PHELAN BUILDING.

The Solly Walter School of Illustration

Evening Classes
Tuesdays and Thursdays
26 O'Farrell Street, San Francisco

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

Main Office, 510 Montgomery St.
SAN FRANCISCO

Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper Information
Advance Reports on all Contract Work
Telephone Main 1042

For those who appreciate Comfort and Attention

A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL

SAN FRANCISCO

WM. B. HOOPER, MANAGER

Hotel Belvedere

Opened for the Season May 1st

Belvedere, Cal. MRS. A. T. MOORE.

WINDOW SHADES

The Only Manufacturer on the Pacific Coast

Any size or color painted to order—Plain, Dado, Fringed or Lettered. Hand-Made Opaque Shade Cloth a specialty. Wall Paper, Paper Hanging,

WM. McPHUN

1195 Market Street, cor. Eighth, opp. City Hall

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON

Phone Main 5178

Sutter Street Hammam

TURKISH AND RUSSIAN BATHS

415 Sutter Street, between Stockton and Powell

Open Day and Night for Gentlemen
For Ladies, from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, the famous orator, statesman, railroad president and millionaire, in an interview said of his recent visit to Del Monte: "I visted Monterey, and I call it the most beautiful place in the world. Monte Carlo cannot compare with it. Its seventeen mile-drive is unparalleled for fineness."

Specially reduced rates for the winter months of November, December, January and February, are offered, as follows:
Single room, with board for one person, by the month, $65. Double room, with board for one person, by the month, $70; two persons, $135.
Best room, with board for one person, by the month, $75; two persons, $145. Best room, with bath and board for one person, by the month, $80; two persons, $155
Small parlor suites, with board for one person, by the month, $80; two persons, $155. Daily and weekly rates remain as heretofore—from $3 to $5 per day

For further information, address **GEORGE SCHONEWALD, Manager**
Hotel Del Monte, Monterey, California.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway wharf San Francisco.
For Alaskan ports, 10 a.m. Nov. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, Dec. 2; transfer at Seattle.
For B. C. and Puget Sound ports 10 a. m. Nov. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, Dec. 2, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, 2 p.m. Nov. 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, Dec. 5, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a. m. Nov. 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, Dec. 3 and every fourth day thereafter.
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 a.m. Nov. 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, Dec. 1, and every fourth day thereafter.
For Mexican ports, 10 a. m. 18th of every month.
For further information, obtain folder.
The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing.
Ticket Office: 4 New Montgomery St (Palace Hotel)
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen. Agts.
No. 10 Market Street, - San Francisco, Cal.

OCEANIC Steamship Company
Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S. S. Moana, for Australia, Wednesday, Nov. 30th, at 10 p.m. Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Cape-town, South Africa.
S. S. "Australia," for Honolulu only, Wednesday, Nov. 16th, at 2. p.m.
Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.
Freight Office 327 Market St.
J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO General Agents

CALIFORNIA LIMITED!
Santa Fe Route
Connecting Train Leaves San Francisco at 5 p. m. every Sunday, Tuesday and Friday
Dining Car, Buffet Car, Observation Car and Electric-Lighted Sleeping Car. This train is in addition to the Daily Overland Express.
San Francisco Ticket Office, 628 Market St.
Telephone Main 1531
Oakland Office, 1118 Broadway

A. K. DAGGETT
Drawing of Deeds and all Legal Papers a specialty
NOTARY PUBLIC
14 Montgomery St., S. F
Telephone 305

For **GAGE & NEFF!**
THE RALLY OF THE CAMPAIGN!
CLUB NIGHT
at Woodward's Pavilion
TO-MORROW, SATURDAY NIGHT
ALL REPUBLICAN ORGANIZATIONS OF THE CITY TO ATTEND
Short and pithy speeches by twenty speakers
Greeting to the Next Governor **Hon. HENRY T. GAGE** upon the close of His Triumphant Campaign
HON. VAN R. PATTERSON, HON. TIREY L. FORD, HON. JULIUS KAHN, HON C. L. PATTON, HON. EDGAR D. PEIXOTTO and other popular speakers will address the multitude.
PATRIOTIC AND CAMPAIGN SONGS BY DOUBLE QUARTETS
All the candidates and their friends are invited to be there
EVERYBODY WELCOME
Let this meeting be a genuine tribute to our STANDARD-BEARERS, upholding Republican principles and McKINLEY'S ADMINISTRATION, GOOD GOVERNMENT, LAW AND ORDER AGAINST FUSION POPOCRACY AND SINGLE TAX.
E. C. HART, Secretary. FRANK McLAUGHLIN, Chairman Republican State Central Committee

TO CHICAGO IN 3 1-2 DAYS
TO NEW YORK IN 4 1-2 DAYS
VIA
Chicago Union Pacific
AND
Northwestern Line
Through Pullman and Tourist Sleeping Cars Daily. All meals served a la carte in Dining Car. For full information, address
R. R. RITCHIE,
General Agent Pacific Coast
No. 2 New Montgomery Street (Palace Hotel)
San Francisco, Cal.

Brushes For barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, book-binders, candymakers, canners, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paperhangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.
BUCHANAN BROS.
TEL. 5610 609 SACRAMENTO ST
BRUSH MANUFACTURERS

JOE POHEIM, THE TAILOR
Makes the best fitting clothes at 25 per cent less than any other house on the Pacific Coast. See Prices:

PANTS TO ORDER	SUITS TO ORDER
$3.50	$10.00
4.50	13.50
5.00	15.50
6.00	17.50
7.00	20.00
8.00	25.00
9.00	30.00

The firm of JOE POHEIM is the largest in the United States. Rules for self-measurement and samples of cloth sent free.
201 and 203 Montgomery St., cor. Bush.
844 & 846 Market St. 1110 & 1112 Market St.
SAN FRANCISCO.
485 Fourteenth St., Oakland. 603 & 605 K St., Sacramento.
143 South Spring St., Los Angeles.

"Remember the Name!"
Certain individuals who do not patrouize American industries run off with an idea that in order to get good wines they must use European products, when there is no necessity for so doing, and in these stirring and patriotic times of to-day everybody should feel a keen interest in American products which are of deserving merit.
Both for the reason that they are used largely among American citizens, and made by Americans for American people in America and therefore we ask you to give the new and native and California Wines fair and impartial trial at your club or home
With anything of like cost from France inasmuch as these wines have been acknowledged second to none in comparison with goods from the European countries, wherever exhibited, you surely are in favor of American goods.
ORESTA BLANCA BLAZOA SIZES
WETMORE - BOWEN CO.
410 Post Street San Francisco, Cal

BAJA CALIFORNIA
DAMIANA BITTERS
[illegible] For the sexual [illegible] organs of both sexes [illegible] kidneys and bladder. Not weak nerves these bitters are invaluable and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long winded testimonials are not necessary. Damiana Bitters are known on their merits. Send for Circular.
NAHER, ALES & BRUNE, Agents
323-325 Market St., S. F.

THE LATEST STYLES IN
CHOICE WOOLENS
H. S. BRIDGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors
622 Market St. (up stairs) opp. Palace Hote
Bicycle and Golf Suits

BONESTELL & CO.
Dealers in **PAPER**
Fine Coated Papers a Specialty
401-403 SANSOME ST.,
San Francisco, Cal.

THE UNAPPROACHABLE COLDNESS

...OF...

THE Alaska REFRIGERATORS

HAS WON FOR THEM

MANY WARM FRIENDS!

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.

Pacific Coast Agents

309 to 317 Market Street, San Francisco

LAUNCH AHOY!

Length 45 ft.; beam 10 ft.; speed 10 miles.

20 H. P. Hercules Gasoline Engine

NOISELESS! SELF-STARTING!

The only absolutely reliable, durable, and perfectly satisfactory marine gasoline engine.
4 H. P. to 200 H. P.

HERCULES GAS ENGINE WORKS

405-7 Sansome St. San Francisco

Send for New Catalog

Centennial Stable

Boarding and Livery

Carriages, Broughams, Victorias, etc. First-Class in every respect

1521-1523-1525 California Street

Bet. Polk and

Telephone East 378 M. CONLON, Proprietor

COTTON SAIL DUCKS

22-inch in all numbers Medium, Soft and Hard

ALSO

Hasey Saugnt Wagon and Draper Ducks

From 30 to 72 inches wide

Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks

Manufactured by Murphy, Grant & Co.

Mount Vernon Company Pacific Coast

Baltimore Sole Agents

Beware of Imitations

This is a fac simile of the package

Genuine Diamond "L" Tea

Pure and Uncolored

GEO. A. MOORE & CO.

208 California St., S. F.

For sale by all grocers

PISO'S CURE FOR

25 CTS. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. 25 CTS.

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION

NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

It was a colored lady who presented herself the other day in Lexington, Kentucky, at the place of registration to qualify for the casting of her vote upon the school question at the next election—a franchise only recently bestowed upon the women of the Blue Grass State. "With what political party do you affiliate?" inquired the clerk of the unaccustomed applicant, using the prescribed formula. Dusky blushes, coyness and confusion. "Is I 'bleeged to answer that there question?" "Certainly; the law requires it." "Then, lady," retreating in dismay, "I don't b'lieve I'll vote, 'case I'd hate to have to mention the party's name. He's one of the nicest gent'muns in town."

Chang Yen Hoon, former Minister from China at Washington, has had his head in danger of separation from his shoulders because of his association with the "Evil Conspirator," Kang Yu Wei. Mr. Chang and an eminent Smithsonian scientist were once discussing the advantages of China over the United States. Finally Mr. Chang said, "We have a larger population." "I cannot see the advantage of that," the other responded, "if you cannot feed them. Think, too, how such overcrowding breeds ill-health. Why, you have the leprosy in China!" "But you—you—," returned the Minister, jubilantly, "you have the newspapers in the United States!"

Mr. John Boucher Morris, the father of Mrs. Freddy Gebhard, of New York, who died a short while ago at his home in Baltimore, was regarded by his fellow citizens as decidedly the most snobbish person in the Oriole City. Upon one occasion he was riding up town on a streetcar in Baltimore, when the man in the adjoining seat said, "Good morning, Mr. Morris." "You have the advantage of me, sir," the latter replied. "Why," said the man addressed, "my name is ——. I am your grocer." "Well, sir," retorted the immaculate Mr. Morris, "can't I ride in a public conveyance without being addressed by tradespeople?"

A certain old colonel, who had served through the Civil War and who had lost one of his eyes at Gettysburg, was very indignant because he was rejected from one of the New York volunteer regiments. Filled with wrath he journeyed to Washington, bent on having a personal interview with the President. He succeeded in gaining an audience, and the President, after listening to his plea, said kindly, "But, Colonel J——, you have only one eye." "Just so, sir," was the prompt rejoinder; "but can't you see the great advantage of my having only one eye? When I aim my gun I will not have to close the other!" He fought at Santiago.

An amusiug tale of a tactless chaplain is told in the October *Cornhill*. "My boy," said the chaplain to a little chap who had been run over by a cab, and was given only a few hours to live, "the doctors think you are very much hurt. Have you been a good little boy?" Boy (much bored): "You git aout." Chaplain (shocked): "But I am afraid you are *not* a good little boy, and you know you may perhaps be going to die." Boy (anxious to end the interview): "Well, tain't none o' your business, any'ow. Wot's me death got to do with you? 'Ave you a pal in the corffin line?" Of course the little fellow recovered.

A young lady teacher in a Mission Sunday-school was instructing a youngster making his first appearance. She had put him through a half hour or more in the rudimentary principles, and was reviewing her work. "Now," she said, "tell me again who made the world and all that is in it?" "God did," replied the boy, with commendable promptitude. "God can do everything, can't He?" she asked again. The boy hesitated a moment. "I don't believe He could lick Dewey," he answered at last, and his teacher sat silent between her religion and her patriotism.

The Sirdar is a cool hand, in fact the British think him ultra-professional, cold and calculating. He is not a lady's man, that's certain. Social gatherings in Cairo are notable for his absence. At the few soirees that he has attended at the Viceroy's, he has only bowed and shaken hands. A countess, who had a tete-a-tete with him once, said that he asked her: "Do you find Cairo nice at this season of the year?" "Delightful," she replied. After five minutes' silence, Kitchener tugged his moustache and said: "Ah, I am glad!"

Numberless are the tales of the taciturnity of the late Professor Jowett. One often told relates to a shy young student whom Jowett took for a walk. Anxious to show his appreciation the student ventured early in the walk to remark that it was a fine day. No answer, and the rest of the walk passed in absolute silence. At parting, the student raised his hat and was turning away, when Jowett laconically said: "Yes, insipid remark that of yours about the weather, Robson," and went his way.

The reverend lecturer paused. "While we are glorying over this signal triumph of our arms in the complete destruction of the haughty Spaniards' fleet," he feelingly said, "let us not forget that it was a greater power than that of Schley or Sampson that effected the enemy's overthrow." A man in the back part of the room hostily arose. "You are right, brother," he exultantly cried, "it was the grand old *Oregon!*" And the demoralized meeting soon after adjourned.

The Scotch reverence for Gladstone is displayed in this conversation between two Scotchmen. One of them said, with much emphasis: "There hasna been a law giver equal to Mr. Gladstone since the day o' Moses." "Moses!" retorted the other, "Moses got the law gien tae him frae the Lord, but Mr. Gladstone maks laws oot o' his his ain heed."

PALACE AND GRAND HOTELS

Now Under One Management

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1400 rooms — 900 with bath

Rooms, $1.00 and upward Room and Meals, $3.00 and upward

A beautifully illustrated book, containing floor plans and rate card can be had for the asking. JOHN C. KIRKPATRICK, Manager.

HOTEL WESTMINSTER

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLANS LOS ANGELES, CAL.

The Finest and Most Complete Hotel in the City. Everything New.
The Highest Standard of Perfection Maintained in all Departments.

F. O. JOHNSON, Proprietor.

Louis Roederer Champagne

HIGHEST GRADE IN THE WORLD

E. LA MONTAGNE & SONS
Sole Agents
45 Beaver St., New York

Three kinds, all of equal excellence:

BRUT
GOLD SEAL
A Perfectly Dry Wine

GRAND VIN SEC
BROWN SEAL
The Perfection of a Dry Wine

CARTE BLANCHE
WHITE SEAL
A Rich Wine

MACONDRAY & CO.
Sole Agents Pacific Coast
116 California Street

The illustrations in this paper are made by us.

REPSOLD SELECT VINTAGE

California State Exposition 1898

First Prize and Premium Award, Repsold *Cognac*
First Prize and Premium Award, Repsold Select Vintage *Montecito*
First Prize and Premium Award, Repsold Select Vintage *Burgundy*
First Prize and Premium Award, Repsold Select Vintage *Gutedel*
Special Mention of Honor, Repsold Select Vintage *Sauternes.*

THIS BRAND OF WINE IS SOLD AT ALL FIRST CLASS HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS

Office, 416 Pine Street

HAWAIIAN ADVERTISEMENTS

Coffee, Fruit and Grazing Lands FOR SALE OR TO LEASE

8,000 acres in fee simple — 5,000 acres leasehold
IN THE CELEBRATED COFFEE DISTRICT OF KONA, ISLAND OF HAWAII
Also, some desirable lots in the City of Honolulu

Apply to J. M. MONSARRAT
Real Estate and Financial Agent, HONOLULU, H. I.

Hawaiian Trust and Investment Co., Ltd.

Paid Up Capital, $30,000

Makes a Specialty of Hawaiian Securities and Real Estate. Correspondence solicited.

G. R. CARTER, Manager
GEO. R. CARTER, Treasurer

Refereuces — Welch & Co., San Francisco; Bank of Hawaii, Honolulu

R. C. A. PETERSON

BROKER

FINANCIAL STOCKS AND BONDS

Opp. Bishop & Co. Bank Honolulu, H. I.

Real Estate, Custom House, Notary Public

W. C. ACHI & CO.

Real Estate Brokers

We will buy or sell real estate in any part of the group. We will also buy or sell Stocks in any corporation in the Hawaiian Islands.

Office, 10 West King Street, Honolulu, H. I.

Blake, Moffitt & Towne

DEALERS IN

PAPER

55, 57, 59 and 61 First Street, San Francisco

Telephone Main 199

SOHMER PIANOS ARE THE BEST

BYRON MAUZY
308-314 Post Street

This Paper not to be taken from the Library.

THE WAVE

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY

VOL. XVIII. No. 20 SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 12, 1898 PRICE 10 CENTS

THE FIRST RETURNS

Scene in the Registration Office on Election Night: Registrar Biggy Bringing in the First Tally Sheets.

THE WAVE

Is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $5.00 per year. Sample copies free on application.

The trade is supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 342 Geary street; east of the Rocky Mountains by the American News Company, New York.

The Wave is kept on file and is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France; 31 Union Square, New York City; 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 206 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

For advertising rates and on all other matters pertaining to city business, address Trevor Corry, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Eastern representative, D. M. Foltz, 34 Park Row, New York.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 12, 1898

CONTENTS

Editorials 2
Things and People; by Boswell Jr. 3
The New Affiliated Colleges Buildings 4
The Loot of Cavite 5
"La Mari de la Reine;" by Etienne Marcel 6
Alcohol Has Fallen 6
Orders and Decorations: by Archevrale 6
Market Street on Election Day 7
The United States Troops at Honolulu 8
The Affiliated Colleges 9
A Real Love Affair 9
Reigning Favorites of the French Stage 10
Snapshots at Manila 11
A Bouquet of Beauty 12
Babblings of a Belle 13
"Rule of Three": a Story by W. W. Jacobs 14
"Castle Inn" et al.: a Review by C. 15
London Letter 16
"The Dog Knew Poker": a Story 17
The Theatres 18
New Stories Re-Told 20

THE ELECTION AND ITS LESSONS.

The lessons of the late election are not hard to find. To commence with, the nation has endorsed the war policy of President McKinley and the idea of colonial expansion to which the war has given rise. Unmistakable and direct is the mandate of the people that the United States must hold the Philippines. Defeat of the administration would inevitably have been construed as a warning against imperialism, but expansion was the question directly before the voters and the people have spoken. The unanimity of the verdict silences all protest and shows that the country has discriminated between the work of the President and the errors of his War Secretary. This decisive victory supports the Administration in its contention with Spain and will inevitably react on the Peace Commission, strengthening its hands in the negotiations with Senor Montero Rios and his confrères. Otherwise the defeat of the Democracy may be attributed to insistence on the silver issue, which in State platforms throughout the country had its old place of honor as the chief doctrine. On top of the sweeping victory for the gold standard two years ago, this second defeat may be said to have put the white metal issue out of debate. That it will have this effect is too much to expect, perhaps, but continued loyalty of the Democracy to a lost and mistaken cause will inevitably solidify the Republican party in its present role as the party of intelligent progress. The vote of the Gold Democrats is still with President McKinley and behind his administration it will remain until its own party abjures economical heresies and resumes its old principles.

In California the defeat of Congressman Maguire is easily explained. This State has at last revolted against demogogism and refuses to be deluded longer by false issues. The Democratic candidate was a man allied with every economical heresy in the decalogue. He had embraced all the vagrant theories of populism and socialism, and was the apostle incarnate of the Single Tax. A railroad bogy was scared up by the *Examiner* to afford his candidacy a reason of existence, and he went before the people with a progaganda that had lost its virtue denouncing evils that existed only in his imagination. Behind him his organ thundered defiance of all vested interests, denouncing corporations as crimes and its opponents as though they had been highway robbers. In spite of protest and denial it did make an issue of the Southern Pacific, but aroused a general impression that Congressman Maguire's election would be fatal to every corporate and private enterprise. The contest came to be, success versus failure—the sandlotter against the intelligent and law-abiding citizen, and the candidate in his utterances said nothing to disturb the current impression.

The citizens of California were warned by the *Examinsr* that the election of Gage meant the dominance of railroad influence and an encouragement of its interference in political affairs. The answer of the State has been recorded. Gage has been elected and the bulk of the Republican ticket also. No intelligent man believes that the railroad cares to participate in conventions or at elections, because its interests are best subserved by non interference in political affairs. All it asks is to be allowed to mind its business as a carrier. Save what the *Examiner* manufactured there was no railroad issue before the public; the Funding Bill had been disposed of, and Judge Maguire knew it better than any one else. Though he attempted to foist the delusion on his audiences North and South, it is evident from the vote that he deceived only a minority, who naturally thought with him and his sponsors.

For the intelligent citizen confronted with the alternatives—Gage, conservatism and prosperity, or Maguire, demagogery and adversity—there could be no hesitation. Nor was there. The verdict consigns this apostle of the single tax and other economical lumber to the great majority of Democratic "has beens." His overthrow is a strike for better conditions in California and in his own party. The State is ranged under the banner of progress. We trust the Democracy will accept the obvious logic of its defeat, turn its back once and for all on the sandlot, and two years hence will go to the country on an honest issue.

OUR UNDIPLOMATIC GENERALS AT MANILA.

The impression that all is not well at Manila seems to be well founded. In dealing with Aguinaldo, our leaders have proved inferior in diplomatic sense and have exhibited none of that intelligent decisiveness so essential in negotiating with Oriental races. In the several controversies that have arisen between the insurgent leader and the American generals, the former in each instance has captured the diplomatic side of the argument and in such a manner as to force the recognition of his power as that of a belligerent—a distinction to which he is not entitled. He appears to have a keen sense of the subtleties of international barter, and, while his army has been denied entrance at Manila, it seems he actually holds the rest of Luzon. At least no one, American or native, is permitted past the insurgent lines without a pass bearing his sign manual.

The initial mis-step in these negotiations with Aguinaldo was made by General Anderson, who committed the error of treating with instead of subordinating the insurgent leader in the initial operations at Cavite. When the differences arose he was asked to define the American position and destroyed confidence in our good faith by the equivocal reply:

"The United States have been a great nation for 122 years and have neither had nor desired a colony. I leave you to draw your own inferences."

At this, such semblance of submission as Aguinaldo had hitherto maintained, vanished and he conducted operations on the basis of an independent belligerent having the same object as the Americans, but not co-operating with their forces. On his own account he set about the reduction of Manila. Though in the frequent brushes between his men and the Spanish the gains and losses were even, yet substantial service was performed in surrounding the city and cutting off Spanish food supplies. During the period that elapsed after Anderson's mis-step until the arrival of American re-inforcements, there developed considerable enmity between the American troops and the Filipinos. Our men regarded the insurgents as "niggers," treated them as an inferior race and naturally provoked their resentment. This strained condition was accentuated by the manner of General Greene, who erred in a fashion the reverse of General Anderson, being brusque and domineering in such relations as he had with the insurgents, who may be guided, but not driven. The unfortunate state to which affairs had been brought was appreciated among the intelligent army officers, who supposed, on the arrival of Major-General Merritt, that all these differences would be adjusted. Unfortunately our Commander-in-Chief failed to justify the dashing reputation of his early career. He manifested but slight interest in the task and was piqued at Aguinaldo, who failed to pay him the courtesy of a formal call. Instead of landing and taking control of our forces, he remained on the *Newport*, report says, playing whist with his staff. His irritation against the insurgent leader manifested itself in an order given on the day prior to the final assault on Manila to General Anderson, that Aguinaldo's forces should not be allowed to enter the city. This was the only answer given the Filipino leader's formal request to be allowed participate in the triumph, and in view of what had already transpired, was an unnecessary snub. The sense of this order being conveyed to Aginaldo, he replied that it was too late—that orders had already been issued to his men. Next day the insurgents advanced with our troops along parallel roads, and in spite of Anderson's command, several hundred of them got into the suburbs of the city.

They made their presence felt by looting houses and other practices alien to our principles of war-making. Merritt ordered Anderson to eject them, but failed to authorize the use of force. The order was given. Aguinaldo did not refuse to go, but expressing his friendliness for Americans sent commissioners to present counter propositions. Anderson again fell into the trap, accepted the pretext, listened to the preposterous claims of the insurgent emissaries—which, among other things, demanded that our troops be restricted to certain defined locations, and also that the captain general's palace be turned over to Aguinaldo. Having once hesitated, it was impossible for Anderson to refuse the submission of these proposals to General Merritt, the insurgents in the meantime keeping the position they had occupied. The serious turn affairs had now taken prompted the American commander-in-chief to consult Dewey, which he was loath to do, for the admiral's impatience of Merritt's plan of campaign had been freely expressed. The result of this conference was the retirement of Anderson to Cavité, and then Merritt undertook answering Aguinaldo himself. Severally the Filipino proposals were negatived, but the reply did not satisfy the insurgent leader, who returned to the charge. At this stage Merritt left for Paris, imposing on his second in command, Major-General Otis the task of further negotiations. Otis grappled with the desperately-botched problem as vigorously as his mind and character permitted, and after some further delay sent a note to Aguinaldo defining carefully the American position and demanding that the Filipino forces be withdrawn before September 15th from within the lines surrendered by the Spanish general Jaudenes. Failure to comply, Otis plainly warned, the insurgent would compel the Americans to resort to ejection by force of arms. This missive was a severe shock to the pretensions of Aguinaldo, and made an issue that Anderson's awkward concessions had precipitated. The basis of negotiations should have been primarily the retirement of the Filipino forces outside our lines; after that, concessions might have been made on a proper basis.

We hope that the experience of the past will guide the future dealings of our generals with the insurgents. Aguinaldo has grown so great a man, through the weakness of Anderson and the neglect of Merritt, that his pretensions present a serious problem, but however ready he may be to provoke a conflict with our troops, wise men surround him who are determined to avoid a rupture at any cost. The Filipinos, in spite of Aguinaldo's contention that to his prowess alone the fall of Manila is due, realize throughout the dependence of all this leader's movements on the American fleet. In the event of a rupture there could be no question of results in a pitched battle, but there is no denying the prowess of the insurgents in guerilla warfare.

The complexities of the situation and the problem of governing the Philippines bring us to a realization of the necessities of establishing a colonial bureau in Washington. It is clear our colonies will not govern themselves, and a wise system of administration directed by trained executives must be instituted. We trust that President McKinley in his forthcoming message will take cognizance of the difficulties which confront the nation, and that he will advise the creation of a colonial secretaryship and a bureau which shall have supervision of all affairs pertaining to Alaska, Porto Rico, Cuba and the Philippines. This bureau must be strictly regulated by civil service principles, for knowledge and experience are essential in dealing with native races, and once gained should be utilized continuously and not swung off in some other direction when its influence is most valuable.

"THE PROGRESS OF WOMAN."

Mr. Hall Caine's address on this topic before the Twelfth Night Club has given a fresh, but, in consideration of the source, a halting impetus to the vexed question of woman's "emancipation." He said to "the many beautiful and brilliant women whose faces are to be seen here to-day" that women had been "emancipated from mere marrying and giving in marriage, and ruling over the kitchen and the nursery"; and that "the old idea that man and wife are one is completely exploded; indeed, it is not impossible that future legislation may decree that under certain circumstances the woman is both"; and he said: "The little air of mannishness she is putting on * * * is a very touching and beautiful characteristic."

This pernicious and insidious talk is to be expected from a person who has a mind to write and dramatize such a work as *The Christian*. That his statements are in a measure correct is undeniable, but that they are the standard of woman's progress is grievously wrong and should be repudiated by the progressivists themselves. If the actresses of the Twelfth Night Club, and their sisters of the Century, the California or any other superior sorosis, find in them material for felicitation, then it is indeed true, as we quote a cynic in another column, that "woman is rich in hair and poor in thought."

But we can see and appreciate the progress of women in spiritual attainment, in intellectual culture, and in physical improvement. We believe in it. It means the best for the race and for the State. We encourage it. But we have faith that woman's progress is not built upon the weakening of the marriage tie and contempt for the home, and on an assumption of masculine manners and habiliments. The mischievous chatter of Hall Caine and his like cannot shake that faith.

Ex-President Pretorius of the Transvaal is a new instance of the ingratitude of republics. He recently petitioned the Town Council of Pretoria to hire his cart and team of mules to cart gravel, on the ground that he is growing old and needs money.

POLITICAL CAUSERIE

If the recent election proves one thing, it is that the political complexion of San Francisco has changed. It has been customary to declare that this city was Democratic by several thousand majority. To-day the majority is Republican. When registration closed some months ago, it was announced that the roll of voters showed a decrease of 10,000 names from that of the previous election. Two years ago 29,000 votes were recorded for Mayor Phelan, and at the previous election Adolph Sutro had 32,000 votes. This year the total vote aggregates less than 54,500, of which the Mayor received 28,000. The new condition of affairs is plainly manifested in the returns. Julius Kahn defeats James H. Barry in a district presumably Democratic; the Republicans elect a majority of School Directors, of Supervisors, of legislative representatives, besides giving the State ticket a majority. The truth is, the fall in the registration is due to a loss of population. Business depression has driven elsewhere many thousands of our people. The Klondike has drawn heavily on San Francisco. Many more are at Manila. In considering the contribution of California to the war it should be remembered that in addition to the 1st. Regiment (Colonel Smith's), half a dozen other regiments were recruited to their full strength here. In this way we have lost hundreds of able-bodied voters, who, in other days, were accustomed to swell Democratic majorities. At the last election the 45th was Democratic; so, too, were the 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st and 44th—now they are Republican by a good majority.

***

Mayor Phelan was elected by Republican votes. He carried every Republican district except the Tenderloin, in which Patton was triumphant. The latter was victorious, too, in Martin Kelly's district, in the Forty-fourth, in which the population is mixed and the Fire Department controls; certain South of Market street precincts and the Forty-fifth, which is now Republican by several hundred, went for him also. But Phelan went ahead of him in the Thirty-eighth, Thirty-ninth and Fortieth, which may invariably be depended upon to give big Republican majorities. The strength he developed is best expressed by comparing his vote with that of Judge Maguire. His majority over the gubernatorial candidate was nearly 8,000, surely an evidence of the non-partisan character of his support. The *Call's* assertion that votes for the Mayor were traded against votes for Governor is nonsense, of course. The assumption that such transactions as this can be effected on a large scale without discovery is a childish delusion, unworthy of intelligent consideration. It was an honest victory; the best man won, and that against the fiercest odds a candidate ever encountered in San Francisco. Under the circumstances his success is most fortunate. He has the requisite knowledge to forestall the attempt at a "clean-up" which will be made during the year '99, and I believe he will have sufficient support in the Board of Supervisors to preserve the balance in favor of honesty.

***

It remains to say here a word to Mayor Phelan in inaugurating the second term of his mayoralty. Throughout his public career this journal has been his sincerest partisan, and its support was freely accorded him in the late contest. I believe he has made the best municipal executive San Francisco has ever had. Certainly he has worked honestly and earnestly for the benefit of the city. But in spite of his enviable record he has had to face a violent opposition over which he triumphed purely because of his personal virtues. Mr. Phelan was not elected because of the *Examiner's* support, but in spite of it. The errors he has made during the term of his mayoralty were committed at the dictation of the *Examiner*. He has been drawn into controversies in which he had no right because of the *Examiner*. Lacking intelligent direction in its fights, assuming that ceaseless activity betokens strength, the Monarch has persuaded the Mayor to participate in the innumerable needless irritations it has aroused in the cause of its own circulation. The election has proved that the *Examiner's* estimate of its community was false; it raised the issues and certainly fought earnestly for its gubernatorial candidate, who represented the most radical and revolutionary doctrines of the period. Well, it has been badly reversed; the State is tired of its favorite contentions, of its fatuous fights waged neither with sense nor intelligence, The logic of events proves that the railroad is no longer an available bogy; that pictures of C. P. Huntington do not frighten voters. Mayor Phelan is grateful, but he owes a higher duty to his constituents than to the *Examiner*, and it behooves him to remember that antagonism to a corporation, while it may win head-lines in the Monarch, does not necessarily make votes. Among the conservative classes, who really are quite as honest as the laboring classes, strange though the contention may sound, there is a mistrust of Mayor Phelan, an impression that he is against all vested interests, and may be depended upon to oppose them whenever the opportunity arises. This is all wrong, and the mayor owes it to himself and to his future to counteract this idea. His own good judgment and discretion will avail him far better than the *Examiner's* dictation, and a firm determination in all disputes to give the claims and contentions of corporations as fair consideration as he would ask to have accorded his own private interests, will make him support in the future where he has enmity to-day. This is really excellent advice, and if the Mayor will accord it the consideration it deserves, his majority next year will be ten thousand rather than four.

***

Apropos of the *Examiner* again—the loyal and generous support which the *Chronicle* and *Call* devoted to the municipal ticket of the Republican party was denied by the Monarch to the nominees of the Democracy. It was extraordinarily sparse in its commendations and lax in its eulogies. The opposing papers directed every enegy to "boosting" Republican supervisors, judges and other officers, but the *Examiner* found slight virtue in the men who expected its support, and failed to expose with proper enthusiasm the weak points of their opponents. I am ready to acknowledge the brilliancy of the *Examiner's* cartoons, and the powerful efforts it made for Maguire, but the direction of the paper in this campaign lacked judgment and fairness. Dr. Dodge, who defeated Assessor Siebe, has only to thank it for space not for assistance. It did help the cause of Barclay Henley, and, less earnestly that of Bonnet, but F. K. Lane, Martin Meagher and Greenblatt and most of the others on the ticket had scant attention and no aid. Mr. Lane has to thank his own voice and his friends' energy for his success. Dr. Hill owes no gratitude to Mr. Hearst's paper. It should not be necessary to say these things, but they are the facts and require correction.

***

On the other hand, the *Call* and the *Chronicle* overflowed with partisan zeal. No one can say they failed to support loyally the candidates of their party. They did yeoman's service, though the material gratitude of the candidates was expressed to the bill-posters and printing offices. Less journalistic exploitation was done than ever before in this campaign, and more canvass and sign-boards used. Some of the committees absolutely overlooked the papers and pasted their tickets on the dead walls and hoardings. The Republican organizations, not satisfied with their press, lavished a fortune on transparencies and placards. The truth is that never have the papers had so slight a financial return for their space. However, if the proprietors are satisfied to see their legitimate demands neglected in favor of the bill-posting fraternity, well and good. They know whether or not they are making money.

***

Three men who did nothing whatever to promote their candidacies were defeated. I refer to Judge W. T. Wallace, to Tax Collector Block and to Martin Meagher. The latter evidently presumed on the weakness of his opponent, organized no canvass and made no effort to exploit himself through the press. Mr. Block had persuaded himself that he was invincible in the community and assumed his own re-election as beyond peradventure. His support came from the Republican end of San Francisco, and he was defeated in his own party, which has little patience with a man who deems he has a lease of public office. Judge Wallace imagined that his concessions to demagogic prejudices had so earned him the favor of the community that nothing could shake his hold on the voters. But the Bar has long fretted at this jurist's indifference to his duties and at the prejudice he so freely displayed on occasions. He himself made no effort on his own behalf, and indeed had alienated the men and interests that in other days had rallied to his assistance. No mistake has been made in the selection of the four Judges who have been elected. They are all earnest and intelligent lawyers, well fitted for judicial duties.

***

While in the midst of it I had enjoyed myself tremendously, warmed by the comfort and life and wit and other good things, but now out in the cool night air the buoyancy had gone and I was feeling only the weight which I had accumulated up-stairs. I stood on the Club's steps with my hat off and my head bowed, absently staring down the moonlit street. I thought I was alone. Suddenly a voice, sepulchral as from another world, vibrated upon my nerves. "The dead will be respected, sir," it said; and a card was thrust into my hand. I threw away a vote upon the old duffer. Surely such diligence deserves the reward of a compliment.

THINGS AND PEOPLE

"I have been struck several times since I have been in garrison," writes a captain of foot to Boswell, Jr., "with some songs which all soldiers appear to know. The singing is poor enough, but there seems to be a breath of the plains and a memory of the wild cavalry riders of thirty years ago in the homely lines of the soldier-writer. There are jolts and hitches in the verse as in the melody that seem to speak of a restive horse moving under the singer. Here are samples of a couple of these American Barrack Room Ballads, which I have picked up in the rough and which I no not believe have yet known type. In parenthesis, "dough" means "dough-boy," an Infantry man. It is soldier's slang for any foot soldier.

I enlisted in the Army a soldier for to be,
A went to Arizona to fight the Apache;
I enlisted in the Cavalry because I thought it swell,
But when I reached my Regiment
I thought I was in hell.
But now I am quite happy;
I'm a Sergeant in the Doughs,
I walk around the garrison
And wear my Sunday clothes;
I'm a favorite with the ladies—
In fact, I'm getting stout—
For when there's any trouble
The Cavalry goes out.

"Again, here's one that appeals to my own heart. It is like Lever, and surely must be the product of some expatriated Mickey Free. It's wailed like a regular "keen!"

There was Sergeant John McCafferty
And Corporal Donahue:
They made us march and toe the mark
In gallant Company "Q."
For the drums they roll upon my soul
And this is the way we go:
Forty miles a day on beans and hay
In the Regular Army, *Oh!*

"There's music for the tramping feet as the blue column goes twisting and crawling over the dusty earth."

***

In the exhibition of pictures on view in the Hopkins House one is struck by the absence of California compositions. The material with which the State and the city of San Francisco abounds is converted to no artistic purpose by the painters who are growing up here. The ambitious canvases are landscapes, but rather impressionistic effects of color than translations of typical scenery. Chinatown, with its wealth of picturesque detail, is deserted; the Latin Quarter, with its fishermen and dark-eyed signoritas, is neglected. Why? It is by treating the material which immediately presents itself that reputations are made and individuality developed. Yet there is precious little promise in the canvases displayed in the Hopkins House. Our men are taught to express themselves with the pen or brush and convert their skill to depicting set and conventional compositions, bits of still life, flashy landscapes or photographic maidens under green or yellow bowers. However crude, one would welcome an ambitious effort at painting a real composition. Charles Rollo Peters' "Camp by the Cross" is the one subject in the show. Judson's "Baby's Shoe" is maudlin and stiff, and Raffael's forge scene lacks firmness and quality. It is not that talent is lacking in this burg. We have plenty of artistic ability here, but there is no example and but little incentive. If some one would offer an adequate money prize each year for a figure composition the competition would at least provoke effort. I am sure there would be results.

***

A rare treat is soon to be offered art lovers, in the shape of an exhibition of landscapes by Alexander Harrison, who is perhaps the best known of American artists. Two months ago he arrived here to be the guest of Charles Rollo Peters. Under the latter's guidance he went to Monterey and there for six weeks he remained, entranced by the rare beauty and color of the environment. Sixteen canvases represent the sum of his impressions, and he is delighted with the results and the opportunity. Those who are accustomed to rail at the monotony of the California coloring should hear this artist's enthusiasm over the paintableness of the country around Pacific Grove, or, better still, see the exquisite pictures he has made. That opportunity will soon be afforded, for Mr. Harrison proposes to have an exhibition of these canvases at Vickery's about the 25th of this month. A great reputation invariably commands recognition for its work, especially in the provinces, and so it is entirely appropriate and correct to become ecstatic over the pictures of so eminent an artist. But it may be said that the beauty of these Monterey canvases is something quite apart from reputation or vogue. It is undeniable. They are full of lovely light and color, and the admiration they arouse is instinctive.

***

Considering that conditions exist on the Klondike similar to those that in California produced a Bret Harte and a Joaquin Miller, it is rather strange that nothing, or very little, that is commendable from a literary point of view has come from there. For a region so lavish in incident, the Klondike has sent down none of the fine stuff called literature. The reports and articles sent to the Eastern magazines and newspapers have been largely mere collections of fact, with very little attempt at decoration and no effort at sketching any of the thousand and one characters that are everywhere to be encountered in Alaska. The letter of Mr. Theodore Solomon's, which was published in last week's Wave, has been quoted and commented upon as the first work with such a literary flavor to come out of the North. Apropos of this, I have read with keen interest and great pleasure a letter from Manila sent by Dr. Robert Porter, which is printed in this week's Wave. It is the best bit of writing I have seen from out of the Philippines. It is graphic and thrilling, and gives an impression of conditions there well worth attention and thought.

***

Rhode Island and the Providence Plantations were originally an asylum for dissenters flying before the pious, stake-burning Puritan citizenry of His Majesty's colony of Massachusetts. In these degenerate days, as if in illustration of the changed spirit of things, "Little Rhody" is the refuge of millionaire "tax-dodgers" from New York. Robert Goelet and Elbridge T Gerry are two of the State's most recent acquisitions. "In Rhode Island," says Mr. Gerry, "the rich man has as much protection as the poor man," Which is certainly a neat and novel way of putting it. "More wealthy families will move there if the populistic idea continues in New York of plundering a man while he is living and robbing his heirs when he is dead." And yet California millionaires have an odd—and significant?—way of moving off to New York.

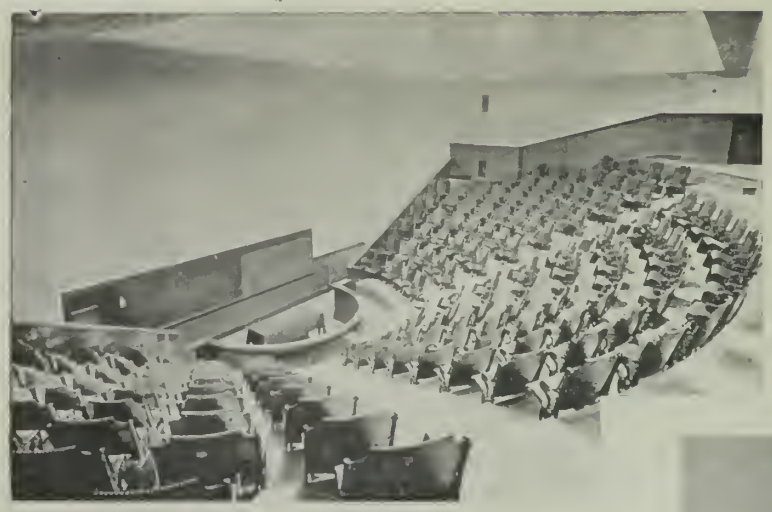
***

The *Century* is astonished at the outcome of its literary competition. I am not even surprised. The result must put heart into those strugglers for the intellectual elevation of woman. The *Century* offered prizes for the best story, poem and essay from the Bachelors of Arts in the United States who received their B. A. in 1897. The magazine people allowed a year for preparation—until June 1, 1898. It is significant of careful work that fully three-fourths of the manuscripts were received after May 1st., and that the men competitors outnumbered the women by twenty-five per cent. Yet the young women graduates completely vanquished the young men graduates, and carried off all three prizes, for a story, for a poem and for an essay. The *Century* cannot be accused of favoritism. The manuscripts were submitted under pseudonyms, the real name of the writer being kept in a sealed envelope until after the winning articles had been selected The *Century* does not attempt to explain this intellectual phenomenon; neither do I in this short space; but there it is, and it is something to ponder and discuss. The first of the prize manuscripts—a short story—was published in the November number. The others will appear in good time.

***

Captain Delahanty of the Navy, who married one of the fair McPhersons and carried her off to New York, has presented one of the *Vizcaya's* guns to the Albany Historical Society. Has any one heard of any public presentations of anything to anything or anybody in California? Yet the town is full of loot from Manila. A sailor sent some carved Spanish armorial bearings to the Bohemian Club, and friends at the front have forwarded to various individuals every kind of a trophy, from a Spanish flag to a uniform button. Show-windows of every kind have been adorned with profusion of Manser rifles and cartridges, shot and shell, flags, cutlasses and swords, haversacks, and even the visiting cards of the *Commandante* of Cavite, which he left behind him in his hurry. This has been a feature of the promenade. One Sutter-street grocery had the wheel of the *Don Juan de Austria*, which had been picked out of the junk left of her by Dewey's cannon. Crowds stop to gloat over these captives to our bow and spear, but this interest is only passing. The Park Museum ought to collect some of the plunder for our caglets to gnaw on in time to come.

BOSWELL JR.



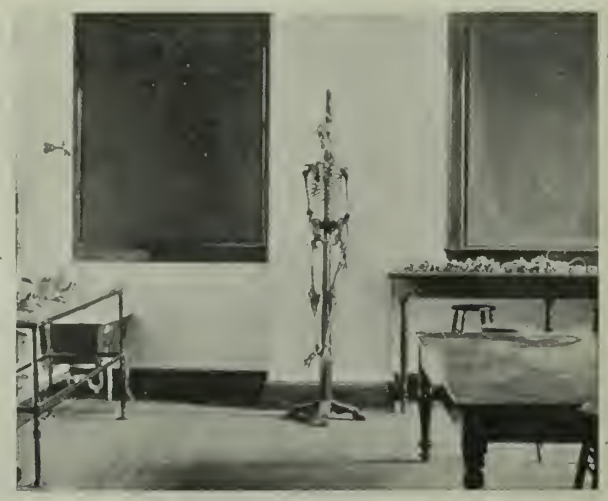
Lecture Auditorium

Museum

The Lecture Hall

Dissecting Room

General View of the Affiliated Colleges



The Auatomical Museum

Faculty Room

An Interior

President's Office

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA: VIEWS IN THE NEW AFFILIATED COLLEGES BUILDINGS

MARTENS & COFFEY AND JULIUS E. KRAFFT, ARCHITECTS

THE LOOT OF CAVITE

Horrors of a Spanish Hospital — Insurgents and the Church of Rome.

Old Cavite, redolent of the past, the spirit of Spain materialized, stretches out before this anchorage, a wonder of color. There, rising sheer from the green bay water, gray with the mosses of two hundred years, is the grim old wall of the town; above it are elevated the white, graceful spires of church, chapel and cathedral. A great patch of red tile roof, redder against the dark green foliage, broken here and there by boughs yellow as gold. This little, well-favored peninsula is set against three high rising hills, blue as the deep blue of sapphires, and the blue fades at sunset from sapphire through all the turquoise tints to amethyst, till at the very edge of night the hills are yet set in a little silver rim where the last light lingers awhile on the horizon.

Very beautiful this Cavite is from afar; very curious with its ancient ways at a closer glance, but terrible, heart-sickening, when you know it in its depth and breadth, a very recapitulation of Spain and the Spanish character. It is a place of the dim, dead, unhallowed, unclean past, with the gathered filth, moral aud material, of that past clinging to it everywhere. Here are the autographs of savage deeds that might have shamed those untamed barbarians, the Vandals aud Goths, from whose loins this people is. Here, in a long, filthy, ill-lighted hall, I saw the most awful thing that comes to a man to see; a thing that I pray God I uiay never have to see again. I saw men, fellow-men, poor, fever-strickeu, wounded wretches, crusted in the filth of neglected wretchedness, dying one by one even as I watched, and, as food and aid came to them, alas too late. Four, before my eyes, died of sheer starvation in one short hour. And—oh, what mockery—above all this hell of suffering and misery, down upon the heads of these devout and starving Christians, smiled the grand and beneficent face of His Holiness Leo XIII.

This den was called a hospital. The victims were Spanish prisoners supposedly in the care of insurgent physicians. How many have died in the past as these poor fellows have, we do not know. Hundreds more would have followed in the same miserable path had it not been for the chaplain of the Montana Volunteers stationed in this iniquitous old town. This gentleman found the insurgents' prisoners in their awful plight, and with rare tact and devotedness he won the confidence of the rebels to such an extent that he was allowed to minister to these unfortunate prisoners, although the relations between the Americaus and insurgents just theu were at great tension, and the natives looked on almost every white man with the deepest suspicion. We entered this dim foul den and passed by the rows of cots peopled with slim-covered skeletons barely alive, and their great, staring eyes were so full of the horror of starvation that there was no appeal for aid in them. Once in a while a loug, trembliug arm would come slowly out from the cot in suppliauce. But there was no sound. The place was as still as the Death that haunted it. The stillness was so impressive we were impelled to silence. The chaplain, on tiptoe, passed from bed to bed with tinned beef and hard tack for those who might take heavier foods, and eggs for the others. There was uo eagerness to get the food, no thanks for it, just a silent acceptation and an immediate eating that spoke more than words. One, as we came to him, took the offered egg and holding it before his eyes sank back dead. Another lay looking toward the next bed, where his neighbor's plate was being filled, but when the chaplain reached him the food had come too late, the man died watching his comrade eat. At the farther end of the long hall we found another lying there just dead, and a fourth so nearly dead that not even food could revive him. The chaplain put some soft food to his mouth, there was a little movement of the lips, as though even the taste had brought new life, but in a moment more the jaw dropped, the eye glazed and the ghastly face of a dead man stared up at us.

I looked around. There was with us a captain of regulars, a man who has weathered the storm and stress of Apache wars, and, as I swallowed the lump in my throat, I saw him brushing tears from his eyes. There was a surgeon there, too, a veteran, who time and time has been under the strain of heart-racking operations, nerved as he was to suffering and distress, he turned away from this to the air. As we weut out into the street, past the armed and uniformed child who stood guard at the portal, the relief from the stress of that silent, haunting horror was so great that involuntarily we all took a deeper breath. As we walked across the street to enter the beautifully-clean, well-kept hospital where our own sick and wounded are so well and tenderly cared for, it seemed that what we had just seen was a nightmare, the ghost of an unutterable past come to mock us.

But indeed it was uo phantom—it was a dread reality to be dealt with and altered. And under Generul Anderson's wise administratiou it has been altered, so that now, a week after the first American learned the truth of this place, cleanliness aud healing rule where filth and death so lately held their carnival of horror.

And yet how can we blame these half-savage insurgents? All they know has been grafted on their savagery by Spanish rule, and while Spain has bequeathed them some virtues, humanity and sympathy are not in the category. Even while one is stricken with the horror of all this cruelty and neglect, by every sign about us we know that all Spain is reaping is a gentle breeze to the whirlwind of cruelty and tyranny she has sown. Under the grim frowning walls that have guarded Cavite these three centuries there are duugeons and man-traps that speak with eloquence of Spain's methods. As you pass into them dank and dripping, the first feeling is one of admiration for the masons who built these wouderful arches and buttresses, as staunch to-day as when the trowel was laid to their mortar in old Magellan's time. Their curves, graceful as Gothic arches, have yet that massive strength the Normans gave their masonary. Beyond these first, lighter cellars follow one on another hundred dungeous—bare, dark cellars, each depending on a window six inches wide by two feet high for light and air. Here are old rusty wall rings, rusted links of chains and time-worn anklets to tell of what went on here in the past. Behind those narrow windows that open onto the bay, through walls so deep that a man's arm, were it thin enough to pass the narrow openiug, could not reach another such arm through from without.

Not only are there these tainted subterannean prisons—here and there are the narrow niches where troublesome natives are walled alive, and, iu the old fort, are cells so built that water entering at the floor rises inch by inch, hour by hour, until either the maddened victim drowns or tells a story that meets his inquisitor's approval. For the accomodation of these inquisitors—high up in the wall of this narrow cell beyond the prisoner's head—is a grating that communicates with the room from which the rising water is controlled.

In this wall, away from the dungeons, are other cellars, great vaulted places, stored with many thousands rounds of ancient artillery ammunition. Here are rooms filled with grape and canister; others crowded with chain shot and a few with the modern explosive shell stowed tier on tier. Here, too, are piles of flints and old rusted flint locks, beside other heaps of the split oyster shell that in this land serve for window panes. Within the walls are perhaps a hundred and fifty buildings, foundrys, machine-shops, drydocks, all the paraphernalia of an arsenal and navy yard, and barrack on barrack (*cuartels* they call them), line the plazas and paths at a respectful distance from the handsome houses that quartered the officers of Spain.

Within these walls, too, there are churches built on the same plan as the mission churches of California, with the saue graceful towers, the same whitened adobe walls and the same red tiled roofs. As we near it, the great mahogany door is open and we enter. There is perhaps in this world uo sadder sight than a desecrated church. It cuts the heart as a scar on the beautiful face of a woman might, and here was the sight before our eyes. The altars were overturned; the images of the saints were shattered and scattered, and every particle of value was stripped from the sacred edifice. As we came from without a sailor was beheading John the Baptist with a handsaw, while another tried to separate the head of a cherubim from a group of the Holy Family. Besides these shattered figures of the saints, there was nothing in the church. Even the confessionals had been stripped of their carvings. The very paving had been torn from the floor and the earth beneath searched for hidden treasure. All about lay broken flags, nearly all inscribed R. I. P., with the names and epitaths of buried Spaniards, and piled helter-skelter over the scarred floor on these broken flags are scattered the bones that should lie resting iu the hallowed soil beneath.

It was the Spanish custom to bury something of value, some faucied bit of plate or perhaps some coins with the dead. Then, too, it was known that the padres often hid their hoards in such gruesome places, so the first places the lootiug uatives searched were the churches. If the circumstantial evidence of broken safes and shattered treasure boxes is to be believed they fared well when they reached the padre's cloister vaults. In the cellars leading from the garden cloister (for the church made but oue side of a square, the three sides of which seemed to be the priests' dwellings) much mining had been done. In several of the rooms cement vaults had been uneartlied and the rifled strong boxes lay by the ruins of their plastered niches. Again, upstairs, we came across three such safes clumsily broken into and rifled. Within the walls of the town are two more churches. In one we found no evidence of the looters' success; in the other were two opened money-boxes, and, in the buttery, great piles of empty bottles, beer bottles, wine bottles, bottles that had held cognac, and bottles that had held brandy, large bottles, small bottles and medium-sized bottles, piles on piles of them. Evidently the insurgents had quenched a long-standing thirst at the good fathers' expense. Iuside both these churches were, as the first, bare buildings, skeletons of churches, with their floors tumbled and overturned, the saints dethroned and every movable thing carried off. These insurgents are born with a welling hatred of the Spaniard, but of all Spaniards their hearts are most bitter toward the padre. It is easy to imagine with what glee that looting, revengeful mob went through the padres' headquarters, drank their wine, ate their delicacies and looted their valuables. Yet they are all good Catholics in fear and love of God and the church, according to their light, and how they dared desecrate the sanctuary is hard to compass.

As I left this wrecked church and turned across a stretch of greeu, like the level and pathed commons of the Eastern States, I came to Aguinaldo's cartridge renovatory. There was standing an insurgent first lieutenant. He spoke English. "I will get the key to the mystery," I thought. Just then the bells of another church—a church across the causeway that separates Cavite from San Roque—began to peal. Many feet were hurrying to the sound of the chimes.

"These are going to church?" asked I.

"Yes, sir."

"Is this then a feast day?"

He looked inexpressibly shocked at my ignorance. With a low bow, and devoutly crossing himself, he answered:

"It is the feast of the Assumption of our Blessed Virgin."

"Ah," I said, "the Philippineans are good Catholics."

"Of course," with an inflection that asked, "What else can sane men be?"

Now I was come to the point.

"Sir," said I, "then why did your people desecrate these churches in Cavite?"

He seemed amazed at the question and fairly flung the answer at me.

"They were es-Spanish churches."

"Oh, thank you," I said; "what percentage of cartridges do you manage to rescue?"

I thought to go on in inquiry about the God of the Philippines, when my officer volunteered that the Spanish priests were so wicked the God would have nothing to do with them or their churches, so there could be no possible desecration of a thing that could by no means be sacred, could there? I thought that probably he was right, but I wondered how Rome would dispose of his doctrine.

It was not only churches and church property that were looted on that first day of May. When Cavite saw that Dewey was winning the day the whole loyal population deserted helter-skelter. Heaven only knows what dire fate they expected from the victors. As they rushed out of the place one way looking for safety, in came the insurgents looking for loot and prisoners, and woe to the unhappy soldiers who fell into their hands.

Cavite is built on a little peninsula that was once an island. It is connected now by some five yards of roadway up to which the bay comes on either side. Across this strip, on the mainland, begins a five-mile stretch of native huts. Now the native hut is a thing to wonder at—hut it hardly is, and yet to call it a house seems too great a dignity. When the native wants to set up an establishment he takes his machete into the country and gathers a bundle of bamboos. Unsplit bamboo makes the frame of his house, its pillars and posts and rafters. After the frame is up with his ever ready machete, he splits up his remaining bamboo and makes a lattice-work roof and walls to his home and lays the split piece side by side for his flooring. Now he takes either banana leaves or cocoa fibre and weaves it thickly in and out through the lattice on the bamboo frame until it is sun-proof and rain-proof in all but doors and windows. For the window, bamboo makes the frame, the panes are squared, thinned oyster shells. The door is the only thing he cannot himself make. He has to buy that of a Chinese joiner, but back in the country they save even this expense by hanging the doorway with a portiere of woven banana leaf. Once his house is built cocoa fibre sleeping mats, a couple of pillows, one or two bamboo stools, a table, a few cooking pots and a banana tree in the little plot behind, for food and shade, and you have the average Philippinean native's house. Such houses stretch five miles from Cavite, at first the settlement is called San Roque, then St. Cloud, then Old Cavite, every mile or two changing its title.

In the five miles of huts and houses there must be thirty thousand people. It is here that the loot of Spanish Cavite may be found. In these woven huts are pianos and harps, French clocks and ornaments, Italian marbles and carvings, and even watches and jewelry. Swiss watches, cheap in Paris at eight hundred francs, one can buy in St. Roque for fifty Mexican dollars; and a Broadwood, that half fills the house, breaks the night with most awful and wonderful strains under the fingers of some soldier off duty. The natives have found the weak spot in our soldiers' appetites. Every third house has a little open place where oranges, bananas, mangoes and pomelos are for sale. Now to each has been added an array of bottles and every one is peddling "sam shu" and native gin, as well as Anisette—liquors that the natives drink by the thimbleful, but our boys pour down with a recklessness that bodes ill for their health in this tropical climate.

On the first entry to San Roque from Cavite a street runs sharply off to the right and further along a branch goes out to the left, this left road leads through Bahor and Paranaque to Manila, and along it the heaviest fighting of the insurgent campaign occurred, mile by mile the boys—almost children of the rebel army—drove the Spaniards back until, behind the defenses of Manila, they were safe against an army that had no artillery. Say what we may in our pride of victory, these insurgents were our allies until General Merritt and the third expedition arrived and we did not need them. Had it not been for them the Spanish would not have been walled up in Manila and starved for months. Had it not been for them we would have taken Manila as Shafter took Santiago with the sacrifice of thousands of precious American lives. Mob of an army as it may be, cruel and heartless as these people are, nevertheless we are their debtors, and we owe to them the assurance that the hated flag of Spain will never float over them again.

ROBERT PORTER.

Some of the reform edicts issued by the Emperor Kwang-su have been published by the *Times*, says the *Saturday Review*. They are so erude and sweeping that one can only compare them to the universal peace proposals with which the Czar recently astonished the practical statesmen of Europe. If it is recollected how English people cling to ideas and customs that cannot boast a more venerable antiquity than a few centuries, it may easily be understood what caution would be necessary in trying to remove Chinese prejudices which have lasted two or three thousand years. To denounce ingrained practices as obsolete, and to appeal to the people to cast aside spontaneously their most cherished usages, is not a proceeding calculated to advance the cause of progress, however laudable the reformer's intentions may be. It is said that chagrin at the natural failure of these reforming attempts, and the extinction of all hopes in consequence of the Empress-Dowager's seizure of power, have caused the Emperor's serious illness, and the admission of a French doctor to the palace has removed all doubt that the unhappy Kwang-su is still alive, though necessarily in imminent danger. The remarkable deference shown by him to the Empress-Dowager tells its own story, and it would be an inhuman action on the part of the Western Powers who have been egging the Emperor on in the path of reform, to stand by without making an effort to save the victim of their counsels from his perilous position.

A fine exhibition of tennis playing was given at Brighton recently, when Peter Latham won a stake of £2,000, and reaffirmed his title to the championship of the world. In judging of his complete victory over his American opponent, it should be borne in mind that by conceding to his adversary the use of the French ball, he was practically playing the match under a handicap. Although the Boston player, Pettit, made a very plucky fight, he was absolutely no match for his antagonist, who won set after set and displayed marvelous resources and activity. In the end Peter Latham won the match by seven sets to love, securing out of an aggregate of fifty-eight games, no less than forty-two. The championship, therefore, remains in the hands of its former holder, who is acknowledged to be the finest tennis player of recent years.

Judge Ignacio Sepulveda is again chairman of the Annual Charity Ball committee appointed to wait upon President Diaz. Senor Sepulveda is a Californian and so is his wife, a lady much younger than himself. He was sent to the City of Mexico as American *charge d'affaires*, and has remained in the land whence his ancestors came to this State. During the civil war in Mexico he was an officer in the army of the Emperor Maximilian, and was imprisoned for a while after the execution of that unfortunate tool of Napoleon III.

The late Lord Winchelsea's outdoor recreations included the odd amusements of bricklaying, glazing and even ditching. In the summer of 1895 he spent nearly all his holidays in repairing the roof of Ewerby Church. He was also greatly interested in birds, and had a fine collection of eagles' eggs, every one of which he had taken from the nest himself.

ORDERS AND DECORATIONS

For Valor on the Field of Battle and Devotion to Duty.

If Hobson and his men had been in the British navy when they sailed into the lion's mouth in the way they did at Santiago, they should all have had the Victoria Cross presented to them by the Queen herself. The unstinted praise of his fellow-countrymen, the thanks of Congress and prompt promotion may be honors enough for the hero of the *Merrimac*, but a seemingly trifling bit of ribbon, a stamped scrap of brouze gun-metal itself of no intrinsic value, some little evidence of the distinction, would be prized with a depth and warmth of military sentiment best understood by the man of war, soldier, sailor or amphibious marine. I doubt if there is a man in all Britain who would not prefer the Queen's simple bronze cross, with its scroll containing only the words "For Valor," before many distinctions ordinarily more highly prized. We have a decoration of this kind—the United States Medal of Honor—but it was confined by its originators to non-commissioned soldiers and sailors and it is little known and does not seem to be thought much of.

The Medal of Honor was established by Congress by acts of July 12, 1862, and March 3, 1863, to be given to non-commissioned officers and private soldiers for distinguished courage in action and for extraordinary evidence of soldierly qualities. During the Civil War several thousand of these medals were distributed, in one instance a whole regiment—the 27th Maine—being decorated. This regiment's time of enlistment expired on July 1, 1863, just at the opening of the battle of Gettysburg. The men, in a body, offered to stay for the battle, and each one was given the medal. Since the Civil War the Medal of Honor has been frequently conferred for gallant conduct in our Indian wars in the West. No medals have thus far been granted for bravery exhibited in the Spanish War, because Congress has not yet assembled. The medal itself is of bronze metal remolded from guns captured from the enemy. It is shaped like a five-pointed star, each point being tipped with a trefoil and decorated with clusters of oak and laurel. In the center, encircled by stars, is a figure of America upholding on her right arm a shield adorned with the coat of arms of the United States. She is repulsiug Discord, an effigy holding snakes in each hand. Above the star are two crossed cannons surmounted by an eagle. The medal is attached to a clasp, made like the arms of the United States, by means of a ribbon of the stars and stripes.

The famous "V. C." was instituted by Queen Victoria at the close of the campaign in the Crimea in 1856. Her Majesty desired to make some recognition of the extraordinary bravery of certain of her soldiers and sailors, so she had designed a plain bronze Maltese cross having in the center the passant-guardant lion of the ancient arms of the kingdom above the royal crown. Looped over the cross-bars and passing under the crown is a scroll bearing the magic words "For Valor." This cross is also made from the metal of cannon captured from the enemy. It is given only to those men, regardless of rank and class, who, in the enemy's presence, perform some signal act of bravery, or of devotion to duty. On the reverse of the cross is engraved the name of the recipient and the date of his heroic deed. The cross is sustained by a ribbon, red for the army, blue for the navy, to a bronze bar adorned with laurel leaves. This is suspended from a pin bar on which is inscribed the fact of the act for which it was conferred, and the place. The awarding of the Victoria Cross is published in the *Gazette* and a full description is given of the deed by which it was won. The recipient is thereafter entitled to the honor of signing "V. C." after his name; and he is allowed an annuity of ten pounds a year from the royal treasury.

After the Victoria Cross, probably the military order best known to Americans is the French Legion of Honor, which numbers many Americans in its different grades. Mark Twain has said that "few escape the distinction," but really the decoration of the Legion is highly prized. It is conferred for political or scientific pre-eminence as well as for valor. Napoleon instituted the Legion of Honor and divided it into five grades; the Knight Grand Cross, who wears a silver star on his left breast, and a broad sash of red ribbon over his right shoulder united in a rosette to which is attached the cross of the Legion; the Grand Officer, who has no sash and wears the star over his right breast; the Commander, who wears the gold and white enamelled cross on his bosom pendant from a sort of collar of red ribbon; the Officer, who wears a smaller cross pinned to the left breast by a piece of red ribbon and a red rosette; and the Chevalier, or knight, whose cross of silver and white enamel is attached simply by a small bit of red ribbon. There is the very ghost of an annuity proportionately attached to the possession of the various grades of the Cross of the Legion of Honor, and what is a droll thing to American and English minds, the shallow and theatrical Frenchman finds a solace worth more than gold in the fact that he can die comparatively happy in the knowledge that he will have a bang-up military funeral involving the parade of from half a company for a knight to an entire division for a Grand Cross. Besides the Cross of the Legion is the lesser-known French Medaille Militaire. The proud owner of both these is a true hero.

Other countries have their orders and decorations conferred for valor, but they are not so well known to us—the Iron Cross and the Black Eagle in Germany, the Maria Theresa Cross of Austria, the Cross of St. George—or is it St. Andrew—of Russia, the San Fernando of Spain, and so on, Italy, Belgium, Portugal, Turkey, Denmark, Sweden, the Papacy and other States of Europe having their own peculiar orders of knighthood.

The announcement that Leo XIII intends bestowing the blessing of the Golden Rose upon the wife of Prince Leopold of Bavaria impels me to describe that unique distinction the antithesis of those I have just been writing about. The Golden Rose is the greatest worldly honor the Pope can confer upon a woman. Its possession is rigidly limited to worthy women of royal families that are within the fold of the Bishops of Rome. The choice this year, of the Princess of Bavaria, who was Archduchess Gisela, eldest daughter of the late Empress of Austria, is doubtless due to the Holy Father's sympathy with the Hapsburgs in their affliction. The Rose is made of pure gold. It is beautifully constructed, the central flower being surrouuded by buds and leaves. The whole "plant" stands in a golden flower jar on the side of which is engraved the Papal arms and an appropriate inscription. Its intrinsic value alone is rated at $10,000; its spiritual worth is not to be compared with anything mundane.

ARCHIEVRALE.

ALCOHOL HAS FALLEN

Condemned as a Food, Rejected by Medicine, it is Now Without Virtue.

Thrones are tottery things in these iconoclastic days—thrones of State, or thrones figurative. People ask questions, investigate, and practical action follows thought. That is why old King Alcohol, once so powerful, is not only a social outcast now, but is hereafter to be written small in the pharmacopœia. Knowledge of the evil effects of alcohol upon the mind and body is older than history, but it remained for modern investigators like Sir Benjamin Richardson to elaborate them in a scientific manner. His experiments resulted in the statement that alcohol acts as a deadly poison from its inception to its elimination from the human system. The dictum of the most eminent physicians is that alcohol, and thus alcoholic liquors, excite the nervous system to greater activity, but cause greater depression as a result. It is not a food, but on the contrary interferes with and impairs digestion. According to recent physiological experiments, it retards, perverts and destroys normal cell growth. Science makes a bad case against the stuff.

These evils of alcohol are a matter of dollars and cents with life-insurance companies, which unqualifiedly refuse to take a "risk" who is habitual in the use of alcohol in any form. This does not apply, of course, to the man who sups claret at dinner, or even the gentleman who takes a cocktail or two before, but to men who make a practice of toddy-drinking throughout the fifteen hours of active living—the gentleman who generally retires with what is known as a "still on." The underwriters don't want and won't have such risks. Indeed, they are convinced by experience, that alcohol, taken even in moderate quantities, impairs the health and shortens the life of the user. There are few positions that may be had by drinking men, and Society looks severely askance at the young gentleman who indulges too freely his appetite for champagne or punch at its celebrations. The truth is, temperance has become fashionable, and it is no longer extraordinary to find a man who "really does not care to take anything." There are those who do not hesitate to attribute the superior accuracy of our gunners during the Spanish War to the absence of the wonted ration of grog. Nowadays Jack-at-sea is perforce a most abstemious person. Ships are not grappled rail to rail, while boarders leap from deck to deck. There is now no use for "Dutch courage" and the Berserk fury. What is wanted is a cool head, a clear eye and a steady hand to train a great rifle on a moving speck a mile away perhaps on the water.

That there is something in the contention of the abstainers is impossible to doubt. Lord Wolseley made careful experiments with various regiments of the British Army to test the health and staying qualities of troops allowed or denied alcoholic liquors to drink. The regiments served with grog after the traditioual custom were put to blush by those placed under a teetotal regimen. The latter developed superior endurance on the march, greater coolness in the face of the enemy, stronger staying-power in action and a readier recuperation from iujuries. The grogged men made a fiercer charge, but the reaction from it left them exhausted, while their non-drinking mates were steady aud capable of sustained effort protracted far beyond their fellows. It was because of these practical considerations, and not for any conscientious scruples, that, during the Sudan campaign, alcoholic liquors were rigidly proscribed in the Anglo-Egyptian army.

All the general objections to alcoholic beverages are capped by the gradual development within recent years of the fact that the value of alcohol as a pharmaceutical agent has been much over-estimated. As a drug, it has lost caste with the medical profession. Indeed physicians and surgeons have found it to be not really a stimulant, but a depressant. The arguments of the physicians carom heavily upon those beverages of which alcohol is a concomitant. Even as a menstruum for exhausting drugs, alcohol has largely been superceded by acetic acid in various strengths. It has been discovered by experiments with different menstrua that a ten per cent. solution of acetic acid is almost universal in its dissolving and exhausting powers. However, the use of alcohol as a narcotic may be sustained as a proper practice. Dr. Wickes Washburn, at the annual meeting of the New York State Medical Association in October, cited forty-six cases wherein at the critical stage he used alcohol and morphine—in some cases to the extent of a quarter of a grain every forty-five minutes—and met with none of the secondary effects, nor any tendency to narcotism. Nor was there any tendency to continue the use of alcohol or morphine after recovery. It would be just as well though to introduce carbonate of ammonium, or caffeine or some similar stimulant with patients who are non-users of alcoholic beverages. There is an admitted danger of innoculating such persons with the disease of alcoholism.

A. B. S.

Miss Lucy Lee Hill, now of Chicago but always of Kentucky, who was named to succeed Miss Winnie Davis as "Daughter of the Confederacy," is the daughter of the distinguished Confederate, General A. P. Hill, who was killed on the last day of the war near Appomattox Courthouse. Her mother was Kittie Morgan, a famous blue-grass belle, and she is the niece of General John Morgan and of General Basil Duke. Miss Hill is a young woman of rare beauty. She has a faultless figure and carries herself like a queen. She is bright and witty, and her greatest charm is her spontaneous cordiality. Miss Hill has written to the Confederate Survivors deploring the controversy and "heartily agreeing with General Gordon that the title, 'Daughter of the Confederacy,' died with Miss Davis."

A bicycling lawyer of Potsdam, who presented himself in court with his witnesses, all in knee-breeches and cycling stockings, was fined 10 marks for gross impropriety, and the sentence has been confirmed on appeal by the Prussian courts.

"LA MARI DE LA REINE"

A Chapter on the Snubs to Which a Prince Consort is Subjected.

The report that the Queen of Holland is engaged to marry the Prince of Wied amuses me mightily; for two reasons. Wilhelmina cannot become engaged or formally contract a valid marriage without the consent of her people through their legislature; and then I fancy to myself the handsome, stalwart young prince tagging around at the apron-strings of the hot-tempered little monarch of the Dutch—the Dutch, who are bitterly jealous of Germany and the "pernicious German influence," and who would never pass an opportunity for making the German consort miserably sick of his humiliating position. The Dutch would like their sovereign to wed Prince Harold of Denmark, the younger son of the Crown Prince. If they consent at all to her marrying Wilhelm von Wied, it will be only after reflecting that he is not a member of a reigning house, or sovereign family, and thus cannot rule them should he survive Her Majesty.

The Dutch royal family and the people of Holland have no desire to repeat certain experiences of the past. Such marriages were the cause of the war for independance from Spain in the sixteenth century, and, indirectly, of the separation of Belgium and Holland in 1832. The Wieds were deprived of their throne by Napoleon and, after the evacuation of Germany, the rulers of the greater States decided to abolish petty kingdoms like that of Wied. So that principality was given to Prussia, and since 1815 its lords have been subjects and retainers of the Hohenzollerns, with less influence in Germany than is exerted by many of the older noble families. Their title remains, however, and, though they are poor, their family is held to be equal in birth to the other German royal families. This lack of position and fortune, the Germans say, is the reason the Prince is wooing the Queen. Even if he plays only second fiddler in Holland as the Queen's consort, he will have a better and more influential position than he holds at home; and his income will surpass anything he ever dreamed of in his ancestral castle. It is most probable though that, should the Queen marry him, the Dutch will not give him any higher status than he now holds—mere Prince of Wied, commanding the same prerogatives and precedence that he held before his marriage. Legally speaking, he will not be a member of the royal family. He will be "La Marie de la Reine"—as we would say: "Mrs. Lease's husband," the tail of his wife's kite.

According to the feudal law and the interpretation of all recognized authorities bearing upon the subject, in countries under a monarchial form of government, the ruling family includes only the Queen Consort, the Queen Dowager and the legitimate lineal descendants of the sovereign. But no provision is made for the consort of a reigning queen or empress. The Salic law, and the extreme infrequency of such occasions is the reason for this.

As the law stands, the Queen Consort is a member of the reigning family and has all their rights and is entitled to all their prerogatives, but the husband or consort of the reigning queen or Empress has no such standing unless it is created by statute or by letters patent. Only half a dozen cases of this kind are recorded in history, being those of Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg, husband of the Queen-Empress Victoria; Prince Ferdinand, also of Saxe-Coburg, husband of Queen Maria Della Gloria of Portugal; Prince Francis de Bourbon, husband of Queen Isabella of Spain; Prince George of Denmark, husband of Queeu Anne of England, and Philip of Spain, husband of "Bloody Mary" of England.

Prince Albert's experieuce in Merry England should be brought to the attention of the young gentleman of Wied. Prince Albert had been married to the Queen for eighteen years before he became officially and legally a member of the royal family. Then he was given the title of Prince Consort of Great Britain through letters patent issued by the Queen in Council. Up to that time he had been without any official status and at home and abroad he was recognized only as a Prince of Coburg. Thus he was obliged to sit below the royal family at table, and even had to stand aside and give his children precedence because they were his superior in rank. The sensitive Prince felt keenly the many snubs and slights to which he was subjected. The British did not sympathize with him, and the press rang the changes on cruel thrusts and protests against "German interference" in the affairs of the kingdom. The *Times* spent columns of bitter vituperation on the "foreign intruder." At the time of their marriage, Victoria made a strong effort to give him rank and precedence next to herself, but the House of Lords met the Government's bill with so much oppositiou, that the Queen, deeply chagrined, directed her minister to withdraw it. Not until 1857 did Parliament consent to make "the Dutchman" a legal member of the royal family of Britain. In Portugal, Prince Ferdinand was made King Consort on the day he was married to Queen Marie. But the Portugese aristocracy and the people were jealous and ill-willed, and before a year had passed Lisbon revolted against his rule and he was driven into exile. After the Queen's death, and the accession of his son, he married an American actress named Elise Hensler, for whom he secured the German title of Countess of Edla. He is dead now, but his widow is still living.

The story of the lives of the other Consorts is only a similar record of political intrigue, scandal, violence and thorough unhappiness. Victoria and Albert carried it out the best of all. How long the fiery little Queen of the Dutch will be able to play house happily with her Consort is one of Europe's choicest morsels of gossip.

ETIENNE MARCEL.

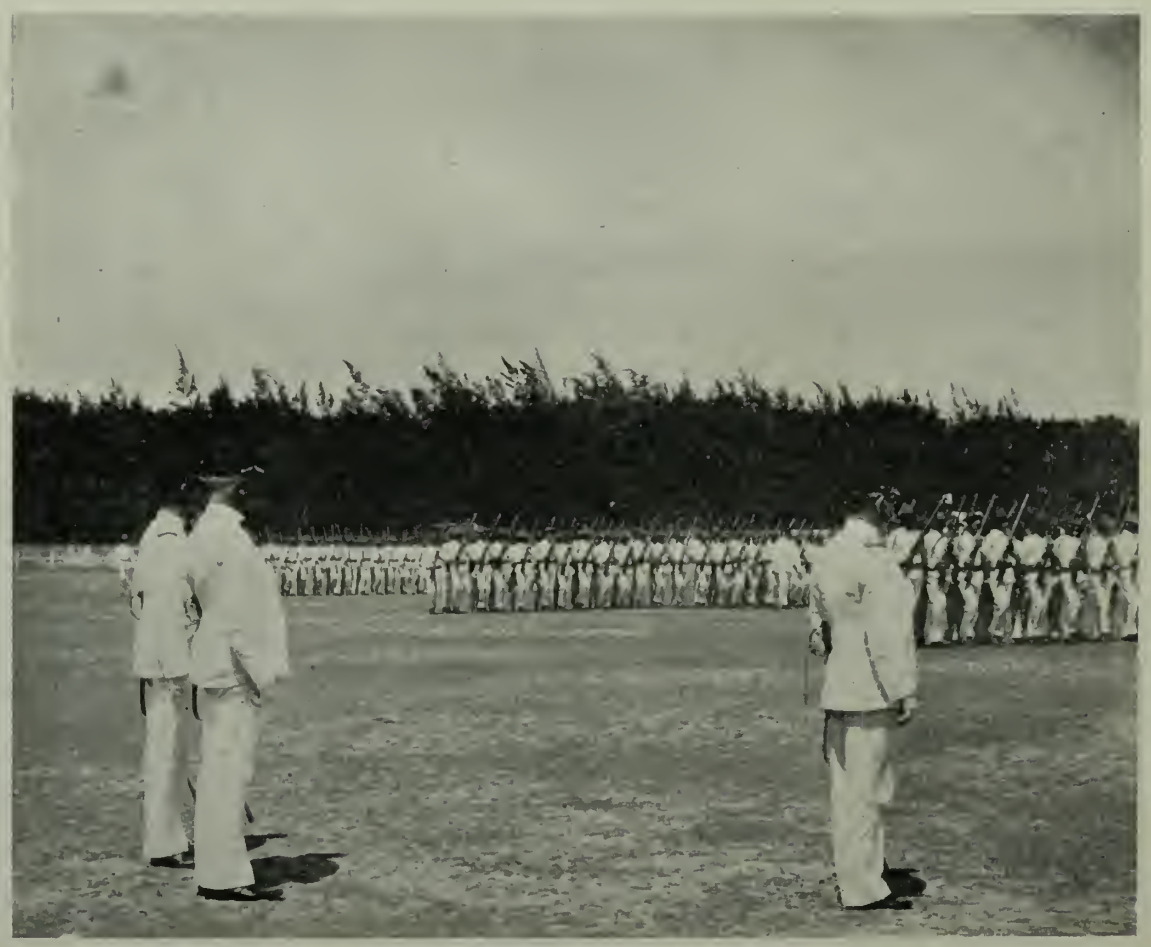
The German Emperor did not kiss the Sultan effusively on both cheeks, as is his habit in visiting other crowned heads. He merely shook hands. The Empress, however, took the arm of the Commander of the Faithful—who, by the way, always manages to make a good impression on lady visitors. As he is emptying the Exchequer over the reception of his Imperial guests, the little attention was, no doubt, the least he could expect. But the spectacle of the wife of the sovereign of the second greatest Protestant country in Europe on the arm of "Abdul the Damned" is not, to say the least, pleasant. In fact, the average man must be either savage or cynical over what is happening at Constantinople.

MARKET STREET ON ELECTION DAY

San Francisco has metropolitan pretensions, six daily papers and over two hundred publications of various other kinds, but every candidate has a banner out, and no one denies the privilege.

The Troops at Drill

Brigadier-General King and Staff



Colonel Barber Reviewing the Troops

THE UNITED STATES TROOPS AT CAMP M'KINLEY, HONOLULU

Photos by Davey

THE KING OF SAXONY
Fie'd Marshal of German Army and Regent of Germany during the Emperor's absence.

ARCHBISHOP CHAPELLE
Appointed Papal Delegate to the West Indian Islands, from which Spain is withdrawing

LI HUNG CHANG.
Restored to favor by the Dowager Empress, who has assumed control of the Government

THE EARL OF MINTO
Appointed Governor-General of Canada to succeed the Earl of Aberdeen

MEN OF THE MOMENT

THE AFFILIATED COLLEGES

A Brief Description of the Medical Department's New Quarters.

After long years of patient waiting the Affiliated Colleges of the University of California are installed in a home of their own, consecrated to the fit and proper elucidation of the three learned professions. This trio of buildings that rise on the slope of the hill south of the Golden Gate Park are headquarters in California for the study of medicine, dentistry and law, but of these the school of medicine alone has yet been domiciled. With due ceremony the medical department was installed on the 22nd. of October, and students and faculty formally introduced to what really constitutes the best-equipped school of its kind in the country. After the wretched accomodations of the old Toland school, and the inadequacy of its appointments, the new institution is as light unto darkness. In the first place, the students are comfortably housed; in the second, the arrangement of lecture halls, laboratories, etc., is according to the latest dicta and admirable for convenience and comfort. The prevailing impression at first was that the college buildings had been located at too great a distance from the municipal center, but the system of car lines has been extended almost to the doors of the edifice, so this objection can hardly carry weight. From the Ferries the journey requires but three quarters of an hour.

Architecturally, the Affiliated College buildings are simple and are notably well constructed. Entering the hall, on either side are two large rooms, one the office of the Chairman of the Faculty, Dr. Beverley Cole, and the other the apartment of the faculty. Dr. Cole's room is handsomely furnished in oak and leather. The walls of the faculty's room are hung with the portraits of the men who have endowed or benefitted the institution, and at one end is a fine bronze bust of Dr. Toland, founder of the college. In the center there is a long leather-covered table, round which are some dozen oaken chairs—a plain, solid and comfortable interior it makes. Passing from this room to the hall—on either side of which are marble tablets, one dedicated to Dr. Toland and the other to Dr. Cole—one finds oneself next in the auditorium in which the formal opening took place. It makes a superb theatre with a stage for the lecturer and accomodation for at least a thousand students. The seats are comfortable and an intelligent conception of the necessities of the institution have dictated the arrangement. Behind the theatre are sitting-rooms for the lady students, which are cosily furnished, three large reception-rooms and the physiological and biological laboratories, together with private offices for certain of the professors, whose duties compel more regular attendance at the college than is demanded of their brethren.

A broad staircase divides the building. On the second floor are the chemical, bacteriological and pathological laboratories, the museum, library and general lecture room, which is a spacious apartment fitted with chairs with half desks attached. On the top floor, in front, is the dissecting room, 112 feet in length and fitted with every appliance essential for the department. It is bright and airy, and no better room for the purpose is in any college in the country. Opening out of it is the surgical laboratory and locker rooms of the students. On this floor also are dark rooms for photography, the histiological laboratory and the bone rooms, as well as the anatomicalogical lecture rooms. On the ground floor are the clinics, electrical laboratory, bedrooms for patients, storerooms and preparation rooms for the *cadavers*. Perhaps the most comfortable apartment in the institution is the library and students' reading room. It is finely arranged and provided with comfortable chairs and convenient tables. The library itself, partially the gift of Dr. Richard John Hall, of Santa Barbara, is excellent, being one of the best selected in the United States. It consists of several thousand volumes of medical works and books of reference and covers the entire field of the science of health.

The opening of the Affiliated Colleges on October 22nd. was attended with appropriate ceremonies. Dr. Beverley Cole, who presided, told something of the history of the University, and, in rejoicing over the acquisition of such a superb building, related the struggles the members of the faculty had had to gain a footing. The first medical school in San Francisco, of which Dr. Cole himself was the Dean, was instituted in 1858. Subsequently Dr. Toland established the school that bore his name. This school developed into the medical department of the State University.

Whatever opinion may be held about the appearance of the Affiliated Colleges buildings there is no denying their admirable adaptability to the purposes of their creation. There is nothing better in the country. The design of Martens & Coffey was selected in a competition instituted by the Regents of the State University calling for plans for the colleges, and certain features of the plan submitted by Mr. Julius Krafft were included. The work of construction has been performed in the best style and executed within the appropriation—a statement seldom to be made of public work in California.

A REAL LOVE AFFAIR

Gotham is Talking About Miss Vanderbilt and Her Poor Young Fiance.

New York, November 4th.—Politics, matrimony, Horse Show, and drama—that is the degree of their social importance just at this moment. My late croakings about Republican chances for success are not to be taken as prophecy by any means. They were built upon the differing campaign

THE DOWAGER EMPRESS OF CHINA

methods of the rival candidates, and upon such straws as the fact that from a dollar to $100,000, at various odds, is offered in Wall street against Roosevelt, and thus far only a few minor wagers have been booked by the brokers handling the money. That sort of thing is significant in this sophisticated community. Then, too, out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh. Judge Van Wyck represents the best there is in his party; he is standing for Governor on a platform made out of the old-time conservative principles; his election, even if he shall owe it to Tammany, will be a decisive rebuke to the infamous Chicago platform and to the following of Altgeld and Bryan; and such a victory coupled with the hoped for defeat of such demagogues as Maguire in California, means the restoration of the Democracy of Jefferson, Jackson, Tilden and Cleveland to its rightful place in national politics. Even the Republican party should be glad of this restoration, for sound reasons of state. However, the tumult and the shouting will have died away by the time you read this, and then you shall know as much about it as any of us here, so avaunt thee Roosevelt and get hence Van Wyck.

By far the most talked about matrimonial affair of the season was launched a week or so ago in the announcement of the engagement of Miss Emily Vanderbilt Sloane to Mr. John W. Hammond. It is a romance, a genuine love match. Miss Vanderbilt has five million dollars, a good head, a good heart, health and beauty. Mr. Hammond has all that excepting the dollars, but his head is one of the best on Manhattan Island. He is a poor young lawyer; she is a rich scion of a "reigning house", but they love each other, and that is sufficient. They are to be married next spring in the mansion Mrs. Sloane is constructing out of the great Vanderbilt houses on Fifth Avenue. Miss Sloane and Mr. Hammond encountered each other before her debut and while he was at Yale. It seems General Hammond and his son were guests at a Vanderbilt dinner in town, the young people met and their love affair began then and there. Miss Sloane is the daughter of Mr. William Douglas Sloane, the multi-millionaire carpet manufacturer. Her mother was Miss Emily Vanderbilt, daughter of William H. Vanderbilt, son of the Commodore. She is an interesting looking young woman, of medium height, slender, her forehead is high and broad, her nose aquiline, her eyes are dark and serious, her mouth is delicate and sensitive, and her face is framed in a crown of black hair. She loves the open air and has the swing and dash that come of much exercise out of doors. She has quite a reputation as an amateur whip, and her four-in-hand is well known in the Berkshires. Miss Sloane is not devoted to society and cares nothing for the struggles after pleasure that go on around her. Her instincts are quite domestic, and she prefers a good book to a new bonnet. She has spiritual depths and is prominent in the church and in benevolent movements.

Mr. Hammond, though he is her very opposite as a type, is in perfct accord with her mental characteristics. He is the son of the late General John W. Hammond of Wisconsin, General Sherman's former chief of-staff. On his mother's side he has the gentle blood of the Orrs of South Carolina. He is a graduate of Phillips Academy of Exeter, he graduated from Yale in the class of '92, and later took the law course at Columbia. After a year abroad he returned to New York and is now a promising member of the New York bar. He is thirty-one, and a fine-looking man, blonde in coloring, and like the father of John Halifax, "a gentleman and a scholar." That the marriage will be a happy one is undoubtable. We have been having a surfeit of international alliances, and society is rather pleased to smile approval upon this little bit of domestic felicity.

The National Horse Show is coming on handsomely and it is attracting horse lovers in numbers to the metropolis. There are many strangers this year and plenty of new blood from the country at large. It is gratifying to note that the Show is losing its local and provincial tone, and that it is becoming truly national in its scope. There are entries from Canada, from as far south as Carolina and as far west as Iowa. There are California-bred horses entered, but not as from California. Great things are expected of the string of jumpers from Virginia. They are already mentioned in rivalry with the Canadian hunters. Mr. William C. Whitney and Mr. Sidney Paget have consented to exhibit Meddler, the famous stallion for which they paid $49,000 a few weeks ago. Meddler is the noble horse that beat the English racer Isinglass. He is the son of St. Gatien and Busybody, and is a thoroughbred from crown to hoof. The Garden's accommodations will be taxed to contain the crowds that have signified their intention of attending. That part of us called the Four Hundred will turn out in force. The National Horse Show is a great institution. May its shadow never grow less.

MANHATTAN.

At this period, when life in the tropics is so favorite a topic of discussion, Julian Hawthorne's experience, as related in *Collier's Weekly*, is of interest. He lived in Jamaica three years and was sensible of no diminution of energy. "I walked about ten miles a day, took other exercise for an hour or two, and wrote from three to six hours or more daily. I was well in health all the time, with the exception of one illness resulting from poisoning, and one from eating unripe fruit. But against this record must be set the facts that I have always been active of habit, and healthy; and that while in the island I lived at an elevation of never less than a thousand feet above high water mark. I know how to take care of myself, and never committed any indiscretion; I ate lightly, and drank nothing in the way of liquors. I was advised to keep out of the sun, but to this caution I paid little attention; and, my blood and digestion being good, I never suffered from exposure to it. But I noticed that, if you get ill in the tropics, it is more difficult to get well again than it is in the north. The officers and men of the English regiments who were stationed at Kingston and whose term was two or three years, were not all in good condition; but I found that, as regards the officers at least, the reason of their ill-condition could usually be ascribed to the fact that they ate and drank the same as they had done in London; cocktails, beer, whisky and wines, and plenty of meat will not do in the tropics, no matter who you are. But many of these officers were active and alert, and took care of themselves; and they never complained of the climate.

1, Mlle. Depoire. 2. Mlle. d'Ary. 3. Mlle. Otero. 4. Mlle. Devrier. 5. Princess Chimay. 6. Mlle. Tortoyada. 7. Mlle. Calv .

REIGNING FAVORITES OF THE FRENCH STAGE

El Camino Real

Fraternizers

House in Old Manila

Isabella Bridge, Old Manila

Insurgent Officers

Fort at Cavite

Old Manila Cathedral

Spanish Prisoners

An Ancient Church

Effect of an American Shell

Governor's Palace

Spanish Soldiers at Supper

SNAPSHOTS AT MANILA

MISS HANFORD *Braas, photo*
Who is Working for the "Olympia" Tribute

THE VITTORIO TRIO *Curtis, photo*
Three Seattle Society Girls Whose Hobby is Music

MISS GERTRUDE JENKINS *Jackson, photo*
Queen of the Olympia Chrysanthemum Carnival

A BOUQUET OF BEAUTY.

The fairest of our neighbors in Washington have contributed to make brighter the pages of The Wave. Miss Hall is one of the most popular young ladies in Seattle society, and in additon to her numerous social accomplishments she is an expert amateur photographer. Miss McKinney, Miss Whittler and Miss True—the Vittorio Trio—are Seattle girls whose musical voices are an expression of charming personality.

Miss Gertrude Jenkins was elected by popular vote to reign over the Olympia Chrysanthemum Carnival now beginning in the capital city. Miss Jenkins is said to be the most beautiful woman in Washington, and it was eminently fitting that she should be selected to preside over the greatest social event in her State. The Wave in due course will publish photographs of the magnificent displays of chrysanthemums at the caruival.

Mess Ada Leveriug Hanford is another of the North's fairest daughters. Her father is Judge C. H. Hanford of the United States District Court of Seattle. This bright young lady has undertaken to raise $10,000 for the purchase of a fine silver service to be presented to the *Olympia*, Admiral Dewey's flagship at the glorious battle of Manila Bay. The *Olympia* was named after the capital of Washington,

MISS HALL *Blethen, photo*
A Seattle Girl Whose Hobby is Photography

and Miss Hanford has succeeded in arousing much patriotic enthusiasm for her project. The service is intended to be in the nature of a memorial, including a trophy on a large salver engraved with the names of Dewey and his officers and men deserving to be remembered for their gallantry in the battle. As the flagship was built at the Union Iron Works, it is intended that the service shall be made of California silver, and thus have the ship entirely a poduct of the Pacific Coast. C. B. BLETHEN.

A blue silk undershirt worn by King Charles I at the time of his execution, stained with several blood spots, is to be sold at auction in London soon. The certificate attached states that the shirt was obtained by Dr. Hobbe, the physician who attended the King on the scaffold, and passed by the marriage of his daughter into the possession of the family which is about to sell it.

By order of the Berlin Barbers', Hairdressers' and Wigmakers' Union, apprentices are forbidden to wear their hair cut short, because the practice is unprofessional. The union decided that "the apprentices' hair should be tastefully and carefully dressed, in order to act as inspiration for the business and for customers."

MISS ETHEL COOK *Taber, photo*
Whose Engagement to Mr. Sterling Postley has been announced

MISS JULIET CROSBY *Bushnell, photo*
Of the Alcazar Theatre Company

BABBLINGS OF A BELLE

Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

This, Diary, my dear, has been the first week in which your little Miss Cricket has been able to appreciate the pleasure of being a reigning belle. I have adopted a new manner which I am told is very fetching—we shall await developments, however. It is great—being a reigning belle, I mean, much better fun than a debutante. I wish I could describe the evolution of my new manner, but I could never do it justice, so will graciously refrain. I find, so far, that instead of being blase I take a far keener delight in the enjoyments of entertaining and of being entertained than I ever did before. But enough of my feelings, which I dare say are not particularly interesting, and I shall at once begin for you a chronicle of all the gayety we have had this week.

On Friday Mr. Greenway gave a birthday dinner in the Red Room of the Bohemian Club to thirty of us, and it was the jolliest affair. This is heresy, I know, but I should almost prefer the simplest dinner at the Bohemian Club to the finest sort of a banquet at the 'Varsity. I suppose it is because there is always a subtle air of jinks in the Bohemian, and one inhales the spirit of fun. However it may be, I never heard of a dull dinner there, and I have been to a few fearfully boring affairs at the 'Varsity. All of us girls were there and it was the third season for some of us. I hope before my Ihird season comes that I shall go to parties as a matron; at three seasons one must begin to feel quite old, don't you think? The decorations were lovely, but after all the decorations are a mere detail at a dinner; it is the fun, the frivolity, and most important of all—the food. Mr. Greenway certainly knows how to order a capital repast, and there were only one or two more things I should have liked, and I am afraid you can not get them in California. I was a little disappointed at not being one of the fortunate ones when the cake came to be divided, but alas, I was not. Helen Hopkins got the ring. I wonder if a ring in a bachelor's cake carries its usual significance. Edna Hopkins found the little gold thimble and Julia Buckbee the gold dollar. I did not envy Edna, for the thimble, no matter how pretty, is bound to give one a shock — single blessedness, even when no longer accompanied by a cat and curls, is not pleasant to contemplate. Josie Loughborough and Olive Holbrook were the buds and looked exceedingly well. Nat Wilson took me in and we simply whooped things up. Some of the men told me that Nat contemplated following Harry Holbrook's example by entering politics as Coroner or something ghastly, but he assured me there was no truth in it. I was rather sorry, because I think he'd make a sweet Coroner, and the doctors who always hold that position would have a much-needed rest. I wish, instead of wasting their time in politics, these really amusing men would devote themselves more assiduously to the entertainment of us girls; it would be more beneficial to them and very charitable.

Afterwards we went to the Friday Night Cotillion, which was led by Olive Holbrook. It was a jolly dance, but the new men failed to eventuate. We had a pleasing variety of partners, however, and I begin to think Manila and the Klondyke are not so bad after all. I missed Gerald Rathbone, though; for a year ago he was what I call my best permanent partner—that is to say, I could always count on him for at least three dances and four calls in the German. On Saturday I had really a day of it, and even now feel tired from the effects of the rush. You see, I spent the greater part of the afternoon at Mrs. de Young's, where I helped run the roulette table. The Cushion Tea was an immense success and we simply colned money. Everybody came and seemed in generous mood. The house is quite worth a visit, and even were it nothing but to see the pictures and the lovely silver and glass, I, for one, should not have grudged the dollar. Then the tableaus were exceedingly well done, especially the Chocolat Menier, which was chic and Frenchy to a degree. The decorations were most artistically arranged, and I just wish we could have a ball in that splendid room. Downstairs, where the refreshments were served, also commended itself to me, and I have never seen a place more peculiarly adapted for the gentle relaxation of "twosing." The girls all wore new frocks. Marie Wells and Marie Oge were in pure white, with tulle guimpes and sleeves, and looked very pretty. Gertrude Foreman wore a perfectly beautiful cream brocaded silk, with one of those new flounce effects, the waist filled in in shirred chiffon. Helen Wagner wore a black skirt and blue and black polka-dot waist; Mrs. Gerstle was in black and looked ever so sweet; Ella Morgan, who presided over the punch table, looked well in an awfully smart gown of red, with lace insertions. The most enticing confection, however, was worn by Mrs. de Young—it positively took my breath away—of *eau de Nile* bengaline silk, with a most magnificent black lace overdress. The lace was remarkably handsome; I am not certain what kind, but it resembled antique Limerick, which is at present, I believe, considered the finest of all laces. However it may be, the effect was stunning. Mrs. Duke Baxter also looked handsome in a black skirt and gendarme blue waist appliqued in lace. Marie Voorhies wore an awfully pretty white frock and Addie Dibble wore yellow.

We had great fun, first steering the people downstairs to partake of refreshments, then to the fortune-telling room, then to the roulette table, a few minutes rest, and then some punch, and finally directing them into the ballroom to purchase a cushion or two. There was the usual paucity of men, but when one cannot drag them to teas where there is no price for admission, what can you expect when it means several dollars?

At 4:30 exactly I hurriedly donned my wraps, jumped into the carriage and was whirled home to put on a fresh frock for Josephine Loughborough's reception. When I arrived I found nearly all the other girls assembled, so had an opportunity of viewing their costumes before the crowd appeared. Josie was in white taffeta silk covered in polka-dot tulle, and looked sweet as a pink. Fanny Loughborough wore a pretty pink gown, and Bessie Zane was in blue bengaline trimmed in swansdown. Celia Tobin wore pinkish lavendar, Gertie Carroll bright pink and black, Susie Blanding wore a very fetching pink gown; Olive Holbrook was in white, with ribbons to match in her hair; Ethel Keeney's gown was stunning, and such a good cut of white brocaded silk trimmed with handsome lace. I never saw Kate Salisbury looking so well as she did in her exquisite frock of pink brocaded satin, with a charmingly arranged waist. Therese Morgan looked handsome as usual in a rich shade of pink covered with white and very effectively made. But the prettiest of all the gowns—the one that threw the rest in the shade—was Lizzie Whittier's. It was of the new shade of mauve, with a yoke of lace of the same shade drawn over the shoulders and unlined, thus letting the flesh tints show through. This came down to a point in front and was edged off with a tiny ruche of chiffon. The skirt was the new Paquin style and it fitted perfectly. In fact, it was a poem of a gown. Of the girls who did not receive I thought Miss Cadwalder looked particularly attractive in pearl gray, with white yoke, edged with white and brocaded in colored flowers. A big picture hat finished the costume. Everybody was there, and all the different cliques mingled harmoniously. There was more than a handful of men, but most of them devoted themselves to Mrs. Bain, who looked very picturesque in black. She is one of the most popular matrons here, I think, and so pretty. Barons Heinrich and Alexander von Schroeder were there. The little Baron looked saturnine, as is his wont. He was, as usual, surrounded.

Then a very weary Miss Cricket hurried homeward and rested for an hour before proceeding to the Saturday Fortnightly at Golden Gate Hall. I was almost too tired to enjoy myself, so sat out a number of dances. The German was led by Ralph Merrill and Miss Brown. Ralph did very well, considering how little practice he has had, but was too nervous to make a really efficient leader. I could not help contrasting him with Hewitt Davenport, who leads with the ability of a seasoned veteran. However, the figures were quite pretty, and everyone seemed to find it capital fun. Laura Farnsworth looked especially well in white organdie. A very pretty girl of the younger set is Daisy Cartwright, who wore yellow organdie and black. She has deep auburn hair, fair skin and dark eyes—a rather unusual type. Caroline Coitt, an Oakland girl, was also exceedingly pretty and popular. She is tall, has a fine carriage and dresses becomingly. The prettiest dress in the room was worn by Miss Gertrude Lewis. It was of white mousseline de soie, with elaborate trimmings of Valenciennes lace. Around the shoulders, but falling slightly below them to show the rounded top, a lovely fichu was draped, the long ends falling to the hem. Of the most popular girls were the two Miss Duttons. One wore white, the other pale blue organdie.

On Sunday I was simply too tired to get up, so rested all day and performed my matutinal orisons in bed. Don't you think, Diary dear, that for a person who is not too keen on pious exercises matutinal orisons sounds better than prayers? Then in the afternoon my usual supply of men called, and after I had successfully got rid of them all but my bright particular we went for a little walk. The men are not so entertaining thus early in the season and really only talked politics. Of course I am very much interested and all that, or try to be, but there are subjects I prefer—myself, for instance, or the war or—. But on Sunday it was nothing but "Do you think Gage will be elected?" or, "What chance has Holbrook?" and so on, until my head was completely bewildered. On Tuesday at the Loughborough's dinner, it was even worse, for the men were in a wild state of excitement as to who should carry off the honors. The Loughboroughs were so sensible, Diary dear, for instead of giving a dinner to the girls who received after the tea they waited until Tuesday, when all were fresh and ready for a good time. The dinner was awfully well arranged and we had a capital time. There were just us girls and the men to match, you know. Mr Keyes took me in and spent his time prophesying the result of the election. I enjoyed it more than the Sunday conversations, for I had several small bets with papa and Arthur, and if you have even a small stake on a thing it does lend it an interest. That is how our paternal stimulates his family's interests in the subjects he thinks wholesome. Mamma and Aunt Sybil disapprove and insists he is developing gambling, but then the end may justify the means, and in the meantime we are certainly becoming educated. No one objects to giving a sugar-coated pill, and when you give a reward for a thing it is always a case of gamble.

But I am growing dull, Diary dear, so I had better seek the solace of my couch. I still regularly attend the historical lectures and find myself actually reading up for them—perhaps there is some hope for little Miss Cricket *apres tout*.

Fancy, Ethel Cook 's engaged! How I envy the man. In many ways I think her one of the handsomest girls who has grown up here. She is bright, capable and interesting as well. She is quite an athlete, which has made her graceful, and is splendidly strong. She is marrying well, too, for Mr. Sterling Postley, her *fiance*, is a son of Mr. Postley, the millionaire yacht-owner who built the *Columbia*, which defended the American cup in 1891. The wedding is to take place in Belvedere, at the Cook's pretty home, on November 30th.

Oh, I forgot to tell you about the Watsons. You know Commodore Watson is stationed at Mare Island, and we are all anticipating great jollifications there. Mrs. Watson was Miss Lizzie Thornton and is related to the Thorntons, Salisburys, Rohinsons, Crittendens, Keeneys, and I might say all the Southern crowd. Miss Anne Watson made her debut this summer at Newport and is a charming girl. I met her twice last week, at a luncheon on Tuesday at Ethel Keeney's and a small tea on Friday at Leontine Blakeman's, just girls, you know. Commodore Watson was to have had command of the fleet to bombard Spain, I believe, during all the trouble, and if so is quite a hero. Oh, Olive Holbrook is to give a tea on November 19th, at which we are to receive, and there will be a dinner a few nights afterward.

Now, Diary dear, farewell. Your ever devoted MISS CRICKET.

P. S.—Curious, is it not, Diary dear, that I so frequently forget to chronicle the events of paramount importance? Think of it, I had omitted mentioning the return of Larry Adams from the Klondyke. He has not returned empty handed, either, but has been quite successful. I don't dare say how much he is worth, for Klondyke fortunes are so dreadfully exaggerated, but he has enough to marry on, which means a competency in any case. Poor Larry! he looks wretchedly ill, for he had a bad attack of typhoid fever, which caused him to lose much flesh and become bald. Of course, one always is affected that way after a severe illness, and after a bit I daresay Larry will have those pretty fever curls that are the secondary stage of convalescence.

By the way, I have heard of two engagements in the same family; one has been a subject of discussion for the past eighteen months, the other is quite a recent achievement.

Two teas for next Saturday — one at 5 o'clock, by Mrs. Alfred Tubbs, the other from 4 to 7, by Mrs. George Pope.

* *

The marriage of Miss Julia Franctta and Mr. Angelo R. Dupem will take place on Wednesday evening, November 16th, at the home of the bride, 2118 Pine street.

* *

Myriads of gaieties are hovering above the social horizon of Oakland and everything gives promise of an exceedingly gay winter. Never have there been so many dancing clubs and classes. Besides the usual "fortnightlies" there is the Thursday Evening Club, which holds its initial meeting next week, and the Wednesday Night Club, the meetings of which will begin early in December. The Thursday Evening Club is composed of the members of the "Deux Temps," and has for its patronesses Mrs. Starr, Mrs. Barker, Mrs. E. S. Kittredge, Mrs. Knight and Mrs. Nugent. The German is to be led by Miss Sara Dunn and Mr. Ed. Sessons. The Wednesday Night is a club on rather more elaborate lines. There are to be only three meetings and the dues are quite a consideration. Mrs. Mhoon, Mrs. Will Magee, Mrs. Orestes Piece, Mrs. Watkinson, Mrs. Mark Requa, Mrs. Oscar Long, Mrs. Bowles and Mrs. Tom Magee are among the patronesses.

The last Saturday Fortnightly was one of the jolliest affairs yet held by the club, and the German was admirably led by pretty Miss Ione Pore and Mr. Philip Clay. The figures, although on the marching order, were both original and attractive. Of the girls I noticed Misses Jean and Florence Hush, who have recently returned from New York, and looked exceptionally well and pretty. They wore very dainty gowns and were even more popular than before they went away. Miss Sallie Duncan also looked well as did Miss Marietta Havens.

The Winter Cotillion met last week at Reed's Hall, when the German was led by Miss Jacqueline Moore and Mr. Arthur Kales. The young people are the most enthusiastic of the dancers, and all follow the intricate figures of the German as if they had spent months being drilled for it. Miss Moore was daintily gowned in thin yellow organdie.

A smart affair was the engagement dinner given by Mrs. H. K. Belden in honor of Miss Abbie Clift and Mr Irving Lundborg. Miss Grace Gorill and Mr. Oscar Gowing. The decorations were in pink and white—a centre piece of roses surrounded by candelabra with whith shades, and at each corner four hearts of pink sweet peas. The hearts were tied together by ribbons. The menu cards were also in hearts tied with love knots. On the chairs of the engaged maidens were tied large bunches of bride roses. The girls were all in light frocks and looked very pretty. The young people appreciated deeply Mrs. Belden's kind thought and all those who have not yet put into their hearts and hands assured their hostess that she would be their first confidante.

A very pretty tea was given on Tuesday by Mrs. William Morrison Hyde, who has just returned from her honeymoon. Mrs. Morrison was assisted in receiving by Miss Josephine Hyde, Mrs. Nicholson and the Misses Emma and Grace Mahoney.

On Saturday a swell luncheon was given by Mrs. Fred Merritt to several of the maids and matrons. The house was decked from garret to cellar, and the lunch table a thing of beauty. Afterwards a number of the ladies went to the Heinrichs recital. The event of this week may be said to be the Hush tea, for which over eight hundred invitations have been issued. Mrs. Hush is to be assisted in receiving by Mrs. Will and Tom Magee and her two debutante daughters, Misses Florence and Jean Hush. About twenty young girls will also assist the Misses Hush.

An engagement of interest is that of Miss Ethel Bates to Mr Herbert Lee of Portland, Oregon. Miss Bates is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bates and was one of the cleverest basket ball players in Oakland. She is a bright and pretty girl and a general favorite.

Mrs. Bowles is to give a swell reception on November 12th, and Mrs. Emmett Nicholson one on the following week.

Mrs. George Haumer, nee Blix Smith, has been seriously ill with pneumonia at her home on 13th avenue, East Oakland.

Mrs. Henry Haight is now traveling in Mexico for her health. She has been quite frail recently, but anticipates becoming stronger in that warm climate.

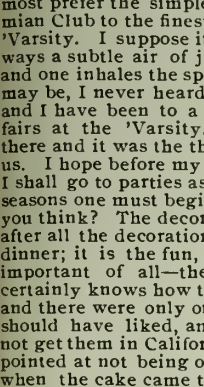
Misses Ethel and Carmen Moore arrived in New York on Friday last. They will remain there a week, after which they will return to Oakland.

Miss Violet Whitney is still in Rome, the guest of her aunt, Mrs. McCreery.

Mrs. George Albright and Miss Violet Albright have gone to St. Louis for the winter.

The Kappa Kappa Gamma society are to give an informal reception at the club house in Berkeley on Friday next.

During the next few weeks, while our store is being remodeled, we will offer the greatest bargains in pianos and musical merchandise. Call and get our prices. The Zeno Mauvais Music Co., 769 Market street.



You Can Count

on the fingers of one hand the fairly good polishes for Silverware—the others are not worth counting. There's only one best. That best one is

SILVER ELECTRO-SILICON POLISH

Constant use by nearly a million housewives—many for a quarter century—confirms this. The secret is that it produces great brilliancy easily and quickly, **never wearing or scratching.** Grocers sell it.

Box, post-paid, 15 cts. in stamps.
Trial quantity for the asking.

The Electro Silicon Co., 30 Cliff Street, New York.

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

Dr. G. A. Danziger, Dentist, 22 Geary street

IMPORTANT!

GREAT NOVELTIES

—IN—

French Drapery
Lace Curtains
Artistic Furniture

In French, Italian and Colonial Styles

Special Designs.

Estimates for Interior Decoration Furnished Free. Get our figures before entrusting your orders with other concerns.

THE P. ROSSI CO.

117 Sutter Street

Bet. Kearny and Montgomery, San Francisco

NATURE'S TOILET SOAP

The lemon is a natural skin-healer, cleanser, builder and beautifier. It is a skin food—grateful, refreshing and healthful.

CALIFORNIA CREAM OF LEMON

is made from the soluble substance of the whole lemon. It contains neither chemicals, fatty matter nor potash. Its regular use in the bath gives the skin a remarkable clearness, a freedom from all roughness or blemish, and a velvety softness and suppleness. It both prevents and cures tan, sunburn, freckles, pimples, and all similar skin blemishes, diseases and irritations, restores faded complexions and removes wrinkles.

It retails at 15 cents. Ask your druggist for it. If he will not supply you send 20 cents and we will send a three-ounce collapsible tube of Cream of Lemon prepaid to any address in the United States.

CALIFORNIA CREAM OF LEMON CO., Inc.
San Diego, Cal.

Most druggists sell it—all druggists should.

STARK'S QUINTETTE CLUB

Is open for afternoon musicales, teas, receptions, weddings, etc.

Address HERR F. STARK,
Baldwin Hotel.

Rule of Three.

By W. W. Jacobs.

[It is because his humor is so natural and unaffected that W. W. Jacobs has become one of the most popular authors of the day. His talent is quaintly original and distinctly individual. The life he depicts no one ever described before him; his method of tale-telling is as characteristic as the material he utilizes. Among the new humorists, he alone is funny. The first of Mr. Jacobs' stories ever printed in America was published in The Wave, copied from *To-Day*—in which the yarns which subsequently were bound together in *Many Cargoes*, made their first appearance, and here is a sample of the contents of *More Cargoes*, just published by the Frederick A. Stokes Co. The new Cargoes are as valuable as their predecessors, which is equivalent to a declaration that there is at least one laugh in each of them and several more in some—and hearty, irresistible laughter at that.]

The long summer day had gone and twilight was just merging into night. A ray of light from the lantern at the end of the quay went trembling across the sea, and in the little harbor the dusky shapes of a few small craft lay motionless on the dark water.

The master of the schooner *Harebell* came slowly towards the harbor accompanied by his mate. Both men had provided ashore for a voyage which included no intoxicants, and the diguity of the skipper, always a salient feature, had developed tremendously under the influence of brown stout. He stepped aboard his schooner importantly, and then, turniug to the mate, who was about to follow, suddenly held up his hand for silence.

"What did I tell you?" he inquired severely as the mate got quietly aboard.

"About knocking down the two policemen?" guessed the mate, somewhat puzzled.

"No," said the other shortly. "Listen."

The mate listened. From the fo'c's'le came the low, gruff voices of men, broken by the silvery ripple of women's laughter.

"Well, I'm a Dutchman," said the mate with the air of one who felt he was expected to say something.

"After all I said to 'em," said the skipper with weary dignity. "You 'eard what I said to 'em, Jack?"

"Nobody could have swore louder," testified the mate.

"An' here they are," said the skipper in amaze, "defying of me. After all I said to 'em. After all the threats I—I employed."

"Employed," repeated the mate with relish.

"They've been and done and asked them females down the fo'c's'le again. You know what I said I'd do, Jack, if they did."

"Said you'd eat 'em without salt," quoted the other helpfully.

"I'll do worse than that, Jack," said the skipper after a moment's discomfiture. "What's to hinder us casting off quietly and taking them along with us?"

"If you ask me," said the mate, "I should say you could n't please the crew better."

"Well, we'll see," said the other, nodding sagely; "don't make no noise, Jack."

He set an example of silence himself, and aided by the mate, cast off the warps which held his unconscious visitors to their native town, and the wind being off the shore, the little schooner drifted silently away from the quay.

The skipper went to the wheel, and the noise of the mate hauling away on the jib brought a rough head out of the fo'c's'le, the owner of which, after a call to his mates below, sprang up on deck and looked round in bewilderment.

"Stand by there," cried the skipper, as the others came rushing on deck. "Shake 'em out."

"Beggin' your pardon, sir," said one of them with more politeness in his tones than he had ever used before, "but——"

"Stand by!" said the skipper.

"Now then!" shouted the mate sharply, "lively there! Lively with it!"

The men looked at each other helplessly and went to their posts as a scream of dismay arose from the fair beings below who, having just begun to realize their position, were coming on deck to try and improve it.

"What!" roared the skipper in pretended astonishment, "what! gells aboard after all I said. It can't be; I must be dreaming."

"Take us back!" wailed the damsels, ignoring the sarcasm, "take us back, captain."

"No, I can't go back," said the skipper. "You see what comes o' disobedience, my gells. Lively there on that mains'l, d'ye hear?"

"We won't do it again," cried the girls, as the schooner came to the mouth of the harbor and they smelt the dark sea beyond. "Take us back."

"It can't be done," said the skipper cheerfully.

"It's agin the lor, sir," said Ephraim Biddle solemnly.

"What! Take my own ship out?" said the skipper in affected surprise. "How was I to know they were there? I'm not going back; 'taun't likely. As they've made their beds so they must lay on 'em."

"They ain't got no beds," said George Scott hastily. "It ain't fair to punish the gals for us, sir."

"Hold your tongue," said the skipper sharply.

"It's agin the lor," said Biddle again. "If so be they're passeugers, this ship ain't licensed to carry passengers. If so be they're took out again their will, it's abduction—I see the other day a chap had seven years for abducting one gal, three sevens—three sevens is—three sevens is, well, it's more years than you'd like to be in prison, sir."

"Bosh," said the skipper, "they're stowaways, an' I shall put them ashore at the first port we touch at—Plymouth."

A heartrending series of screams from the stowaways rounded his sentence, screams which gave way to sustained sobbing, as the schooner, catching the wind, began to move through the water.

"You'd better get below, my gals," said Biddle, who was the eldest member of the crew, consolingly.

"Why don't you make him take us back?" said Jenny Evans, the biggest of the three girls, indignantly.

"'Cos we can't, my dear," said Biddle, reluctantly; "it's agin the lor. You don't want us thrown into prison, do you?"

"I don't mind," said Jennie Evans tearfully, "so long as we get back. George, take us back."

"I can't," said Scott sullenly,

"Well, you can look for somebody else, then," said Miss Evans with temper. "You won't marry me. How much would you get if you did make the skipper put back?"

"Very likely six months," said Biddle solemnly.

"Six months would soon pass away," said Miss Evans briskly, as she wiped an eye.

"It would be a rest," said Miss Williams coaxingly.

The men not seeing things in quite the same light, they announced their intention of not having anything more to do with them, and crowding together in the bows beneath two or three blankets, condoled tearfully with each other on their misfortunes. For some time the men stood by offering clumsy consolations, but tired at last of repeated rebuffs and insults went below and turned in, leaving the satisfied skipper at the wheel.

The night was clear and the wind light. As the effects of his libations wore off the skipper had some misgivings as to the wisdom of his action, but it was too late to return, and he resolved to carry on.

Looking at all the circumstances of the case he thought it best to keep the wheel in his own hands for a time, and the dawn came in the early hours and found him still at his post.

Objects began to stand out clearly in the growing light, and three dispirited girls put their heads out from the blankets and sniffed disdainfully at the sharp morning air. Then after an animated discussion they arose, and casting their blankets aside, walked up to the skipper and eyed him thoughtfully.

"As easy as easy," said Jennie Evans confidently, as she drew herself up to her full height, and looked down at the indignant man.

"Why, he isn't any bigger than a boy," said Miss Williams savagely.

"Pity we didn't think of it before," said Miss Davies. "I s'pose the crew won't help him?"

"Not they," said Miss Williams scornfully, "If they do, we'll serve them the same."

They went off, leaving the skipper a prey to gathering uneasiness, watching their movements with wrinkled brow. From the forecastle and the galley they produced two mops and a broom, and he caught his breath sharply as Miss Evans came on deck with a pot of white paint in one hand and a pot of tar in the other.

"Now girls," said Miss Evans.

"Put those things down," said the skipper in a peremptory voice

"Shan't," said Miss Evans bluntly. "You haven't got enough on yours," she said, turning to Miss Davies. "Don't spoil the skipper for a ha'porth of tar."

At this new version of an old saw they laughed joyously, and with mops dripping tar and paint on the deck, marched in military style up to the skipper, and halted in front of him, smiling wickedly.

Then the heart of the skipper waxed sore faint within him, and, with a wild yell, he summoned the trusty crew to his side.

The crew came on deck slowly, and casting furtive glances at the scene, pushed Ephraim Biddle to the front.

"Take those mops away from 'em," said the skipper haughtily.

"Don't you interfere," said Miss Evans, looking at them over her shoulder.

"Else we'll give you some," said Miss Williams bloodthirstily.

"Take those mops away from 'em!" bawled the skipper, instinctively drawing back as Miss Evans made a pass at him.

"I don't see 'ow as we can interfere, sir," said Biddle with deep respect.

"*What!*" said the astonished skipper.

"It would be agin the lor for us to interfere with people," said Biddle, turning to his mates, "dead agin the lor."

"Don't you talk rubbish," said the skipper anxiously. "Take 'em away from 'em. It's my tar and my paint, and——"

"You shall have it," said Miss Evans reassuringly.

"If we touched 'em," said Biddle impressively, "it'd be an assault at lor. 'Sides which, they'd probably muss us up with 'em. All we can do, sir, is to stand by and see fair play."

"Fair play!" said the skipper dancing with rage, and turning hastily to the mate, who had just come on the scene. "Take those things away from 'em, Jack."

"Well, if it's all the same to you," said the mate, "I'd rather not be drawn into it."

"But I'd rather you were," said the skipper sharply. "Take 'em away."

"How!" inquired the mate pertinently.

"I order you to take 'em away," said the skipper. "How is your affair."

"I'm not goiu' to raise my hand against a woman for anybody," said the mate with decision. "It's no part of my business to get messed up with tar and paint from lady passengers."

"It's part of your business to obey me, though," said the skipper, raising his voice; "all of you. There's five of you, with the mate, and only three gells. What are you afraid of?"

"Are you going to take us back?" demanded Jenny Evans.

"Run away," said the skipper with dignity. "Run away."

"I shall ask you three times," said Miss Evans sternly. "One—are you going back? Two—are you going back? Three——"

In the midst of a breathless silence she drew within striking distance, while her allies taking up a position on either flank of the enemy, listened attentively to the instructions of their leader.

"Be careful he doesn't catch hold of the mops," said Miss Evans, "but if he does the others are to hit him over the head with the handles. Never mind about hurting him."

"Take this wheel a minnit, Jack," said the skipper, pale but determined.

The mate came forward and took it unwillingly, and the skipper, trying hard to conceal his trepidation, walked toward Miss Evans and tried to quell her with his eye. The power of the human eye is notorious, and Miss Evans showed her sense of the danger she ran by making an energetic attempt to close the skipper's with her mop, causing him to duck with amazing nimbleness. At the same moment another mop loaded with white paint was pushed into the back of his neck. He turned with a cry of rage, and then realizing the odds against him flung his dignity to the winds and dodged with the agility of a schoolboy. Through the galley and round the masts with the avenging mops in mad pursuit, until breathless and exhausted he suddenly sprang on to the side and climbed frantically into the rigging.

"Coward!" said Miss Evans, shaking her weapon at him.

"Come down," cried Miss Williams. "Come down like a man."

"It's no good wasting time over *him*," said Miss Evans, after another vain appeal to his manhood. "He's escaped. Get some more stuff on your mops."

The mate, who had been laughing boisterously, checked himself suddenly, and assumed a gravity of demeanor more in accordance with his position. The mops were dipped in solemn silence, and Miss Evans approaching regarding him significantly.

"Now, my dears," said the mate, waving his hand with a deprecating gesture, "don't be silly."

"Don't be *what?*" inquired the sensitive Miss Evans raising her mop.

"You know what I mean," said the mate hastily. "I can't help myself."

"Well, we're going to help you," said Miss Evans. "Turn the ship round."

"You obey orders, Jack," cried the skipper from aloft.

"It's all very well for you sitting up there in peace and comfort," said the mate indignantly. "I'm not going to be tarred to please you. Come down and take charge of your ship."

"Do your duty, Jack," said the skipper, who was polishing his face with a handkerchief. "They won't touch you. They daren't. They're afraid to."

"You're egging 'em on," cried the mate wrathfully. "I won't steer; come and take it yourself."

He darted behind the wheel as Miss Evans, who was becoming impatient, made a thrust at him, and then, springing out, gained the side and rushed up the rigging after his captain. Biddle, who was standing close by, gazed earnestly at them and took the wheel.

"You won't hurt old Biddle, I know," he said, trying to speak confidently.

"Of course not," said Miss Evans emphatically.

"Tar don't hurt," explained Miss Williams.

"It's good for you," said the third lady positively. "One—two——"

"It's no good," said the mate as Ephraim came suddenly into the rigging; "you'll have to give in."

"I'm —— if I will," said the infuriated skipper. Then an idea occurred to him, and puckering his face shrewdly he began to descend.

"All right," he said shortly, as Miss Evans advanced to receive him. "I'll go back."

He took the wheel; the schooner came round before the wind, and the willing crew, letting the sheets go, hauled them in again on the port side.

"And now, my lads," said the skipper with a benevolent smile, "just clear that mess up off the decks, and you may as well pitch them mops overboard. They'll never be any good again."

He spoke carelessly, albeit his heart sank within him as Miss Evans, with a horrible contortion of her pretty face, intended for a wink, waved them back.

"You stay where you are," she said imperiously; "we'll throw them overboard—when we're done with them. What did you say, Captain?"

The skipper was about to repeat it with great readiness when Miss Evans raised her trusty mop. The words died away on his lips, and after a hopeless glance from his mate to the crew and from the crew to the rigging, he accepted his defeat and in grim silence took them home again.

["*More Cargoes;*" *Fredeick A. Stokes Company, New York.*]

SCHOPENHAUSERISMS.

Women are rich in hair and poor in thought.

A healthy beggar is happier than an ailing king.

No man who is religious can become a philosopher.

Hope for the future is a tacit admission of evil in the present.

To forgive and forget means to throw away dearly-bought experience.

Good is the negative quality . . . Happiness is a delusion of the heart.

A man should associate with his equals (intellectual equals) or live alone.

To lay great value upon what other people say is to pay them too much honor.

A man who is worth anything finds society inspid, while a blockhead is quite at home in it.

Give way neither to love nor hate is one half of worldly wisdom; say nothing and believe nothing is the other half.

A man is never in perfect harmony save with himself . . . Solitude, more or less rigid, is the undoubtable lot of all superior minds.

Christianity seems little but a mockery—a hopeless, unworkable plan, inapplicable to the conditions under which men have to exist.

No man can judge another save by the measure of his understauding, and think of the dull ruffians who go to make up the census.

Rascals are always sociable, and the chief sign that a man has any nobility in his nature is the little pleasure he takes in others' company.

The true happiness is in self-sufficiency . . . What one human being can be to another is not a very great deal. In the end everyone stands alone, and the important thing is *who* it is that stands alone.

According as a man's mental energy is exerted or relaxed will life appear to him either so short and petty and fleeting that nothing can possibly happen over which to spend emotion, or, on the other hand, life will seem so long, so important, so all-in-all, so momentous, and so full of difficulty, that we have to plunge into it with our whole soul if we are to obtain a share of its goods, make sure of its prizes, and carry out our plans . . . A man is great or small as he leans to either side.

LONDON

London, October 27th.—The autumnal cloak which London has been endeavoring in a futile fashion to put on since the latter days of September has now been satisfactorily arranged, and the busy season may be said to have commenced in earnest. Concerts occur with wonderful regularity, and we have several new stars as well as some of our beloved old ones. Last week M. Vladimir de Pachmann started the season in St. James' Hall and gave us a Chopin treat. You all know de Pachmann in San Francisco, and appreciate his marvelous interpretation of the Polish composer's works. He is very popular here, and all the genuine music lovers may be seen at his recitals. We never cease laughing at his eccentricities, and he has been nicknamed "the great Chopinzee." Still his playing is eminently enjoyable, and one always learns another mood of Chopin, a fresh suggestion of some of his thoughts, when you hear a nocturne or ballad interpreted by de Pachmann.

There is a new Norwegian pianist, Mme. Hanka Schjelderup—isn't that a fearful name?—who has come over and is giving a series of concerts on Tuesday afternoons. Grieg says she is possessed of a priceless talent. I believe she also enjoys a wide repute as a singer; however it may be, I heard her last week and, while I admired her vigor of execution and marvelous technical gymnastics, musically speaking I was not greatly impressed.

On Sunday morning I took a short stroll in the Park in order to see the smart set disporting itself in its best Sunday-go-to-meeting bib and tucker. You know, in London, as soon as people return to town you are bound to meet them taking an ante-luncheon drive or walk in the Park, on Sunday more especially. Later in the day all the 'Arrys and 'Arriets are out, but in the morning the smart set has undisputed possession. The best dressed women I saw last week were Mrs. Artnur Hay, Mrs. Philip Green, Miss Gertrude Kingston, Lady Helen Stewart, who is a beautiful girl and looked stunning in grey. Of the men the most interesting to me were Captain Wilfred Marshall, one of ths heroes of Omdurman, and Sir George Chetwynd, who looked very summery in a light grey suit and Homburg hat.

The race meeting at Kempton Park last week was a pronounced success and all "the know" was there. You know, although there is not the amount of fuss made over these autumn suburban meetings that there is about Ascot and Goodwood, in their own way they are equally fashionable and much more fun. You meet people in a much more familiar way, and there is a lack of stiffness and formality. The good horses run, quite a little money is exchanged and some of the contests are highly exciting. I must say I admired some of the smart autumn frocks tremendously. The Duke aud Duchess of Devonshire had a large party with them; the Duchess was in black with chinchilla and a large black hat. You know she is in half mourning. On the second day she wore a fetching little biscuit-colored coat. Lady Georgiana Curzon and Lady Sarah Wilson wore quite striking costumes of grey and scarlet; Lady Constance Grosvenor was in bright purple with hat to match; Mrs. Arthur Sassoon was in brown with a crimson hat, and Lady Gerard in bright green. The Duchess of Westminster wore purple and black the first day and speckled gray on the second. Mrs. Langtry was easily the most beautiful woman present and she dresses like an American. One day she wore a stunning Princess dress of stone-colored cloth with that ribbon effect that I described last week and a band of fur round the skirt. On her head she wore a dear little toque. On the second day she wore a biscuit-colored skirt and a cherry coat and toque. Lady Sophie Scott was gowned in the new purplish blue with a crimson hat with feathers of the new French shade. I don't know how to describe it save that it looks blue and beside blue one calls it purple. Mrs. Rochefort Maguire had a party, Lady Norreys being among her guests. Mrs. Maguire was in blue with one of the new toques, trimmed with the omnipresent Guinea fowl feathers—Guinea fowl feathers, I may remark in parenthesis, are so much worn that they may be ticketed decidedly common—and last but not least, Mrs. Leo Rothschild, who was in lavender gray and cherry color. Some of the wraps were ridiculous at a race meeting, and more fitted for the opera. One cape was of ermine lined with bright yellow satin; another chinchilla jacket was elaborately trimmed with lace.

Tod Sloan is still the hero of the turf, and the trainers are all impressed by the manner in which he made quite indifferent horses win. Some of the jockeys, who are superstitious as are all gamblers, insinuate that his power over the beasts is not God-given, and regard the little American jockey as a sort of devil. In a quiet way the more professional trainers have had some trials of Sloan's methods and the results have been surprising. One of the racing men, whom I know quite well, told me that of all John Bulls the English jockey is the most conservative, and will never even try to imitate the style that has played such havoc among them.

The Royal family is in a very curious condition just now—all the principal members limp. The Queen has used a cane for years, as she is quite crippled by rheumatism; the Empress Frederick of Germany, who was recently hurt, is even a greater cripple than her mother. The Prince of Wales walks on crutches. The Princess of Wales, while not so lame as the others, has a perceptible limp, and the Duke of York, who recently wrenched his ankle badly on the hunting field, is at present almost as lame as his royal grandmother.

The Prince of Wales has various little fads, one of them being to keep all the clocks at Sandringham half an hour fast. Two young fellows who were visiting the Prince were discussing this fad, and one said: "I wonder why His Royal Highness keeps all his clocks half an hour fast? Does he think he gains half an hour's shooting by that means?" The curtains in an adjoining room were thrust aside and the gruff voice of the Prince exclaimed: "His Royal Highness is not such a fool!" The young men's feelings may be understood.

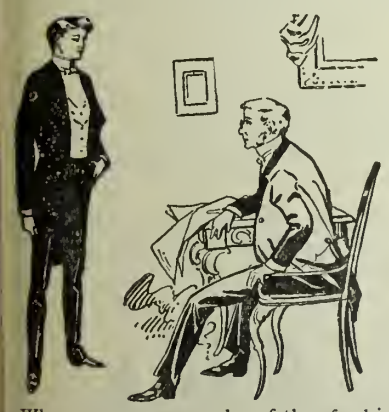
The Prince's Skating Club opened last week and the enthusiasts turned out in great numbers and in the prettiest of frocks. The Duchess of Marlborough, who looks decidedly fragile since the birth of her second son, was there, and looked very piquante in a gray dress and bright red hat. Lady Randolph Churchill, who shares Time's favor with Mrs. Langtry, was in brown. It is wonderful how she keeps her youth. Before her husband's death she looked years older than she does today, and her figure has retained all its lines and is surprisingly girlish. Mrs. Walter Creyke was among the most gorgeously dressed of the ladies. She wore black, embroidered in bold relief with moonlight paillettes, and a stunning hat. Miss Wilson, who is the best skater in London, was in black with a hat of shaded mauve with drooping feathers, and a long white feather boa.

The latest rumor is the engagement of Adelina Patti to Mr. Joycelyn Peresse, a young Englishman who has been a regular visitor at Craig-y-Nos for some time past. It appears that there is no truth in this particular story, although everyone believes that the fair Adelina is contemplating contracting a third marriage. She is still young-looking enough to find a husband, and her fortune would certainly form a temptation. Then the Diva is a very pleasant sort of woman and not at all capricious. She was very devoted in her attentions to Nicolini, and petted and spoiled him in every imaginable way.

A good deal of talk has been occassioned over the expression of Queen Victoria's opinion on divorce. The Queen, to a great extent, agrees with the American prelates, but goes a little further. Her Majesty says that while she is willing to admit that in no institution are there more people wronged than in marriage, nevertlheless her belief is that an infinitely more satisfactory state would arise were marriage indissoluble both by church and state. The Queen believes in judicial separation, her principal objection being to the remarriage of divorced people, no matter on what grounds they may have been divorced. The truth is, Her Majesty is opposed to second marriage under any circumstances, and always shows her disapproval whenever any of her subjects with whom she is is on friendly terms marries a second time.

Baron de Renzis, the new Italian Ambassador to London, is quite a wit. He was formerly Ambassador to Spain, where he was a general favorite and considered the fine flower of the old-fashioned courtesy so dear to Spanish high life. One time, in Madrid, a lady with more impertinence than discretion, and of rampant patriotic tendencies, tried to draw him out on the Spanish-American war question. "Ah, yes," he replied. "America! There is one problem connected with that country in which I am much interested, and that is what would have happened if the American Indians had discovered us instead of vice-versa." Baron de Renzis purposes reviving the vanished glories of the Italian Embassy in Grosvenor Square, and will go in for entertaining. Whether he will enjoy the free and easy manners of English life remains to be seen.

KATRIONA.



When a young man asks a father for his daughter's hand in marriage, if the father is a wise one, he thinks of one thing equally as important as the young man's morals, social and business standing and intelligence. A young man who suffers from ill-health has no right to marry until his health is restored. To do so is to commit a crime against the human race. While all diseases may not be directly inherited, the constitutional tendency to acquire them is inherited. If a man is a consumptive, the chances are that his children will have weak, undersized lungs, and a predisposition to acquire the same disease.

The young man who suffers from bronchitis, weak lungs, spitting of blood or any disease of the air-passages which, if neglected leads up to consumption, may take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery with almost absolute assurance of recovery. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases when taken in time. It soothes and heals the delicate and sensitive tissues of the air-passages and lungs, checks the cough, facilitates expectoration, drives out all impurities and disease germs from the tainted blood and builds new and healthy tissues.

Mr. John G. Born, of 4020 Liberty Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa., writes: "Some thirty months ago I said to my wife, 'I don't want to keep anything from you, I must tell you I am in the last stage of consumption.' In December 1896 I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I could then only speak in whispers. I have taken thirteen bottles, and can say with truth I am greatly benefited. People are surprised to hear me speak. I can halloo, and my voice has not been as good in eight years. My stomach was never in better condition. Formerly I could not eat without suffering very much immediately after, but now I can eat anything."

"A PERFECT FOOD—as Wholesome as it is Delicious"

WALTER BAKER & CO.'S

BREAKFAST COCOA

"Has stood the test of more than 100 years' use among all classes, and for purity and honest worth is unequalled"

Costs less than ONE CENT a Cup.

Trade-Mark on Every Package.

WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD.,

TRADE-MARK. Established 1780. DORCHESTER, MASS.

The Graphophone

When you get a talking machine, get one on which you can record as well as reproduce sound.

The Graphophone is the greatest and best talking machine. Other so-called talking machines reproduce only records of cut-and-dried subjects made in laboratories. The Graphophone, besides affording marvelous entertainment by reproducing brilliantly and clearly the music of bands, orchestras, popular singers, and all the great variety of records made for entertainment purposes, affords infinite personal delight through its power of instantly recording and reproducing at once, and as often as desired, songs sung to it, words spoken to it, or any sound.

Graphophones are sold for $10 and up
Write for Catalogue No. 75

Columbia Phonograph Co.
(DEPARTMENT 75)
723 Market Street, San Francisco
NEW YORK, PARIS, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, WASHINGTON, PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE, BUFFALO.

Political printing
AS IT...
should be done!

Every Kind .·. Any Quantity
Fair Prices

BROWN, MEESE & CRADDOCK
(Incorporated)
419 Sacramento Street.

We print THE WAVE 'Phone Main 530

WINDOW SHADES
The Only Manufacturer on the Pacific Coast

Any size or color painted to order—Plain, Dado, Fringed or Lettered. Hand-Made Opaque Shade Cloth a specialty. Wall Paper, Paper Hanging,

WM. McPHUN
1195 Market Street, cor. Eighth, opp. City Hall

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON
Phone Main 5178

Sutter Street Hammam
TURKISH AND RUSSIAN BATHS
415 Sutter Street, between Stockton and Powell
Open Day and Night for Gentlemen
For Ladies, from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU
Main Office, 510 Montgomery St.
SAN FRANCISCO
Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper Information
Advance Reports on all Contract Work
Telephone Main 1042

For those who appreciate Comfort and Attention

A QUIET HOME
CENTRALLY LOCATED
OCCIDENTAL HOTEL
SAN FRANCISCO
WM. B. HOOPER, MANAGER

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

In accordance with the terms and under the authority of a certain deed of trust, duly executed by Owen Kelly and Catherine Kelly (his wife), parties of the first part to Arthur F. Bridge, party of the second part, and Frederick W. Bridge, party of the third part, dated March 14th 1[illegible] and recorded in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on March 13th, 1897, in Liber 1722 of Deeds at page 255, and in pursuance of a notice from the said Frederick W. Bridge (the holder of the promissory note, to secure the payment of which the aforesaid deed of trust was executed) that default had been made in the payment of the principal sum and interest due under said note, and requesting and directing the undersigned, Arthur F. Bridge, trustee, to sell the real estate described in said deed of trust to satisfy said indebtedness,

I, Arthur F. Bridge, do hereby give notice that on Tuesday, the twenty-ninth day of November, 1898, at twelve o'clock noon of that day, and at the auction salesroom of G. H. Umbsen & Company, 14 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California I will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash in gold coin of the United States, that certain piece or parcel of land, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, described as follows

Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Twentieth street, distant thereon twenty five (25) feet westerly from the southwesterly corner of Twentieth and Alabama streets, running thence westerly along said southerly line of Twentieth street fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles southerly one hundred and four (104) feet, and thence at right angles easterly fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles northerly one hundred and four (104) feet to the point of commencement. Being a subdivision of Mission Block No. 142. Together with the appurtenances.

Terms of Sale: Cash in gold coin of the United States; ten per cent payable on the fall of the hammer, balance on delivery of deed, and if not so paid, unless for want of title (ten days being allowed for search), then said ten per cent to be forfeited, and the sale to be void.

The said property is subject to a mortgage to the Hibernia Savings and Loan Society for the sum of one thousand dollars, and accrued interest, which is on record in Liber 1067 of Mortgages, at page 337, Records of the City and County of San Francisco, and the interest to be sold herein is the equity in said property over and above said mortgage.

ARTHUR F. BRIDGE, Trustee
Haven & Haven, Attorneys for Trustee.

CHOLLAR MINING CO Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 12th day of October, 1898, an assessment (No. 47) of ten (10) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 79, Nevada Block No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 15th day of November, 1898, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday, the 7th day of December, 1898, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale By order of the Board of Directors. CHAS. E. ELLIOT, Secretary

Office, room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

BEST & BELCHER MINING CO —Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the eighteenth (18th) day of October, 1898 an assessment (No 65) of ten (10) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 33, Nevada Block, No 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 21st day of November, 1898, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday the thirteenth day of December, 1898, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale

By order of the Board of Directors
M. JAFFE, Secretary

Office—Room 33, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES in and for the Northern District of California

IN THE MATTER OF SIMON P. JUDA, Bankrupt.

Take notice, that SIMON P. JUDA, bankrupt above named, has been duly adjudicated a bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, and that the first meeting of the creditors has been called to meet at the office of the undersigned, at room 185, Crocker Building, San Francisco, California, on Monday the 21st day of November, 1898, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of proving their claims against the estate of said bankrupt, and that at the same time and place all creditors whose claims have been duly proven and allowed shall appoint one or three trustees of said estate

Dated San Francisco, November 7, 1898.

MILTON J. GREEN,
Referee in Bankruptcy
In and for the City and County of San Francisco.

Golden Eagle Hotel
Seventh and K Sts., Sacramento
First-class in every respect. All modern conveniences. Bus at every train GRAY & TITUS, Props.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
ABSOLUTELY PURE
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

"CASTLE INN" ET AL.

Critical Comment on Novels by Weyman, Capes and Bourget.

This is the era of new books. Scores of volumes tempt one with the promise of their titles in every bookstore. Apparently the great houses have held back their brightest names for the holiday season—surely a suggestion that it is at Christmas most Americans buy books, and only the exceptional others who indulge in literary luxuries throughout the year. At Christmas time there is a general loosening up of purse-strings, and many a favorite volume finds its way to the family shelves. Nowadays all the best men are under contract to the great magazines and their serials are carefully doled out, so the final installment and the book appear simultaneously at the far end of October. For instance, there is *The Castle Inn*, which has been running in *Munsey's*, and *Good Americans* and *Francois*, which the *Century* has had, and the *Battle of the Strong* we have all repeatedly looked at in the *Atlantic*. I say "looked at," for reading serials is by no means a universal habit. Oftentimes one succumbs to a great name and is aggravated by the miserable measure of the monthly dole. Thus have I read *Gloria Mundi* in the *Cosmopolitan*, wondering each month what revelation was in store for me; but it is difficult to have an impression as to the value of a book thus read in isolated chapters. One loses between times the quality of the situations and the feel and development of the characters so essential to give meaning to the events. Some books, *The War of the Worlds*, for instance, gain rather than lose by attenuation in serial form. One appreciates better the superb idea and the fine skill of the narrative when only an isolated episode is floated upon the mind. In book form one is prone to rush furiously from chapter to chapter to the end, just to see what happens to the Martians, and one loses the virtue of the prose. *The Wreckers* made an admirable serial, for the interest and mystery were sustained to the final paragraph, and whoever cut in surely was carried, wittingly or unwiltingly, to the finale. But Stevenson was a literary magician and *The Wreckers*, after all, was only an experiment.

The Castle Inn (Longmans, Green & Co.) must have made an admirable serial, for while the *dramatis personæ* are clearly accentuated and of distinct personal fascination, the interest is not dependent on them but on their vicissitudes. It is a capital story, this last of Weyman's, and reading it purges the memory of the insipid *Shrewsbury*. Rarely in the career of a romantic writer are there two "Gentlemen of France," but here is a well-defined plot, and distinguished and vigorous characters to figure in its elucidation. Action there is in plenty and episodes rendered with real dramatic effect. Vivid in my recollection stand out the scenes in Bully Pomeroy's house, when he, Lord Almeric and the wretched Thomasson shake dice for the right to propose to the presumptive heiress. Sir George's chase after the abductors, the scenes at the Castle Inn, the advent of Lady Dunborough and the initial introduction of Julia Masterton, are done with rare skill and mastery. Indeed, for a forcible, violent shrew, made on fashionable lines, one must seek long before finding the equal of Lady Dunborough. That scene in the crowded Inn, where she and the beautiful heroine confront one another, is touched with genius. Not a word is spoken that the characters do not justify—their expressions are full of the flavor of personality. The terse crispness of the grand lady's epithets are met by the gentler resoluteness of Julia, while Sir George Soane's interposition is rendered with an excellent consistency. Throughout it must be said this is a well-managed and vivid tale, told with much cleverness and dramatic insight. In portrayal of character it is ahead of even the "*Gentleman of France*," though it lacks the simplicity of motive which gave such a fine feeling of unity to that notable tale.

One might institute comparisons between Anthony Hope's *Simon Dale* and the last Weyman, but no one would dream of drawing a parallel between *Castle Inn* and *The Comte de la Muette*. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) Some months have passed since the *Lake of Wine* made known the identity of Bernard Capes, who alone among the newer generation of novelists evinces possession of a distinguished style. However unnatural, a comparison between the literary method of this writer and that of Weyman may serve to bring out something of the virtues of both. *Comte de la Muette*, a novel of the French revolution, has in parts a literary flavor and a brilliancy to which *Castle Inn* never attains, yet there is no denying the latter is better modeled and more dramatic. Weyman's has the qualities for which one looks in a historical romance, whereas Capes has only projected two interesting figures against the Reign of Terror for background. The treatment is not realistic; the characters all use the same form of speech, yet the Count and the girl capture one's imagination, while the fine quality of the narrative in which they are enshrined evokes memories of the masters of the language. Is not this charming:

"It was a night for love, or fairies, or any of those little gracious interchanges of soul that France had not the art to conceive in these years. The wind that had toyed all day with flowers, was sweet with a langorous and desirable playfulness; a ripening girl moon sat low on a causeway of mist, embroidering a banner of cloud that blew from her hands; the floating hills were hung with blots of woodland, and to peer into the trance of sky was to catch a star here and there like a note of music."

I cannot forbear quoting this as another distinguished passage—a lurid picture it makes, with terror and beauty in it:

"A furlong off the rampart of the walls swept black and menacing; and over them, close at hand now, the silent yoke of the guillotine rose into the moonlight. It must have been perched upon some high ground within; and there it stood motionless, its jaws locked in slumber. Could it be the same monster I had watched flashing, scarlet and furious, from the hillside? Now, the ravening of its gluttony was satisfied; Jacques Bourreau had wiped its slobbered lips clean with a napkin. Sullenly satiate, propped against the sky, straddling its gaunt legs over the empty trough at its feet, it slept with lidless eyes that seemed to gloat upon me in a hideous trance."

The scenes in the prison of La Force, where de la Muette was incarcerated with the rest of the French aristocrats, are literary rather than realistic *tours de force*. Strong they are, undoubtedly, and awesome, but rather Carlyleesque in effect. Nowadays it is the detailed touch that counts—the touch of Zola's *Debacle* or of Daudet's *Sappho*. Capes is a youthful and flurried Stevenson, whose style has been gained by hard work upon the masters. He should impose on himself a long course of Dumas, and use Swift as an antidote to Meredith and Carlyle, whom he most affects.

A different atmosphere it is that envelops the heroines who figure in Paul Bourget's *Voyageuses*, which emerges here as *Antigone* (Chas. Scribner's Sons). These are expositions of character and background. The mode of revelation is direct; a turn of plot is given by the final imposition of an incident to emphasize or bring out the figure. The world of each one of us is full of episodes—episodes that, if not ended, are yet colored by impending fate. The life of any one makes a plot, if only the artist is at hand to set it forth in its true perspective. But it is as difficult to see clearly or to write truly as it is to act naturally. Bourget, however, has the gift of so developing a situation as to make it the revelation of a life's tragedy. There is no pretense of narrating a story. It is the point of view, the impression upon the writer of the scene and its individualities that forms the manner of communication. What is *Antigone* but the faith and love of a woman lavished on an unworthy object, and the nobility of a man who, though the sufferer, refuses to disturb her beautiful delusion. *Two Married Couples* concerns us, being, it seems, all in the way of fiction Bourget has yet distilled from his American experience. Here are two men whose lives are subordinated to the inordinate pretensions of their wives. One is a leader of fashion, the wife of a great millionaire; the other is the wife of a contortionist, who believes she can recite. The millionaire slaves and struggles for the pleasure and adornment of his wife; the contortionist twists his body to earn a living for a woman who imagines her talent superior to his own. It is a vivid contrast, but the analogy is brought home to the millionaire and makes the incident.

Whoever picks up this volume imagining it contains stories in the ordinary sense will be disappointed; but for those who care for fine and delicate expositions of character or beautiful backgrounds of scenery done with infinite skill, or an environment pictured with subtle insight, will be charmed with *Voyageuses*.

C.

Pears'
No soap in the world is so cheap.
No soap in the world is so lasting.

Cotillion Hall, at 1310 Polk street, has been recently renovated, and is now under the management of Professor G. Farrell. Rent reasonable for balls, parties, etc. Classes Monday evenings.

Clothing, curtains, blankets, etc., cleaned or dyed. Pacific Cleaning and Dyeing Works, 353-357 Tehama street. Telephone South 40. J. Spaulding & Co.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

FICTION.

"Roden's Corner," by Henry Seaton Merriman. (Harper & Brothers.) Price $1.75.
"The Red Axe," by S. R. Crockett. (Harper & Brothers.) Price $1.50.
"Wild Eelin," by William Black. (Harper & Brothers.) Price $1.75.
"The Moral Imbeciles," by Mrs. S. P. McLean Greene. (Harper & Brothers.) Price $1.25.
"The Instincts of Step-fatherhood," by Lillian Bell. (Harper & Brothers.) Price $1.25.
"Henry Esmond," Biographical Edition of Thackeray. (Harper & Brothers.)
"Prisoners of Hope," by Mary Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Price $1.50.
"Dorothy Deane," by Edith Olney Kirke. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Price $1.25.
"The Battle of the Strong," by Gilbert Parker. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Price $1.50.
"The Charming Sally," by James Otis. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price $1.50.
"The Puritans," by Arlo Bates. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
"The Black Curtain," by Flora Haines Longhead. Price $1.50.
"A Lover of Truth," by Edith Olney White. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Price $1.25.
"The Cost of Her Pride," by Mrs. Alexander. J. B. Lippincott Co.) Price $1.25.
"Enoch the Philistine," by Le Roy Hooker. (Rand, McNally & Co.)
"A Maid of the Frontier," by Henry Spofford Canfield. (Rand, McNally & Co.)
"Margaret Wynne," by Adeline Sargeant. (Rand, McNally & Co.)
"My Invisible Partner," by Thomas L. Denison. (Rand, McNally & Co.)
"Woman and the Shadow," by Arabella Kenealy. (Rand, McNally & Co.)
Phœbe Tilson," by Mrs. Frank P. Humphrey. (Rand, McNally & Co.)
"The Fifth of November," by C. S. Bentley and F. R. Scribner. (Rand, McNally & Co.)
"The Day's Work," by Rudyard Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure.) Price $1.50.

MISCELLANEOUS

"Home Economics," by Maria Parloa. (The Century Co., publishers.) Price $1.50.
"Our Conversational Circle," by Agnes H. Morton. (The Century Co.) Price $1.25.
"How to Get Strong and How to Stay So," by William Blaikie. (Harper & Bros.) Price $1.75.
"The War With Spain," by Chas. S. Morris. (The J. B. Lippincott Co.) Price $1.50.
"A Corner of Spain," by Miriam Coles Harris. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Price $1.25.
"Crooked Trails," by Frederic Remington. (Harper & Bros.) Price $2.00.
"Educational Reform," by Chas. W. Eliot. (The Century Co.)
"The Life and Character of General U. S. Grant," by Hamlin Garland. (Doubleday & McClure.) Price $2.50.
"The Rainbow End: Alaska," by Alice Palmer Henderson. (H. S. Stone & Co.) Price $1.50.
"Bucaneers and Pirates of Our Coasts," by Frank R. Stockton. (The Macmillan Co.) Price $1.50.

RECENT VERSE.

"New York Nocturnes," by Chas. C. D. Roberts. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
"By the Aurelian Wall," by Bliss Carman. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
"By the Western Sea," by Marshall Elsley. (Elder & Shepard.)

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

"Both Sides of the Border," by G. A. Henty. (Chas. Scribner's Sons.) Price $1.50.
"The Boys of Old Monmouth," by Everett T. Tomlinson. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Price $1.50.
"The Lakerim Athletic Club," by Rupert Hughes. (The Century Company.) Price $1.50.
"The Story of Little Jane and Me," by M. E. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Price $1.
"Denise and Toodles," by Gabrielle E. Jackson. (The Century Company.) Price $1.25.
"Harper's Round Table for 1898" contains three unusually excellent serial stories, graphically told. (Harper & Brothers, Publishers.) Price, $2.50.

HOLIDAY BOOKS.

"Down Derby Lane," by Virginia Woodward Cloud. (The Century Company.) Price $1.50.
"The Book of the Ocean," by Ernest Ingersoll. (The Century Company.) Price $1.50.
"The Golfer's Alphabet," illustrated by A. B. Frost. Rhymes by W. G. Van T. Suthpen. Harper & Bros.
"Fables for the Frivolous," by Guy Wetmore Carryl. (Harper & Bros.) Price $1.50.

The Parson's Feet.

VERBATIM OF A NEGRO FIELD-HAND'S SONG.

De parson wear a Number Twelve,
Shout, mo'ners, shout!
En when de devil git him
He'll stomp de fire out.

Oh, dat fire!
Hot ez hot kin be;
Parson, when you gits dar,
Stomp it out fer me!

De parson wear a Number Twelve,
Sinner what yo' doom?
De devil say, "You go 'way,
You take up too much room!"

Oh, dat fire!
Hot ez hot kin be:
Parson, when you gits dar,
Stomp it out fer me!

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Insist Upon Having Your Ticket to New York Boston, or Other Eastern Cities
Read over the Nickel Plate (N. Y. C. & St. L. R. R.), the popular low-rate short line. Quick time, unexcelled accommodations, and no extra fares charged. Jay W. Adams, Pacific Coast Passenger Agent, 37 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal.

SCHLITZ....

not only made Milwaukee famous, but is making the United States famous all over the world.
◆
The people of all nations call for it. They know it is good.
◆
Pacific Coast Agents
Sherwood & Sherwood
SAN FRANCISCO
LOS ANGELES
PORTLAND

Two Ladies.

Two ladies, not *real* ladies (no offence—
I don't mean "not real ladies" in *that* sense),
But pictured fancies they—who dwelt between
The pages of a weekly magazine.

Though often in the selfsame week they met
They weren't exactly in the selfsame set,
And could not know each other. One, I think,
Was done in wash; the other, pen and ink.
The wash lady (again there's no offence—
I use "wash" in it's pure artistic sense)
Was a brunette, vivacious, charming wholly
Neither too slim, nor yet too roly-poly.
A dazzling smile had this enchanting creature,
Indeed, her most predominating feature
Was a continuous show of glittering pearl
And on her forehead huug a little curl—
A most distracting little curl; and last,
She had a very slight Hebraic cast.

Gray eyes the other had, serene and clear:
A cold and distant manner; yet I fear
Her looks belied her, for she oft was seen
Lolling about the beach, or on the green,
Or in the conservatory's dim retreat,
Always some chappie nestling at her feet.
A first-rate fellow she, and looked her best
When in a golf or walking costume dressed
In short, the other's opposite in all,
And fearfully and wonderfully tall.

One day, by chance, each occupied a place
On the same page, exactly face to face,
In such a way 'twas possible no more
For either one the other to ignore.
Then in an instant burst into a flame
The fire that had been smouldering. "How came
You here?" they both exclaimed, as with one voic
(Here I use asterisks, though not from choice
But type has limits, and must play the dunce
When two young ladies both converse at once.)
* * — ! — * * * ' ' ! ! * * * ? ? *
– ? ? ? + + + + —— —— — ? ? –
– ! ! ! + + + + + + — — — ; ! '
I left them to their scenes.
Next day I found the page in *smithereens*,
And I reflected, "It is very sad
That two nice girls should get so awfully mad
About a thing for which, had they but known,
Two artists were resonsible alone."

—*Oliver Herford in Harper's*

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Haye Larkin and Ninth. American or Europe plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

GERMEA
The Ideal Breakfast Dis

Bartholomay
BREWERY CO. ROCHESTER, N.Y.
THE "KNICKERBOCKER"
is universally acknowledged the finest beer p duced in this country.
WILLIAM WOLFF & CO. Pacific Coast Agen San Francisco,

GREENBAUM'S
White and Dark Violet
The Most Fashionable Perfume
Possesses the Odor of Fresh Vio
128 POST ST. UNDER BOHEMIAN CLUB

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO

Capital and Surplus . Six Million Dollars

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON.....Second Assistant Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

CORRESPONDENTS

New York..... { Messrs. Laidlaw & Co. / The Bank of New York, N. B. A.
Baltimore.....The National Exchange Bank
Boston.....The Tremont National Bank
Chicago..... { Illinois Trust and Savings Bank / Union National Bank
Philadelphia.....Philadelphia National Bank
St. Louis.....Boatmen's Bank
Virginia City, Nev...Agency of the Bank of California
London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
Paris.....Messrs. De Rothschild Freres
Berlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft
China, Japan and East Indies.....Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China
Australia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California St., S. F.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....$2,135,820 60
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash.....1,000,000 00
Deposits June 30, 1898.....26,486,987 06

OFFICERS

President, B. A. BECKER
First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER
Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN
Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT
Assistant Cashier, WM. HERRMANN
Secretary, GEORGE TOURNY
Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann, Ign. Stein hart, N. Van Bergen, E. Rhote, H. B. Russ, D. N. Walter and N. Ohlandt.
Attorney - W. S. Goodfellow

San Francisco Savings Union

532 CALIFORNIA ST.

Deposits July 1, 1898.....$23,356,130
Paid Up Capital.....1,000,000
Reserve Fund.....182,009
Contingent Fund.....435,515

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

DIRECTORS

George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, George Tasheira, E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate, and Farms and Farming Lands in the country.
Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.
No charge is made for pass book or entrance fee.
Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco

33 POST STREET

Below Kearny Mechanics' Institute Buildin

Guaranteed Capital, $1,000,000
Paid Up Capital, $300,000

JAMES D. PHELAN, President
S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-President
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier
C. B. HOBSON, Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS—James D. Phelan, S. G. Murphy, John A. Hooper, James Moffitt, C. G. Hooker, Frank J. Sullivan, L. P. Drexler, Robt. McElroy, Jos. D. Grant.
Interest paid on deposits.
Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks.
When opening accounts, send signature.

CONNECTICUT

FIRE INS. CO.

OF HARTFORD

Assets. $3,300,000. BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.
COLIN M. BOYD,
Agent for San Francisco
411 California Street

Thuringia Insurance Co.

OF ERFURT, GERMANY

Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248

PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT
204-208 Sansome Street, San Francisco
VOSS, CONRAD & CO,, General Managers

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL Building and Loan Ass'n of California

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and Gen. Manager.
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

FRANKLIN K. LANE G. WHITFIELD LANE

LANE & LANE

Attorneys and Counselors

Removed to
1409-1412-1413 Claus Spreckels Building

The Dog Knew Poker.

"For a fox terrier, that dog don't seem to know a whole lot," said one of the men in the back room of an uptown cafe.

The old fox terrier was burying his gray muzzle in the lap of his master and wagging his stump of a tail foolishly. His master was a squat, thin-faced man of the all-aged class; that is, he might have been anywhere from 30 to 55 years of age. Running away from the corners of his shrewd gray eyes were many tiny wrinkles. In his get-up he looked like ready money. He patted the dog's clipped ears and looked reminiscent.

"Well," said he, replying to the other man's remark, "I can't say he looks dead wise and smooth to the naked eye. He's not one of these here fresh sooner dogs that wants to put you next to all he knows at the first clatter out o' the box. He's no trick mutt, anyhow. I raised him from a pup, and I never taught him any of the jay tricks that these pillow-raised, dog-cracker mutts go through. But if any of you people think you can give him any points on the value of hands in a game of poker, then you need a new dope cook."

"Poker?" said another of the party, incredulously. "Say, shoot it in light. Your yen-hook's overworked."

"That's what I said—poker," replied the fox terrier's owner, firmly. "I'm putting you next now, because I don't make it a practice to do pals in a poker game. He's the best poker dog on the American continent, that mutt. He's been tipping me off right now for seven straight years, and—well, I've got a dollar or two scattered around," and the owner of the dog pulled the tinfoil off a 25-cent cigar.

"Didn't have any trouble teaching him the game, I suppose?" asked one of the group.

"Well," replied the fox terrier's owner, striking a match on his diamond-encrusted match safe, "I can't say that teaching him the hands was altogether a snap. At first he used to get the kings and the jacks mixed once in a while, and then he had a habit, when he was learning the game, of getting the eights and tens twisted, too. But I broke him of those defects after a while. His method of communicating such information to me during the progress of the game is a bit involved and intricate, and we've got a lot of little code signs that would require too much elaboration in the explaining, but I'll just give you an idea of the way the thing works.

"Suppose I'm sitting in a four-handed game. The dog is nosing around the room, not in any ostentatious kind of way and not getting himself noticed by the other three in the game. A hand is dished out. The dog noiselessly rubbernecks behind the chair of the first player on his route. The first player, we'll say, has got a a pair of sevens, and I've got my eye on the dog. The dog quietly gapes twice to indicate that the player has a pair, and then blinks both of his eyes seven times in rapid succession. See? Of course, I know then that No. 1 has only got a pair of bum sevens. I pretend to scan my hand, while the dog quietly gets behind the chair of No. 2. We'll say No. 2 has three queens. The dog passes his right paw over his right eye three times. If it's three kings, left paw over his left eye three times. If it's three bullets he puts his left paw to his nose and holds it there for a second, and, if it's three jacks, his right paw at his nose. Savvy? And so on. He's got the whole manual and code worked out to a stretch finish. If No. 3 has got a pat flush he closes his left eye and keeps it closed until he sees I'm noticing him. If No. 4 has got a pat full house he shuts up his right eye in the same way.

"This, of course, is only preliminary and it only puts me next to what the marks around the table have got in their hands before the draw. If they're too well fixed for me before the draw, of course I drop out of it then and there. But if I've got a pretty good fist full myself and am as good as any of 'em before the draw, of course I draw to my hand.

"Yes, siree, that dog's been a sure enough meal ticket to me for a long time. But he sulked on me two or three times and gave me the wrong steer when he was young and perky and hot over something or other, and I got hurt on these occasions, for a fact. Remember one of those times particularly. I'd been playing for several nights in succession with three young jays of real estate men out in Minneapolis and letting them take slathers of it off me just to get them interested. All three of 'em had got gobs of green and I figured on making 'em all move out to Seattle or somewhere by the time me and the dog got through with them. On the afternoon of the fourth night that we got together in the game, I'd got hot over the mutt chewing one of my hats all to pieces—fox terriers are worse than goats for chewing things up—and I'd given three or four good raps on the side of the the head. He didn't like this a little bit—I could see that. He wouldn't have much to do with me for the rest of the afternoon and I couldn't con him into being friendly again, either. He just looked at me out of the corner of his eye as much as to say, 'I'm going to throw you the first chance I get,'

"That night I took the mutt with me, as usual, figuring that he would forget all about the licking in the excitement of the game. I was more than ever confident that he was all right when he tipped me off right on the first dozen rounds of hands, during which I picked out most of the winnings.

"I dealt the thirteenth mess myself and when the two behind the ante-man declined to stay I made it a jackpot, having the buck. I caught three aces and the pot looked nice for me, even without the mutt to joggle me along. The man after the dealer opened it, the jay next to him stayed, and so did I, of course. The dealer stayed with a rush, and it looked like a nice, neat jack to win—for it was a $100 limit game and all of the three good things thought they knew how to play poker. The dog tipped me off that the man who opened the pot had three fours, the chap next to him two pair and the dealer a pair of kings. I drew to my hand, of course, and when the guy that opened the pot stood pat I said to myself, 'That's a pretty cold bluff that guy's making, standing pat on his three fours.' The mutt's tips told me, of course, that I had 'em topped and I just lay back and listened to their bets, knocking heaps off my chip piles and raising 'em right along with all the confidence in the world.

"I commenced to admire that pot-opener with the three fours, who had stood pat for a bluff, when he kept raising it the limit. Between us we raised the other two out after it had gone around a number of times, and then that geezer with the three fours set back to bluff me out as I thought. When there was $3,800 in the pot I got to the end of my chips, and, as it was table stakes and we had arranged that no more chips could be bought during the playing of a hand, I called the pot-opener, at the same time chucking down my three bullets, and was fixing to haul in the pot.

"'Hold on there a minute,' said the man with the three fours — as I thought — when he saw me reaching for the pot, 'I've got a nice pat straight, from one to five,' and he showed the cards up in their order on the table.

"'The dust is yours,' said I, choking back a lot of cusswords, and just then I looked behind the chair of the winner and caught the eye of that dog. If there wasn't a gleam of triumph in his eye, damme! He looked square back at me for ten straight seconds, as much as to say, 'You didn't think I'd dish you in the game, did you?' and then he walked over in front of the fireplace, plunked himself down, and that was the finish of that four-handed game.

"Me and the dog were covering Kansas City, St. Louis, Memphis, and that circuit about three years ago, taking it off easy ones in comfortable hunks, when I stacked up against a pretty wise one. It was in Knoxville, where I had got together a playing squad of three young ones that looked ripe for plucking. I got into 'em pretty fairly after a week's work, and the mutt was in great form. One of the good things—the one that I got into the hole worse than any of the others—seemed to be taking great interest in the mutt after he had been stacking up, a bad loser, against our game for ten days or so, but there wasn't a pinhead of suspicion in his face. He just seemed to like to watch the dog's rubber-necking antics, and one night, when he was dropping slathers of it to me, he studied the moves of the dog with unusual intentness.

"'You ought to teach that poodle how to play draw,' said he to me, and I was beginning to fear he was getting next But he kept on looking as moon-faced and easy as usual, and losing right along, though I couldn't help noticing how carefully he watched the moves of the mutt.

"The next night, when we again sat down at the game, I again noticed that the young geezer had his eye on the dog's mooves behind the chairs. I also noticed that he generally stayed when I fell out after the draw, and that when he did stay, with me out, he very often took big hunks out of the other two young fellows. I couldn't quite get next to this, the duck looked such a Rube. Finally a big jack came around, and I, only having eight high, kept out of it One of the other young fellows opened the pot, the man next to him stayed, and the moon-faced Rube, who had been watching my dog so carefully, raised the both of 'em before the draw. It was a good, stiff raise he gave 'em, at that. They stood it and stayed in. They bet around for fifteen minutes, and then the slob who had been studying the mutt was called by both of them, and beat them both out with his queen full on sixes. I thought that was kind o' queer, especially in view of his earnest study of my poodle, and so I got cold feet in order to have a chance to think the thing over Oddly enough, the moon-faced looking dub got cold feet at the same time, and was out on the street with me a little while later We had walked a block or so, chinning, when he gives me a dig in the slats, and, says he, grinning

"'Great dog, that, of yours"

"I turned around and sized him up.

"'Pretty fair mutt,' said I.

"'Only thing about him is,' went on this soft-looking guy that you wouldn't think knew the difference between sand and slag, 'he wants to change his code. It took me a week to get next to it, but I had it safe to-night, all right. I'm only $2,000 ahead on the night's play, which makes me $900 more than even. You want to teach the mutt new business before some other duck that looks as much like a dead one as I do comes along, tumbles to the dog's wig-wag system, and does you out of a good bundle. By the way,' he wound up, 'what kennel did that one come from? Where is the rest of the litter? I'd like to have a brother of him.' "Queer how he got onto the game, wasn't it?"

"Yes— very," replied the man who had doubted the fox terrier's possession of any intelligence —*New York Sun*

View from Cliff House, San Francisco.
(They all smoke "Seal.")

The Seal of Approval has been placed on

Seal of North Carolina

Smoking Tobacco by a generation of pipe-smokers, whose common sense has shown them its superiority over all common kinds. It tastes better and better as you smoke it longer! Have you tried it?

The Original Plug Cut—
Always the same—
Mild and Cool.

For health and strength: Damiana Bitters.

AMUSEMENTS

Pacific Coast Jockey Club

INGLESIDE TRACK

Racing from Monday, November 14th, to Saturday, November 26th, inclusive.
Five or More Running Races Daily, Rain or Shine First race at 2 p.m.

Beautiful Grounds! Superior Accomodations!

S. P. R. R. Trains, 12:45 and 1:15 p m. daily, leave Third-Street Station, stopping at Valencia Street. Returning immediately after the races. Round trip 25 cents.

Electric Car Lines—Kearny- and Mission-Street cars every three minutes, direct to the track without change. Fillmore Street cars transfer each way.

Admission to the Track, $1.00

F H. GREEN, Secretary. S. N. ANDROUS, President.

California Jockey Club

OAKLAND TRACK

Opening of Winter Meeting 1898-1899

Beginning Saturday, October 29th, to Saturday, November 12th, inclusive

Racing Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Rain or Shine.
Races start at 2:15 sharp

Purchase tickets at Ferry Depot for Shell Mound. Special Boats leave at 12 oc, 12 30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2 30 and 3.00 p m., connecting with trains running direct to the track gate. Returning Special Trains leave track at 4.15, 4.45, and immediately after last race.

R. B. MILROY, Secretary. T. H. WILLIAMS JR., President.

Baldwin Theatre

Next Monday Begins Last Week—Mr. Jacob Litt

Presents the Successful Comedy

Mistakes Will Happen

A Strong Company

Headed by Charles Dickson and Henrietta Crosman

Nov. 21st—"Secret Service"

Orpheum

Week commencing . . . Monday, November 14th

Flo Irwin and Company in "The Gay Miss Coon"
Harry Lacey, supported by Miss Ida Van Sickleu, in a comedy skit, "Bob Racket's Pajamas"
Herbert's Dogs—22—the Wonderful Canine Troupe, introducing Dink, the High-Diving Dog
Frank & Don. Sparring Athletes
Flood Brothers, Comedy Bar Acrobats
James Cullen, Descriptive Vocalist
Pauline Hall in New Popular Operatic Selections
Beatrice Moreland & Company in "A Game of Golf"
The Biograph with New Views

Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c.

SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY SOCIETY

FRITZ SCHEEL, Musical Director

First Concert Thursday, Nov. 17th, at 3:15 p.m.

AT THE

ORPHEUM THEATRE

Symphony No. 4. Op. 36.....Tschaikowsky
Overture and Suite in A minor.....Bach

Prices—75c., $1 and $1.50

Seats on sale at the Orpheum on and after Monday, November 14th. Season tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co's Music Store

Tivoli Opera House

MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING, Proprietor and Manager

Every Evening and Saturday Matinee
Oscar Weil's Comedy-Opera in Three Acts

SUZETTE

New Scenery! New Costumes!

Appropriate Accessories!

Popular Prices : : 25 and 50 cts.

Matinee Reserved Seats 25c. Tele. Bush 9

Alcazar Theatre

FRED BELASCO, Lessee : MARK THALL, Manager
Telephone Main 254

To-Night and Sunday Night—Last times of
DR BILL

Commencing Monday, Nov. 14th—Wm. H. Crane's Most Successful Comedy

A FOOL OF FORTUNE

First time at Our Prices—Matinee Saturday Only
Scale of Admission—15c., 25c., 35c., 50c.

Columbia Theatre

Monday, November 14th Second Week!

Last Nights of

KELLAR

The Great Magician, assisted by Mrs. Kellar
A series of marvelous illusions and deceptions in pure magic. Nov. 21st—"At Gay Coney Island"

PATRICK & CO.
RUBBER STAMPS
STENCILS, SEALS, BRANDS, ETC.
318 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

THE THEATRES

Passing Comment on Contemporary Performances.

While there may be two minds as to the importance of the Ibsen performances to San Francisco, there is no doubt that it was a momentous event to our "little-great" actress. As Nora, Blanche Bates gave her first truly able and sympathetic impersonation. By her sustained and brilliant work in this part she has won the right to say: "My talent belongs to the first class—Q. E. D. I will 'arrive'—P. D. Q."

With proper opportuuities for study Miss Bates will certainly soon take rank among the best, provided she realizes her defective tendencies and attacks them forthwith. These are an alarming facility for imitation and a rather fussy physical vivacity. Both these blemishes are, I fancy, merely skin deep, but she must take care or they will take firm hold, while she turns her pretty ears to the praise she wins by her cleverness and beauty.

For the observer to get the most enjoyment out of an Ibsen play it (nameless and unheralded) ought to be sprung upon an unprepared, unbraced audience. I would like to see the average male creature (inured as he is to farcical foolishness) confronted with Nora's traveling-bag and introspective farewell. When Friday's forearmed and exalted audience—with its tendency to do the usual thing—evinced a strong desire to go home, it lost interest the instant Nora began to think, or to think she was thinking, and Oakland's reverence for the master was obviously not strong enough to make it miss the 5 o'clock boat. W. B.

* *

It is a jolly comedy that has the boards at the Baldwin this week. "Mistakes will Happen" is about nothing in particular, but it is full of good lines and funny situations. The action runs along at a great pace; the situations are as obvious as possible; there are no subtleties but an infinitude of provocations to laughter, and the audience retires with the exhiliration which a good comedy properly evokes. In the dramatic personae, Mr. Dickson has a better opportunity to exhibit his energy than Miss Crossman, but the lady is really very clever and amusing in the role of the millionaire's young wife. She is delightfully unconscious and has eyes that render gestures superfluous. What Miss Crossman could not say with her eyes would certainly not be worth hearing. Miss Behr, as the German servant-girl, did a good piece of character work, but Miss N. Comstock was rather flavorless.

* *

The courtesy of the Orpheum management in having election bulletins read from the stage was much appreciated by the audiences of Tuesday and Wednesday nights. The week at this popular vaudeville house has been as successful as ever, with its fresh turns full of gayety, wit and mirth. The Biograph's new series of views was particularly entertaining.

* *

MUSIC

That San Francisco has a Symphony Society, with a membership of over six hundred, a fair musical library in its possession, and money in the bank, is due greatly to the efforts of Mr. Louis Lisser, its organizer and first president. Heretofore, when we have had symphony concerts there has invariably been a deficit, more or less large, but always a deficit, which has been met by a few wealthy men, patrons of the art, and later on, by a small body of guarantors. Under the present arrangement everyone who subscribes becomes a guarantor.

This year the society announces a series of eight concerts to take place in the Orpheum, because of its larger seating capacity, on alternate Thursday afternoons, commencing on November seventeenth. Many new works will be brought out, and with H. J. Stewart as president and Fritz Scheel re-engaged as conductor there is every reason to believe that the success of last season will be repeated. With Symphony concerts and the very excellent chamber concerts of the Minetti Quintette. San Francisco has little to complain of musically. It only remains with the public to encourage such things to make them a permanency, and disapprove the oft-repeated assertion that we are "not a cultured community," and care only for burlesque and vaudeville shows.

* *

DRAMATIC NOTES

The Orpheum has six new acts on its bill for next week. The new people are Flo Irwin and Company in the "Gay Miss Con." Another legitimate sketch will be "Bob Racket's Pajamas," presented by Harry Lacey and Miss Ida Van Sicklen. Herbert's troupe of twenty-two dogs are claimed to be the best in the world. "Dink," the high-diving dog, is said to be the sensational feature of the act. Frank & Don are burlesque athletes who combine science and comedy in an interesting way. The Flood Brothers are a very clever pair of comedy bar acrobats, while James Cullen is an old-time descriptive vocalist who combines monologue and song. Pauline Hall will have an entirely new repertoire, and Beatrice Morelaud and Company will remain.

The San Francisco Symphony Society has re-engaged Mr. Fritz Scheel as conductor, and a magnificent series of programmes has been arranged. The season will consist of eight concerts, commencing on Thursday afternoon, Nov. 17th, and continuing on alternate Thursdays until February, 1899. The concerts will be held at the Orpheum, where the increased space will accomodate a number of new subscribers who are anxious to join the society. The first programme includes Tschaikowsky's Symphony No. 4, Op. 36, which has never been heard in San Francisco, and Bach's Overture and Suite in A minor.

Oscar Weil's opera, "Suzette," will be produced at the Tivoli next week, with an excellent cast. This opera was familiarized here by the Bostonians, who gave it all over the country for over two hundred nights. The Tivoli company is now better than ever, and we are entitled to look forward to a musical treat. Anna Lichter and Anna Myers alternate as Suzette, William Pruette does the Marquis, Elvia Crox the Marchioness, and Edwin Stevens is Captain Vieubec.

A capital opportunity will be given the Alcazar troupe next week in the production of "A Fool of Fortune," which William H. Crane made notable by his delineation of Elisha Cunningham. The plot turns on financial conditions, and is not only a good story, but abounds with dramatic possibilities.

There is to be a second week of Kellar, the magician, at the Columbia. Some fine new illusions are promised, especially the "Simla Seance," which is quite out of the common.

"Mistakes Will Happen" holds the boards at the Baldwin one more week, to be followed by "Secret Service," Gillette's great play.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

Lancereaux, having been struck by the absence of drunkenness in the subjects of *cirrhosis*, has investigated the influence of various alcoholic liquors in the production of *cirrhosis*. In 210 cases of *cirrhosis* examined by him in thirty-five years, 68 of the subjects had drunk wine alone in excess; 126, wine in combination with brandy, rum, or absinthe; 12, wine and beer, and 4 wine or cider in large quantities. These figures clearly show that, in Paris, at any rate, wine, and not alcoholic drinks generally, must be considered the antecedent of *cirrhosis*. Conversely, in Brittanny and Normandy, where little wine but much brandy is drunk, *cirrhosis* is rare. In Haiti, where a great deal of rum and arrack is consumed, hepatic *cirrhosis* is unknown. Lancereaux finds that the poisonous body in wine is sulphate of potassium; in Paris plastered wines contain four to six grains of this salt per litre, and three litres per diem was the average quantity taken in the cases he investigated. That sulphate of potassium alone gives rise to *cirrhosis* he proved hy feeding rabbits, guinea pigs and dogs with it. After surviving for from six to eighteen months they died and presented typical venous *cirrhosis*. The general consensus of opinion expressed by those who have given alcohol experimentally to animals is that it sets up fatty degeneration in liver cells, but does not produce *cirrhosis*. It appears that there is some body other than alcohol in alcoholic drinks which gives rise to *cirrhosis*, and this Lancereaux believes is the salt of potassium, especially the sulphates.

The substitute for stone plates in lithography discovered some time ago and successfully employed by a Mr. Scholz of Mayence, consists of plates of aluminum, the metal being so prepared as to simulate the granulated texture of the stone, and is said to furnish a very satisfactory surface for the operator to work upon. The materials required for drawing upon it are the same as have been hitherto used upon the stone—lithographic chalk or ink—and there is nothing to hamper the artist in obtaining the desired effect, or to prevent an expression of the widest range of tones and gradations, from the most delicate grays to the deepest and most solid blacks. The drawing, too, when completed, can be printed with absolute accuracy by any printer of ordinary experience. Among the advantages claimed for the aluminum plates over the ordinary stones special importance is attached to the lighter weight of the former. Even for a drawing nine inches by twelve, a stone weighing thirty pounds or more is required, while an aluminum plate giving the same number of square inches of surface would weigh between four and five ounces, and would not be liable to break under pressure; such plates, also, on account of their thinness, being of convenient storage and handling and readiness for use.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and is made in Toledo, Ohio, hy F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

☞Sold hy Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

Rapid Wagon-Building.

During the late Spanish embroilment the War Department sent a rush order to the Studebaker Bros. Manufacturing Company, at South Bend, Indiana, for 300 army wagons. The Studebakers were equal to the emergency, and they broke the record in the manufacturing line. Within twenty-eight hours the wagons were finished and in the yard ready for business.

Poodle Dog Restaurant, southeast corner of Grant avenue and Bush street. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone 429. Blanco & Bruno, proprietors.

Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist, 806 Market Street

A Special Offer!

TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION

For twenty-five cents The Wave will be sent to any address in the United States, postage paid, for one month as a trial subscription,

together with a handsome engraving in twelve colors, 18 by 24 inches, entitled "Looking Backward," by G. Costa. Cash and annexed coupon must accompany all orders.

TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION COUPON

The Wave, San Francisco:

Please send The Wave for one month and your engraving "Looking Backward."

Name.....

Address .....

....

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

400 GRADUATES SECURED POSITIONS IN PAST TWO YEARS

LOW RATES!

San Francisco Business College

Only Experienced Bookkeepers and Reporters Employed as Teachers. Send for Catalogue.

1236 MARKET STREET, S. F.

Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson's Academy

1427 Franklin St., near Post

Reopens August 1, 1898. English, French, German and Spanisb Boarding and Day School. Begins witb kindergarten and prepares for universities, business and society. Drawing and painting. Cultured home training. Excellent table. $30.00 per montb. Music in all its branches, if desired, extra.

Lyceum Preparatory School

For the University, Law and Medical Colleges. Accredited with Stanford University and Cooper College. References—President Jordan or any Stanford Professor.

PHELAN BUILDING.

The Solly Walter School of Illustration

Evening Classes
Tuesdays and Thursdays
26 O'Farrell Street, San Francisco

GOULD & CURRY, SILVER MINING CO.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 4th day of November, 1898, an assessment (No. 85) of ten cents (10c.) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, Room No. 69, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 8th day of December, 1898, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday, the 29th day of December, 1898, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

ALFRED K. DURBROW, Secretary.

Office, room No. 69, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, the famous orator, statesman, railroad president and millionaire, in an interview said of his recent visit to Del Monte: "I visted Monterey, and I call it the most beautiful place in the world. Monte Carlo cannot compare with it. Its seventeen mile-drive is unparalleled for fineness."

Specially reduced rates for the winter months of November, December, January and February, are offered, as follows:

Single room, with board for one person, by the month, $65. Double room, with board for one person, by the month, $70; two persons, $135.
Best room, with board for one person, by the month, $75; two persons, $145. Best room, with bath and board for one person, by the month, $80; two persons, $155
Small parlor suites, with board for one person, by the month, $80; two persons, $155. Daily and weekly rates remain as heretofore—from $3 to $5 per day

For further information, address **GEORGE SCHONEWALD, Manager**
Hotel Del Monte, Monterey, California.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway wharf San Francisco.

For Alaskan ports, 10 a.m. Nov. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, Dec. 2; transfer at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports 10 a.m. Nov. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, Dec. 2, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, 2 p.m. Nov. 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, Dec. 5, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a. m. Nov. 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, Dec. 3 and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 a.m. Nov. 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, Dec. 1, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Mexican ports, 10 a. m. 18th of every month.

For further information, obtain folder.

The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing.

Ticket Office: 4 New Montgomery St (Palace Hotel)

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen. Agts.

No. 10 Market Street, - San Francisco, Cal.

OCEANIC Steamship Company

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S. S. Moana, for Australia, Wednesday, Nov. 30th, at 10 p.m. Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

S. S. "Australia," for Honolulu only, Wednesday, Nov. 16th, at 2. p.m.

Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.
Freight Office 327 Market St.

J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO General Agents

CALIFORNIA LIMITED!

Santa Fe Route

Connecting Train Leaves San Francisco at 5 p. m. every Sunday, Tuesday and Friday

Dining Car, Buffet Car, Observation Car and Electric-Lighted Sleeping Car. This train is in addition to the Daily Overland Express.

San Francisco Ticket Office, 628 Market St.

Telephone Main 1531

Oakland Office, 1118 Broadway

A. K. DAGGETT

Drawing of Deeds and all Legal Papers a specialty

NOTARY PUBLIC
14 Montgomery St., S. F
Telephone 305

"ALWAYS IRGHT ON TIME!"

UNION PACIFIC — THE OVERLAND ROUTE — WORLD'S PICTORIAL LINE.

The Finest and Fastest Train from California to the East

IS THE

Overland Limited

VIA

UNION PACIFIC

Leaves San Francisco DAILY at 6 00 p.m., running through to Chicago without change of cars.

EQUIPMENT—Pullman Double Drawing-Room Sleepers
Dining Cars
Composite Buffet Smoking and Library Cars
Reclining Chair Cars

Entire train vestibuled and lighted throughout by Pintsch Gas. Time, 3½ days, San Francisco to Chicago—*twelve hours quicker than all other lines*

Upholstered Pullman Tourist Sleepers are also carried on the "Overland Limited," daily San Francisco to Chicago, without cange, thereby enabling passengers holding second class tickets to reach Chicago and all points at the same time as first class passengers. Steamship tickets to all points in Europe.

Tickets and sleeping car reservations at General Office, No. 1 Montgomery Street. Telephone Main 1930.

D. W. HITCHCOCK, General Agent.

TO CHICAGO IN 3 1-2 DAYS

TO NEW YORK IN 4 1-2 DAYS

VIA

Chicago Union Pacific

AND

Northwestern Line

Through Pullman and Tourist Sleeping Cars Daily. All meals served a la carte in Dining Car. For full information, address

R. R. RITCHIE,
General Agent Pacific Coast

No. 2 New Montgomery Street (Palace Hotel)
San Francisco, Cal.

Brushes

For barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bathhouses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candymakers, canners, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paperhangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners, taffors, etc.

BUCHANAN BROS.

TEL. 5610 — 609 SACRAMENTO ST

BRUSH MANUFACTURERS

JOE POHEIM, THE TAILOR

Makes the best fitting clothes at 25 per cent less than any other house on the Pacific Coast. See Prices:

PANTS TO ORDER	SUITS TO ORDER
$3.50	$10.00
4.50	13.50
5.00	15.50
6.00	17.50
7.00	20.00
8.00	25.00
9.00	30.00

The firm of JOE POHEIM is the largest in the United States. Rules for self-measurement and samples of cloth sent free.

201 and 203 Montgomery St., cor. Bush.
844 & 846 Market St. 1110 & 1112 Market St.
SAN FRANCISCO.
435 Fourteenth St., Oakland. 603 & 605 K St., Sacramento.
143 South Spring St., Los Angeles.

"Remember the Name!"

Certain individuals who do not patronize American industries run off with an idea that in order to get good wines they must use European products, when there is no necessity for so doing, and in these stirring and patriotic times of to-day everybody should feel a keen interest in American products which are of deserving merit.

Both for the reason that they are used largely among American citizens, and made by Americans for American people in America now and always, and therefore we ask you to give the preference to

CRESTA BLANCA

With anything of like cost from France. Inasmuch as these wines have been acknowledged second to none in comparison with goods from the European countries, wherever exhibited, you surely are in favor of American goods.

CRESTA BLANCA WINE

WETMORE - BOWEN CO.
410 Post Street San Francisco, Cal.

BAJA CALIFORNIA

DAMIANA BITTERS

[illegible] leading physicians recommend [illegible] as the greatest [illegible] known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. Damiana Bitters are known on their merits. Send for Circular.

NAHER, ALES & BRUNE Agents
322 324 Market St. S. F.

THE LATEST STYLES IN

CHOICE WOOLENS

H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors

622 Market St. (up stairs) opp. Palace Hote

Bicycle and Golf Suits

BONESTELL & CO.

Dealers in **PAPER**

Fine Coated Papers a Specialty

401-403 SANSOME ST.,
San Francisco, Cal.

LAUNCH AHOY!

Length 45 ft.; beam 10 ft.; speed 10 miles.

20 H. P. Hercules Gasoline Engine

NOISELESS! SELF-STARTING!

The only absolutely reliable, durable, and perfectly satisfactory marine gasoline engine.
4 H. P. to 200 H. P.

HERCULES GAS ENGINE WORKS

405-7 Sansome St. San Francisco

Send for New Catalog

MRS. M. E. PERLEY MRS. S. V. CULP

DECORATIVE KERAMIC ART STUDIO

215 Post Street

All Branches of China Painting Taught
Morning Class: Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, from 9 a. m. to 12 m. Afternoon Class: Daily, from 1:30 to 4:30. Lessons $1 each. Private Lessons $1.50 each. TRY OUR ROMAN GOLD.
Telephone Grant 43

Centennial Stable

Boarding and Livery
Carriages, Broughams, Victorias, etc. First-Class in every respect

1521-1523-1525 California Street
Bet. Polk and

Telephone East 378 M. CONLON, Proprietor

COTTON SAIL DUCKS

22-inch in all numbers Medium, Soft and Hard
ALSO
Awning, Wagon and Draper Ducks
From 10 to 120 Inches wide
Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks
Manufactured by Murphy, Grant & Co.
Mount Vernon Company . . Pacific Coast
Baltimore Sole Agents

Beware of Imitations
This is a fac simile of the package
Genuine Diamond "L" Tea
Pure and Uncolored
GEO. A. MOORE & CO.
208 California St., S. F.
For sale by all grocers

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

Curran could say most cutting things, but perhaps no man was insulted with such dialectical neatness and ingeniousness as Curran was by the famous maker of "bulls," Sir Boyle Roche, in the Irish House of Commons. "The honorable gentleman says he is the guardian of his own honor," said Roche, in reply to a speech of Curran, "but on other occasions I have heard him boast that he was an enemy of sinecures."

Curran was defeated in a conversational contest with Lady Morgan, the Irish novelist, one evening in that lady's drawing-room. Exaggerating the prevailing fashion in short sleeves, she was merely wearing straps over her shoulders. Curran was walking away from the little party when Lady Morgan called out, "Ah, come back, Mr. Curran, and acknowledge that you are fairly beatten." "At any rate," said he, turning around, "I have this consolation, Lady Morgan, that you can't laugh at me in your sleeve."

At a dinner-table in London the conversation turned on public speaking. Curran stated that he could never address an audience for a quarter of an hour without moistening his lips. "I have the advantage of you there, Curran," said Sir Thomas Turton, a pompous and pretentious member of Parliament. "I spoke the other night in the House of Commons for five hours on the Nabob of Oude, and never felt in the least thirsty." "That is very remarkable indeed," replied Curran, "for everyone agrees that it was the driest speech of the session."

A story is told of a judge who could not control his temper, and so could not control other people. One day there was unusual disorder in the courtroom, and at last the judge could endure it no longer. "It is impossible to allow this persistent contempt of court to go on," he exclaimed, "and I shall be forced to go to the extreme length of taking the one step that will stop it!" There was a long silence, then one of the leading counsel rose, and with just a trace of a smile, inquired: "If it please your honor, on what date will your resignation take effect?"

The Paris *Temps* tells a characteristic story about the difficulties of getting married in France. Two convicts in Cayenne, employed as servants to the Governor, got leave to marry. They went to the *Mairie*, and the "lady" gave her condition, widow. "Well," said the official, "but I have not a certificate of your first husband's death." "Really," said the bride, "I thought it was not needed." "Why, it is an indispensable document." The "lady" smiled and referred him to the record of her conviction. "You will percieve, sir, that I was sentenced for life for having poisoned my husband!"

There are many humorous stories about the Russian passport system. A German lady in the Caucasus country was dangerously ill, and the local police-master called at the house and asked for her passport. The husband, an easy-going man, said he had not got one, or rather, that it was twenty years old and therefore useless, and, as his wife was dangerously ill and the doctor doubted her living through the day, the demand was ill-timed. "What!" exclaimed the police-master; "dying without a passport! May the devil fly away with her! She can't die without a passport!" And she didn't!

A good old Scotch farmer had a scolding wife. She was noted all up and down the shire for her sharp tongue, and her husband, best of all, was prepared to judge for this. One day she died, to all appearances. Preparations were made for the funeral, and, indeed, it had progressed so far as the carrying-out of the coffin, when, in the narrow passage the well-meaning but awkward pall-bearers jostled against it, and it was hit smartly upon the casing of the door. The next minute the scolding and only partly-departed wife had come to life and sat up in her cerements. What she said is not recorded, but a few years after that she died again, and this time they were fairly sure that they were dealing with the real thing. But when they bore her down the hall again the bereaved husband called out in a shrill and anxious treble: "Ca canny! Ca canny! (Go carefully.) It was there that she cam' roun' last time!"

Two young people of Cleveland, Ohio, met at a social gathering. The only peculiarity about this meeting lay in the fact that several months before, in a fit of anger, the father of the young woman had forbidden the youth to enter his (the father's) house. The immediate cause of the prohibition is no part of this story. The youth and the young woman were chatting most amicably, when suddenly an ornamental lamp standing close at hand was accidentally overturned. It fell directly towards the young woman, the burning oil was spilled on her gown, and in a moment she was ablaze. She shrieked and turned to run. The young man had a clear head, and he whipped off his coat, wrapped it about the girl, beat down the flames and quickly extinguished the last spark. A few days after this he received a letter from the father of the young woman:

Sir: Enclosed find my check for $45 in payment of damages sustained in the affair of Tuesday evening.
Yours truly, JOHN BLANK.

The young man looked the letter over, and stared hard at the check. Then he wrote his acknowledgment as follows:

JOHN BLANK—*Sir:* Yours of the 16th inst., inclosing personal check for $45, is at hand. I return the check herewith. Permit me to assure you that "the affair of Tuesday evening" was not a fire sale.
Yours truly, GEORGE DASH.

And up to the present writing the incident remains closed.

PALACE AND GRAND HOTELS

Now Under One Management

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1400 rooms — 900 with bath

Rooms, $1.00 and upward Room and Meals, $3.00 and upward

A beautifully illustrated book, containing floor plans and rate card can be had for the asking. JOHN C. KIRKPATRICK, Manager.

HOTEL WESTMINSTER

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLANS LOS ANGELES, CAL.

The Finest and Most Complete Hotel in the City. Everything New.
The Highest Standard of Perfection Maintained in all Departments.

F. O. JOHNSON, Proprietor.

Louis Roederer Champagne

HIGHEST GRADE IN THE WORLD

E. LA MONTAGNE & SONS
Sole Agents
45 Beaver St., New York

Three kinds, all of equal excellence:
BRUT — GOLD SEAL — A Perfectly Dry Wine
GRAND VIN SEC — BROWN SEAL — The Perfection of a Dry Wine
CARTE BLANCHE — WHITE SEAL — A Rich Wine

MACONDRAY & CO.
Sole Agents Pacific Coast
116 California Street

The illustrations in this paper are made by us.

REPSOLD SELECT VINTAGE

California State Exposition 1898

First Prize and Premium Award, Repsold *Cognac*
First Prize and Premium Award, Repsold Select Vintage *Montecito*
First Prize and Premium Award, Repsold Select Vintage *Burgundy*
First Prize and Premium Award, Repsold Select Vintage *Gutedel*
Special Mention of Honor, Repsold Select Vintage *Sauternes.*

THIS BRAND OF WINE IS SOLD AT ALL FIRST CLASS HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS

Office, 416 Pine Street

HAWAIIAN ADVERTISEMENTS

Coffee, Fruit and Grazing Lands FOR SALE OR TO LEASE

8,000 acres in fee simple — 5,000 acres leasehold
IN THE CELEBRATED COFFEE DISTRICT OF KONA, ISLAND OF HAWAII
Also, some desirable lots in the City of Honolulu
Apply to J. M. MONSARRAT
Real Estate and Financial Agent, HONOLULU, H. I.

Hawaiian Trust and Investment Co., Ltd.

Paid Up Capital, $30,000

Makes a Specialty of Hawaiian Securities and Real Estate. Correspondence solicited.
G. R. CARTER, Manager
GEO. R. CARTER, Treasurer
References — Welch & Co., San Francisco; Bank of Hawaii, Honolulu

R. C. A. PETERSON

BROKER

FINANCIAL STOCKS AND BONDS — Opp. Bishop & Co. Bank, Honolulu, H. I.

Real Estate, Custom House, Notary Public

W. C. ACHI & CO.

Real Estate Brokers

We will buy or sell real estate in any part of the group. We will also buy or sell Stocks in any corporation in the Hawaiian Islands.

Office, 10 West King Street, Honolulu, H. I.

Blake, Moffitt & Towne

DEALERS IN

PAPER

55, 57, 59 and 61 First Street, San Francisco

Telephone Main 199

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS 308-314 POST ST.

Warranted for Ten Years

STATE LIBRARY

This Paper not to be taken from the Library.

THE WAVE

VOL. XVIII. No. 21 SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 19, 1898 PRICE 10 CENTS

THE AMERICAN TRENCHES BEFORE THE CAPTURE OF MANILA

THE WAVE

Is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $5.00 per year. Sample copies free on application.

The trade is supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 342 Geary street; east of the Rocky Mountains by the American News Company, New York.

The Wave is kept on file and is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France; 31 Union Square, New York City; 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 206 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

For advertising rates and on all other matters pertaining to city business, address Trevor Corry, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Eastern representative, D. M. Foltz, 34 Park Row, New York.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 19, 1898

CONTENTS

Editorials 2
Things and People; by Boswell Jr. 3
The Chinese Embassy at Washington 4
The Dread Bubonic Plague; by Archevrale 5
The Baleful Rubaiyat; by Jeffry Drogo Montague 5
"To an Old Copy of Shakespeare": a Poem by Lucius H. Foote 5
Woman Off Her Pedestal 5
England Prepares for War; by Etienne Marcel 6
"A Jay from the East": a Story 6
About Opera Houses 7
Yachting on the Willamette 8
Lake Washington 9
Books of the Year: a Review by C. 12
Babblings of a Belle 11
London Letter 12
New York Letter 12
"The Rajah and the Trader": a Story 13
The Theatres 14
New Stories Re-Told 16

THE ADVENT OF THE SANTA FE.

After many years of waiting and hoping, San Francisco is to have a competing railway. The Santa Fe is at our gates, has bought property on the water front for its terminals, and will be across the gap between Stockton and Oakland within a twelve-month. Will its coming make the difference we have been promised? Will the new line prove the panacea for lost trade we have been taught to expect? Will prosperity be imposed by its advent, as our newspapers have sung and sworn for the last two decades? These are questions of importance at the moment.

The average citizen, who is not compelled to use his brains as the head of a large business, conceives a direct connection between low rates of freights, and prosperity. He imagines, vaguely, that two railroads pitted against one another inevitably reduce tariffs and that this reduction makes good times. The sequence is not logical, but this form of reasoning has so long been dinned into his ears by the journalists that it is accepted as infallible. Yet no such consequences followed the entry of the Santa Fe into Los Angeles. Rates to and from the East are much the same as they were before the advent of the competitor. In certain instances reductions have been made, but such only as were inevitable through trade conditions or the development of industries, and these would have been granted in the absence of competition by either system. In Los Angeles the two lines are not bidding against one another for business, but take the traffic which arises in their respective spheres of influence. There is no railway question in Southern California nowadays. Whoever objects to the Southern Pacific peacefully betakes himself and his freight to the Santa Fe. No one is a whit the wiser and no newspaper attempts to make circulation or politics out of a railway issue. In fact, railroading is a business there as it will be in San Francisco two years hence.

Yet the Santa Fe has been a powerful factor in the upbuilding of Southern California, but for reasons the ordinary citizen is not cognizant of. A great railroad represents millions of capital and an immense influence. Its advent in a new territory is like an access of blood in the human system—it instinctively develops fresh energy and infuses the body politic with ardor and confidence. Into Southern California the Santa Fe has attracted thousands of settlers and millions of capital. Tapping sections of country the parent road does not approach, it has brought west men and women who in the ordinary course of events would have passed their lives on the cold and dreary lands of the valleys of the Mississippi or Missouri. Not content to divide the business that existed at its coming, it has doubled it; it has created new activities and fostered flagging enterprises. In fact, its influence has been paternal rather than aggressive. In Northern California the Santa Fe cannot possibly make any immediate impression. Its physical presence in San Francisco will afford it no greater advantage as a competitor than it enjoys to-day. Through its contract with the Southern Pacific it has long had the privilege of running its trains into this city, and is free of all the terminal facilities of the local system. Moreover, if its inclination had been to cut rates there was nothing to prevent it doing so all these years. But it is well known that railroad tariffs in California are lower than anywhere else in America, and though the newspapers and demagogues have instilled a different idea, that is the fact.

No boom will follow the advent of the Santa Fe railway. A month after the first train has arrived the community will have forgotten its vaguely roseate expectations, and the voice of the siluriau speculating on the wicked tendency of railroads to combine will be heard in the land. Yet there will be a new leaven in the body politic, developing and assisting enterprises, suggesting undertakings and aiding their execution. What the intelligences at the head of the Southern Pacific have done in this direction may yet be recorded, but will never be appreciated. It is the executives of the old system that have brought to California the prosperity she now enjoys. The value of the Santa Fe will be that of a second engine on an up grade. That is all. Its advent will also harmonize public feeling, relieve the Southern Pacific of the onus of monopoly and once for all put an end to the custom of belaboring the railroad for every individual ill that occurs within its territory.

THE VIRTUE IN CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

"By their fruits ye shall know them" is the tenor of the letters we have received from Christian Scientists protesting against our severe arraigument of them and their creed. Mrs. Mary B. G. Eddy, her "revelation," her "Christian" and her "science" are absurd, as was demonstrated, but they should be discussed patiently, because there is a vital principle underlying the nonsensical teachings contained in her gainful publication called "Science and Health." She blundered upon this principle and vaguely comprehended it and its possibilities, or she stole it, and then exploited it in a style and language adapted and attuned to the complacent "intellects" that constitute her following. It is impossible to exert this principle, however ignorantly, and good not follow. In their way, the Christian Scientists accomplish wonders in curing diseases whose basis is imagination or hysteria. We do not despise what they do of this kind, but we do laugh at their preposterous precedent beliefs, reprove their ignorance, bigotry and fanaticism, and ridicule the crude way in which they operate when they would better proceed after the scientific rules and methods practiced by the established schools of physicians and surgeons, who every day successfully employ psycho-therapeutics in reasonable conjunction with equally God-given medicine. There is no reasonable doubt that their lies inherent in man a physic power of control over the mind and body. Knowledge of this power of the will has been preserved, in one form or another, since time began. The pagan philosophers of Greece and Rome were well acquainted with it. Beside them Mrs. M. B. G. Eddy is an almost imperceptible pigmy. Her borrowings *are* perceptible.

It was a Stoic maxim that "Nothing exists except what is Material." "This is divided into Matter and Force." "Force must be conceived as the Soul of the World, or Highest Reason—as being God." "Pure Matter can never move itself or fashion itself; nothing but an inherent power such as a Soul is can produce these results. . . . The world would not be most perfect and complete unless Reason were inherent in it; . . . the subordination of means to ends which governs the world in every part down to the minutest details would be inexplicable unless the world owes its origin to a reasonable Creator. . . . God and Formless matter (like body and soul) are the two ultimate grounds of things. . . . All real existence is originally contained in God, who is at once Universal Matter and the Creative Force, which fashions matter into the particular materials of which things are made. . . . It is hard to harmonize the various forms of evil with the perfection of the world. It is a moral theory that imperfection in details is necessary for the perfection of the whole. It is conformity with the course of nature. Seen in all creation, evil is a natural necessity."

How weak and perverse the rubbish of "Christian Science" in comparison with such noble pagan philosophy! "The soul is material. It is produced by natural generation, often, like qualities of the mind, partaking of the nature of its parents. It is of the lightest atoms, and, when the body ceases to nurture it and keep it in health, the forces of attraction cease to hold it within the corpus and it leaves. It could be seen if we had the power. It has been seen under certain circumstances. It is mingled throughout the body and, like it, is fed by the blood. It is Heat and Reason."

Heat, Reason, Mind, Will, Soul, God-in-Man—whatever—it is controlled by that inherent power heretofore mentioned. It controls the body, and through it a man, by exerting his will at the point of pain, can subdue the pain, or end it by removing its cause.

"As a counterpoise for bodily pain," said Epictetus, "take the Mind from the bodily pain and fix it on philosophy or some abstract thought and the pain will be but indifferently felt or not at all." "Disease is a hindrance of the body but not of the Will, unless the Will itself gives consent." "Practice saying to a harsh appearance: 'Thou art an appearance and not at all the thing thou appearest to be'; then examine it and prove your saying by the rules you have. If it is nothing in your power say: 'It is nothing to me.'"

Marcus Aurelius Antoninus (and here Mrs. Eddy falls again) wrote in his "Meditatious" discussing the Universal Plan: "It is not evil, but what we call evil. So-called evil is disorder. Nobody will conclude from the existence of disorder that order is not the rule." And again: "It is in the power of the soul to maintain its own serenity and tranquility and not to think pain an evil."

The Christian Scientists ought to take to heart the saying of Epicetus that "A man is a child in life—even if full grown—who is undisciplined in philosophy." Even as Diogenes defied his fever, so the *will* of the Stoics conquered pain, sickness and the fear of death. With Christ came *faith*. Will and faith epitomize the whole science of psycho-therapeutics or mental-spiritual healing. Jesus Christ first promulgated the law of faith, Himself acknowledging that without it He could do nothing. "Jesus said unto them: If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed . . . nothing shall be impossible unto you"; and again: "In my name . . . they shall lay their hands on the sick and they shall recover."

We could continue to ventilate Mrs. Eddy's claim to Divine inspiration and to demonstrate the absurdity of her position, but it would be doing her too much honor. We counsel our correspondents, though, to by all means continue to exert the powers of will and faith upon their mental and physical health, but, in the name of Heaven and of sense, to prefer Christ or the Stoics to Mrs. M. B. G. Eddy; or, better still, to study easily-obtainable books on psycho-therapeutics, which contain the principles of both and the best fruit of modern thought and experiment besides.

THE FUTURE OF THE DEMOCRACY.

The future of the Democracy is a fertile subject of discussion. It has just been reversed again, because of its failure to apprehend the temper of the nation. Rather than accept the lesson of its last defeat, it has clung to its old theories and banner-bearers, instead of recognizing their fallacy and the distrust Bryan and his followers have inspired in the American people. The country has declared for sound money. The majority of the voters in both parties favor the single standard. Wherefore, then, cling to an absurd and discredited dogma as though it were a religious principle? Not because of faith was the cause of silver adopted by the party—it was taken up as an issue on which to go before the country. The West was being swept by one of those periodical crazes that invade nations in times of adversity. Prices were low and crops had failed. Unwilling to credit this to natural conditions, the farmers attributed their ills to the banker and the capitalist. There arose a cry for more money; trouble and disaster had befallen us because of the demonetization of silver. On this idea, and on advanced principle of paternalism, a new party had been built up—Populism. The opportunity of the Democracy consisted in uniting with the new organization by adopting its tenets and going to the country on a silver platform. The success of President McKinley proved that the better intelligence of the country had rejected this system of economics and two years of prosperity have banished the memory of discontent from the mind of the Western farmer.

In the meantime the intelligent element of the Democracy had deserted its party, leaving it with a body and voice but no brains. The Republican leaders proved worthy of their opportunity, and since the advent of President McKinley there has been a steady growth of confidence, courage and wealth throughout the nation. That the conditions now ruling will always continue is hoping too much of human nature. Sooner or later the party in power will mistake its public and the people will entrust to the party in opposition the reins of government. But never will this happen as long as the Democracy is ruled by a set of tonguesters, of reckless politicians, to whom issues are of more importance than principles. It is essential that the party be reformed, that its direction be entrusted to the men who led it to victory under Grover Cleveland. In the problems before the American people to-day there is opportunity for a new alignment of parties, a natural issue which, if adopted would restore to the Democracy something of its lost prestige. The question of expansion is one on which men may differ in reason. The wisdom of the policy of the President in regard to the Philippines is questioned by some of the profoundest thinkers and the ablest statesmen of the nation, and had the last campaign been fought on the basis of opposition to that policy, many of the disaffected would have returned to the old standard. What is more, the contention might have been urged on high grounds, and in the heat of controversy silver and Populism would have become unimportant considerations. The result would not have been different, for expansion is the popular cry, but the Democracy two years hence might prove an opponent worthy of Republican steel. The chances are that a third lesson will be required before Bryanism and Maguireism are abandoned to their fate.

THINGS AND PEOPLE

This town has become saturated with the fumes of opium. The Chinese quarter, its Barbary Coast littoral, the Latin quarter and their contiguous and adjacent valleys reek with it. It is exhaled by Chinese washhouses all over the city. The winds beat it about the peninsula. It rolls over the highest of our hundred hills like fog. I was discussing this atmospheric condition with a physician the other day, and he told me that nearly every family practicioner, either directly or indirectly, has often to combat the effects of opium and its salts, particularly morphine. The human wrecks on the Plaza are conspicuous monuments to the drug's insidious influence. My physician friend agreed with me that the sleepy unenterprise of a certain percentage of our urban population is traceable to opium stupefaction. But I dare say no more lest some yellow contemporary whoop up the question in shriek-marked pages, advertising to the world that not only is San Francisco slowly sinking into the Pacific, but that her people are a race of DeQuinceys drunk with morphine, steeped in opium, given daily to "hitting the pipe" and "shooting dope." My theory may account for the many women kleptomaniacs with whom shopkeepers and the police are constantly troubled. In a recent case of shoplifting before an English court the morphine habit was accepted as a defence on the grounds that the woman was comfortably well off, and that her thievery was kleptomania induced by excessive use of morphine. She had consumed ninety-six grains in one week.

***

Faction fighting has broken out again in the Chinatown quarter of San Francisco, and the police and the morgue officials are more than earning their pay. The latest victim was only a coolie tailor, and his death is of no importance to himself or anybody else, but the manner of his release is interesting to those unfamiliar with the characteristics of the heathen. There was a family quarrel in the *Suey Sing Tong* about three months ago over one of the notorious contracts for soldiers' uniforms, and Chun Yet Den and five other tailors left the *Suey Sing Tong*, drifting thence into the *Suey Ying Tong*. The *Suey Sings* promptly posted rewards of $300 a head for the lives of the renegades. Rip! chop! bang! here are three of them laid low, and the latest victim is Chung Yet Den himself, shot through the heart in a crowded theatre. An unknown highbinder, a retainer of the offended *Suey Sing Tong* trailed him into the very middle of the parquet and shot him dead in cold blood. Then some more Chinese character came out. The house stampeded at the first shot and there was pandemonium, but the orchestra hit up a hellish din contrived by some native Wagner, and under cover of its paralyzing volume the audience regained its expressionless composure. They stepped over the bleeding body and returned to their seats; the actors went on with the performance, and, when the Morgue officials arrived, not the least attention was given them or their proceedings. Many saw the killing, but not a man would break his gloomy silence to inform on the murderer. The fate of the tell-tale is swift and sure in Chinatown. The remainder of the doomed half-dozen wait, with what Oriental calm they can master, for rippling lead or the pash! of a hatchet through the shaven skull.

***

The day after Chung Yet Den, of the *Suey Ying Tong*, was killed by a henchman of the *Suey Sing Tong*, both their households were found empty and bare, silent and deserted, and as though their former occupancy had not been. The altars and the fires, the furnishings, the flags, every indication and cognizance had disappeared into the earth. This means trouble. This means that the *Suey Yings* have sworn on Kwan Chung's altar the blood-oath for revenge, and that the *Suey Sings*, too, will kow-tow their joss in cellars and in secret until Chung's three remaining companions follow him to the Chinese Gehenna. This means pistol, knife and hatchet and nameless terror ceaselessly at work on the hillside above the Plaza—until the Six Companies bring their fist into the game. The feud may burst at once into a bloody flame or it may hang fire for months. The Chinaman can wait, and nurse his grudge for the day when he may feed it fat. I know this too well. My journalistic experience has cast me in many roles on the world's stage, and about the strangest of them was my membership in the *Hop Sing Tong* of highbinders in Los Angeles. Years ago I was "police reporting" for a morning paper down in the Fiesta City, and as there was intermitteut war going on between the *Hop Sing Tong* and the *Bing Kung Tong*, I found it a matter of business policy to get me "on the inside." So I cultivated the Chinatown squad and got thick as thieves with Leu Suey and Quan Him and Lee Din and Luey Sing Tai and few more of the *Hop Sing* fraternity. Leu Suey was a quiet, lovable Sunday-school scholar, and the craftiest, smilingest, blandest, most devilish devil I ever knew—and I have known Apaches. I must say I became very fond of him. He gave me many a fine "scoop" for my paper.

***

But to make it short—one day, in fun, he proposed that I join the society and take the highbinder's oath. I agreed and on a night soon afterwards there was a banquet. I got a sub to hold down the police, and went down to the tong headquarters. My initiation was a great and glittering success. The banquet opened with a thimbleful of rice liquor poured by one of their gayly caparisoned women, then bird-nest soup, a little gin, stewed sea-slugs, a finger of whisky, and this went on and on and on. Well, in the midst of the fun at the round table of the chiefs, Leu Suey got up and toasted me. We all drank together, and I became at once an adept of their order. Leu Suey then presented me with his own six-shooter and a regulation highbinder knife with peculiarly fashioned blade and heavy rosewood handle bound in solid brass. I have them yet. Poor, defenceless Leu Suey! When I reported on duty the next day they told me that on his way from the banquet he had been waylaid in Ferguson Alley and shot down. He died with his hand in mine. I laid before the elders all the vengeful schemes my impetuous young mind could hatch, but they said "no, wait." I fumed and fretted, and left the town before they had taken a single toll. Months afterwards, in New York, I read that Wong Chee, chief of the *Bing Kung Tong*, had been butchered like a sheep on the very spot where his henchmen had shot Leu Suey through the back. And I, a full titled highbinder of the *Hop Sing Tong*, felt the blood in my head, and I brightened Leu Suey's weapons—my weapons—and rejoiced with the pack of yellow assassins away off in Los Angeles.

***

California is a border State, and should be much concerned in the diplomatic correspondence going on between the United States and Mexico in the Temple affair. Temple was imprisoned in Chihuahua for killing a man in Arizona. The Mexicans assert that Temple's victim was a citizen of Mexico. The State Department says he was a citizen of Arizona. But no matter whether he was an American or a Mexican, it is most presumptious of the Mexican Government to reassert its worn-out contention of extra-territorial jurisdiction. If it can arrest a Californian and cart him off to Sonora for a crime committed in Tia Juana, or Los Angeles, or San Francisco, I should like to know it. I shall blush for our Government if it allows the Mexicans to try Temple for the crime. Mexico impudently asserted this right of extra-territorial jurisdiction in the celebrated Cutting case, and we nearly came to blows about it then. But Washington laid down and let our neighbor walk over us. Cutting was released but only after trial. In the Leonardo Pacheco affair, Pacheco was relcased, but after two years' imprisonment, and then not at our demand. Mexico has never surrendered her absurd claims in this matter of paramount international importance. If the United States is going in for rough-riding imperialism it must be imperious. A peremptory notice and an ultimatum are what Mexico needs. The Mexicans are a people who understand the Spanish bit, and this Government should hold them with no slack rein.

***

This trembling over the absence of rain is premature. Thus far nothing has happened to justify the assumption that a dry winter is certain. The season's total is nearly two inches of rain, and the fall has been lower one year out of three since 1870. The consequeuces of last season's drought sharpen the fears of the farmers, however, for the loss to the agricultural interests of California of a second year of dry weather would be stupendous. The records of the Weather Bureau show that dry seasons have occurred once a decade since 1850. Last year did not quite break the record, for the droughts in '62–3 and '76–7 were a little worse, while '51 was worst of all. However, no two seasons have been equally bad, and it is not probable that the winter of 98–9 will be as bad as that of '97–8. Forecaster Hammon of the Weather Bnreau traces a connection between thermometrical conditions in the Aleutian Islands and the rainfall in California. When the temperature is high on the islands the rainfall is light on the coast, when low there we have an abundance of rain here. No advices have been had from the islands for some months past, so it is impossible to predict on that basis. Evidence enough on this subject has not yet been gathered, but there does seem to be a relationship. In any event, it is too early to tremble. The months of December and January are heavy with possibilities of moisture, and there is no basis for pessimistic prophecies, save indeed the tendency of the worst to happen.

***

It requires an effort for the Anglo-American to carry enthusiasm into Christmas festivities held under equatorial climatic conditions or in the December weather they have in the Antipodes, but there is no doubt there will be plenty of genuine glad-heartedness in our army and navy in the Philippines during Christmas week. The *St. Paul* sailed for Manila loaded down with Christmas boxes for the boys at the front. For three days one hundred men were kept busy helping thirty shipping clerks put on board from seven to ten thousand Christmas packages, weighing from half a ton to a few ounces, aud all addressed to soldiers or sailors. Half of these presents were sent from San Francisco to the men of the First California Infantry. The rest were from the State at large, from Minnesota, Pennsylvania and Iowa, in the order named. These remembrances are all carted free by our Uncle Samuel. The balance of the great ship's cargo was made up of over 1,500 tons of medical stores and quartermaster's supplies.

***

When Rabbi Meyers threw into the forum the question of mixed marriages between Jews and Gentiles he caused somewhat of a stir in the circles of his affinity and made some ears to burn. His brother teachers of the local fragment of the tribes of Israel have the best of him in their interpretation of the Judaic law in the matter of the regularity and sanctity of such marriages, but the whole rabbinical brotherhood agree that for racial safety the Jew should shun such alliances. The Jewish antipathy to mixed marriages is a natural instinct for self-preservation. Let the jews go in for wholesale mixed marriages and there is only a question of arithmetic between them and racial obliteration. Such marriages are of everyday occurrence. They are common in France, where anti-Semitic feeling is strong enough to threaten revolution. In America and in California they are so frequent that they have lost their novelty, and yet the Jewish race can count hardly a generation in this country. Under modern conditions, almost everywhere in the world, there is no longer the mediæval necessity that held together the traditional Jewish *imperium in imperio*. In the United States, particularly, the old race-prejudice is dead or moribund. Here the Jew has liberty, equality and fraternity. He is absolutely free, safe from persecution, with every channel of endeavor open to him—conditions unknown to his race since the Roman conquest. Why should not the barrier melt away? The absorption of the Jews in America can result in nothing but good to them and to us, and for my part I am glad to observe the process going on.

***

Much interest is being expressed and real anticipation is aroused over the exhibition of Alexander Harrison's pictures, which opens in the rooms of the Art Association on the 24th. After visiting the various places of exhibition in San Francisco Mr. Harrison decided that the Hopkins House had the best facilities, and the privilege of the rooms was freely accorded him by the directors.

POLITICAL CAUSERIE

The value of virtue as a political asset has been reduced by the results of the late election. For some years past the Police Courts of San Francisco have been fairly administered by Judge Low and Judge Joachimsen. They were honest men and decent citizens. Lo, the voters have rejected them and have set in their places two practitioners of the "Push," A. B. Treadwell and T. F. Graham, extreme representatives of the lower strata of the legal professiou. These men have never pretended to know law and their practice has been confined to Police Courts. Why they should have been elected passes intelligent comprehension, but their success will inevitably be the source of a fruitful crop of scandals in departments in which the opportunities for fraud are too numerous. Some years ago we had in San Francisco a County Clerk, M. F. Haley by name. He made an excellent record, conducted his office within the appropriation, and was really an efficient public servant. He ran for re-election on his record, and was defeated by an unknown politician, one C. F. Curry. On taking the office, Curry broke all his pledges, squandered a quarter of a million of the city's money, and now has been elevated to the office of Secretary of State. The principle that determines a community's vote is interesting to speculate upon, and the late election offers opportunities in plenty for thought. According to the laws of the game, Judge Wallace should have been elected, inasmuch as he had kept himself well before the public, and was admired by the *Examiner*, but he was defeated by men who had no notoriety whatever, but have gone about their duties without consideration for the voter.

***

The conduct of the late election was scandalous, and the blame for it must be shouldered by two members of the Election Commission—Tax Collector Block and Counsellor Gallagher. Despite the protests of Mayor Phelan and Registrar Biggy, incompetent and undesirable men were appointed on the election boards, and their inability to handle the returns was the occurrence of the anticipated. The political characteristics of Mr. Gallagher, who, by the way, was Judge Maguire's manager in the late campaign, were prominent in this performance, and disclosed what would have happened had his kinsman been elected Governor of California. Some years ago Gallagher negotiated a connection for Maguire with the Buckley contingent, and there were myrmidons of the ex-boss who officiated throughout the city in the polling booths. It is admitted that a more fatuous set of dolts never before worked upon tally sheets. They were drawn for the most part from the membership of the Maguire league of clubs, which organization furnished Maguire audiences throughout the campaign. When the "Little Giant" spoke in San Francisco, a delegation from the clubs followed him from hall to hall to listen to the burning eloquence to which he gave voice. Had they been as violently for Maguire as they were vociferous, there would have been no doubt of the result, but to judge from the figures they did not vote for the "Little Giant," but for the Republican nominee, which seems to prove that some men are not such fools as they sound.

***

The defeat of Judge Van Fleet is regretted by all intelligent citizens, and deplored by the bar. He had served honestly and well, and the plea upon which he was beaten was absolutely unjust, inasmuch as every lawyer knows that the decision about which the *Examiner* made so great an outcry was only a fair statement of a law that has been upon the books for decades. During his term of service Judge Van Fleet has proved a capable jurist, and his decisions have ever been founded on good law and common sense. He will be a loss to the bench.

***

So the flamboyant James Hamilton Lewis has been defeated for Congress in Washington. No more will his ambient whiskers and clamorous clothes be witnessed in the Capitol. His defeat deprives national politics of a spectacular figure, but the loss will not be either intellectual or moral. No young Lochnivar come out of the West ever attracted in Congress a tithe of the attention which Mr. Lewis' eccentricities and garments aroused. He was a marked man from the moment of his entrance to the House, and his voice being as loud as his clothes he became a leader of the Democracy. The journalists sharpened their wits upon his whiskers and made his name world-wide. Now, he is compelled to flourish at home, to illuminate his native State with the damask luminosity of his florid personality. Had fate taken James Hamilton Lewis to the Klondike he might have figured in the Arctic economics of the region as a perennial Aurora Borealis.

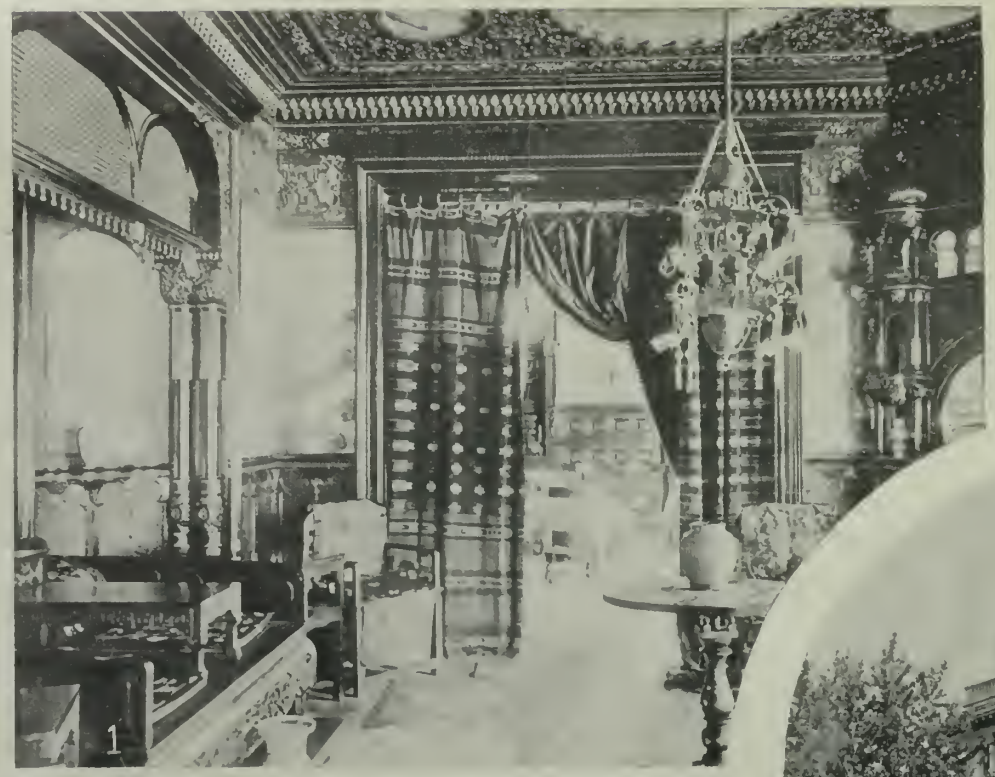
***

Though Populism and its kindred evils have of late flourished in Washington, the election has reversed that record. The State has arisen in its might and smote the fusionist and the single-taxer hip and thigh. A great victory has been won by the Republicans. That party has elected its Congressmen and its Legislature, which means that Washington will be represented by a Republican in the United States Senate. It is a holy and a wholesome success, and high testimony to the underlying sense and intelligence gence of the voters of the State.

***

Among the Constitutional Amendments submitted to the people in Washington was one providing for woman suffrage. Though a vigorous campaign was made on behalf of the female ballot, the amendment shared the fate of that submitted in California two years ago. It was defeated by a great majority. The fact is beginning to be realized that women do not want the ballot. Where the privilege of voting is accorded them only a minority exercises it, and that minority belongs to the worst and not the best element of the sex. We were promised that if women were allowed to participate in politics there would at once be reform. The best men would never fail of election, and all conditions would be purified. Not one of these predictions has been realized. Women's suffrage is a failure, and will so remain until the real women go in for it.

BOSWELL JR.



1. Orange Room. 2 Ambss dor Wu Ting Fang. 3 Drawing-Room. 4 Exterior. 5. Looking through First Floor from Drawing-Room. 6. Madame Wu Ting Fang and Son. 7. Ball-Room.

THE CHINESE EMBASSY AT WASHINGTON

THE DREAD BUBONIC PLAGUE

Europe is Terrorized by Its Outbreak in Vienna — America Exempt.

Again the universal superiority of the climatic couditions surrounding San Francisco has been made manifest, this time by our freedom from fear of a pestilence which has been the scourge of Europe since the third century before Christ, and which is even now keeping Vienna in a pitiable state of panic — the plague. We need have no fear of this terrible malady, nor of the yellow fever which has been harrying the West Indies and the lower Mississippi Valley. The plague of Asia and Europe has been killed here like a bird on the wing.

On October 28th the French bark *Du Chesseane* came in from Hong Kong with bubonic plague on board. Captain Cervany had died of it at sea on August 20th, and on September 20th a sailor named Menier had succumbed to the same malady. The vessel was at once placed in quarantine and was only two days at Angel Island. Apparently none of the crew was similarly infected, but the plague was epidemic among the rats on board, and they had to be exterminated and the vessel purified. I am assured that the infectious principle of the disease died at once in the sharp, cool air of the bay, but the quarantine officers were wise in taking all the usual precautions. The attendant epidemic among the rats on the *Du Chesseane* is a a peculiarity of the buboes. It was terribly the case in the severe outbreak in Bombay in the autumn of 1896, when thousands of diseased rats spread the infection to every quarter of the city and its neighborhood.

The Bombay plague was the source of the outbreak in Vienna a few weeks ago, which has brought panic to the capital of Austria and has spread misgiving over all Europe. It came from cultures of plague brcillus which were originally taken to Vienna from Bombay about a year ago by the Austrian commission sent there to study the disease. These bacilli were delivered to Professor Nothnagle, the celebrated bacteriologist, and it was while experiments were going on in his laboratory that the fearful things escaped and fastened upon Herr Barisch, one of the professor's assistants. They seized upou him and briefly he was dead. Then Nothnagel's colleague, Dr. Muller, was attacked and he, too, went under almost at once. Dr. Muller was a brilliant man, an authority on bubonic plague, and had spent some time in Bombay studying its ravages on the spot. He survived all the dangers of Iudia only to succumb to the pestilence in his own laboratory in Vienna. While dying he continued to benefit science by heroically taking observations on his own condition and discussing the questions of the disease with the physicians in attendance upon him. His death was followed by that of Fraulein Pecha, Herr Barisch's nurse, a strong and healthy young woman of twenty-two.

Vienna was panic-stricken when these deaths and their cause were announced. The most extraordinary precautions were taken at once to prevent the spread of the disease. Physicians, nurses, priests, friends, everyone who had been in contact with Herr Barisch or Dr. Muller, were seized and isolated. Some of them tried to escape, but they were captured and imprisoned in the temporary hospital pavilion that was erected in a night near the Franz Josef Hospital. But all their precautions may have been too late. It is the opinion of the Viennese medical fraternity that the disease will spread. Barish and his wife had visited friends, ridden in public conveyances, and come in contact with dozen of persons before his infection was made apparent. As he had the plague in its pneumonic form, his very breath would spread the fatal germs. All the known plague patients are isolated and closely confined to their several quarters. They are attended by Dr. Pooch and some Sisters of Charity who heroically volunteered their services. The hospital and its inmates are kept strictly *incommunicado*. It is surrounded at a safe distance by a fence, within which no unauthorized person is allowed to go. Conversation with the physician is had only by telephone, and his reports on the condition of the plague victims are bulletined every day. The doctor writes his prescriptions and pastes them on a certain window-pane. His colleagues outside approach and read them, then place the required medicines on the window-ledge and retire again to a safe distance. In a similar manner food is conveyed to the building.

Bubonic and pneumonic plague have both appeared in Vienna, but the pneumonic form claimed the first victims, and it is the worse of the two. The bubonic plague is named from its most violent symptom—the swelling of the glands in the groin. This is accompanied by a slight fever and ague, pains in the legs, and a nervous, distracting dread of some indescribable danger. Then the patient staggers while on his feet, and cannot understand questions; he burns with an intense, unquenchable thirst, his eyes become red, his tongue white or black, dry and swollen, and the fever becomes a furious one. There are spells of vomiting, accompanied by poignant pains; then coma, and death. These symptoms vary; the patient may have only a few of them. Some have carbuncles and many have hemorrhages. The attacks last from a few hours to a month. Sixty patients die out of a hundred.

The pneumonic plague has the same general symptoms, but the seat of the disease in the lungs. It is exceedingly contagious and is almost invariably fatal. In pneumonic cases the plague bacilli in pure culture are sometimes found in the sputum, and the extreme contagiousness of pneumonic plague depends probably upon the elimination of an enormous number of the specific micro-organisms in the bronchial secretion. With the flagraut abuse of San Francisco's anti-spitting ordinance, if the pneumonic plague should or could live in this city the whole bay region would be depopulated very shortly.

Europe's fear of the plague is justified by history. The first historical mention of it is of an outbreak in Lybia, in the third century before Christ. The great "plague of Justinian" in A.D. 542 was the bubonic pestilence. In the fourteenth century the "black death" appeared in Southern Italy, 1346-47, and spread over Europe, reaching England in 1348, where it remained for five or six years. A second epidemic occurred in 1561, and a third in 1368. In the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries outbreaks in Great Britain are recorded. The "great plague" of London in 1665, in which seventy thousand persons died, was the last epidemic of plague in England. It was of frequent occurrence in Europe up to 1841. In Russia it is eudemic, sometimes of a mild type, but more often virulent. In India the plague has existed since the beginning of the century, sometimes in a sporadic form, and under varions names in different parts of the country. The terrible ravages of the plague and famine in India in 1896 are still vivid in the memory of the civilized world.

ARCHEVRALE.

THE BALEFUL RUBAIYAT

The local renascence of the vogue of Omar Khayyam, philosopher and poet of ancient Persia, reminds me of an adaptation from the Rubaiyat so effectively arranged that it broke up a most promising movement for the regeneration of society and the purification of politics, and sent two or three bright fellows hurrying on their search of the Invisible. It was called the "Rubaiyat of the Yerba Buena Club." I have one of three original scrolls upon which it was worked. The Club was a group of the flower of Democratic chivalry who came together with the aspiration to fight the "push" out of the party and keep the shovelry in its place —rather a contract. But the Lord loves the Irish.

In this aggregation of fiue blood and good intention was a budding writer, who, with artistic instinct, got it into his head to draw an emblem and devise a motto for the Club. Previous baneful Bohemian affiliations had their effect upon his work. The emblem was a sheaf of sure-enough *yerba buena*—vine leaves and tendrils wound around a bunch of grapes sustaining leaves of tobacco, sprigs of mint, an ear or two of corn, heads of barley and rye, and a couple of straws rampant guardant. Beneath this pretty conceit was engrossed these couplets and quatrains:

I wonder often what the Vintners buy
One half so precious as the stuff they sell.

* * *

Ah, my Beloved, fill the cup that clears
To-day of past Regret and future Fears:
To-morrow! Why, To-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n Thousand Years.

Come, fill the Cup, and in the fire of Spring
Your Winter-garment of Repentance fling;
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter—and the Bird is on the Wing.

When You and I behind the Veil are past,
Oh but the long, long while the World shall last,
Which of our Coming and Departure heeds
As the Sev'n Seas should heed a pebble cast.

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
Turns Ashes—or it prospers; and anon,
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face,
Lighting a little hour or two—was gone.

Waste not your Hour, nor in the vain pursuit
Of This and That endeavor and dispute;
Better be jocund with the fruitful Grape
Then sadden after none, or bitter, Fruit.

Perplext no more with Human or Divine,
To morrow's tangle to the winds resign,
And lose your fingers in the tresses of
The Cypress-slender Minister of Wine.

The Grape that can with Logic absolute
The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects confute;
The sovereign Alchemist that in a trice
Life's leaden metal into Gold transmute;

The mighty Mahmud, Allah-breathing Lord
That all the misbelieving and black Horde
Of Fears and Sorrows that infest the Soul
Scatters before him with his whirlwind sword.

* * *

Drink! for you know not whence you came, nor why:
Drink! for you know not why you go, nor where.

Insidious. Gloom settled upon the Club. High aims and resolutions fell before the Logic absolute. The young men are scattered on the Seven Seas and the Devil, who wrote the Rubaiyat, some say, still rules the politics of San Francisco.

JEFFRY DROGO MONTAGUE.

TO AN OLD COPY OF SHAKESPEARE.

Your dog-eared leaves are black with age,
Your covers dull and dusty,
And as I turn the time-worn page,
I catch an odor musty.
Upon your fly-leaf I would trace,
Despite the blots in plenty,
The Printer's name, the Year of Grace,
'Tis A. D. something, '20.

Some Grub-street bookman brought you out,
His name, it does not matter,
We trust, if Parker, Blount or Stout,
His pocket waxed the fatter.
You seem to smack of London Town,
The Tavern in the City,
Where rare Ben Jonson sat him down
To converse wise and witty.

Were you ensconced in some sly nook
Of box, or bag, or basket?
Or kept you watch and ward, O book!
Within the Prompter's casket?
When Burbadge mouthed Othello's rage,
And made Black-friars thunder;
When Lowin stormed across the stage
With stalk and strut, I wonder.

God wot, it was a goodly play,
When lackeys were berating
My lady's chair that blocked the way,
While rank and fame were waiting.
Ah me, the days of Good Queen Bess,
The days of famous writers,
Of frills and stays, and stilted dress,
Of gallant fops and fighters.

You conjure up a fruitful past,
Albeit fact or fable;
The old-time worthies in the cast,
The Master on my table.
All hail to them, all hail to you,
Most worshipful and comely;
Alas! alack! I miss the cue,
And made my exit drumlie.

LUCIUS HARWOOD FOOTE.

WOMAN OFF HER PEDESTAL

What She Can Do in Business, and How Some of It Is Done.

Leaving aside the ethical and political aspects of the problem of woman in business the fact remains that she is there "on both feet," and is there to stay while social and industrial conditions are what they are. It is safe to say that more than ninety per cent of these women are not working and competing with men from choice but from necessity. A few weeks ago a gently-born, well-bred young woman of thirty or there-about lost both income and capital through unfortunate speculation in suburban real estate, and having no masculine oak to which to cling found that she had to stand by herself. She had to seriously contemplate the bread and butter world and to look for the line of least resistance. She had inherited a fine mind and a courageous character. She had been given a thorough education, particularly in the accomplishments of literature, music and modern languages. She had babbled Mexican Spanish to her "native" nurse, and half a year in old Spain had given her an easy command of the Castilian tongue. This young woman faced the world undismayed. She had heard that nearly every officer in the army and half of polite San Francisco were eager for instruction in the language of the enemy. She began with a captain and his two lieutenants, and soon had enough officers on her lists to make half a dozen skeleton regiments. Now she has daily classes, and is preparing to maintain a private school for regular instruction in polite accomplishments, literature, music, and the English, Spanish and French languages. She is earning more than enough for a comfortable living, finds new life in her work, and has not perceptibly coarsened the fibre of the vine. Her old friends encourage her and do not forget to find her new pupils.

Teaching is, of course, a womanly business. It has been in woman's nature from the beginning. Not only does she teach her own children in the school room nursery, but other people's children in the kindergartens and the public schools. There is no limit to this field of womanly activity. Only recently a young woman of Denver went to New York to teach the art of conversation. This last is a more serious business than one would think. Our American women are clever, many of them are entertaining, but only a few of them talk well. They usually talk too much, and their very vivacity and versatility become tiresome to their hearers. They are not good listeners. They say so much that it loses weight. The list of "don'ts" stretches from here to Tamalpais, and all these this educated, traveled and polished Colorado girl practices with her "patients." She teaches them tact; she corrects faults and provincialisms of speech, and disagreeable habits and manners. She can transform the awkward wife of a Middle-West congressman into a woman who can hold her own in Washiugton.

Nearly every one knows some woman who is studying or practicing one or another of the professions. There are women in politics, too, but the less said of them, perhaps, the better. Among modern developments is the trained nurse. Woman is pre-eminently fitted to be successful as a nurse. In the East the trained nurse ranks next to the physician, and she is oftentimes more useful than some uncertain fledgling doctor. Woman has natural aptitude for nursing, teaching and the arts, and these may be amplified without limitation. They make excellent companions to less fortunate though wealthier women. In trade they are invalnable as bookkeepers, as secretaries and stenographers, as cashiers, as saleswomen and in other clerical commercial capacities. They are well fitted for routine, being imitative rather than original, and receptive and conservative not initiative and aggressive. These characteristics make them honest, sober and reliable. Thus they excel in many sedentary employments. Women of fine perceptions, delicate intuition and a certain subtle sympathy are born to the arts and we find them rightfully promiuent in music and painting, and in decorative art.

Some time ago, in Paris, a few impecunious ladies started a tea-room. It was simple, dainty, and attractive. It "took" at once, and it became a fad to go there. London and New York have tea-rooms now. San Francisco may get them after a while, and they will be well patronized beyond a doubt. A year or so ago a Home Bureau for delicacies for the sick was started in New York. It is doing a thriving and profitable business. There is scarcely anything for the comfort of the sick that cannot be obtained there on the shortest notice—soups, broths, delicacies of all descriptions; stretchers, back rests, chairs, trays, baths, doctors' dressings and such materials are kept to be sold or rented. This is maintained in connection with the now well-known Metropolitau Trained Nurses' Club.

Here is the card of a woman whose business is unique in the entire world:

Miss Elizabeth Marbury, representing Dramatists and sole representative in the United States of America and in Canada and Great Britain and Her Colonies of the General Agents of the "*Société des Auteurs et Compositeurs Dramatique*" of France.

Miss Marbury is to dramatists what a literary agent is to authors.

Interior decoration claims the attention of quite a number of women here and elsewhere. In New York there is a Social Requirement Bureau whence invitations are sent out, where visiting lists are arranged, lunches, dinners and teas planned and directed, and the ordering of foods, wines, flowers, and so forth, is attended to.

Women have achieved notable success in the management of fruit farms and chicken ranches, and greater similar responsibilities have not found many of them incapable and unsuccessful. There is a much greater demand for good housekeepers than there is a supply. Housekeeping, for one's own family or for somebody else, is as responsible and important a business as any other, if conducted as a business should be. It is also the trade for which women are best fitted and one in which they do not come into competition with men. But too many women think that the independent running of a lodging house in a city is to be preferred to the well-paid management of a quiet home, where the life is surely nearer the home life they long for than it possibly can be in lodgings. It is amusing to hear middle-aged "girls" discussing the probabilities of keeping a boarding house, or of finding a refuge in the Old Ladies' Home. They might with profit study housekeeping as a science and train their minds to regard it as a most honorable business.

ENGLAND PREPARES FOR WAR

Her Navy Equipped and Her Forces Awaiting Mobilization.

In the English newspapers little is being said about the extraordinary war preparatious being made in every arsenal and dockyard throughout the country. Soon after the presence of Major Marchand at Fashoda was announced, the the Secretary of War sent a request to the various editors that they refrain from publishing information calculated to assist an enemy, and the consequeuce has been to suppress discussion of the great arming that is going on. Nothing like these preparations has been heard of since the days of Nelsou. Millions are being poured out, stores replenished, munitions of war purchased in immense quantities, and such a scaling for action as puts our own hasty equipping and outfitting to blush.

"What does it all mean?" is the question being asked throughout the nation. The Ministers are extraordinarily secretive. Lord Salisbury's utterances at the Guild Hall bauquet are not illuminating. France has yielded over Fashoda, it is true, but the din of arming has not abated. Can it be that Englaud has at last put her back to the wall, aud is set to defy her enemies? She has long had the worst of eucounters with France and Russia. The latter has flouted her in Chiua, and the former in Africa and in Asia. It seems now that the end has come, however, and that the natiou will accept no new humiliations.

An impression of the extraordinary activity throughout the Kingdom was given me by a well-known naval expert, who has written very learuedly of the lessons of the recent Spanish-American war. His information should be accurate, inasmuch as he is intimate at the fountain head. According to him, the naval strength of England has been made ready for action. The Channel squadron is now at Gibraltar; an emergency squadron has been formed of five coast guard battleships, five port battleships, and two service battleships, which are prepared to put to sea at ouce. The cruiser squadron, comprising the commerce destroyers—together with some other of the swiftest and most formidable vessels of the navy—is almost ready. Eleven gunboats and twenty-four torpedo-destroyers have been fully equipped and are ready to put to sea. These squadrons are all for aggression, the defense of the Channel will be taken care of by a division of the fleet reserve, which is supposed to be always ready to mobilize at forty-eight hour's notice. To outfit and equip this immeuse fleet has required unprecedented activity at the dockyards. Officers, meu, coal, food and ammunition are being poured in and put aboard the various vessels. Orders for 200,000 tons of smokeless coal have been distributed between seventeen Welsh firms. Shiploads of provisions have been sent to Malta and Gibraltar, in addition to the ordinary supplies dispatched recently. A million pounds of tobacco have been prepared at the chief victualing yard, sixteen new hydraulic presses having been purchased to handle it. Even a thousand flasks of special wine for administering the last sacrament have been issued.

It seems there were 150,000 officers and men at Devenport —one of the great dockyards—last week, and the other yards had immense bodies of sailors and marines getting ready to embard. Coast guard reserves have been summoned. The first mobilization warning has gone out to the volunteer artillery. At the War Office there are bundles of telegrams addressed to volunteer officers, and postal cards addressed to the men ready for mailing at a moment's notice. Final touches have been put to coast defenses. Two hundred six-inch wire guns have been ordered to Sheffield; the gun turrets at Dover aud elsewhere have beeu manned.

Is it against France or against Russia that this great show of force is being directed? Though the Fashoda episode may be considered closed, that is but one phase of the questiou. The English are determined that Egypt shall not be deprived of the Nile provinces, and especially of the Bahr-el-Ghazal country, which contains large, healthy and fertile proviuces inhabited by a sturdy aud war-like people. Indeed, the region is a better recruiting ground than China, and Africa could easily be conquered by an army raised there. In this country Marchand has established seven posts with armed garrisons under the French flag, and has proved that there is open water from Brazzaville, on the French Congo, via the rivers Yobo and Sueh, to Meshra-er-Rek, the port of the Bahr-el-Ghazal province. From there to Fashoda, the way is clear to Khartoum and Cairo. This territory was all within the boundaries of Egyptiau influence prior to the Mahdist rebellion, and therefore part of the Anglo-Egyptian sphere about which Lord Salisbury refuses to negotiate. Yet it is precisely this access to the Nile which France has declared she will fight for rather than forego. If she is permitted to hold the road from Mere to Tambura, she secures the vital portion of the original Egyptian territory, and possesses the means of forestalling the Cape-to-Cairo route, seuding gunboats to the headwaters of the Nile, and forming an alliance with the Abyssinians hostile to Egypt. France has not prosecuted her designs without warning. She has been told, every inch of the way, what the British intentions are, and it is purely her own fault if trouble ensues. But since the Gallic nation has been a republic, there has existed constant irritation between Paris and London. It seems to be a point of honor with her innumerable ministeries to disturb and forestall all English ambitions. Indeed, the relations between Berlin aud Paris have been infinitely more kindly than those existing on the two sides of the Channel.

The consequences of war at this juncture would be most disastrons to France. In the first place, the internal affairs of the nation are in bad shape. The budget is months overdue, owing to the difficulty of framing measures to overcome the deficit of sixty-five million francs and to meet the twenty-four million francs voted for naval purposes. It should be remembered that since 1871 the national debt of the nation has been doubled and is now nearly five aud a quarter billion francs, and further taxation of the masses of the people is almost impossible. War declared, at once there would be a stoppage of foreign trade; home commerce would collapse; the exposition would have to be abaudoned, and the enforced idieness of the army would render revolution more than probable. French fleets would be blockaded at Brest and Toulon, and the work of seizing French colonies would proceed apace.

Competent observers of foreign affairs declare that war at this juncture between France and England, and the wiping out of the former's navy, would be the greatest blow ever struck for peace. Undoubtedly, France is the disturbing factor in European politics, and if her influence could be counteracted disarment would be possible and practicable. It is thought that this is a good time to begin operations, because, later, the republic may be able to involve some other nation in her quarrel, and in consequence precipitate a general war. The presumption is that in the preparations proceeding so lustily, Russia is not being overlooked, but it would seem in this instance that the Anglo-German understanding gives England comparatively a free hand, and Italy, who is mobilizing her fleet and army, is evidently being depended on to look after Turkey. If war does come, there will follow some immense changes over the map of the world.

ETIENNE MARCEL.

WHITELAW REID

A Jay From the East.

"I don't suppose that any man who ever hit up Creede when that camp was booming along like a Wisconsin lumber drive is going to stand up and say that Creede was anything like a dead easy mark or a putty proposition for tenderfeet," said Sheriff Tom Wilkiuson, of Creede. "When you get down to it, all the boys in those days were grafters, more or less, and I guess I was just as much of a grafter as any of 'em, even if they did elect me Sheriff and refrain from shooting a hole in the plug hat that I wore all the time I was Sheriff. The Creede push, when Creede was lively, was surely made up of smooth people, and when it came to nibbling at foxy games there wasn't a man of 'em that wouldn't make a couple of side steps and then shoot swift and straight. But I've often observed in the course of a heap of piking around the big camps that it's just these wise, crafty camps that are bound, every once in a while, to get it pasted on them the hardest and in an aggravatingly easy way.

"A big gossoon of a tenderfoot-looking young fellow—he wasn't more than 23 or 24—turned up in Creede one afternoon in August, 1893, when I was turning the day trick in keeping the camp as orderly as it could be kept. I call him tenderfoot-looking because he was togged out that way —frock coat, light striped trousers, patent leather shoes and that kind of rig. He didn't try to saw off a plug hat on us with that make-up—for some reason or other I was the only man that could wear a plug hat in Creede with impunity—and the little plaid fore-and-aft cap that he wore with that long frock thing made him look even more of a yap than his actions made him appear to be. The young fellow didn't do any swaggering or butting into anybody, but he seemed to be just naturally soft. He had a big moon face, with pink cheeks, and his light curly hair and white eyebrows made him look lily-livered. He put up at old Mrs. Reagan's boarding-house aud the boys there sized him up as too much of a jellyfish to be worth picking on. He went around grinning, with his hands in his pockets, and when auy of the boys happened to drop him a word just to draw him out and see what his lay was, he shot off the conceitedest mess of talk you ever heard. The boys out in Creede weren't in the habit, as you may suppose, of making any brags about their family trees, but you only had to toss a word at this cub to set him to rattling about who and what he was and who and what his people were. He took a long chance at doing that, but the talk just made the boys so tired that they didn't have the energy to souse him in the creek or chuck him under a stamp mill. I ran into him myself the day after he struck the camp and I hadn't any more'n given him the civil greet than he began to put me next to his whole business.

"'My name's Harvey Gaddis—the Gaddises of Delaware, y' know,' says he to me, 'and I'm out here lookiug for an investment for my father, Harvey Gaddis of Washington, D. C. Must ha' heard of him, haven't you?'

"'No,' said I, 'I haven't heard of him. But I want to tell you something, son. Cut out the pedigree talk around here. The boys might kind o' take it as a kind of reflection upon them. Fact is, there's some of them that might have made you feel small already if it wasn't for what you say about looking for an investment. They've all got a hole or two in the ground to unload, and that's largely the reason why they're standing for this chiu music of yours about what a warm tribe you've renegaded from. If you're going to invest in Creede dirt you'll get all the show in the world to do it. But cut out the family tree guff. It won't help you a little bit if you waut to get all that's coming to you, as to any stranger, in this camp.'

"The young jay seemed to improve some after this talk I gave him, aud he did let up ou the Gaddises-of-Delaware blow, but he hadn't been in the camp for more than ten days before all of the boys that had disappointing, no-pay shafts in the rock began to get around him for a deal. They took him out, one by one, to look over their claims and the whelp tried to look wise when he inspected them and talked stuff about strata and ledges and leads that sounded like he might have picked it out of his geology book at school. Somehow or other he didn't seem very keen on the buy until Buck Wingate, one of the sharpest mine salters that ever stuffed a shotgun full of yellow slugs, got hold of him and took him out to one of his holes. Buck's rock was beautifully fixed—Buck spent three hard days and nights at the job—aud it appeared to strike the tenderfoot's eye. He asked Buck how much he wanted for the claim.

"'Well,' said Buck, 'I've got so derned many claims around here, or am podners in so many, that I haven't got the time to go ahead with this one, although I'm dead sure it's a Comstocker. I'll let you have it for $25,000.'

"'Well,' said the young fellow, 'while I guess I know

SENATOR GRAY

PRESIDENT DAY

SENATOR FRYE

SENATOR DAVIS

THE AMERICAN PEACE COMMISSION, NOW SITTING AT PARIS

just as much about a mine as any of you—and this looks good to me—I'm not going to think of taking it until I have a regular mining engineer look at it and report upon it. I'll have a man come down from Denver and tell me what he thinks of it.'

"Buck sort of screwed sideways at this, for he kuew that it's no easy thing to put up a job of salt on a Denver mining engineer. He had to stand for the tenderfoot's proposition, however, and sure enough, three days later, the mining engineer from Denver showed up. None of the boys in camp had ever seen or heard of the Denver mining engineer before and they had a great laugh, even if they were a bit surprised, when he inspected Buck's put-up job and pronounced it O. K., promising, and worth about $15,000 on its present showing. The boys said among themselves that the mining engineer was probably just out of some mining institute in Boston or somewhere, he looked so young and green aud his appraisal of Buck's fixed hole was so funny.

"Buck demurred a good deal when the Harvey Gaddis boy said that he would only pay $15,000, but at length, after a day of hemming and hawing, he consented to accept the terms, which were to be cash.

"'I'll telegraph to my father, Harvey Gaddis of Washington, D. C., to send me the money right away,' said the tenderfoot when the bargain was struck, and he walked right down to the telegraph office with Buck and sent this despatch: 'Harvey Gaddis, such and such a number on Massachusetts avenue, Washington, D. C.: Express $15,000 currency immediately. Have found big bargain.'

"The rumor of the success of Buck's deal with the jay boy from back East got around the camp in no time and a lot of the boys just lay on the floors of the rum factories and dancing tents and hollered over it. But they were careful not to say anything that could cop Buck's game with the tenderfoot. They knew that Buck didn't let people monkey with him that way.

"While he waited for the arrival of the currency from Washington, the boy with the pedigree started off on another whirl, and on the first night he stacked up against Con Dinsmore's stud poker game. He took about $400 away from Con on the first night, $700 the second, $900 the third, and on the fourth day he sloughed it all back at Con's and went broke besides. He knew as much about the game of stud poker as I do of Yiddish, but he just played in luck for the first three goes at Con's game, and when his luck shook him on the fourth day he went under in a heap.

"'I don't care,' said the jay, trying to look game, after he went broke, 'I've got $15,000 coming to-day or to-morrow, and I'll see what I can do with that.'

"'How about that mine o' Buck Wingate's?' asked one of the boys who heard him make this break.

"'Oh, I'll pay for that out of what I win,' was the cub's reply.

"Buck had been called to Denver on some kind of a phony deal or other on the day before or else he might have worried a good deal about the course his tenderfoot customer took when his $15,000 arrived at the camp. Myself and a couple of the boys were with the white-browed capitalist when he went down to the express office, in response to the notification, to get his big bundle of money from Harvey Gaddis, Washington, D. C. He opened the big brown, carefully sealed envelope before us, and counted the $15,000 in absolutely new crisp $50 and $100 bills on the express office counter. We all had a close look and a feel of the bills, for that kind of money wasn't common in Creede. Gold was the circulating medium, and what paper money turned up in the camp was always greasy and worn.

"'Looks nice, hey?' inquired the tenderfoot. 'Father must have gotten these Treasury notes right fresh from the Treasury.'

"I told the cub in a good-natured way that $15,000 was a pretty big wad for a young fellow to be packing around with him in Creede, and that it would be a good scheme for him to place it in Joe Conley's hotel safe over night, and take a receipt for it.

"'Oh, I'm going to win back what I lost at stud poker first,' said he. 'Then I'll put it all in the safe.'

"I didn't want to waste any more breath on such a chucklehead, and so I let him go on about his business. He made for Con Dinsmore's stud poker layout right off. He bought $1,000 worth of chips at the go-off, and his fine, new, crisp $100 bills made a hit with Con.

"'If you win out,' said Con, 'I'll just cash you with the yellow boys, and hang on to this green stuff myself for luck, if you don't mind.'

"The Harvey Gaddis boy said something about the heftiness of gold to carry around, but if Dinsmore really wanted the paper, why, he'd leave it there, of course. Then he waltzed in and soaked it to Con's game for $1,700 within an hour. Although there were four other men in the game not another one of 'em had a thimbleful of luck except the tenderfoot. Within half an hour he had put Con an even $2,000 up against it, and then he said he'd drop down to Bird Manley's for a bit of faro.

"'All right,' said Con, 'come back when you smash Bird's layout,' and Dinsmore cashed the tenderfoot's chips in double eagles, holding on to the $1,000 in Treasury notes, as he said he was going to do.

"The cub went over to Joe Conley's and put the big bag of gold in the safe. Then he went up to Bird Manley's faro layout, and made a hit with Bird, too, by plunking down $1000 in crisp $50 and $100 notes for his stacks of blues and yellows. Bird fingered the bills admiringly.

"'Don't get that kind of money often out here, do you?' the tenderfoot asked him with a silly grin.

"'No,' replied Bird, 'and I'd just as soon you'd leave it here if you get into me. It's easy to count out, and I haven't seen any of it in so long that I'm lonesome. If you rap me I'll square with you in gold.'

"Agaiu the tenderfoot, who seemed to be rather maudlin with drink by this time, was agreeable, and he pitched in and walloped Bird's game almost to a standstill. He played bank like a Digger Injun 'ud play the piano, keeping no cases at all, but just hanging and slobbering over the table and slapping down a stack here and a copper there with no more idea of the cards that were out or in the box, apparently, than a fiddler in a dance tent a mile off. But, all the same, he was into Manley to the tune of $3,600 after he had been playing a couple of hours, and then he seemed to have too much of a jag to go on. He mumbled that he thought he'd cash in for the night. Bird counted out $4,600 in twenties—the amount of the tenderfoot's original stake and his winnings—and the night marshal and a couple of the other boys helped the cub pack the coin over to Joe Conley's safe and then put the apparently jagged descendant of the Gaddises to bed. In all, Joe Conley's safe contained $7,600 of his money in gold.

"The Harvey Gaddis boy looked a bit rocky when he showed up the uext moruing.

"'Say, what did you let me gamble for last night?' he asked when he met me down town. 'Didn't you know that that $15,000 I received from father was to pay for the mine?'

"'Son, I'm not the sky pilot of this camp. Moreover, you don't know the differeuce between advice and a ton of coal.'

"'Why, it was awful,' the cub went on. 'Just think of it—I might have lost! I'm going to follow Buck Wingate right up to Denver to-day and pay him that $15,000.'

"'That's a good scheme,' said I, thinking that Buck might as well have the bundle as the tiger layouts, and I went with him when he made for the express office to order the express people to box up the $7,600 in gold at Joe Conley's safe.

"'Why don't you tradc back some of that gold for the paper money you gave to Con Dinsmore and Bird Manley?' I asked him.

"'Oh,' said he, 'they like the stuff, and I don't like to take it away from theu.'

"He was out of the camp and bound for Denver with his $7,600 box of gold coin before noon and before half a dozen of the boys in the camp kuew he was going after Wingate to pay him for the mine. Dinsmore and Manley, when they heard of it, expressed the natural regret that he hadn't stayed on long enough to give them a chance to get even, but they consoled themselves with the reflection that he would be back in a couple of days.

"Buck Wingate got back froui Denver the next morning. The fi.st question the boys asked him was if he had met his tenderfoot mine customer in Denver, and got the $15,000 bundle.

"'Why, no,' said Buck, with a look of surprise, 'has he left the camp?'

"'Went up to Denver yesterday to pay you for your hole in the ground—half in gold and half in new bills.'

"Bird Manley was the first to smell a rat. He took the $50 and $100 bills that the Harvey Gaddis boy had given him down to the cashier of the bank. The cashier smiled when he looked at one of the bills. He only gave one little feel of one of the bills between his thumb and middle fiuger, and then he tossed the mess of $1,000 out through his little window to Manley.

"'Phony stuff,' said the cashier, 'and a poor article at that. How long have you been a good thing, Manley?'

"Manley dropped by Con Dinsmore's place and told Con of the thing. They were a very tired looking pair. The Secret Service man from the Treasury Department, who arrived in Creede about a week later, had us describe the tenderfoot. Then he grinned.

"'Tenderfoot?' said he. 'That fellow was Hiram Blundell, who has been one of the cleverest queer-shovers in the country ever since he was knee-high to a grasshopper. Pinkey Blundell, we call him.'

"Then we told him about that mining expert from Denver, and described him.

"'That was Sassafras John Hudnut,' said the Secret Service man, 'and he, too, has been shoving it all his life. But he's not as good as Pinkey.

"A couple of days ago," continued the ex-Sheriff of Creedc, "I read that Pinkey Blundell had been gathered in down in Little Rock for distributing some very tasty $2 silver certificates of the series of 1890."

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Most of the Portland fleet is commissioned in August, when it goes for a three-weeks' cruise on the lower Columbia. On the way down, the sportsmeu enjoy the finest kind of hunting and fishing on shore, island and tributary stream. Touching at one beach resort after another, the cruise on the lower waters ends in the great Astoria regatta.

The crack Portland boats at this event are the *Agnes*, the *Naiad*, the *P. S. Austin*, the *Spray* and the *Em Dee*. The *Agnes* is a new half-rater, and she is a flyer. She was built on the lines of crack Eastern boats, and is a model vessel. The *Naiad* is a pure cutter, and she is very fast in light winds. The *Austin* was built from an old model and is heavier, but is a fine sea boat and takes the lead in strong winds or heavy weather. The *Spray* and the *Em Dee* are canoe yawls of the fastest type.

While the spring winds are melting the snows on the Cascade Mountains, the swollen Columbia backs the water up in the Wilamette River and turns it into a great long tranquil tideless lake. This is the paradise of Portland yachtsmen. Here is held many a fast race and impromptu regatta, and here the picnic party or quiet sail may be enjoyed as nowhere else. G. A. D.

It is a notable coincidence that the two great coast cities lie between bodies of water — San Francisco between the Ocean and the Bay, Seattle between the Sound and the Lake. The bluff shores of Lake Washington are only ten or fifteen minutes' ride from the heart of Seattle, and the most popular residence portions of the city are built near the lake and on the bluffs. Seattle lies in a long oval betweeu the Lake and the Sound. Lake Washington is one of the largest isolated lakes in the world. It is thirty-four miles long and averages four miles in width. Its outlet (Black River) is most picturesque, and is a paradise for the photographer. C. B. BLETHEN.

The season in Scotland has suffered badly from the Spanish and American war (says a writer in the *Sketch*). Nearly every hotel manager regrets the absence of our American cousins. Several men who drive coaches through the hill country told me the same story. There were few Americans and consequently tips had fallen off. "I am glad to read that England and America have become allies, sir," said a coachman as we drove through the moorlands, "for now there will be no more wars and the Americans will come over regularly." Then for the first time I saw the full beauty of an Anglo-American *entente*.

The mosque of St. Sophia, in Constantinople, is remarkable, among other things for the fragrance of musk, which continues through the ages, though it is never renewed.

ABOUT OPERA HOUSES

New Buildings Abroad and Prospective Ones at Home.

With not as many advantages in population and wealth but greater devotion to art, New Orleans has kept up the large and handsome French Opera House through fair weather or foul, for generations importing company after company direct from Paris. Not only did the ante-bellum leisure-class in the Crescent City subscribe to support the management but the planter families of Louisiana and of all the adjoining States took price in contributing to the success of 'the season' in town. The people of the South are rapidly recovering from the desperate poverty which the Civil War brought upon them, and New Orleans now looks forward to its old time annual season of opera. It has been estimated that, by the combined efforts of subscribers in San Francisco and California, and a very few of the wealthy families of the other Coast States and Hawaii, a new opera house and a biennial season of high class opera could be supported in this city; provided, of course, that the building be made self sustaining in the off year and out of season by utilization as an assembly for fashionable balls and parties, and for other public gatherings, certain parts of the building, too, to be given over to shops and offices. Until such a day comes, the Pacific Coast must content itself with a very small taste of the music and opera which other cities are treated to, or go entirely without it. Mr. Maurice Grau, for instance, has swept the European operatic stage of its greatest stars—seven Italians, six Germans, one Belgian, three Poles, one Russian, eight French singers, one Australian, one Hollander, two English singers, and eight Americans—and New York is getting the best there is in Melba, Sembrich, Calvé, Eames, Nordica, Mme. Schumann-Heink, the two de Reszkes, MM. Salignac, Bars, Saleza, Albers, de Vries, Plançon, Van Dyck, and other great singers.

Stockholm, a city of less than 300,000 people, has just completed an opera house, which is said to be the finest in Europe, although others have a larger seating capacity. It took seven years to finish the building and the cost was a little over a million and a half. The property has been transferred to the ownership of the municipality, but it was private enterprise that made the scheme possible. The building contains a café and restaurant and a number of stores and shops, and these pay some of the expenses of the undertaking. The seating capacity, if proportioned to the size of the building, would be enormous and out of all proportion, but the architects have utilized the extra space for foyers, promenades, picture galleries, dressing-rooms, managerial offices and other conveniences. The decoration of the interior is said to be tasteful, although we should call it florid and elaborate. The royal box was embellished by the most eminent artists in the allied kingdoms, and some of its mural paiutings were done by the King's own son, Prince Eugene. Behind the curtain lies the crowning glory of the new theatre. There may be found every possible modern mechanism for the purposes of a theatre. The stage is the largest in the world, exceeding the dimensions of that one at Baireuth, yet an entire scene can be changed in a few moments. The sceuery is moved on an elevator, somewhat similar to that in use at the Madisou Square Theatre in New York. The orchestra pit lies below the level of the orchestra stalls and will easily hold a hundred players. This new opera house was built on the site of an old opera house erected in 1788. It fully represents the best achievements of modern builders.

Berlin has three opera houses now, and there is being organized there a private corporation for the purpose of constructing a fourth to be devoted exclusively to operatic performances. Two of Berlin's opera houses have the advantage of governmental support, in money and in privileges. For instance, they control the standard operas and if the private theatres wish to produce them they must get permission to do so from the regular subventioned establishments. This arrangement compels the private theatres to rely largely upon novelties for their existence.

Beside the uew opera houses I have mentioned, and those in process of construction, it is announced that Mr. Maurice Grau has succeeded in raising funds sufficient to build a theatre in New York which shall be devoted exclusively to the performance of Wagner's music dramas. Even London is talking about a similar scheme—an opera house to be built upon the site of antiquated Covent Garden.

The Czar is building a new imperial opera house in St. Petersburg, which will cost, it is said, about four million dollars. It is expected that the building will be finished by next spring. The old opera house facing the Marie Theatre has been for some years used as a conservatory of music. The Czar, by the way, has further aided music by his ukase giving the opera-house orchestra the right to be called the Court Orchestra. All its members are required to wear a certain uniform and to take part in all Court festivities. Hereafter the director is to be appointed by the Czar, on the recommendation of his chamberlain, who will have consulted with the members of the orchestra on the nomination of a conductor. After ten years of service the musicians are to receive the title of "Imperial Court Musician" and a right to a pension of $500 a year for the soloists and an annuity of $350 for the other players. In the future, too, the orchestra will be made up exclusively of Russian musicians instead of almost entirely of Germans as heretofore. V. V.

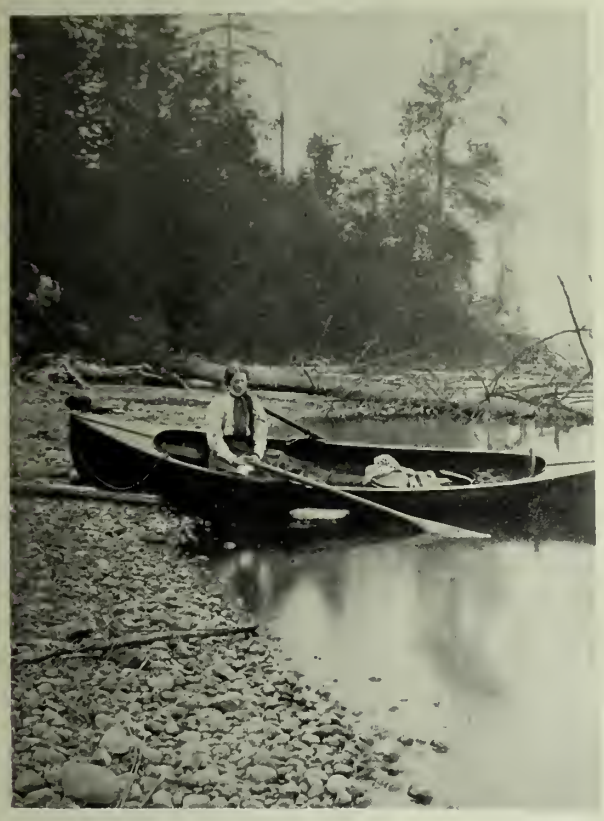
Cobalt has been discovered at Grand Encampment, Wyoming, by the French mineralogist, Charles Poulot. Cobalt is worth $1.60 a pound, and George Doane, the copper king of the Grand Encampment district, has a mine where there are thousands of tons of this ore already in sight. Cobalt is the active principle which colors blue all porcelain and glass. It is the active principle of blue in oil and water painting. It is one of the rarest minerals; Norway, Sweden and Bohemia have in the past furnished the bulk of the world's supply.

It is estimated that there are 3,120,000 cyclists in Germany, each one of whom has to pay a tax of 50 cents to have his name entered and to receive a number for his machine, together with a book, which he must carry with him, as it contains a description of his person.

1. Nip and Tuck between "Curio" aud "Maid." 2. Cutter "Maid." 3. Sloop "P. S. Austin." 4 A Tow on the Columbia. 5. Whistling for a Breeze. 6. Canoe Yawl "Em Del." 7. Going Aloft. 8. Cutter "Trade Wiuds." 9. Sloop "Curio." 10. Start of the Twenty-Footers.

YACHTING ON THE WILLAMETTE

Photos by Gilbert Dalgleish



LAKE WASHINGTON

A Large, Isolated Lake Lying Behind the City of Seattle.

Photos by C. B. Blethen

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
ABSOLUTELY PURE
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

BOOKS OF THE YEAR

"The Battle of the Strong" a Great Novel.

The end of the year is at hand, and with the publishers' announcements before us it seems safe to survey the field and measure the degree of accomplishment. In bookdom it has not been a notable year. Some good novels have been put forth, a few new men have emerged, but for all that '98 will not be memorable in the annals of literature. It is the year of Gissing's *Whirlpool*, at least for American readers, of *The School for Saints*, the *War of Worlds*, *The Pride of Jennico*, latterly of Kipling's *The Day's Work*, and, finally, of *The Battle of the Strong*. About the latter—which is the notable book of the year—more anon. In this list I refuse to include aught of Marion Crawford's, or *Evelyn Innes*, or even *Helbeck of Bannisdale*.

Among the new men, one thinks at once of Winston Churchill, who gave us *The Celebrity*—a delightful farce-comedy novel—of Bernard Capes, and Frank Norris, whose book, *Moran of the Lady Letty*, is full of ability. This trio will be heard from nobly, I think, and will surely develope into great writers as Gilbert Parker has. About the books of these men there is the suggestion of an ability that is independent of its material. This capacity to write will not be bound to a particular *metier*. Style and the sense of form are well marked characteristics in Capes and Norris, while Churchill has discovered a rare humor and a pleasant facility of craftsmanship. Of the greater books, the supremacy of *The Whirlpool* was to have been expected; that of John Oliver Hobbes was due to fineness and beauty of workmanship rather than to breadth and development of theme. Considering what an advance this book is upon *The Gods, Some Mortals, etc.*, it might be unwise to say this writer can do no better, but, if the sequel is as interesting, then the twain will live for other generations. *The Pride of Jennico* is a delightful story, happy in its subject and rendering, but its success is no augury of the value of Egerton Castle's next book. *The War of the Worlds* is the ablest flight of Wells' imagination—in vigor of imagination and vividness far ahead of all he has ever done. There is no diminution of genius evinced in *The Day's Work*—reviewers to the contrary. Indeed, "Bridge Builders," the initial story, is an epic—a never-to-be-forgotten treatment of a great theme. No one, save Balzac, has ever shown such a mastery over material, and, while Kipling and the greatest of Frenchmen are miles apart in method, the latter never made matter live as Kipling does.

But about Gilbert Parker, whose capacity has so grown and developed that his name is now among the great writers of the day. The skill and beauty of the long series of stories, on which his reputation is founded, has never been denied. From *Pierre and His People* to *A Romany of the Snows* there has been a well-marked development of power and capacity. In *The Battle of the Strong* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), however, he has stepped far beyond the *metier* of the short-story writer and launched a novel that the world will not overlook. It is a splendid and beautiful story, nobly conceived and broadly executed. There are men in it and women, too, and battle, and adventure, and storm and stress of the sea and of the Soul, and the high air of romance pervades its action. It may be this will sound too generous eulogy to the average reader of current literature, who has learned by experience that great novels are as rare as great statesmen and generals, and that the promise of the critic if oftener a tribute to the publisher than to the author, but this indifference shall not detract from the verdict—*The Battle of the Strong* is a superb story, to be read and treasured, not only by the discriminating, but by all who care for vivid prose and brave characters.

Departing from his accustomed field, the Canadian Northwest, Parker has set the scene of this tale in Jersey, one of the Channel Islands. The period is the end of the 17th century; the hero is Philip D' Avranche, a Jerseyman of good family, in the English navy as the story opens; the heroine is Guida Landresse de Landresse, one of the noblest women in latter-day fiction. There were troublous times in the world then, with England and France at each other's throats, and the Channel Islands, only a biscuit throw from the Norman coast, made a refuge for many aristocratic Frenchman driven from their native land by the Revolution and the Reign of Terror. They lived peaceably among the islanders, accepting their manners and ingrained customs with due patience, eking out a scanty living by the practice of some handicraft, and in some instances giving their children in marriage to the hardy Jerseymen. Guida was the descendant of a noble French family, her mother the daughter of the Sieur de Mauprat, who practiced clock mending, and her father a shipbuilder at St. Heliers. The story is first introduced with a description of Rullecour's raid on Jersey, which brings naturally on the stage the *dramatis personæ*. The scene at St. Heliers, the atmosphere and conditions are next set forth with great skill, and then the triple action of the plot commences. Briefly it is concerned with the secret marriage of Guida and Philip D' Avranche, and their parting under the latter's promise to return two months later. In the meantime war breaks out between France and England, and Philip, in command of an English ship, is attacked by two French war vessels and taken prisoner to Paris. There he falls in with the Duke de Bercy, whose family name is D' Avranche. Circumstances have left the Duke without an heir, and his sovereign duchy must revert to the hated family of Vaufontaine in default of a direct descendant. The young prisoner is a branch of the parent house, and, captivated by the dash and charm of Philip, the Duke takes him to his seat at Bercy and adopts him. In the meantime he is separated from Guida, and under his parole is prohibited from writing home. She, poor girl, is to suffer the consequences of their secret marriage, for, alas, all the witnesses to the ceremony have disappeared and the parish register stolen. A child is born to her; the old Sieur de Mauprat dies at the shame of her fall, and she goes to live far beyond the limits of St. Heliers, an outcast save for the friendship of Ranulph Delagarde, the chevalier malmaison, and Jean Tonzel, the boatman, and his fat, faithful wife.

The story deepens in interest and power as the character of Guida is developed, her traits of loyalty, devotion and generosity being in fine contrast to the overleaping ambition and selfish egotism of her husband. He, oblivious of the consequences to her of their rash meeting after marriage, has let himself be carried away by the offer of the Duke and goes so far as to deny his wife in order that the plan of adoption may be accomplished. He has written, it is true, permission being given, informing her gaily of his good fortune, and she—the evil having happened—renounces him in a letter that is a masterpiece. In this letter and in the description of the events that have preceded it the author reaches a height of passion and power that is rare in modern fiction. Perhaps the tragedy seems more terrible because of the intense realization of Guida, who is delineated with the touch of genius. She shines forth, beautiful, tender, virtuous, of such an exalted and heroic nature that she cannot comprehend falsehood or deceit. It is a fine analysis, in which is set forth the undoing in bitterness and shame of her belief in Philip. Quite as fine that which depicts her husband trembling on the verge of dishonor and succumbing finally to the seduction of high place. His marriage to the Countess Chautavoine ends the episode.

The subsequent evolution of the plot is left for the reader. Apart from the superb characterization and the vivid stir of the narrative, the *Battle of the Strong* is magnificently constructed, its action being managed with great distinctness and skill. The manner in which the strauds of the story are separated and combined again for the solution of the tragedy is worthy of a great craftsman, and while much that occurs is dependent on artificially imposed conditions, I have seldom read a story that unfolds so naturally. In the latter developments, the meeting in Guida's hut between the much wronged wife and her husband, now Admiral D' Avranche, who comes surreptitiously to see his child, is memorable. Davranche, desperate at her defiance, determines to have the boy, and steals him. Finest of all is that scene in the Assize d' Heritage when the Governor, the Bailly, the jurats, the seigneurs and all the other officials and great citizens of Jersey are assembled in the historic Cohue Royale to do honor to the Admiral and his wife, the Countess Chantavoine, at which Guida rushes in with her "*Haro, Haro,*" demanding justice against the kidnappers of her child. It is a most dramatic, most tragic situation, and a worthy finale to the tragic events which have preceded it.

Nothing has been said here of the portrayal of Ranulph Delagarde, or of Jean Touzel's wife, or of Elie Mattingley and his daughter Carterette, of Detricand, who through Guida's inspiration, is converted from a roistering idler into a patriot, or of Delagarde, the father of Ranulph, or of Dormy Jamais—a veritable gallery of strongly individualized characters, who partake of the action of the story, and though not the central figures are as strongly vitalized as Guida or Philip. In conclusion, it may be said the final scene, the end of D' Avranche, is a fit consequence to his career and sufficiently dramatic to balance the events of which it is the essential sequel.

C.

Pears'

To keep the skin clean is to wash the excretions from it off; the skin takes care of itself inside, if not blocked outside.

To wash it often and clean, without doing any sort of violence to it, requires a most gentle soap, a soap with no free alkali in it.

Pears', the soap that clears but not excoriates.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

Poodle Dog Restaurant, southeast corner of Grant avenue and Bush street. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone 429. Blanco & Bruno, proprietors.

LATE VERSE

November.

Thou leau and lank November!
I would that thou were better favored.
Thou art the month
When rag-tagged hob-tailed garments deck the form
Of Mother Nature.
From thy lead skies
Pour soaking floods of rain; and each upraised,
Berihbed umbrella drips its chilly stream
Inside the dampish collar.
Thou art the month
Of sodden leaves and skirts that limply cling;
Of straightened ringlets which, adown one's brow
Most aggravatingly in wisp-like wise
Do string.
Thou art the month
Of sniffle-snuffle and much acouite;
Of creepy influenza, that so oft
Doth lay the groundwork for a sterner foe
Which erstwhile ends a noble life.
Thou art,
O gray November, not much use
In this world's calendar of months.

—*S. E. Potter in Life.*

Messmates.

He gave us all a good-by cheerily
At the first dawn of day;
We dropped him down the side full drearily
When the light died away.
It's a dead dark watch that he's a-keeping there,
And a long, long night that lags a-creeping there,
Where the Trades and the tides roll over him,
And the great ships go by.

He's there alone, with green seas rocking him
For a thousand miles round;
He's there alone, with dumb things mocking him,
And we're homeward bound.
It's a long, lone watch that he's a keeping there,
And a dead cold night that lags a-creeping there,
While the mouths and the years roll over him,
And the great ships go by.

I wonder if the tramps come near enough,
As they thrash to and fro,
And the battleships' bells ring clear enough
To be heard down below;
If through all the lone watch that he's a-keeping there,
And the long, cold night that lags a-creeping there,
The voices of the sailor-men shall comfort him
When the great ships go by.

—*Henry Newbolt in The Atlantic.*

At an Amateur Pantomime.

Dance light, little maid, in your old-world gown,
In your high-heeled slippers and powdered hair;
Small wonder "King Louis turned to look,"
If the real marquise was but half so fair.

With outstretched, patient, beseeching hands
Poor Pierrot follows you through the world,
And you care less for his hopeless love
Than for one bright lock on your white brow curled.

Would you treat one so if the play were real?
Or is gay coquetry part of the dress,
With the satin slippers and silken train
And laces, light as your lips' caress?

The years are swift and the play is short,
But jest and earnest may oftimes meet,
And in jest or earnest, I pray you, dear,
Dance light, for my heart lies under you feet.

—*Grace Goodale in Scribner's.*

There comes a possible hope for relief from the noise and rattle of the elevated railroad trains if experiments now making with iron felt, a German invention, prove successful. The stuff is made in mats designed to be laid under the rails for the primary purpose of deadening the sound. The new mat is described as being made of strong wool, which is thoroughly impregnated with oils, then superficially coated with glue which has been rendered insoluble by the addition of sodium bichromate and formaldehyde, and then very highly compressed to form plates from one third of an inch to several inches in thickness and of various sizes. They are especially recomended for crossings and bridges, and it is claimed that they tend to prolong the life of the rail by lessening the wear on it. The surface of the mat is so hard that the rail placed upon such a piece of matting will not cut into it.

During the next few weeks, while our store is being remodeled, we will offer the greatest bargains in pianos and musical merchandise. Call and get our prices. The Zeno Mauvais Music Co., 769 Market street.

Insist Upon Having Your Ticket to New York Boston, or Other Eastern Cities

Read over the Nickel Plate (N. Y. C. & St. L. R. R.), the popular low-rate short line. Quick time, unexcelled accommodations, and no extra fares charged. Jay W. Adams, Pacific Coast Passenger Agent, 37 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal.

DEWAR'S...

Perth Whisky

is as fair to the palate as the fair Maid of Perth is to You Een.

FOR SALE BY THE TRADE THAT WANTS TO PLEASE

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

There is nothing more irritable to a cough than coughing. Constant coughing is precisely like scratching a wound on the outside of the body; so long as it is done, the wound will not heal. When tempted to cough, draw a long breath and hold it until it warms and soothes every air cell, and some benefit will soon be received from this process. The nitrogen thus confined acts as an anodyne to the mucous membrane, allaying the desire to cough and giving the throat and lungs a chance to heal.

The employment of individual glass jars for the retention of milk delivered by peddlers has been prohibited by milk inspectors in several cities, on the ground that they are dangerous to public health. The objection is advanced that their sterilization is impossible, as water of the requisite temperature to destroy germs would break the jars. Safety is only insured by the use of receptacles that can be subjected to steam heat. The glass jar has been tabooed at the West Point Military Academy, and should be generally abolished, and especially its pasteboard coverlid.

Lord Wolseley has a special aversion to sanitation, which he has described in the "Soldier's Pocket Book" as a fad, laying down at the same time that sanitary officers have no business at the front. Statistics just published of our losses in the war with Spain state that the total killed in action in both army and navy amounted to 279, and the total wounded to 1,423, while there actually died of disease in camp 2,088, and the total number treated in hospital was something like 40,000. In other words, 20 men were killed or disabled by disease for every man killed or disabled in action. In the face of figures like these we are not inclined to take His Lordship's estimate of the importance of an efficient army medical service.

Clothing, curtains, blankets, etc., cleaned or dyed. Pacific Cleaning and Dyeing Works, 353-357 Tehama street. Telephone South 40. J. Spaulding & Co.

THANKSGIVING'S

BEAUTIFUL LINE OF

CUT GLASS
CROCKERY
AND
GLASSWARE

AT

S. & G. GUMP
113 Geary Street

GERMEA

The Ideal Breakfast Dish

MISS LUCILLE GAGE
THE "BABY RUTH" OF THE NEW ADMINISTRATION
Photos by Steckel, Los Angeles

BABBLINGS OF A BELLE

Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

It is curious, Diary dear, but after a careful consideration of the predictions made concerning each succeeding season, and comparing the auguries with the results thereof, I have arrived at the conclusion that the days of oracles vanished with those of miracles and that even the prophets of ill omen belong to an age long past.

Think of how we poor girls have suffered contemplating the dreary desolateness of the coming season. We were told that times were so hard that there was to be no entertaining; men so scarce or seldom a commodity that we would hardly be able to gather a sufficient number for a small dinner, and that dances were quite out of the question. So far, the very opposite has been the case. At the Fortnightly there were even more men than usual, and although some of the star attractions have gone, their successors appear equally bright, and when it comes to a question of dancing, seem even more ardent and successful worshippers of the nimble-footed goddess. The season has opened with a blare of trumpets, and if coming events cast their shadows before, I am bound to say that my career as a belle will quite overshadow my success as a debutante. My desk is positively littered with invitations and I find myself discriminating as to which function I shall honor with my presence. Real bliss, Diary dear, is to have people consult your engagements before arranging their entertainments, asking you to reserve an evening before sending out the invitations. That has been my experience this year, and is, I consider, a far more certain signal of popularity than a line of men assisting you to your carriage or an infinite number of bouquets. In a way, it carries more real significance than the ability to draw a crowd of men to whatever tea you may be assisting in receiving—and you know how real men despise teas, or pretend to.

Well, I must tell you how fast and furiously I coquetted with pleasure this week. I think I concluded my confidences with Wednesday's gaieties. On Thursday I went to lunch with Harry and Olive Holbrook, and celebrated the election in great style. In the evening I was invited to the Greenwood dinner, given by Fred to some half-dozen of us. You know, the Greenwoods have taken that pretty house on the corner of Pierce street and Pacific avenue, and purpose entertaining a good deal. We had capital fun on Thursday and such a jolly, congenial crowd—Lillie and Clarence Follis, Laurie Van Winkle, Ethel Keeney, Horace Platt, Miss Greenwood and little Miss Cricket. I have quite lost my heart to Miss Greenwood, who is a charming girl. She is tall and slight, with pretty, gracious manners, sufficiently reserved to pique curiosity, but not cold enough to repel one. Just right, I think, and I may imitate her, although I am afraid it would take pains to get to that stage, for you know, Diary dear, I am so much interested in people that I want to find out whether they are worth knowing immediately, so I become chummy very easily, to regret it later on, alas, too frequently! Well, to return to the dinner, we girls all looked well, and Lillie Follis and I tried to persuade Ethel to remain here this winter. But she will not. Mrs. Keeney's and Mrs. Blakeman's people are simply wild to have the girls and have promised them a perfect carnival of gaiety. First they go to St. Louis, then to Louisville. They do not anticipate going any further East and will return some time in the early summer.

On Friday I went to the Polo game and was surprised to find how few of the smart set were there. Charley Baldwin was on his coach with a number of men and there was a sprinkling of the Burlingame crowd. The game was intensely interesting and I don't know why it was not more fashionable. On Saturday, really, Diary dear, I was in a quandry—I never before felt so anxious to be ubiquitous. There was the Hush tea in Fruitvale and Mrs. Tubbs and Mrs. Pope's receptions here. What was I to do? It is no good going to teas early, for the crowd is what makes the interest, but there was no hope for it, so I went over to Oakland by the three o'clock boat, paid my respects to the Hushes and returned in time for the other festivities. The Hush "at home" was an immense success, really great, and the girls looked very well. Their gowns bore the New York stamp and the whole affair was so well arranged. They had a marquee erected on the lawn, and as each guest arrived the name was called so there was no confusion. Then I came home and went to Mrs. Tubbs' reception. It was not a very large affair, but so enjoyable, and all the people one likes were invited, which is sufficient to assure a capital time. Then on to Mrs. Pope's, which was tremendously swell and stiff, and all that. It was really very smart indeed, and Edith Pope looked better than I have ever seen her. Carrie Taylor, Mrs. Dan Murphy, whom I had not seen for ages, and several others assisted.

On Sunday all my old attached ones called and we had a fine gossip. Airy Eyre was as brisk as ever, and the redoubtable Harry Stetson—that man is the wonder of my soul he is so energetic. On Tuesday last he was at the Oakland golf links, on Thursday I saw him on the China steamer wishing Alice Hoffmann "bon voyage." Everywhere I go I find him awaiting me, and were I conceited I should deem him my shadow. Sometimes I fancy he anticipates my presence and is on hand with ever-smiling greeting. However it may be, wherever I am you usually find Harry. He is a dear boy, and such devotion will undoubtedly find its reward sooner or later.

On Monday I had to pay calls with Aunt Sybil, and in the evening to the theatre. Tuesday the same programme, with a ride in the morning and a game of golf after lunch. On Wednesday Mrs. Samuel Knight gave a girl's luncheon to Olive Holbrook. The decorations were exquisite, and we had a very fine time. Mrs. Knight seems to have thought of my palate, for each dish was specially favored by me. I wish I could steal her cook—our's is beginning to fall off a bit. Alas! Mamma is too easy-going, and I can't always be in the kitchen. When I marry 'twill be a different story! But to return to the lunch. The Carolans, Carrie Taylor, Susie Blanding, Kate and Margaret Salisbury, Therese Morgan, and Helen and Edna Hopkins were there, and, of course, Josie Loughborough. On Thursday Mary Belle Gwin gives a luncheon to a number of us at the 'Varsity Club. On Saturday the 19th Olive Holbrook gives her coming out tea, followed by a dinner. The Salisburys, Josie Loughborough, Miss Kohl, Therese Morgan, the Hopkinses, and Susie Blanding, are to assist. On Saturday also the Spinner's Club gives a farewell tea to Mrs. Sleeth at the home of Mrs. C. P. Robinson. Then on Tuesday next Therese Morgan gives a big dinner to Olive Holbrook, and on Monday evening Gertie Carroll is to give a theatre party at the Baldwin to Josie Loughbrough. The following Saturday Miss Greenwood gives a big tea, after which her brother has invited a number of us to dinner. Such is the programme of events for the present, Diary dear. Not so bad, is it? And I dare say I shall have many more items of interest to pour into your pages.

You remember what fun we had at the Dolls' Show last year; well, the Doctors' Daughters are to repeat the occasion, and we all expect to go in for it with much enthusiasm. Jennie Blair has asked me to assist, and from now on I shall spend my time thinking up pretty costumes for dolls. All the big stores and dressmakers are to participate, so we shall undoubtedly have a successful show. It is to take place in the Maple Room on December 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th.

By the way, the Harringtons of Colusa have taken the Benders' house, 1812 Gough street, and intend remaining in town for the next six months. Mrs. Bender and Margaret have gone to New York for the winter; they expect to pass the time between there and Larchmont, Elmira, where their cousins, the Sloat Fassetts, live. We shall all miss Margaret very much, for she is one of the most popular of the girls, and so bright and entertaining. Now, Diary dear, I must say adieu.

Your ever loving MISS CRICKET.

* *

The Bachelors' Cotillion will give its second party on Friday evening, November 25th, at the Maple Room, Palace Hotel.

* *

The Hush tea on Saturday last was certainly a memorable event and one that will be accounted among the red letter functions of the Oakland social world. The grounds at Etnemere, Fruitvale, were all hung in Chinese lanterns and a large marquee was placed on the lawn for those who wished to leave the crowded house. It was all prettily arranged, the walls lined in palms and great cosy divans covered in cushions placed about. Mrs. Hush, Mrs. Thomas Magee Jr., Mrs. Will Magee and the Misses Hush stood near the door of the first drawing-room and greeted the guests as they entered. Mrs. Hush wore a very stunning gown of white brocaded silk trimmed with narrow velvet ribbons appliqued in lovers' knots. Mrs. Thomas Magee Jr. was in white brocade with a soupcon of pink and black. Mrs. Will Magee wore a sweet frock of white skirt silk trimmed with point lace, alternating with rows of chiffon. Miss Jean Hush looked like a picture in a white glace silk gown with the skirt edged with ruffles of silk, above were ruffles of chiffon. The waist was of chiffon embroidered in pearls. Miss Florence Hush wore a charming frock of white silk with the new paquin skirt. In the centre was a deep plastion of fine white Brussels net, embroidered and outlined in gold. The skirt was similarly trimmed.

There were numberless assistants, among them Mrs. Joseph Tobin, Mrs. Mark Requa, Mrs. Oscar Long, Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Bowles, Miss McNear, Miss Florence Sharon, Misses Sallie and Caroline Quinan, Mrs. Harry Knowles and endless others. The house was gorgeously decorated in chrysanthemums and garlands of greens stretched from the chandeliers to the door frames. Afterwards there was a dinner dance and it was the wee sma' hours ere the guests returned to their homes. Over a thousand people called during the afternoon.

A very pretty tea was given in Berkeley by the members of the Kappa Kappa Gamma Society to their new members, on Friday afternoon. The house was really charming—bamboos and great branches of magnolia lined the rooms, and bowls of flowers were placed on the mantels. The new members are really very pretty girls and are not in the least on the order of blue stocking. The girls all wore very effective light gowns. Miss Emma Moffat, an unusually pretty, flower-like looking maiden, was very daintily gowned in pink organdie; Miss Wilson, another of the Freshmen, was very charming in a soft white gown; Miss Helen Powell looked exceedingly well in a very dainty white gown, and Miss Wenzelburger was striking in a white organdie over glace silk.

Of other entertainments were luncheons by Mrs Frederick Merritt on Saturday, and to the Cosmos Club on Wednesday by Mrs. Trowbridge.

Cotillion Hall, at 1310 Polk street, has been recently renovated, and is now under the management of Professor G. Parrell. Rent reasonable for balls, parties, etc. Classes Monday evenings.

The Scottish highlander will never admit that his kilt makes him cold. At Aldershot a stranger, seeing a soldier in full highlander costume shivering in a cold wind, asked him "Sands, are ye cold with the kilt?" "Na, na, mon," the soldier answered indignantly, "but I'm nigh kilt with the cauld"

IMPORTANT!

GREAT NOVELTIES

—IN—

French Drapery
Lace Curtains
Artistic Furniture

In French, Italian and Colonial Styles

Special Designs.

Estimates for Interior Decoration Furnished Free. Get our figures before entrusting your orders with other concerns.

THE P. ROSSI CO.

117 Sutter Street

Bet. Kearny and Montgomery, San Francisco

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

For health and strength: Damiana Bitters.

Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist, 806 Market Street

ANNEX
ANNOUNCEMENT
OF
Messrs. ROOS BROS.

IN THE ANNEX
you will find the
latest novelties in
furnishings for men—

underwear	smoking jackets
hosiery	morning gowns
night garments	bath robes
shirts	umbrellas
gloves	mackintoshes
collars and cuffs	valises
neckwear	dress suit cases (fitted and unfitted)

Specialties for women—

golf stocks	neckwear
scarfs	collars
cuffs	suit cases

and all the novelties
as soon as offered
in Eastern and
European centers

Our "Shirt-to-Order" Department will open shortly.

25-37 KEARNY ST.

CREAM OF LEMON

California Cream of Lemon is made entirely from the soluble substance of the whole lemon. It contains no chemicals or adulterants. Used as a bath soap it not only cleanses the skin quickly and thoroughly, but leaves it delightfully soft, smooth and white. Being a natural skin food, it cannot be excelled for babies' baths. It keeps the skin sweet and pure, and prevents all irritation. It is a skin tonic and a skin builder. It restores faded complexions to the freshness of youth, and removes wrinkles. After using the Cream, either in the bath or otherwise, the skin is strengthend, invigorated and beautified.

It retails at 15 cents. Ask your druggist for it. If he will not supply you, send 20 cents and we will send a three-ounce collapsible tube of Cream of Lemon prepaid to any address in the United States.

CALIFORNIA CREAM OF LEMON CO., Inc.
San Diego, Cal

Most druggists sell it—all druggists should

Bartholomay
BREWERY
ROCHESTER, N.Y.

The Knickerbocker

is universally acknowledged the Finest Beer produced in this country.

WILLIAM WOLFF & CO.

Pacific Coast Agents San Francisco

STARK'S QUINTETTE CLUB

Is open for afternoon musicales, teas, receptions, weddings, etc.

Address HERR F. STARK,
Baldwin Hotel.

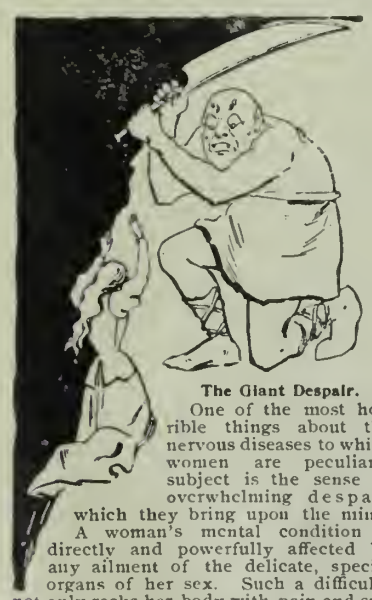
NEW YORK

New York, November 11th.—*Le Roi est mort! Vive le Roi!* Which is to say that politics is defunct and that the Horse is the cynosure in Gotham. The horsey set has suddenly spread itself to include almost every one who pretends to be at all fashionable. This warms the corners of my heart, because I have never ceased to expatiate upon the rightful regnancy of the horse in matters of locomotion. The Horse Show, of course, will contribute to the restoration, but even without the Show it would be the same. The Show is to be only the formal reinvesture. The fashionable world will be in attendance. People who three years ago were inveigled into the bicycle revolution have returned to their allegiance and it becomes every day more and more the fact that the bicycle has been relegated to its proper sphere as an excellent medium for the acceleration of the messenger service and for similar purposes, and for the pleasure of *bourgeoisie*. There is an affinity between thoroughbreds, horse and man, and as time and mechanical inventions cause the disappearance of common equine stock, the fine-fibred horse will become, indeed, peculiarly associated with fine-fibred people.

This is "a consummation devoutly to be wished." The realization is becoming apparent already in the horse-loving Whitneys and their connections. The Hon. Mr. W. C. Whitney has invested a princely fortune in blood horses, and he and his English associate, Mr. Sidney Paget, have some very fine flesh in their Long Island and South Carolina stables. The former Secretary's son, Mr. Harry Payne Whitney, is also back of the Whitney-Paget breeding farms and racing colors, and himself has a pretty string of thoroughbreds. English and Virginia-Keutucky stock are in his stable, but I know he has one fine California colt of Missourian extraction because I rode him at Westbury on election day — a handsome hunter, born in Napa county and bred "in the Santa Clara" (?). The Westbury meet was for hunters and steeplechasers and it was a great success. The Whitneys and Mr. Paget were there, as were such other gentlemen horsemen as Mr. Raleigh Cottonet, Mr. James Kernochan and his brother-in-law Mr. Stevenson, Mr. Harry Vingut, Mr. William Hayes, Mr. Freddy Gebhard, the Hitchcocks, Mr. H. B. Duryea, Mr. C. N. Williams and numbers of other Long Island riders. There were races for the Mackay Cup, the Ladies' Cup, and the Meadowbrook Cup, which is for registered hunters. There were some steeplechases and flat races. And it was a great day —an appetizer before the feast, and a bracer for the many hunt clubs on the Island and within the New York "sphere of influence."

With the Whitney family and their immediate following, quite a number of their wealthy connections are taking up the horse for his betterment and their own pleasure. Mr. Harry Whitney is a Vanderbilt son-in-law. The Vanderbilts are all developing their horsey instincts inherited from the old Commodore and from William H. Young Willie K. Vanderbilt always had a great desire to own a fine stable and go in for thoroughbred racers, but his mother was opposed to it, and it is said that he promised her to forego the turf while she lived. Such was his action, anyway. Since her death he has established both a stud and a stable in France. His horsemen friends greatly regret that he did not put up his establishment at home, and they are urging him to move it across the water, at least to England if not to America. I hear hear that he has determined to combine with Harry Whitney and keep a stud somewhere in Virginia or Maryland and stables on Long Island. Another Vanderbilt son-in-law, Dr. W. Seward Webb, while he is not a turf patron, has invested thousands in fine horses, especially hackneys. He has one of the most thoroughly equipped horse-training stables in the country at "Shelburne Farm," his Vermont manor. Saturday he will give a reception to the officers of the Third United States Cavalry, and immediately after it he will come here for the Horse Show. Other Vanderbilt-Whitney horse-loving connections are the Morris brothers, who own one of the largest racing stables in the world; and Mr. Hamilton McK. Twombly, patron of the Horse Show, whose "Florham" farm in New Jersey is famous also for fine cows. Young Mrs. James Abercrombie Burden, a Vanderbilt granddaughter, is noted for her horses and her skill in handling them; and so is her sister, Miss Emily Vanderbilt Sloane, whom I wrote about a week ago as engaged to Mr. Hammond. Even Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt are awaking to a sense of the importance of the horse, and it is now said that they will attend the Horse Show regularly.

MANHATTAN.



The Giant Despair.

One of the most horrible things about the nervous diseases to which women are peculiarly subject is the sense of overwhelming despair which they bring upon the mind. A woman's mental condition is directly and powerfully affected by any ailment of the delicate, special organs of her sex. Such a difficulty not only racks her body with pain and suffering but burdens her with mental anguish which words can hardly describe.

Thousands of women have had a similar experience to that of Mrs. Eurath A. Williams, of Westport, Oldham Co., Ky., in which the use of Dr. Pierce's wonderful "Favorite Prescription," by imparting health and strength to the feminine organism, has not only restored complete vigor and capacity to the bodily powers but has also given renewed brightness and buoyancy of spirit.

"I suffered for over a year," says Mrs. Williams, "with indigestion and nervous prostration. I was unable to eat or sleep. I tried several physicians, but they only helped me for a short time. A friend advised me to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Pellets,' I commenced taking the medicines last May. Took three bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription,' three of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and three vials of the 'Pellets,' and am now feeling better than I have for two years. Have a good appetite, sleep well, and do not suffer from indigestion or nervousness. I have gained seven and a half pounds since taking these medicines. I have recommended Dr. Pierce's medicine to several ladies, one of whom is now taking it and is being greatly benefited."

LONDON

London, November 4th.—The first of November in London, and a clear sky, a bright sun and no sign of fog. Surely this is a year of phenomena. We have had a most unusual season; the rains and fogs have been the exception. London can no longer be called dirty, smoky and foggy, and more resembles Paris in these days. But the peculiarity of the year is not merely a question of climate—the disclosures of Hooley have turned matters pretty topsy-turvy, and among the better classes of the aristocrats who still hold to the old motto of "noblesse oblige" a deep disgust with existing conditions prevails. The Queen, too, is very indignant about the conduct of these "guinea pig" noblemen, and with the disclosures of Hooley some other tales have reached Her Majesty's ears that have caused her to rise in her wrath and hurl anathema at the offenders. It appears, as all Americans who have spent any time in London know, that for a certain sum several poor but tremendously smart ladies of the Upper Ten Thousand will introduce you at Court and successfully pilot you through a London season. There were three ladies in particular who have made a business of this sort of thing for the past several years, and now the Queen is determined to teach them a lesson. She accordingly sent word to the Lord Chamberlain interdicting their appearance at Court and intimating the reasons why. In Paris, however, the fashion of reaping a fine harvest out of peerage or pedigree has become a custom sanctioned by the most conservative members of the old noblesse. The Duchess D'Uzes, whose duchy is the first in France, the Vicomtesse de Janze, the Duchess de la Rochefoucauld, the Marquise de Casa Riera have time and again allowed plebian sabots to cross their thresholds — yes, enter their holy of holies—for lucre. The Vicomtesse of Janze is the best worker among the French aristocratic female "guinea pigs," and has a very shrewd business head. A few months ago she gave an exhibition of her home in aid of the Spanish soldiers, and gathered in so many dollars that since then a number of the swell houses have been thrown open for the benefit of some poor noble or other good cause.

The Queen is still at Balmoral, where she is having numberless tea houses built. These are distributed throughout the grounds so that when Her Majesty is out driving she will not be compelled to wait until she returns before enjoying her afternoon cup of tea. In her absence Windsor Castle is being redecorated and the old designs of ceilings and walls restored. The Queen's own apartments, which were designed by Prince Albert early in her reign, are extremely heavy and antique looking, with much gilding, and rather more substantial than beautiful. Princess Henry of Battenberg has designed and superintended the decoration of the State dining rooms and drawing rooms, which are in infinitely better taste. This princess has a keen eye for color and understands to a nicety the art of decoration. She will not be permitted to wear deep mourning any longer, and is to preside at the greater number of the Drawing Rooms next season. The Princess of Wales will not be present at any of the earlier Drawing Rooms, and as the Duke of Teck draws daily nearer his end, it is very unlikely that the Duchess of York will appear.

A most interesting forthcoming marriage is that which will unite the great-granddaughter of the poet Byron and the grandson of Bulwer Lytton. The Hon. Neville Lytton, who is the prospectiue bridegroom, is the youngest son of the late Lord Lytton (Owen Meredith), sometime Viceroy of India and Ambassador to France. Miss Blunt, the fair fiancee, is the only daughter of Mr. Wilfred Scawen Blunt of Crabbet Park Crawley and his wife Lady Anne Noel, who was the only daughter of Byron's daughter Ada and Earl Lovelace. Miss Blunt spent her childhood in Egygt, where her father conducted the defense of Arabi Pasha and acquired his taste for Arab horses. He is a very eccentric person, with wild red hair, and was for a time a thorn in the side of the Roman Catholic hierarchy. He did not approve of some dogma, and aired his opinions and left the church. Later he returned and apologized. The fathers of the young people were lifelong friends, and Mr. Blunt, in addition to his horsey characteristics, is a poet of no mean degree of merit. He is best known as the author of the "Love Sonnets of Proteus." Miss Blunt is about eighteen and young Neville Lytton has not yet reached his twentieth year. Another smart engagement has been recently arranged between Lady Isabella Bandini Giustiniani and Mr. Esme Howard, brother of Mr. Howard of Greystoke. Mr. Howard of Greystoke is a descendant of the younger son of the twelfth Duke of Norfolk, and Lady Isabella is the daughter of a Roman prince who has inherited the Scotch Earldom of Newburgh. Lord Newburgh (Prince Giustiniani) is a naturalized Englishman, but he lives chiefly in Rome and is a devoted adherent of the Pope.

The marriage of Lord Stafford and Mrs. Samuel Colgate is really the most widely discussed of all the recent international matrimonial alliances. The Earl of Stafford is the Queen's favorite Equerry and is very well known under his former title "Sir Henry Byng." If you remember, his daughter was married in great style during the season. She had been maid of honor to Her Majesty and was a great favorite at court. Lord Stafford's first wife was a very beautiful Danish lady, Countess Henrietta Danneskiold Samsoe. He is a typical Englishman, very fine-looking, and is now about fifty-seven years of age. He has 150000 acres of land in different coutries, but is what we call land poor. His most interesting estate, Wrotham Park, Hertfordshire, is famous for its picture gallery. Mrs. Samuel Colgate is a well-known figure here and is an exceedingly handsome woman. She dresses a trifle conspicuously, but as she is an American that passes for national eccentricity. Her favorite costume is magnificent black velvet trimmed with rare point lace. Last season she started the fashion of wearing her tiara with the peak turned to the side and behind it a forest of black plumes. She is extravagantly rich, and I hear that the Queen, who usually frowns on second marriages, is quite pleased that her favorite Equerry will have a rich wife, and has in every way testified her approval of the alliance.

The Duke of Manchester has returned to England and insists that his engagement to Miss Joan Wilson has never been broken off. His mother is at St. Moritz with poor Lady Alice Montague, whose term of life seems drawing to a close. Miss Wilson has never alluded to her engagement, and even her most devoted friends say that she preserves an absolute silence regarding it.

I told you a week ago of the new Norwegian pianist, Mme. Hanka Schjelderup, and how I was not particularly impressed with her interpretations. Since then I have had an opportunity of listening to several other lights of the concert stage, one of whom seems to me to be the coming master of the piano. This young fellow, who is a pupil of D'Albert, is in his earliest youth and has already achieved quite a reputation in Austria and Germany, not only as a pianist, but also as a composer of promise. He really plays charmingly, and in his first number, Beethoven's Concerto in G, he showed that he was not only a perfect master of technique, but had a subtlety of touch, a grace, charm and sensibility that is as fascinating as it is rare. I have seldom seen an English audience so enthusiastic. Another pianist of considerable merit is Signor Galiero, who has a fine touch, but is not one of the strongly stirring performers. He played two excellent compositions of his own.

KATRIONA.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

☞Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

Boxing and Physical Culture.

Professor Walter Watson, for many years boxing instructor of the Olympic Club, will give lessons in boxing and physical culture, privately or in classes. Professor Watson has an international reputation second to none, having taught pugilists of note in London, New York and San Francisco, among whom might be mentioned eleven winners of the amateur championship of England, numerous winners of prizes in the San Francisco Olympic Club, James J. Corbett, and many others. Lessons also given to pupils at their own residences.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes, Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

LEGAL NOTICES

TRUSTEE'S SALE

In accordance with the terms and under the authority of a certain deed of trust, duly executed by Owen Kelly and Catherine Kelly (his wife), parties of the first part, to Arthur F. Bridge, party of the second part, and Frederick W. Bridge, party of the third part, dated March 10th, 1897, and recorded in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on March 13th, 1897, in Liber 1722 of Deeds at page 255 and in pursuance of a notice from the said Frederick W. Bridge (the holder of the promissory note, to secure the payment of which the aforesaid deed of trust was executed) that default had been made in the payment of the principal sum and interest due under said note, and requesting and directing the undersigned, Arthur F. Bridge, trustee, to sell the real estate described in said deed of trust to satisfy said indebtedness;

I, Arthur F. Bridge, do hereby give notice, that on Tuesday, the twenty-ninth day of November, 1898, at twelve o'clock noon of that day, and at the auction salesroom of G. H. Umbsen & Company, 14 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, I will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash in gold coin of the United States, that certain piece or parcel of land, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Twentieth street, distant thereou twenty-five (25) feet westerly from the southwesterly corner of Twentieth and Alabama streets, running thence westerly along said southerly line of Twentieth street fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles southerly one hundred and four (104) feet, and thence at right angles easterly fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles northerly one hundred and four (104) feet to the point of commencement. Being a subdivision of Mission Block No. 142. Together with the appurtenances.

Terms of Sale: Cash in gold coin of the United States; ten per cent payable on the fall of the hammer; balance on delivery of deed, and if not so paid, unless for want of title (ten days being allowed for search), then said ten per cent to be forfeited, and the sale to be void.

The said property is subject to a mortgage to the Hibernia Savings and Loan Society for the sum of one thousand dollars, and accrued interest, which is on record in Liber 1067 of Mortgages, at page 327, Records of the City and County of San Francisco, and the interest to be sold herein is the equity in said property over and above said mortgage.

ARTHUR F. BRIDGE, Trustee.
Haven & Haven, Attorneys for Trustee.

BEST & BELCHER MINING CO.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the eighteenth (18th) day of October, 1898, an assessment (No. 65) of ten (10) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 33, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 21st day of November, 1898, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday the thirteenth day of December, 1898, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

M. JAFFE, Secretary.

Office—Room 33, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

GOULD & CURRY, SILVER MINING CO.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 4th day of November, 1898, an assessment (No. 85) of ten cents (10c.) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, Room No. 69, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 8th day of December, 1898, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday, the 29th day of December, 1898, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

ALFRED K. DURBROW, Secretary.

Office, room No. 69, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

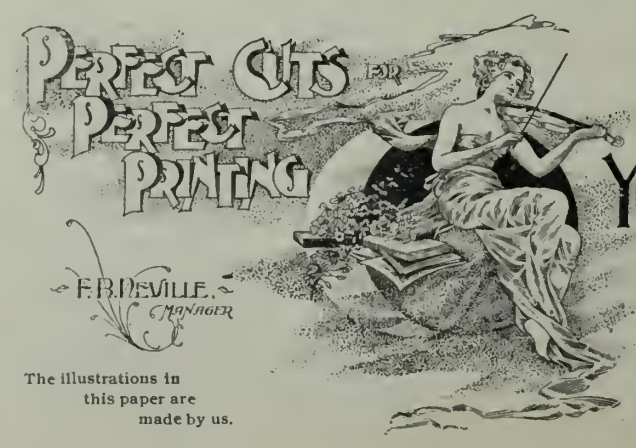
IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES in and for the Northern District of California.

IN THE MATTER OF ADOLPH FEIST, Bankrupt.

Take notice, that ADOLPH FEIST, bankrupt above named, has been duly adjudicated a bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, and that the first meeting of the creditors has been called to meet at the office of the undersigned, at room 185, Crocker Building, San Francisco, California, on Friday the 2d day of December, 1898, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of proving their claims against the estate of said bankrupt; and that at the same time and place all creditors whose claims have been duly proven and allowed shall appoint one or three trustees of said estate.

Dated San Francisco, November 14, 1898.

MILTON J. GREEN,
Referee in Bankruptcy
in and for the City and County of San Francisco.



The illustrations in this paper are made by us.

HE BANK OF CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO

Capital and Surplus . Six Million Dollars

ILLIAM ALVORD.....President
HARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
HOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier
VING F. MOULTON.....Second Assistant Cashier
LLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

CORRESPONDENTS.

ew York..... { Messrs. Laidlaw & Co. / The Bank of New York, N B. A.
altimore.....The National Exchange Bank
oston.....The Tremont National Bank
hicago..... { Illinois Trust and Savings Bank / Union National Bank
hiladelphia.....Philadelphia National Bank
t. Louis.....Boatmen's Bank
irginia City, Nev...Agency of the Bank of California
ondon.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
aris.....Messrs. De Rothschild Freres
erlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft
hina, Japan and East Indies.....Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China
ustralia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

etters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

he German Savings and Loan Society

526 California St., S. F.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....$2,135,820 60
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash.....1,000,000 00
Deposits June 30, 1898.....26,486,987 06

OFFICERS

President, B. A. BECKER
First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER
Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN
Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT
Assistant Cashier, WM. HERRMANN
Secretary, GEORGE TOURNY
Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann, Ign. Stein hart, N. Van Bergen, E. Rhote, H. B. Russ, D. N. Walter and N. Ohlandt.
Attorney - W. S. Goodfellow

San Francisco Savings Union

532 CALIFORNIA ST.

Deposits July 1, 1898.....$23,356,130
Paid Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Reserve Fund..... 182,009
Contingent Fund..... 435,515

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres. LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

DIRECTORS

George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, George Tasheira, E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate, and Farms and Farming Lands in the country. Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.
No charge is made for pass book or entrance fee.
Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco

33 POST STREET

Below Kearny Mechanics' Institute Buildin

Guaranteed Capital, $1,000,000
Paid Up Capital, $300,000

JAMES D. PHELAN, President
S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-President
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier
C. B. HOBSON, Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS—James D. Phelan, S. G. Murphy, John A. Hooper, James Moffitt, C. G. Hooker, Frank J. Sullivan, L. P. Drexler, Robt. McElroy, Jos. D. Grant.
Interest paid on deposits.
Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks.
When opening accounts, send signature.

CONNECTICUT

FIRE INS. CO.

OF HARTFORD

Assets. $3,300,000. BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.
COLIN M. BOYD,
Agent for San Francisco
411 California Street

Thuringia Insurance Co.

OF ERFURT, GERMANY

Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248

PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT
204-208 Sansome Street, San Francisco
VOSS, CONRAD & CO,, General Managers

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL Building and Loan Ass'n of California

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and Gen. Manager.
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

FRANKLIN K. LANE G. WHITFIELD LANE

LANE & LANE

Attorneys and Counselors

Removed to
1409-1412-1413 Claus Spreckels Building

The Rajah and the Trader.

Picture to yourself a native town in Central India consisting mostly of low, flat-roofed houses built round a curve sloping gently down to a species of ravine, at the head of which is seen the Palace. Close to it is the Temple, and hard by are several tanks or reservoirs. In one clothes are being washed. From another a stream of men, women and children is seen to emerge, carrying water in every sort of vessel; the men, three parts naked and bent into a true cyclist's curve under a bamboo and two buckets, the women balancing chatties on their heads and moving with infinite grace.

There is a hum of returning life after the heat of the day. A slight breeze is ruffling the surface of the largest tank, which is surrounded by a low parapet and is without steps to approach the water. It is of irregular shape and gloomy aspect; for the basin is deep and the walls are smooth and almost black. The water has a greenish tint and is perfectly stagnant, except where a large patch of it is occasionally seen to move slowly round. This is the muggers' tank; it is inhabited by a group of these monsters remarkable alike for size and ferocity.

The gruesomeness of the great tank consists rather in what is suggested than in what is revealed. For hours and hours nothing is seen, and then all at once the marrow in one's bones is congealed by the sight of a pair of gaping jaws appearing for an instant above the surface.

It is sunset—the crocodiles' feeding time. A small but picturesque group is seen approaching the dreaded tauk from the palace. The Rajah leads the way. In the centre of the group is a trader, to whom he owes a large sum of money, strongly guarded and looking more dead than alive.

"Make him stand close to the parapet," shouts the Rajah. The order is obeyed, and the feeding commences.

"If he closes his eyes even for an instant, rouse him with a spear point," cries his tormentor.

And now the dark, stagnant water is thrashed into foam by a struggle for some favorite morsel. Terrible, tawny forms are seen for an instant writhing in horrible contortions. The onlookers hold their breath. The condemned man is paralyzed with terror, and the low rattle of his chains is distinctly audible when the splashing ceases.

"Vile son of a depraved mother," hisses the same terrible voice, "you have another week to live, and each sunset will give you a foretaste of the fate that awaits you! You will be torn to pieces by these monsters—your only equals in rapacity. Nothing can save you. I have spoken. Take him away."

The unfortunate man is half dragged, half carried, to a dungeon beneath the Palace, where sounds of revelry reach his ear as he lies on a bundle of rags, loaded with chains.

Curiously enough he stil has a friend who whispers, "God is good. There is a ray of hope. Many things may happen in a week. Eat a morsel and try to sleep." And sleep he does after a fashion. But now and again he is dragged down, down to tremendous depths of darkness; loathesome forms surround him, and he wakes up with a shriek.

Every evening the terrible feeding performance is rehearsed with different incidents. Sometimes the food is left almost untouched. "Perhaps there may be time to drown myself before they seize me," thinks the condemned man; for the week has almost passed and hope has died within him.

On the fatal morning his friend whispers, "There is just one chance. I contrived to have certain stories read to the Rajah of apalling disasters which overwhelmed one of his ancestors for executing a man bereft of reason."

The deference shown to demented people throughout the East is most remarkable. The prisoner promises to behave like an idiot when the guards come to remove his chains. The morning is spent in practicing all the idiotic grimaces which the actor *malgre lui* had seen or could imagine, and, sooth to say, unexpected talent comes to his aid. Once rid of his chains, he swaggers about as if he were taking part in a triumphal procession, makes a series of exaggerated salaams to the Rajah, and grins at the muggurs, who are most voracious on this occasion, having been tantalized with small morsels, rather than fed, by the Prince's orders on the previous evening.

"Our capitalist friend is shamming madness, but the trick will not avail him. Hold him well over the water."

The victim expresses the greatest delight, and bends downward as if trying to reach the reptiles, chortling like a child who is being shown a new toy and pointing to the jaws that are yawning for him. There never was such an actor. The Rajah goes close to him, peers into his eyes, and says, "He is really mad. Take him away until he regains his reason."

The guards are tired of their dangerous and constrained position. Their arms are numbed. On hearing the last order they withdraw a step, and for a moment leave go their hold. The condemned man springs on the Rajah, and with a maniacal howl sends him flying into the water. There is a shriek of rage and terror defying description. A flutter, a splash, a muffled groan, and the rest is silence. The splendid turban is shaken to pieces as it reappears on the surface. Another splash and a mangled trunk is seen for a few moments. It is the object of a relentless struggle, and a large portion of the tank is flecked with foam and blood as the last rays of the setting sun light up the awful scene.

The assailant does not forget his part for a moment. He continues to laugh and gesticulate in the way that imposed so successfully on his tyrant; acting as a lunatic showman in the interpretation of a nightmare to an audience petrified with terror.

One successful appearance condemned him to play the fool for the rest of his life. His friend kept his secret, but his next of kin took possession of his property.

—*The Outlook.*

"Me smokee Sleal Loth Clarlina allee samee Melican man."

Every progressive man—no matter what his race or nationality—will, sooner or later, find the best. This Chinaman has found out—what a million men of as many minds have discovered before him—that

Seal of North Carolina

is the best smoking tobacco in the world.

The Original Plug Cut—
Always the same—
Mild and Cool.

JOE POHEIM, THE TAILOR

Makes the best fitting clothes at 25 per cent less than any other house on the Pacific Coast. See Prices:

PANTS TO ORDER	SUITS TO ORDER
$3.50	$10.00
4.50	13.50
5.00	15.50
6.00	17.50
7.00	20.00
8.00	25.00
9.00	30.00

The firm of JOE POHEIM is the largest in the United States. Rules for self-measurement and samples of cloth sent free.
201 and 203 Montgomery St., cor. Bush.
844 & 846 Market St. 1110 & 1112 Market St.
SAN FRANCISCO.
485 Fourteenth St., Oakland. 603 & 605 K St., Sacramento.
143 South Spring St., Los Angeles.

BAJA CALIFORNIA

DAMIANA BITTERS

"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and specific for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. As a tonic for the nerves these bitters are invaluable and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. Damiana Bitters are known on their merits. Send for Circular.

NABER, ALES & BRUNE, Agents
323-325 Market St., S. F.

THE LATEST STYLES IN

CHOICE WOOLENS

H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors

622 Market St. (up stairs) opp. Palace Hote

Bicycle and Golf Suits

Political printing

AS IT...

should be done!

Every Kind .·. Any Quantity
Fair Prices

BROWN, MEESE & CRADDOCK
(Incorporated)
419 Sacramento Street.

We print THE WAVE 'Phone Main 530

BONESTELL & CO.

Dealers in PAPER

Fine Coated Papers a Specialty

401-403 SANSOME ST.,
San Francisco, Cal.

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

Main Office, 510 Montgomery St.
SAN FRANCISCO
Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper Information
Advance Reports on all Contract Work
Telephone Main 1042

Blake, Moffitt & Towne

DEALERS IN

PAPER

55, 57, 59 and 61 First Street, San Francisco

Telephone Main 199

Golden Eagle Hotel

Seventh and K Sts., Sacramento

First-class in every respect. All modern conveniences. Bus at every train. GRAY & TITUS, Props.

AMUSEMENTS

Pacific Coast Jockey Club

INGLESIDE TRACK

Racing from Monday, November 14th, to Saturday, November 26th, inclusive.
Five or More Running Races Daily, Rain or Shine
First race at 2 p.m.

Beautiful Grounds! Superior Accomodations!

S. P. R. R. Trains, 12:45 and 1:15 p m. daily, leave Third-Street Station, stopping at Valencia Street. Returning immediately after the races. Round trip 25 cents.

Electric Car Lines—Kearny- and Mission-Street cars every three minutes, direct to the track without change. Fillmore-Street cars transfer each way.

Admission to the Track, $1.00

F. H. GREEN, Secretary. S. N. ANDROUS, President.

GLEN PARK THE MISSION ZOO.

MARVELOUS LION ACT!

Grand Performance Sunday, Nov. 20th
Commencing at 1:30 p.m.

Marvelous Lion Act by the Celebrated Lion Tamer, Madame Schell
Prof. Raymons, the Human Flying Fish
Evans & Burns in a Thrilliug Trapeze Performance
Blackened Glove Contest by Murphy & Ellis the Grotesque Boxers
Cornet Duet by Professors Fabris & Allen
Grand Concert by the Glen Park Band

Plenty of swings, see-saws, maypole, flying dutchman, traveling rings, Morro Castle full of interesting animals, seal lakes, donkey riding, etc., etc.
Admission 10c.; Children under five years free.
Take San Mateo Electric Cars. Sutter, Valencia and Mission Street transfer.

Baldwin Theatre

GOTTLOB, MARX & CO, . . Lessees and Managers

Beginniug Next Monday—Matinees Thanksgiving Day and Saturday

Mr. Charles Frohman presents the Internationally-Successful War Play

SECRET SERVICE

With WILLIAM GILLETTE
and the New York and London Company

Coming—The International Grand Opera Company

Orpheum

Week commencing . . . Monday, November 21st
Special Matinee Thanksgiviug Day
Miss Lillie Western, Premiere Musical Artiste
The Celebrated Wilson Family in High-Class Comedy and Coon Songs
Miss Maud Courtney, who Sings the "Old Songs"
Harry Lacy aud Company in Mr. Lacy's Comedy Conceit, "Bob Racket's Pajamas"
Flo Irwin and Walter Hawley in "The Gay Miss Con"
Herbert's Dogs—the Sensation of the City
Jamcs Cullen, Descriptive Vocalist
Frank & Don, Comedy Athletes
Flood Brothers, Acrobatic Wonders

Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs aud Box Seats 50c.

Tivoli Opera House

MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING, Proprietor and Manager

All Next Week—Matinee Saturday
Oscar Weil's Big Success

SUZETTE

Next—The Dramatic Hit of the Paris, London and New York Season, CYRANO DE BERGERAC
By Edmond Rostand

Popular Prices : : 25 and 50 cts.

Matinee Reserved Seats 25c. Tele. Bush 9

Alcazar Theatre

FRED BELASCO, Lessee : MARK THALL, Manager
Telephone Main 254

Week of November 21st—Tanksgiviug Matinee
Thursday and Regular Matiuee Saturday
Sidney Rosenfeldt's Laugh-Making Comedy

IMAGINATION

Tuesday, November 22d—Benefit to Mark Thall

Alcazar Prices—15c, 25c., 35c., 50c.

In preparation—"The Politician"

Columbia Theatre

GOTTLOB, MARX & Co. : : Lessees and Managers
Matinees Thanksgiving Day and Saturday
Now we'll treat you to something—The all-surpassing, acknowledged classic of farce-comedy

At Gay Coney Island

Smith & Campbell, Fun-Makers-in-Chief, with the brightest boys and gayest girls in all New York.

For those who appreciate Comfort and Attention

A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL

SAN FRANCISCO

WM. B. HOOPER, MANAGER

Centennial Stable

Boarding and Livery
Carriages, Broughams, Victorias, etc. First-Class in every respect

1521-1523-1525 California Street
Bet. Polk and

Telephone East 378 M. CONLON, Proprietor

THE THEATRES

Passing Comment on Contemporary Performances.

"A Fool of Fortune," which is being presented at the Alcazar this week, is a very pretty little comedy—billed a comedy, but in it there is more for tears than laughter, and the climax is anything but funny. Wallace Shaw, who impersonates Elisha Cunningham, the senior member of a firm of impossibly honest brokers, is given this opportunity to show that he can act, and he certainly does act very well. While his work is hardly up to Crane's, who made such a decided success of the piece, his playing is of quite high standard. His partner, a consumptive-appearing individual, taken by Mr. Clareuce Montaine, is clever in its way. Mr. Ernest Hastings, as a German Count, is the funny man of the play, and, while his "pigeon English" savors of the stage, he succeeds in evoking hearty laughter. Miss Gretchen Lyons makes a very promising beginning, but does very little afterwards but wear smart frocks and look pretty.

* *

The Orpheum has had a deluge of late in the line of comediettas and the charm of novelty has been lost. Flo Irwin, rather a weak imitation of May Irwin, is a sort of female John C. Rice. Her's is not an especially clever performance and her dialogue is chesnutty. Mr. Harry Lacy and Miss Van Siclen handle with great delicacy their little mis-named piece. "Bob Racketts" is a misnomer for the genial, big-hearted fellow on whose pajamas the plot of the skit turns. Lacy furnishes all business in that line that the program needs. The Biograph is, after all, the best feature of the whole show. The audience is quieted, nerves are regulated and a general feeling of satisfaction spreads over the house with the Biograph. For pure sensation nothing equals it. Familiarity with it endears it to us. Let us have more.

* *

The Baldwin Theatre deserves its succss with "Mistakes Will Happen." It is the funniest thing "that ever happened," and is the laughing play of the year. The farce is well sustained throughout, but its wit and sparkle are particularly bright in the second act. Charles Dickson and Henrietta Crosman get in their best work in this play, and the quick applause of appreciative audiences testifies to the cleverness of the whole company.

* *

DRAMATIC NOTES

On Monday the famous dramatic novelty, Edmond Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac," will be presented for the first time in this city, at the Comedy Theatre, by the Henderson Company. It was first produced at the Port St. Martin Theatre, Paris, last December, with Coquelin in the title role. Its success was immediate. French critics assert that no such dramatic versification has been given to the world since Shakespeare's time. Richard Mansfield last month produced the play at the Garden Theatre, New York, with distinct success. The production at the Comedy will be a very elaborate one. The title role will be assumed by Mr. Ed. M. Bell and Roxane will be played by Miss Adelaide Fitzallen.

In the Orpheum's new bill is Lillie Western, the musical artiste, who scored such a hit when out here two years ago. Miss Maude Courtney, who styles herself "the young girl with the old songs," and the Wilson Family, in coon songs and black face comedy, are the other novelties. The hold-overs include Harry Lacy; Flo Irwin and Walter Hawley, in new songs; Herbert's Dogs; James Cullen, in a new repertoire; Frank and Don, comedy athletes, and Flood Brothers, acrobatic wonders, complete a very attractive bill. A special matinee will be given Thursday, Thanksgiving Day, with regular matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

Oscar Weil's comedy-opera, "Suzette," has scored an unprecedented hit at the Tivoli. Nearly every number is encored nightly, and it will run all next week. On the 28th a complete production of "Cyrano de Bergerac" will be given. Edwin Stevens, who played with Daly and Frohman for years, will be Cyrano of the intrusive nose. The piece will be given with all the accessories, and models from the Parisian production are to be used.

Francisco Collenz, who appeared here as leading tenor of the Italian Grand Opera Company, and Louise Engel, the remarkable mezzo-soprano, who has achieved great success as Azuscena in "Il Trovatore," will both appear at the Baldwin with the International Grand Opera Company. There is already much inquiry for the Grand Opera season, and the opening production will be announced in a few days.

At the Alcazar next week a lively American farce will be presented entitled "Imagination," from the pen of Sidney Rosenfeld. The play is told in three acts. Tuesday evening Mark Thall will be tendered a benefit. A special matinee will be given Thursday, Thanksgiving Day. The attraction to follow will be "The Politician."

"Secret Service," with the author, William Gillette, in the leading role, will open at the Baldwin on Monday night for a run of two weeks. This play is considered by many critics to be the best yet written by an American. The sale of seats and boxes is now on.

The Columbia will on Monday night begin the farce-comedy, "At Gay Coney Island." The attraction following will be Koster & Bial's spectacular farce, "Gayest Manhattan."

Dr. G. A. Danziger, Dentist, 22 Geary street

MUSIC

A most enthusiastic house greeted Mr. Fritz Scheel on his appearance on Thursday afternoon at the first symphony concert of the season. The audience, taking their cue from the prolonged note of greeting given by the orchestra, applauded with all its might. Most fittingly did the "Jubel Overture" follow as an opening number.

At least there is no doubt of the financial success of the symphony concert season, for the house was packed to the doors.

The Tschaikowsky Symphony No. 4, heard for the first time in San Francisco, is a work, like the other two Tschaikowsky Smphonies with which we are familiar, of great emotional power and depth, particularly in the first and last movements. The Andantino, in modo de canzona, and the Scherzo are materially of somewhat lighter calibre. It was most ably handled by Mr. Scheel, and he held his men marvelously well in hand, considering the short time he has had them under his directorship. The first symphony concert, musically and financially, was an enthusiastic success.

* *

Clever, bright, and sparkling is Oscar Weil's opera "Suzette." It is a refreshing change, with music far above the average for comic opera and a plot abounding in comedy situations, noue of which ever sink to the level of *opera bouffe*. Its character is melodions enough to appeal to the popular ear, and these melodies are given such a musicianly setting in treatment and orchestration that they satisfy more cultured tastes. In the concerted numbers Mr. Weil is at his best and has shown much originality. The finale to the first act, in particular, is cleverly worked out and effective. The Marquis, in the act of administering the narcotic to the sleeping Suzette, and the latter, dreaming aloud according to operatic necessities, sing a most charming duet, while an effective vocal background is formed by the Marquise and several of the Marquis' serving-men, who are to carry Suzette away.

Probably the number that will be most popular, if one can select from such a group, will be the solo and chorus at the end of the second act, given in waltz rhythm and having a most contagious swing and go to it. The third act does not measure up to the other two, musically or otherwise. This may be because the play is too long. Mr. Weil is quite capable of pruning it judiciously, which would be to its advantage, I assure him. The action just before the final curtain, on Tuesday night at least, was almost flat. The players, like the audience, seemed to be thinking of their wraps and of getting to bed before morning. In the end, though, as I have said before, the opera is quite superior and most refreshing.

* *

It is to be regretted that a program like the one given at the last Minetti Quintet concert should attract so small an audience. It did draw a most representative audience, musically speaking, and that is encouraging. It should go far to compensate the artists for their excellent work. The Smetana Quartet "Aus Meinem Leben" was given a careful and painstaking reading at the hands of the string quartet. The first two movements were somewhat marred by faulty intonation, but the third was exquisitely given. The A Major Violoncello and Piano Sonata by Brecherini was played with much spirit by Mr. Weiss, but the accompaniment, for the piano part, was too subdued and colorless. The Schuman Piano Quartet, an old favorite with most of our concert-goers, has rarely been so well done in this community. The piano part in particular was given with such spirit and withal such finish that the few defects in the last movement, due to Mrs. Bacon Washington's over-enthusiasm, were easily overlooked.

V. V.

* *

The "Musical Evening" at Byron Mauzy Hall last Thursday, under the capable direction of Mr. Sigismund Blumann, was a decided success. The hall was crowded, and the audience was treated to an excellent program selected from the old masters.

* *

The Saturday Morniug Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Wallace Sabin, will give one of its attractive entertainments on Monday evening next. Miss Daisy Pope will be the soloist, and several interesting numbers will be given.

The minatype is clearly the most attractive original novelty in photography and the allied arts. The word minatype was coined from miniature. A minatype portrait is produced from any photograph by a certain expert treatment and by the skillful use of water colors. The minatype artist of taste and dexterity produces a portrait of such rich texture and delicacy that only a practiced eye can detect at once the difference between it and an oil-painted ivory miniature. Coover & Rasmussen, photographers, proprietors of the Imperial Gallery, are introducing the minatype to San Francisco, and they are meeting with gratifying success, especially among fashionable people who can appreciate the real art in their work. They are prepared for an extensive holiday trade.

There used to be a saying in the old dueling days of a generation past that every bullet has its billet. Now the time has arrived when a billet, even a billet-doux, may be converted into a bullet. It is stated that a French army surgeon has invented a bullet made of compressed paper, covered by a thin sheet of highly polished aluminum. The new bullet, it is claimed, is less expensive than those in use; it makes equally as good targets at any range, and the wound made by it is, surgically, clean, healing with far greater ease than wounds made by any of the missiles now in use. Thus, while the number of wounded may be no less, the labor of surgeons will be lightened by the absence of septic conditions.

The latest innovation in dentistry is the use of prepared glass instead of gold as a material for stopping decayed teeth. It answers splendidly, and is far less conspicuous than the yellow metal. Of course, it is not ordinary glass, but is prepared by some new patented process which renders it soft and malleable. Glass, too, is being extensively used for church bells. It can be toughened so that there is no risk of it cracking, and the tone is said to be beyond anything yet invented, perfect, soft and sonorous.

The Japanese are ruthless in their tampering with nature. If they decide that they want a bird or an animal of a certain shape or color, they set about manufacturing the article, so to speak, by the exercise of exceedingly clever ingenuity and untiring patience. Here, for example, is how the white sparrows are produced. They select a pair of grayish birds and keep them in a white cage in a white room, where they are attended by a person dressed in white. The mental effect on a series of generations results in completely white birds.

The injection of lemon juice into the nose, after it has been cleansed of clots, will stop bleeding when everything else has failed.

ELECTRIC..

Supplies
Construction
Repairs

CALIFORNIA ELECTRICAL WORKS

409 MARKET STREET

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON
Phone Main 5178

Sutter Street Hammam

TURKISH AND RUSSIAN BATHS

415 Sutter Street, between Stockton and Powell

Open Day and Night for Gentlemen
For Ladies, from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, the famous orator, statesman, railroad president and millionaire, in an interview said of his recent visit to Del Monte: "I visted Monterey, and I call it the most beautiful place in the world. Monte Carlo cannot compare with it. Its seventeen mile-drive is unparalleled for fineness."

Specially reduced rates for the winter months of November, December, January and February, are offered, as follows:
Single room, with board for one person, by the month, $65. Double room, with board for one person, by the month, $70; two persons, $135.
Best room, with board for one person, by the month, $75; two persons, $145. Best room, with bath and board for one person, by the month, $80; two persons, $155
Small parlor suites, with board for one person, by the month, $80; two persons, $155. Daily and weekly rates remain as heretofore—from $3 to $5 per day

For further information, address **GEORGE SCHONEWALD, Manager**
Hotel Del Monte, Monterey, California.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway wharf San Francisco.
For Alaskan ports, 10 a.m. Nov. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, Dec. 2; transfer at Seattle.
For B. C. and Puget Sound ports 10 a. m. Nov. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, Dec. 2, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, 2 p.m. Nov. 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, Dec. 5, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a. m. Nov. 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, Dec. 3 and every fourth day thereafter.
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 a.m. Nov. 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, Dec. 1, and every fourth day thereafter.
For Mexican ports, 10 a. m. 18th of every month.
For further information, obtain folder.
The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing.
Ticket Office: 4 New Montgomery St (Palace Hotel)
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen. Agts.
No. 10 Market Street, - San Francisco, Cal.

California Limited
Santa Fe Route

Connecting Train Leaves San Francisco at 5 p. m.

Every Sunday, Tuesday, Friday

Arrives in Chicago at 8:15 a. m. the following Thursday, Saturday and Tuesday — Arriving in New York at 1:30 p. m. Friday, Sunday and Wednesday . . . . .

Dining Car, Buffet Car, Observation Car and Electric-Lighted Sleeping Cars.

TICKET OFFICES
628 MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO
1118 BROADWAY, OAKLAND

JNO. L. TRUSLOW, Gen. Agt. Passenger Dept. San Francisco, Cal.
JNO. J. BYRNE, Gen. Passenger Agt. Los Angeles, Cal.

"ALWAYS RIGHT ON TIME!"

UNION PACIFIC — THE OVERLAND ROUTE — WORLD'S PICTORIAL LINE.

The Finest and Fastest Train from California to the East
IS THE
Overland Limited
VIA
UNION PACIFIC

Leaves San Francisco DAILY at 6 00 p.m., running through to Chicago without change of cars.

EQUIPMENT—Pullman Double Drawing-Room Sleepers
Dining Cars
Composite Buffet Smoking and Library Cars
Reclining Chair Cars

Entire train vestibuled and lighted throughout by Pintsch Gas. Time, 3½ days, San Francisco to Chicago—*twelve hours quicker than all other lines*

Upholstered Pullman Tourist Sleepers are also carried on the "Overland Limited," daily. San Francisco to Chicago, without cange, thereby enabling passengers holding second class tickets to reach Chicago and all points at the same time as first class passengers. Steamship tickets to all points in Europe.

Tickets and sleeping car reservations at General Office, No. 1 Montgomery Street. Telephone Main 1930. D. W. HITCHCOCK, General Agent.

OCEANIC Steamship Company
Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S. S. Moana, for **Australia**, Wednesday, Nov. 30th, at 10 p.m. Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.
S. S. "Australia," for **Honolulu only**, Wednesday, December 14th, at 2. p.m.
Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.
Freight Office 327 Market St.
J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO General Agents

A Cigarette WITH YOUR **Monogram**
Costs no more, and is unique
Address **Gross & Deutch**, 5 Kearny Street, San Francisco
Or **Pinkus Bros.**, Manufacturers, 50 New Street, New York

A. K. DAGGETT
Drawing of Deeds and all Legal Papers a specialty
NOTARY PUBLIC
14 Montgomery St., S. F
Telephone 305

TO CHICAGO IN 3 1-2 DAYS
TO NEW YORK IN 4 1-2 DAYS
VIA
Chicago Union Pacific
AND
Northwestern Line

Through Pullman and Tourist Sleeping Cars Daily. All meals served a la carte in Dining Car. For full information, address
R. R. RITCHIE,
General Agent Pacific Coast
No. 2 New Montgomery Street (Palace Hotel)
San Francisco, Cal.

Brushes For barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bathhouses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candymakers, canners, dyers flour mills, foundries, laundries, paperhangers, printers painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners tailors, etc.
BUCHANAN BROS.
TEL. 6610 609 SACRAMENTO ST
BRUSH MANUFACTURERS

A Special Offer!

TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION

For twenty-five cents The Wave will be sent to any address in the United States, postage paid, for one month as a trial subscription,

together with a handsome engraving in twelve colors, 18 by 24 inches, entitled "Looking Backward," by G. Costa. Cash and annexed coupon must accompany all orders.

TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION COUPON

The Wave, San Francisco

Please send The Wave for one month and your engraving "Looking Backward."

Name .....

Address .....

The Graphophone

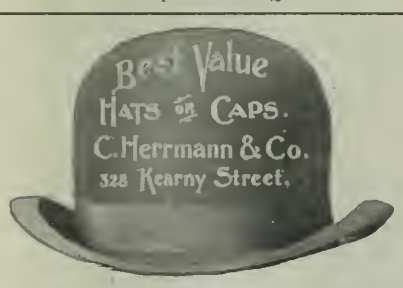
When you get a talkiug machiue, get one on which you can record as well as reproduce sound. The Graphophone is the greatest and best talking machine. Other so-called talking machines reproduce only records of cut-aud-dried subjects made in laboratories. The Graphophone, besides affording marvelous entertainment by reproducing brilliantly and clearly the music of bauds, orchestras, popular singers, and all the great variety of records made for entertainment purposes, affords iufinite personal delight through its power of instantly recording and reproduciug at ouce, aud as ofteu as desired, songs sung to it, words spoken to it, or any sound.

Graphophones are sold for $10 and up
Write for Catalogue No. 75

Columbia Phonograph Co.
(DEPARTMENT 75)
723 Market Street, San Francisco
NEW YORK, PARIS, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, WASHINGTON, PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE, BUFFALO.

MRS. M. E. PERLEY MRS. S. V. CULP

DECORATIVE KERAMIC ART STUDIO
215 Post Street
All Branches of China Paintiug Taught
Morning Class: Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, from 9 a. m. to 12 m. Afteruoon Class: Daily, from 1:30 to 4:30. Lessons $1 each. Private Lessons $1.50 each. TRY OUR ROMAN GOLD.
Telephone Grant 43



COTTON SAIL DUCKS
22 inch in all numbers Medium, Soft and Hard
ALSO
Heavy Sawgut Wagon and Draper Ducks
30 inches wide
Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks
Manufactured by Murphy, Grant & Co.
Mount Vernon Company . . Pacific Coast
Baltimore Sole Agents

Beware of Imitations
This is a fac simile of the package
Genuine Diamond "L" Tea
Pure and Uncolored
GEO. A. MOORE & CO.
208 California St., S. F.
For sale by all grocers

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

A Philadelphia patrolman, Jim O'Brien, stepped into his shoemakers to get a pair of his usual brogans. The proprietor was busy at the time, but there was a new clerk who came forward to wait on O'Brien. The latter picked out a pair that suited him and prepared to try them on. It was a rainy day and the customer's socks were a trifle damp. The clerk accordingly sprinkled the new shoes rather generously with soapstone that they might slip on more easily. O'Brien suddenly changed his mind about the shoes. He didn't want them, he said, and proceeded to draw on his old pair. As he was walking out the proprietor said: "Well, Jim, did you get suited?" Jim turned upon him a face red with anger. "No, Oi did not git suited, Mr. Stanley." "What's the trouble, Jim?" "Well, sor, Oi loike ye purty well, an' Oi loiked yer shoes afore this, an' maybe Oi'd kape on loikin ye an' yer shoes, but Oi didn't come in here fur teh be insulted. Oi kin sthand a joke as well as the nixt wan, but whin a little whippersnapper loike that puts chlorlde of lime on my feet, Oi don't mane to sthand fur it."

Senator Vest's health is much improved. Recently a friend called and congratulated him upon his fine appearance. The Senator thanked him, but said he was far from being an altogether well man. "What seems to be the matter, Senator?" asked his friend. "I don't just know," but I suppose I am suffering from the same complaint as an old fellow whom I know down at Capon Springs. When I went there about ten years ago that old fellow was looking so bad that everybody thought his days were numbered. When I went there this summer the old man was still on deck. 'Hello,' I said to him, 'ain't you dead yet?' 'No, I'm still here,' said he. 'Well, what was the trouble with you, anyhow?' I asked. 'I never have been quite able to make out, Senator,' he replied. 'Some of the doctors said it was one thing; some of them said it was another; and I just came to the conclusion that it was anno domini.' And I guess that's what's the matter with me," said the Senator; "anno domini."

During the battle of New Hope Church, "Fighting Joe" Wheeler, who was, as usual, out with the Confederate firing lines, was saluted by an aide-de-camp: "General Walker's compliments, sir. The General intends an advance over this ground and would like to kuow if there is any masked artillery on your front." "I'll soon find out, Major Ross," said General Wheeler; and, beckoning to his staff, he galloped forward to a slight eminence and planted a guidon. A moment later a puff of smoke in the distance, and the shrilling of a shell as it flew over them showed what was ahead. "Major, you may tell General Walker that there is a masked battery in front of this position," said General Wheeler, giving his horse the rein. "But isn't that a rather risky way of unmasking a battery," ventured Major Ross. "The first shots always fly high," was the cool reply.

Apropos of the Curzon story, the English papers are telling of a scene that occurred many years ago in Congress. A present of Arabian horses, a sword, etc., arrived from the Iman of Muscat for President Adams. A Western member, with some heat, moved that the gift should be sent back, with a letter from Congress, informing the ruler of Muscat that the President of the United States was no king, but the servant of the people, and was not permitted to give or receive presents. Another member rose. "Such a letter, Mr. Speaker," he said, "can easily be written. But where is it to be sent? Where *is* Muscat?" There was no response. Apparently not a member of the House was prepared to answer, nor could Muscat be found in any atlas published in this country. It was found at last on a German map.

The old United Presbyterian Kirk at Savoch, in Scotland, had a minister, some sixty years ago, named David Caw, a very diminutive man, standing only about five feet two inches. He married a strapping, handsome lass, some five or six inches taller than he, and her name was Grace Wilson. The Sunday after the wedding he got a neighboring minister to preach for him, so that he could sit with his bride on the first Sunday. The minister was a good deal of a wag, so Mr. Caw made him promise faithfully that he would not allude the sermon to himself, his bride or the fact of the marriage, but Mr. Caw nearly sank through the floor when the text was given out, Ephesians iii, 8: "Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this Grace given."

The appointment of Mr. Curzon to be Viceroy of India recalls a story told of him when he was under-secretary for the Colonies. He was once making a long and elaborate speech in Parliament against a measure urged regarding India. It was certain to result in a loss to the government of many lacs of rupees. He repeated with emphasis — "Consider; not pounds nor guineas, but lacs of rupees!" A quiet voice on the Opposition benches asked: "Exactly how much is a lac of rupees?" Mr. Curzon opened his mouth, stammered, grew red, and then said: "I really don't know!" The House laughed, and in that laugh he lost his cause.

The editor of the *Clarion* was a very patient man. A startling crash from the direction of the composing-room caused him to push his spectacles up on his brow and cease writing. When he found that the boy had let the first-page form fall on the floor, where it lay in an incoherent mass, he shook his head reproachfully, and exclaimed: "Lemuel, I do wish that you could manage to break the news more gently."

Brougham was quite apt in making a mean and nasty speech. Thus, when some of Lord Campbell's later biographies sold wonderfully, he explained to that judge and author that "people had to make up their sets."

PALACE AND GRAND HOTELS
Now Under One Management
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
1400 rooms — 900 with bath
Rooms, $1.00 and upward Room and Meals, $3.00 and upward
A beautifully illustrated book, containing floor plans and rate card can be had for the asking. JOHN C. KIRKPATRICK, Manager.

HOTEL WESTMINSTER
AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLANS LOS ANGELES, CAL.
The Finest and Most Complete Hotel in the City. Everything New.
The Highest Standard of Perfection Maintained in all Departments.
F. O. JOHNSON, Proprietor.

Louis Roederer Champagne
HIGHEST GRADE IN THE WORLD
Three kinds, all of equal excellence:
BRUT — GOLD SEAL — A Perfectly Dry Wine
GRAND VIN SEC — BROWN SEAL — The Perfection of a Dry Wine
CARTE BLANCHE — WHITE SEAL — A Rich Wine
E. LA MONTAGNE & SONS
Sole Agents
45 Beaver St., New York
MACONDRAY & CO.
Sole Agents Pacific Coast
116 California Street

California State Exposition 1898
REPSOLD SELECT VINTAGE
First Prize and Premium Award, Repsold *Cognac*
First Prize and Premium Award, Repsold Select Vintage *Montecito*
First Prize and Premium Award, Repsold Select Vintage *Burgundy*
First Prize and Premium Award, Repsold Select Vintage *Gutedel*
Special Mention of Honor, Repsold Select Vintage *Sauternes.*
THIS BRAND OF WINE IS SOLD AT ALL FIRST CLASS HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS
Office, 416 Pine Street

HAWAIIAN ADVERTISEMENTS

Coffee, Fruit and Grazing Lands FOR SALE OR TO LEASE
8,000 acres in fee simple — 5,000 acres leasehold
IN THE CELEBRATED COFFEE DISTRICT OF KONA, ISLAND OF HAWAII
Also, some desirable lots in the City of Honolulu
Apply to J. M. MONSARRAT
Real Estate and Financial Agent, HONOLULU, H. I.

Hawaiian Trust and Investment Co., Ltd.
Paid Up Capital, $30,000
Makes a Specialty of Hawaiian Securities aud Real Estate. Correspondence solicited.
G. R. CARTER, Manager
GEO. R. CARTER, Treasurer
References — Welch & Co., San Francisco; Bank of Hawaii, Honolulu

W. C. ACHI & CO.
Real Estate Brokers
We will buy or sell real estate in any part of the group. We will also buy or sell Stocks in any corporation in the Hawaiian Islands.
Office, 10 West King Street, Honolulu, H. I.

R. C. A. PETERSON
BROKER
FINANCIAL STOCKS AND BONDS — Opp. Bishop & Co. Bank, Honolulu, H. I.
Real Estate, Custom House, Notary Public

GREENBAUM'S
White and Dark Violet
The Most Fashionable Perfume
Possesses the Odor of Fresh Violets
128 POST ST. UNDER BOHEMIAN CLUB

PATRICK & CO.
RUBBER STAMPS
STENCILS, SEALS, BRANDS, ETC.
318 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

400 GRADUATES SECURED POSITIONS IN PAST TWO YEARS
LOW RATES!
San Francisco Business College
Only Experienced Bookkeepers and Reporters Employed as Teachers. Send for Catalogue.
1236 MARKET STREET, S. F.

Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson's Academy
1427 Franklin St., near Post
Reopens August 1, 1898. English, French, German and Spanish Boarding and Day School. Begins with kindergarten and prepares for universities, business and society. Drawing and painting. Cultured home training. Excellent table. $30.00 per month. Music in all its branches, if desired, extra.

Lyceum Preparatory School
For the University, Law and Medical Colleges. Accredited with Stanford University and Cooper College. References — President Jordan or any Stanford Professor.
PHELAN BUILDING.

The Solly Walter School of Illustration
Evening Classes
Tuesdays and Thursdays
26 O'Farrell Street, San Francisco

SOHMER PIANOS ARE THE BEST
BYRON MAUZY
308-314 Post Street

This Paper not to be taken from the Library.

THE WAVE

VOL. XVIII. No. 22 SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 26, 1898 PRICE 10 CENTS

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY

THE FIRST TOUCHDOWN OF THE SEASON

THE WAVE

Is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $5.00 per year. Sample copies free on application.

The trade is supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 342 Geary street; east of the Rocky Mountains by the American News Company, New York.

The Wave is kept on file and is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France; 31 Union Square, New York City; 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 206 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

For advertising rates and on all other matters pertaining to city business, address Trevor Corry, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Eastern representative, D. M. Foltz, 34 Park Row, New York.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 26, 1898

CONTENTS

Editorials 2
Things and People; by Boswell Jr. 3
Scenes on the Waverley Golf Links at Portland 4
Woman's Improving Form; by Chumbley 4
Golf in the North 4
"The Birthday Pearl": a Story by John Arthur Barry 5
Wireless Telegraphy 5
Views of the Baldwin Hotel Fire 6
"Tei Kuku Nippon—Banzai" 7
The University of California Team 8
Some of the Newly-Elected Governors 9
London Letter 10
Paris Letter 10
Babblings of a Belle 11
A Sheep-Dog Hero: a Review by C. 12
"Just a Hard Tackle": a Story 13
The Theatres 14
New Stories Re-Told 16

THE ENEMIES U. S. GRANT HAS MADE.

The attempted be-littlement of U. S. Grant, Jr., has chagrin for its source and jealousy for its inspiration. Unlike the aspirations of the other gentlemen whose names have so recently been put before the public, the candidacy of Mr. Grant for the United States Senate has been known to the people of California for the past twelve months. It is true, the so-called leaders of the party may not have kept themselves informed of Mr. Grant's careful canvass of the State, and are ignorant of the fact that he has traveled north and east through the valleys and plains, meeting men and learning conditions, so that no one to-day is so thoroughly posted on the affairs of California as he. A more thorough campaign no candidate for this high office ever made, and to-day not one of the so-called leaders has a larger acquaintance in California than this quiet gentleman from San Diego. It may be he is censurable because he has chosen to appeal directly to the people rather than to a body of self-constituted political generals, but the offence is one the people will readily pardon, and strange though the thought may seem to the aforesaid political generals, the people have some say in the election of a United States Senator.

The favorite contention of Mr. Grant's opponents is that he has lived but a brief time in California, and they declare he has done nothing to deserve having so distinguished an office conferred on him. There is little merit in in this contention. If length of residence be the proof of fitness for the Senate, let the office go to our oldest inhabitant. Let the Senatorship be an appanage to the Society of Pioneers, and forbid anyone who failed to come here in the early fifties to aspire to it. Ability to serve the State worthily is the test, not length of residence. Mr. Grant has been a Californian for nine years. In 1890 he set up his *lares* and *penates* in San Diego, brought out his family, invested largely in real estate, and began at ouce to identify himself with the life of the region. Prior to that time he had served as secretary to President Grant; subsequently he was Assistant United States District Attorney of New York under Stewart L. Woodford, ex-Minister to Spain. On the political retirement of the President Mr. Grant engaged in the practice of his profession in the office of Davis & Work, New York. Otherwise, he is a graduate of Harvard and the Columbia Law School.

During all these years of relationship with his father, U. S. Grant, Jr., obtained at first hand an unrivaled acquaintance with national affairs and with public men. He must plead guilty, it is true, that he has made but few party speeches in California, which, in the eyes of the oratorical aspirants who have thundered platitudes from Siskiyou to San Diego, is a serious bar to any political preferment. Mr. Grant makes no pretensions to oratory. Brevity of speech and conciseuess of phrase are hereditary in his family. A simple, sincere man, of broad intelligence and great good sense, he is content to confine his expressions to the nub of the subject, and the utterance is invariably to the point and instinct with sound judgment. The question is, does "party service" mean only campaign oratory?—or may a man not serve his party and the nation in a high executive office where he must exercise the gifts of statesmanship rather than the tricks of rhetoric? What California requires in her Senator is ability to win the State in the halls of Congress the recognition that is her due. Never has it been so necessary that we have at Washington men identified with the Administration than at the moment. The future of the Pacific Coast is in the hands of its Congressional representatives, and it is essential that our interests in the struggle for trade with the Orient be kept paramount. Mayhap one of our provincial celebrities will accomplish all this, but we believe California will be best served by a man of U. S. Grant's calibre, whose position in Washington is already made, and who in entering the Senate will be received with the cordial welcome of an old time friend and co-worker, not as a Western stranger with high local pretensions and a trick at peroration.

We are not amoug those who believe that oratory has gone out of fashion, but let us compare the services in Washington of Congressman J. G. Maguire and Senator George C. Perkins. The first is one of the finest speakers in his party and one of the best talkers in the House, yet no special favors have been conferred on the State through his ministrations. No great appropriations have been secured for us for which we must offer incense at the shrine of his tongue. On the contrary, Senator Perkins, who, though an able speaker, has no talent at declamation, has served our every interest. He has been indefatigable in the cause of his State, and through his contentions and diplomatic skill has secured favors that no Senator ever did before him. Such a record of achievement as there is to his credit is unique in the history of California statesmanship, and in contrast with the careers of his predecessors in both houses of Congress offer obvious moral to the intelligent voter. It is much more important to us that the interests of the State be subserved than to have our Senators electrifying audiences, and that is the view of his position which U. S. Grant has taken. Instead of hiring halls and burning bonfires he has gone out through the State learniug the necessities of people and the conditions of their life. He has got to know the men of California as not one of his opponents has attempted to do, and he has gone to them with a simple, honest statement of his pretensions. That is why his candidacy has become so formidable as to frighten the plotters and schemers who regard distinguished political office as loot to reward their partisans. These men, viewing with wonder a development of popularity with which they had no connection, are busy now ascribing it to artifice and Eastern manipulation. Forgetting that there is no touchstone like honesty, no force so potent as simple manhood, they are busy attributing Mr. Grant's success to the methods with which they themselves are familiar, and above which they cannot rise. However, the candidate has forestalled all that may be said against him. He knew it would be accused that he was no more than "the son of his father." Men said the same of the younger Pitt, but surely the connection is a distinction California has no reason to be blind to, and it has not yet been proven that a great man cannot transmit his genius. However, it is his own personality, not the personality of the great General, on which Mr. Grant has based his canvas, and the arid vaporizing of a coterie of journalistic hirelings will not affect the favor his campaign has won.

THE FORTHCOMING CENSUS.

What will the Twelfth Census disclose as to the growth of San Francisco? The time is near at hand when the Government's agents will be around with their tables and papers, and curiosity is rife as to what facts the statistics will reveal. The impression among the well informed is that the figures of 1890 have beeu exceeded, but only by a few thousand. At the best enumeration this city ranked seventh, but it is probable that several of the Eastern centers, whose totals were then below ours, have climbed far ahead of us. If there is basis for the claims of Cincinnati, Buffalo and Cleveland, they have run far ahead of the Pacific Coast metropolis, though, as it happened in our own case, estimates are often founded on hope rather than on belief.

No doubt, the census will show immense gains in the population of New York, Chicago and Philadelphia, which in 1890 figured with 2,600,000, 1,099,000 and 1,056,964 respectively. The estimates of their mayors for 1900 are as follows: Greater New York, 3,350,000; Chicago, 1,800,000; Philadelphia, 1,250,000. St. Louis claims also to have gone ahead and declares her population is now 650,000—a gain in ten years of 198,000; nearly double what she made in the preceding decade. No doubt, a great advance has been made, for that city now enjoys material prosperity, but this is a tremendous growth and hardly credible. Far less probable is the estimate of Baltimore, whose mayor says he thinks the population has increased 191,000. The gain in the preceding decade was 102,000, and really there is nothing to warrant the belief that the capital of Maryland is growing at so fast a pace. Cincinnati also is generously optimistic. In the census of 1880, this city showed a gain of 38,900 for the ten years; in that of 1890 the gain was 41,769, a healthy growth, but not a ratio of increase like that shown by nearly all of our other large towns. To show 400,000 people in 1900 the Queen City must count a gross gain of 145,000 people, or more than three and one-half times greater than her gain in 1890. There has been nothing in Cincinnati's progress in the last eight years to warrant any such expectations. Cleveland is set down at 385,000 by her very liberal mayor. In 1890 Cleveland had 261,353 inhabitants; to reach her mayor's estimate she must have increased 123,000 in the eight years up to 1898. If Cleveland shows that amount of gain in 1900, she will be the largest city in Ohio in all probability. That this lake city is growing more rapidly than most other Western cities is made obvious by past census tables.

The estimate of San Francisco's population, which Mayor Phelan makes, is 350,000. This would be the natural increase had conditions in California during the last ten years been reasonably good. But they have not been. It is true that there is an apparent expansion, but it is rather in area covered than in people. Since 1890 San Francisco has been transformed. She has broadened to the South and West. Lands then bare are now covered with houses—yet is not this due to the diversion of population from the south of Market street regions out into the Western and Mission additions? For many years real estate has been the favorite investment of our capitalists. Whatever money they made was put into residences and flats, and the people regularly deserted old homes for new ones—the more readily because San Francisco is a city of wooden houses, which rapidly fall into decay. Neither in trade nor in manufacturing has there been much growth, though a greater number of small industries are conducted here than before. So if 52,000 have been added to our number—it is through the birth rate, which has never been thought to be especially heavy in this environment.

That the figures of the 1900 Census will show a growth comparable with those of the 1890 enumeration is not anticipated by the experts. However, there has been a development, and the national momentum may eveu bring up the percentage to the '90 aggregates. Between 1880 and 1890 Chicago made her most phenomenal strides. It is too much to believe, even with the World's Fair, that she had broken that record and gone 100,000 better in less than eight years, which is incredible. It is far more likely that Greater New York has come nearer the increase estimated than Chicago. An examination of the increases in the Greater New York territory between 1880 and 1890 develops the fact that what now constitutes Greater New York City increased in round numbers about 625,000 in the ten years, or 28,000 more than the great gain shown by Chicago. If we include such towns as Jersey City, Hoboken and Newark, all practically belonging to one center of population, the total increase of this entire urban district is found to exceed 750,000, nearly twice as much as the great city of London increased in the same period, with all its vast area. But without these New Jersey adjuncts it will be perceived that the Greater New York is making greater strides than any other city in the world, and considering the more serious effect of the recent depression iu the West, it is entirely probable that New York will show greater gross gains than Chicago when the census of 1890 is taken.

The gross increase in the population of this country in each of the last two decades reached the enormous aggregate of 12,000,000 in round numbers, representing a great nation in itself, an increase alone equal to the total population of the Mexican republic, or that of Holland and Belgium combined. It must not be imagined that we have all of these increases to ourselves. In the five years between 1885 and 1890 the capital of the German empire, Berlin, had increased in round numbers 260,000 to 1,574,485, showing it to be somewhat larger than New York at that date. The great seaport, Hamburg, had jumped from 410,000 to 715,000, a clear gain of 305,000 in five years. Leipsic gained 183,000, Munich 83,000, Breslau 35,000, Cologne 121,000, Magdeburg 86,000, and others in like ratio. The period between the two German enumerations quoted is only five years, whereas the American census period is ten years, and hence the gains set out are surprising, because multiplied by two they equal our most astonithing urban growth. The English census returns for 1890 show only moderate increases, the greatest iu ten years, of course, being that of London, 396,512. Liverpool actually decreasd 34,000. Both the Greater New York and Chicago are growing more rapidly thau the metropolis of the world.

The British have lost little time in taking advantage of the Soudan markets. A few weeks ago a gentleman who has had large commercial experience iu the Orient had an offer of two thousand pounds a year to proceed to the conquered country. He was offered unlimited supplies, and was instructed to develope such business as might present itself. For private reasons the offer could not be accepted, but it suffices to show the spirit of progress that is animating English houses. It must not be forgotten that a special commercial eqnipment is required by the bold aud hardy young Briton who wishes to take advantage of Soudanese markets before prices find their level. Every man who does business in the African markets can lie like a diplomat or a tombstone. He is quick at cheating, and, having few of the appliances of a more complicated civilization, has to rely on his own resources. This habitual reliance breeds qualities that are hard to combat, and only the man who has triumphed repeatedly in the bazaars of the Orient can hope to succeed in the new markets.

THINGS AND PEOPLE

For twenty-five years the Fire Department has anticipated the conflagration at the Baldwin that startled San Francisco on Monday night. During one-fourth of a century the great hostelry into which Lucky Baldwin converted two and a half millions of his money has been a menace to the safety of the city. The threat has at last been matured, the blow has fallen, and there should be a drop in insurance percentages on our main thoroughfare. That the destruction of the great hostelry, packed as it was from ceiling to basement with men and women, should be unattended with loss of life was hardly to be expected. The number and degree of the casualties are not yet ascertained—mayhap never will be, for it is hard to tell if all who were on the register have escaped. The mercy is that so many emerged with their lives. The Baldwin was a death trap. Every one knew that, but the old habit of assuming that escape of consequences conferred immunity from destruction kept the place filled with guests. On the night of the fire the alarm seems first to have been given from the outside, though later every attempt was made to awaken the guests. The conflagration and the scenes incident to it made a never to be forgotten experience, both for those who participated and those who were spectators. As a spectacle, the burning was grand—the great structure belched a torrent of flame and ruddy smoke high into the air, illumining Market street and the vicinity with a burning glow.

***

Too much credit cannot be given the Fire Department for their superb work in confining the flames to the hotel. That was an achievement, and a great one. With such a blaze as a starter the oft predicted destruction of San Francisco might have been accomplished—but we have again escaped. There is good material in the San Francisco Fire Department, and an occasion like this shows its capability. The moral of the affair is for our Supervisors—it re-points the precept against wooden hostelries. The career of the Baldwin is ended, but there are dozens of death traps in San Francisco just as dangerous and just as certain to fall victims to the fire fiend. On Sutter street there is a vast congerie of hotels and hospitals, on two corners, that are fraught with hideous peril to their occupants. Their end will come, and the fatalities which were consummated in the Baldwin fire will be as nothing in comparison to the death list incident to their destruction.

***

As in everything else, reasonable people will inevitably differ on the football question—*de gustibus non est disputandum*—but it is usually persons who are unacquainted with the game that condemn it. There have been "movements" and "crusades" against it, and "Agonised Mother" and "Pro Bono Publico" have had their fling at it in the press. But I have heard of no crusade against bicycling, or boating, or swimming, or riding, or hunting, or any of those other dangerous sports, each of which claims its annual tribute of young men. More hunters were killed in the Maine woods last season than have been sacrificed to football since it attained to vogue. Every occupation in life is attended by danger, especially those outdoor diversions and physical exercises which develop bodily powers and vigorous life. Death and injuries are not unduly common in football. Football is not a safe game for young boys, especially if the physical development of the players is uneven. In colleges, where the young men are well grown and have systematic training, the case is different. Thousands of young men come through the rough-and-tumble game unscathed. They were "in training." This makes all the difference. There is no more danger in football than there is in lawn tennis or croquet, if the rules of the game are adhered to.

***

The football fever is a contagious thing. Enthusiastic natures are carried away by it. When the Chicago eleven was out here three or four years ago, the Stanford team went down to Los Angeles and played them a game. It was a ripping fast game. There was a young fellow named Knippenberg in Los Angeles then, a hustling agent for a bicycle called the Syracuse, a wheel extinct on this Coast, but quite popular in those days. It was known far and wide by its crimson rim. "Knip" himself had reds in his make-up. His cheeks and hair were red, his eyes were always full of blood, he fancied reddish materials in his clothing. His shop was faced and lined with crimson hues, and the furnishings of his house were toned to a California sunset. They thought the child would have Indian traits, but the color confined itself to the youngster's hair and ruddy cheeks. Well, when "Knip" learned that the crimson Stanford's were going to play the Chicagoes, it nearly broke him up, because he boasted Chicagoan antecedents. I watched him leaning glumly across the fence while the big men from Chicago pushed the Stanford team back by sheer weight. He brightened up when a clever play got the ball back into the Eastern men's territory. When "Fancy" Kennedy, all red, was called from the side lines, "Knip" cheered with the rest. When Kennedy made that memorable series of brilliant plays, he went wild with excitement and ran around looking for a ribbon, a flag, a rag, anything red to wave. There was nothing to be had just then for love or money, and when Paul Downing made his great run around the end "Knip" nearly had a fit. He rushed away in the midst of the Stanford yells, and just as Billy Harrelson went like a battering-ram straight into Chicago's center, he reappeared from behind the benches, whooping like mad and waving a large, triangular, bright red banner nailed with pins to his redwood cane. I forgot to mention it before, that Knippenberg wore red flannels.

***

Professor Jordan can be of more use to the University of California where he now is, than as president of the colleges at Berkeley. Under his presiding genius Stanford University has been built up and made a credit to the State, stimulating education and waking up and reviving its rival at the head of our educational system. The U. of C., as much as the L. S. J. U., needs him to be kept at the helm at Palo Alto. The proposition that the Regents should secure him for the State University ought to be dropped. For that matter, it is a question if President Jordan would accept the office. The Stanfords have treated him right in every way, he is well-paid and has his liberty, he is identified with Stanford in the educational world, its reputation is his, and he has a free hand to develop its boundless possibilities. The country will be canvassed now for half-a-year in a search after a president for the State University. An approved president is a man hard to find, and a harder man to engage, especially for an institution in the exile of isolated California. There is an incessant demand for such men all over the East, which illustrates quite forcibly the old saw that there is always room at the top.

***

Alexander Harrison is perhaps the leading American artist of the day. His work in Europe is unquestioned, and the exhibition of his latest canvases, now on in the Hopkins House, is really an event. Something of the character and beauty of these canvases has been expressed in these columns recently, and there remains little to say save that the collection constitutes a series of really beautiful landscapes. No one may truthfully deny the loveliness of Harrison's color. It is a fact. Herewith is a portrait of the artist, made in the studio of his friend, Charles Rollo Peters.

***

It may startle my friends, but it is my well-pondered opinion that our expansion should be on lines of longitude, rather than to east or west. The immense commerce of Canada is obviously worth more to us under free trade as between American States than the romantically magnified trade of glamorous tropical islands on the other side of the world. We could accomplish the absorption of Canada for half the trouble we are having and shall have over unknown lands and an indigestible people. The Anglo-American *entente* is honest and sincere. I believe on observation and reassurance that Great Britain would gladly yield her hold on North America for a resolute grasp of our mailed right hand before the world. Our moral support can extricate her with honor from the crisis in the Orient. The entire hostile balance of the world dare not fight the Lion and the Eagle. Then, if she will back us for a free hand in all North America we should give her like liberty in South America. I am seeing a vision. If we should welcome the Lion to South America he could afford to abandon and forget the troublesome East. Let us expand until our frontier on an Isthmian canal meets a British frontier on South American soil. Let Anglo-Saxon conquest ride over the 'lesser breeds" of this hemisphere, and let the Anglo-Saxon race rule supreme on four continents—half of the world, and in the other half, the old island kingdom, Africa and Australia. It is a titanic division, but the future is big with titanic possibilities. What are a few mongrel nations in the question of final dominance?

ALEXANDER HARRISON

***

The Monroe Doctrine was killed in the Spanish war. The serpents that it had warmed in its bosom turned and stung it to death. Portuguese Brazil is our only friend in South America. She is the only true republic on that continent. Her people are of the stock of the highly intelligent Portugese. They have been consistently friendly to the United States through peace and war. In peace they sought trade intercourse; in war they sold us fighting-ships at our need. Brazil may be spared. But the viper pseudo-republics of Mexico and Central America, of Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Chili, Argentina, and the rest of them—they have viciously done to death the safeguard of their liberties and now let them suffer for it. They, to whose liberty we have given quixotic protection, hate us with all the back-stabbing hatred inherent in their rotten blood. During our war with Spain the Spaniards among them were cheered, embraced, toasted, given money and sinews of war. Americans and Englishmen were glowered upon, were insulted and assaulted, and were obliged to go about with their revolvers belted on; and in constant expectation of trouble with knife-wielding mobs. The newspapers, from Mexico to Argentina, bitterly misrepresented the United States. They distorted the news and were frankly and ardently pro-Spanish. Those countries and their inferior peoples can never be anything to us as allies in war, nor very much in matters of commerce. They are of the degenerate Latin breed. They are children in self-control, and so are not fit for political self-government. They have not energy or stamina enough for great commercial development. They are too indolent or sleepy for enterprise in trade. History's light casts a shadow before. It records the red man's obliteration in North America, it is writing the passing of the black man in Africa, it has begun on the story of the yellow man in Asia, and it sees with prophetic vision the fate of the parti-colored mongrels of South America.

***

The reproach thrown out from various quarters that the Latin races were in decadence has made a greater impression in France than our French cousins care to admit. A discussion has even arisen as to whether the French are, after all, so very Latin as has been hitherto supposed. A learned lady, Mlle. Bonnel, Professor at the Polytechnic Association, brings forward book and text to prove that, so far from the origin of the great bulk of the nation being Latin, it is almost pure Celtic—that the French are, in fact, first cousins of the Highlander and the Welshman, with a dash of the German thrown in. Mlle. Bonnel compares the Roman occupation of Gaul to the occupation of Tonkin by France to-day. Hardly any of the Roman legionaries married in Gaul, and, if Frenchmen are Latins, it is only in aspirations, language, and habits, not in blood.

***

Nations have their gaieties, like individuals, if you will only look at it that way. Now, there, for instance, is that colossal joke, the Concert of Europe, in which Abdul the Dam'd so long played first fiddle and all out of tune; and there is the railroad builder, Adam-zad, the province-grabbing Nick Romanoff and his Peace Manifesto; and there are the Guelphs of Britain and the Chibbelines of France kow-towing each other up Fashoda way, and issuing long-planned rush orders for troop mobilization, for emergency squadrons and other playthings; and there is that big Chinese booby in Asia, kicked and mauled in his own yard, and getting skinned by the nervy lads from across the street. Here at home is the giant, Monroe-Doctrinated Uncle Sam—sniveling, goody-goody, Yankee hypocrite—knocking little Alfonso down and kicking him for falling. But, cream of international hilarity, look at Willie the Hohenzollern, would-be Pope of Protestant Christianity, the feted guest of the Commander of the Faithful. Willie of Divine Right and Abdul the Dam'd giving the grasp of friendship, the one touting for trade, the other scenting a loan.

***

General Longstreet, Commissioner of Railroads, suggests in his annual report that the central Government build and operate first-class, double-track, air-line railroads from Kansas City or St. Louis to San Diego and Seattle. 'This," he says (the San Diego route), "will open the shortest line from Boston, New York and Philadelphia to the Coast, making the most direct line from our great commercial centers to the Sandwich Islands and the Philippines. * * As trade increases it may develop the importance of a similar direct line to Seattle." All of which is almost poetical in its imagery. If the General and his advisers discern an Oriental trade so great that San Francisco and the Southern Pacific and Santa Fe cannot handle it, they have certain prophetic vision. San Diego already has the Santa Fe, which will distribute all the traffic which that fine port can accommodate, and Seattle has the Southern, Northern and Canadian Pacific connections. The trade of the Sandwich Islands is ours already, and it is not half what it might be. Yet we do not feel it. We do vastly more business with adjoining and *contra costa* counties than we do with all Hawaii. And as for the trade of the Philippines and China and Japan, it is a trade for which dreamers and enthusiasts cannot find adjective, similie or metaphor to express its immensity, but it is so far problematical, and even when it comes, San Francisco will develop to meet it, the railroads terminating here will develop to meet it.

***

The Chinese Consul's proclamation warning the warring factions against the continuance of their feud was punctuated by the blood of Sung Ah Poon. This victim of the highbinders was hacked and clubbed almost to death while he was burning punks at the altar of his family joss. The poor heathen is now lying in agony with cracked crown bound in a poultice of dead lizards, a dried snake bandaged to his gashed leg, and a belly full of powdered toad well mixed in rice liquor and taken in bulk. Sung has given the names of his assailants, and it only remains for the Consul to see that they, or their kin here and in China, suffer for their defiance of his orders. The Consul's proclamation is what we Westerners would call a bluff; it has had no appreciable effect upon the tong vendetta. Tuesday night, on Clay street near Spofford alley, a Suey Sing bullet found its billet inside the forehead of Wong Ah Jung of the Suey Ying Tong. Wong died right in his tracks, and so could tell no tales. Thus the murderers of two victims of the vendetta are at large, with every expectation of never being apprehended. And there are more to come.

***

It is a wonder that the theaters do not print their street address in advertisements. Habitual theater-goers may be able to find all of them blindfolded, but many people right here in the city have often to ask a friend, or a car-conductor, or a policeman, or to look them up in a drug-store directory. The confusion of the out-of-town visitor may be imagined. Country people are peculiarly touchy about "knowing the town," and have been known to wander about for hours rather than ask a question. There are many strangers in the city now, and they will be here in greater numbers as the holidays come on. Their money is as good as any one's else, and a little effort would keep more of it here. They can learn from the present theater advertisement its name, the name of the management and the name of the play. With all due deference to the theater managers, my friends, their names do not sell one seat to these visitors, whereas the address of their theater, equally well displayed, would draw many a stranger within their gates.

BOSWELL JR.

1. Interested Spectators. 2. The Links. 3. Mr. Johnson driving. 4. Mrs Birrell making a long drive. 5. Some of the Ladies. 6. Mr. McKensie on the green. 7. Mr. Macleay nearing his last hole. 8. Mr. McKensie and his caddy.

SCENES ON THE WAVERLEY GOLF LINKS AT PORTLAND

WOMAN'S IMPROVING FORM

Something of the Tall Girl of To-day and Her Athletic Habits.

Venus de Milo has supplanted Mme. Crepaud; and the healthy form of the Greek model is now a living ideal of womanly perfection—not an unreal one, as it seemed, in the preceding generations, wherein extremes of Parisian fashion were first in feminine favor. The hoop-skirt went first, the high heel followed, the tight shoe and rigid cuirassical corset are going fast. The athletic young woman of to-day requires as much physical freedom as her active young man companion, whether for the gymnasium, the hunt in the mountains, the sail over the water, the game on the links, or the ride to hounds.

Woman is taking up many games and forms of exercise that were long thought to belong exclusively to man. As a result she lives rather than exists, and her life is a healthy one, physically and mentally. Elasticity in her heels has brought exhiliaration to her spirit and vigor to her mind. There is a powerful affinity between improved health and improved thought. This development is almost universal among women of the higher and middle classes. With the rich and fashiouable it is a fad; with the middle class it is pursued as a necessity. The exception is the class between these two—the women who live in boarding-houses and family hotels, and have nothing else to do but sit around, fretting and pouting and striving to be fashionable. Such women are the degenerates of the sex. A few of them make a bluff at proper breathing, walking, talking and sleeping, but they are in this, as usual, snperficial. Their life is artificial and characterless, and under such conditions they can accomplish no physical or mental growth. Life is real: life is earnest to the woman who knows herself, knows Nature and appreciates her exalted part in the natural economy. She sees life through healthy eyes. She lives and dresses hygienically. Increased exercise in the open air and in the "gym" is gradually giving her a stronger physique.

The great charm of the new life for women is that the most perfect woman physically is the most perfect homemaker. With quickened vigor her heart expands and her natural instincts become deepened and strengthened and more exalted in their ambition and purpose. Rare the athletic girl who does not look into the future for a happy home, and whose thoughts do not dwell lovingly upon the health and happiness she is storing up for her children. And they are making of themselves a friend and companion for that "hundredth man." As they grow stronger physically, so they make mental progress. They are breathing better and they are thinking better. The chest is the storehouse of vitality. It is a trite saying that we think as we breathe and breathe as we think.

Athletic exercises bring health in their train, and health brings not only life and wit, but beauty. It enforces an erect figure, an elastic step and a well-poised head. This firm and graceful carriage is the apotheosis of style and form. Then, too, the rushing good red blood carries in its flood a clear skin, a fresh complexion and a fine color. It thickens the growth of the hair and gives it gloss; it brightens the eyes, lends sheen to the teeth and radiates a subtle charm and magnetic attractiveness wherever its owner may go.

In short, the tall girl of the rising generation, with her alertness, swing and go, is an immeasurable improvement on her grandmother of romantic memory. Statistics there are that prove the woman of to-day to be steadily growing stronger and larger. Nor is the fiber coarsened in the toughening. Daintiness and refinement are no longer measured by a wasp waist and tiny hands and feet. The waist suggests gnarled ribs, cramped heart, liver and lungs, sickliness and degeneracy; the hands and feet speak too often of weak uselessness. The only lamentable thing about all this feminine development is that the young man of to-day is prone to admire his young woman contemporary as a magnificent creature, without erecting his admiration upon a sentimental basis. CHUMBLEY.

Swiss steamboat companies, to avoid disputes as to the age of children, have established measurement rules. Under two feet in length ride free; children under 4 feet 4 inches and dogs pay half fare. Traveling mothers do not like the rule.

GOLF IN THE NORTH

Beauty of the Waverley Links at Portland, Oregon.

Men bred to the game in the "old country" introduced golf to Oregon society, and they form a majority of the membership of the Waverley Club of Portland. But on the club's register and among the most enthusiastic golfers are to be found the names of quite a number of the city's most prominent citizens of American ilk. The links of the club are laid over a rolling tract three-fourths of a mile square, and they have all the natural and artificial obstacles necessary to make the game strong and interesting and promote the most picturesque in golf language. The surroundiugs of the club's territory are such that it may be said without fear of contradiction that there are few, if any, courses so highly favored by natural environment.

The links lie on the east side of the Willamette, on the line of the Waverly cars, at a distauce of some three miles from the center of Portland. This situation is most convenient for the players. From the golfing ground, to the westward, lies the city, in full view, with the Willamette winding through its precincts from north to south. Further westward Portland Heights rise against the sky, adorned with beautiful homes nestling among the gorgeously-colored autumn trees. Northward and westward the wharves and shipping are in view, with ships from the corners of the earth loading grain and flour, and all kinds of vessels coming and going, from a Hongkong, San Francisco or Yokohoma liner to a small up-river steamer or a pleasure canoe. It is like a picture. Then eastware towers Mount St. Helens, a grand, symmetrical pile, clear-cut in its garment of eternal snow; and in the foreground the majestic Columbia rolling silvery down to the sea. Off further to the right are the peaks of Adams and Jefferson and the giant Mount Hood, Oregon's Shasta, her boast and pride. The far-encircling stretch of this landscape is an inspiration, and it is no wonder that the Waverley players can never have enough of a noble game played among such scenes of beauty and of grandeur. WILLIE OF NETHERBY.

The Birthday Pearl.

By John Arthur Barry.

"It's my birthday," said Bob Panton, master and owner of the pearl-shell lugger *Daisy*, then lying at anchor off Somerset on her return from a trip about Torres Straits. "It's my birthday," repeated he, bringing out a "square-face" of Hollands. "We'll have a nip all round, and then we'll open a shell each, just for fun, and to see what sort of luck I'm to have this next year."

The five blacks and the one other white man that constituted the *Daisy's* crew duly drank the skipper's health in half-pints; and then, laughing, each one chose the biggest oyster he could find—all about the size of soup-plates.

Four were blanks, and they all watched Abdallah, the new hand, as he slowly opened the great bivalve. Then came a shout as he presently held of a pearl, pear-shaped and almost as big as a hazel-nut, the finest gem on record yet found in those seas.

"Good luck, indeed!" quoth Bob Panton as the chorus of admiration subsided, and, pulling out a bundle of ten dirty one-pound notes, he handed them to Abdallah, saying, "Take those for yourself, lad. I'll double it if this turns out as AI as it looks.

"And now I'll get up another square-face, and we'll wet the little stranger properly, and christen it the 'Birthday Pearl.'" And they did so to such purpose that, bar Abdallah, there was no sober man on the *Daisy* by eight bells that night.

In the morning, when Captain Bob Panton came on deck, Abdallah was missing. So, as presently discovered, was the big pearl that Panton had left in a small wooden box in his berth. So was the *Daisy's* dingy that had been towing astern.

Bob Panton sold his shell, and offered a reward of £50 for the thief. But, though all the southern police were put on the *qui vive*, nothing could be heard of the Birthday Pearl nor of Abdallah. And at last there were people found who did not scruple to hint at birthday hallucinations, born of "square gin," on the part of Captain Bob and his crew.

But Panton took the matter to heart, and got on a spree; spent his shell money, and more; sold his boat, pulled himself together, and started off in pursuit of Abdallah, with ever before his vision the virgin sheen of the great pearl, his for a few hours only, convinced that until he recovered it luck for him, either in this world or the next, was out of the question.

When old widowerer Wilhelm Itzig, the watchmaker and jeweler at Port Leichardt, died, his native-born son, Hermann, came home from a wandering life of droving and working upon stations, and returning to the trade he had been taught, mended the Leichardt clocks and watches with an indiffent measure of success, being at best but a botch.

The little shanty, dignified with the title of shop, stood apart from the rest of the township, and quite close to the beach. And but for an old tin sign, with upon it "Hermann Itzig, working jeweler," and an old clock and three empty watch cases in the window, there was nothing to distinguish it from any of the other straggling "humpies" that went to make up the nearly deserted Queensland seaport.

"How much, John?" Hermann was asking of a half-starved, unkempt-looking black man, a fortnight after the finding and losing of the Birthday Pearl, shiny mildly now in the gloom of the stuffy little inner room of the house by the beach.

"Won 'undreed, two 'undreed feefty, sar," responded Abdallah, eyeing the gem as Hermann rolled it to and fro in the ball of his hand.

"Don't you wish you may get it, my boy," replied Hermann, laughing. "Ask a thousand whilst you are about it, John. Why don't you, John?"

"Ver' fine pul, sar," replied Abdallah, cringing. "Some day get mooch more dan t'ousan' for him."

And young Hermann, although knowing little about such things, thought, as he noted its soft luster and flawless shape, that possibly his customer might be right.

His hand closed on the pearl. "I'll give you twenty," he said. "Haven't got another cent, anyhow," which was the truth.

But Abdallah raised his hands and eyes to heaven in mute appeal at such an offer.

"You'll take that or nothing," said Hermann, suddenly producing a revolver and pointing it straight at the other's head. "You stole it, you beggar; you know you did, up the coast somewhere—Thursday Island or Somerset, likely. Here, think yoursel, lucky to get so much." And Hermann handed over four five-pound notes.

"Take them," he said, seeing that the other made no motion, 'or I'll have you up to the police barracks in a quarter less than no time!"

There was murder in Abdallah's eye, but he held out his hand.

"Now clear straight out," said Hermann. "There's the *Barco* alongside the wharf. If you take my advice, you'll get away in her. So long, old man."

As he turned away, putting down the pistol, Abdallah sprang on him like a tiger, drawing his sheath-knife as he did so—for he was clad like any coasting sailor, in a suit of belted dungaree. Hermann reeled and fell, the knife descended again and again as Abdallah struck in his blind rage, and presently the body underneath him grew limp and motionless.

Rising and striking a match—for night was coming on, and the small room was nearly in darkness—Abdallah searched until he saw the Birthday Pearl lying near the bed, gleaming up at him out of a little pool of blood.

Wiping it on the blankets, also his knife, he turned and fled towards the long jetty where lay the s.s. *Barco*, already clanging her second bell, a better man by twenty pounds than when he entered Leichardt that night, with a useless fortune in his pocket.

Next morning, somebody coming into the shop with a Waterbury to mend found Hermann lying senseless and nearly dead from the loss of blood. None of the wounds, however, had touched any vital part; and a month in the local hospital restored him to health again. For reasons of his own he had professed himself unable to give any description of the assassin. But the glamor of the big gem had entered into Hermann's soul, as it had into Panton's and into Abdallah's; and presently, selling out his stock for a few pounds, he too moved on in pursuit, impelled, to boot, by a sharp feeling of revenge for the loss of blood and money.

Meanwhile Abdallah, journeying southward, made no more attempts to dispose of his treasure. But, sewing it in a little bag of black calico, he hid it away artistically in the thick meshes of his hair, where with a touch he could assure himself of its safety. He was a man who had traveled much and knew many things—knew more than Panton or Itzig; but travel had not shut out inherent superstition. And he began to look upon the big pearl as a charm, an amulet, that, worn always, would protect him and bring him much good fortune. So he traveled round to Adelaide, thence by sea up Spencer's Gulf to Port Augusta, where he joined the camel trains of Hafiz Khan, the rich Afghan who brought the wool down from the arid interior to the tall ships in the river.

Into Sydney shortly came Herman Itzig, with the desire for vengeance still hot, but purse low. His guarded inquiries soon let him into the knowledge that the police were on the watch, and had at least twenty men shadowed on suspicion, and waiting the arrival of Panton. Later, falling in with two of his countrymen bound for the West Australian goldfields, he joined them. The trio were lucky and made each a fair pile. After a hurried visit to the Fatherland, which he left also hurriedly, convinced that for the Australian-born a military despotism was a most unsuitable form of government, Hermann Itzig, returning, bought a station "up north" in South Australia, and after a while began to prosper considerably. But often to him came dreams of the big pearl, shining with its mild and tender light as he had last seen it—an episode in his life that, but for certain pains of frosty mornings, he might have almost come to regard as apochryphal. A stern, resolute man, he was incapable of forgetting an injury; and ever and anon, principally in the winter, he set agents to work to hunt up Abdallah, meaning, when found, to deal with him after his own fashion.

But when a black man, or a yellow, chooses to hide himself amongst others of his color, the search is apt to linger and become monotonous.

And so Bob Panton found it.

Received by the police with open arms and a whole tribe of dusky nomads—Manila-men, Kanakas, Javanese, men from the spurs of Hindu Kush, others from the palm-groves of Kandy and the plains of Central India—he could identify none of them. The police had done their best, stimulated by the reward. But the vagueness of the description baffled them. There were so many black men with sharp aquiline features and good teeth, who spoke very little English, and usually wore European clothes.

Superstitious in his way as Abdallah, he had quite made up his mind that unless he recovered his Birthday Pearl, no luck would ever again cross his path in this world nor, possibly, in the next; and, strong in his belief, he spent every penny he possessed in the fruitless search, finding himself at last "on the wallaby" with a swag upon his back—he, Bob Panton, once master and owner of the smartest little lugger around Torres Straits.

And he worked about from station to station under an assumed name, with the splendid memory of his loss ever upon him, until what preachers call "the finger of providence," and lesser men "luck," brought him to Weetah, which was the name of Itzig's station, far to the northward of the Burra.

Here there was a drought prevailing, and men were sinking wells. Panton knew little about the business; but, falling in with a man who did, he took a contract to put a well down on an out-of-the way part of the run known as Sandalwood Ridge. They struck water at a shallow depth, much to Itzig's delight. Then they built a hut for the shepherd and yards for the sheep, laid troughing, and made everything ready. And, just as they finished, there came a rainfall measurable in feet.

Meanwhile Abdallah, earning good wages as a first-class driver, made money on the camel train; and presently, leaving Hafiz Kahn, he bought a tilted cart and two horses, and took out a hawker's license, and began life on his own account, secure in the strength and continuance of his luck. He wore the pearl, now in a little leather bag, hung round his neck by a silver chain. And he worshipped it as his god. And when at rare intervals he allowed his eyes to feast on the soft, lucent irridescence of the wonderful talisman, his belief grew stronger than ever that his *Kismet* was bound up therein; and that, compared to the power and magic of his treasure, Allah and all his works were as naught.

Many months passed away; he made money, and traveled far and wide. Then, in an evil hour for himself, he traveled still farther, and fell into a trap set, all unwittingly, for him by two men whom he had injured, and from which all the power of the Birthday Pearl was unable to save him. One hot summer day, making for Weetah head-station, he lost his bearings, and at sundown, he and his horses being parched with thirst, was very pleased to strike the Sandalwood Ridge. with its covered well of still water, sheltering hut, and abundance of feed.

"I think," remarked Hermann Itzig a month or two later, "that we may as well, perhaps, put a flock at the Sandalwood."

"Very well, sir," replied the overseer. "I'll send Bray here out to do up the hut and yards."

"I'l drive him out," said Hermann. "He's one of the men who worked there, isn't he? I want to have a look around. See that the big water-bag's on the buggy. I don't suppose the stuff in the well is any too good by this time."

"What's that?" asked Itzig of Bray, *alias* Panton, as at the end of their twenty-mile drive. they caught sight of something white and round close to the well.

"Tilted cart, I should say," replied the other, peering under the flat of his hand.

As they drove up two big eagle-hawks and some crows flew off the carcasses of a couple of dead horses.

Close to the door lay another corpse—that of a man—a man with strips of dry black flesh hanging from his bones.

"Great heaven!" exclaimed Itzig, "what's the matter here?" But Panton made no answer. He was staring intently at the shriveled features of the dead man. As he gazed he saw something shine from between the skeleton fingers of one clenched hand. Stooping, he drew it out with a cry of astonishment—the great pearl, Abdallah's god, appealed to in vain during his last agony.

"My pearl!" exclaimed Hermann.

"No—mine!" said Panton. "My Birthday Pearl that Abdallah here stole from me!"

"Are you Panton, then?" asked Hermann.

"Yes," replied Bob, "I am. But what do you know about the matter?"

Then Hermann told his story, waiving all rights, if any belonged by reason of the wounds that ached yet in the winter mornings. He could afford to. But what had killed man and beasts?

There was a little water left in the bottom of the well bucket. Hermann tasted it, shook his head, and spat it out. Along side the bucket lay a native cat, dead. At the troughs, dry now, were others; also crows, all dead.

"I prefer our own water," said he. "Empty the whisky from that bottle in the buggy, and fill it from the well. I'll fix this stuff up when we get home. The pearl's worth a lot of money. A good day's work for you. And for me, too, perhaps, if my notion turns out to be correct. Copper is not as low as it was."

Analysis discovered the secret. The well had been bottomed on a very rich vein of copper ore. The water had become so impregnated with the mineral as to become highly poisonous. A thirsty man and thirsty horses might as well have drank a strong decoction of arsenic.

It required a deal of persuasion to make Panton part with his pearl. But at last wiser counsels prevailed. Messrs. Storr & Mortimer gave £2,500 for it, and with this money Panton bought a partnership in the Weetah. The lode at "Poison Well may" be worked yet. At present prices it might pay. And what eventually became of the Birthday Pearl I know not. I note, however, at the last London wool sales Messrs. Itzig & Panton's wool crop averaged the top price of the season.

Note.—This story appeared in *Chambers' Journal.*

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY

The "Grapevine" System, which Will Succeed Signal Communication.

This inventive age has produced so many scientific marvels that it requires a most unusual discovery to attract its attention and excite its interest. Communication between persons at a distance, without the medium of wire, is one of the most novel and fascinating subjects now before the scientific world. The application to practical purposes of what is called wireless telegraphy has made great advances during the past few months, the Marconi system having been taken up by the British Postoffice and worked with marvelously successful results.

Marconi's system requires an apparatus of relatively simple character at either end of the projected line of communication. Its visible portion, at the Postoffice trials, consisted of a mast over 100 feet high, supporting a metallic wire. Inside the transmitting station at the foot of the mast was a powerful induction coil, by means of which a spark was passed between two balls. One ball was connected with the upright wire, the other with the earth. When a spark passes, the wire gives out electrical radiations, or waves, in every direction, and some of these are caught by a corresponding upright wire at the receiving end and transmitted to a receiving apparatus called a "coherer." The coherer is a glass tube into which are sealed two pieces of silver. The space between these pieces of silver contains certain metal filings not ordinarily conductors of electricity. As soon as the current reaches them, however, they are thrown into an end-on position and become conductors. The slightest tap disarranges them and turns them again into non-conductors. Thus, with an automatic tapping arrangement, the coherer can be kept in a sensitive state for registering intermittent electrical signals. These signals are developed from the coherer by an ordinary relay arrangement, and are automatically written down by a Morse recorder.

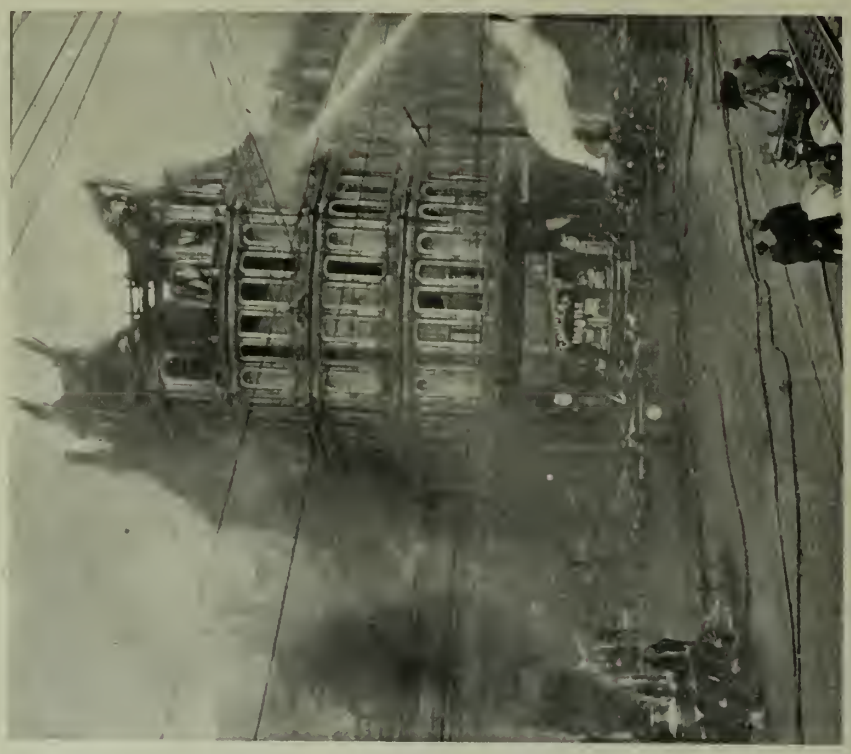
Experiment stations were put up by the British Postoffice in the Solent, one at Bournemouth and the other at Alum Bay, in the Isle of Wight, four and a half miles apart. Across this distance, and even further, signals were sent with entire success. Equally satisfactory communication was had, too, with a vessel cruising about in the open. As a result following the Postoffice experiments, improvements were made in the apparatus, which resulted in telegrams being sent a distance of eighteen miles by means of Marconi's system. Installations are now being made at Dover and at Calais, with the expectation of equally clear communication across the Channel—a distance of twenty-one or more miles.

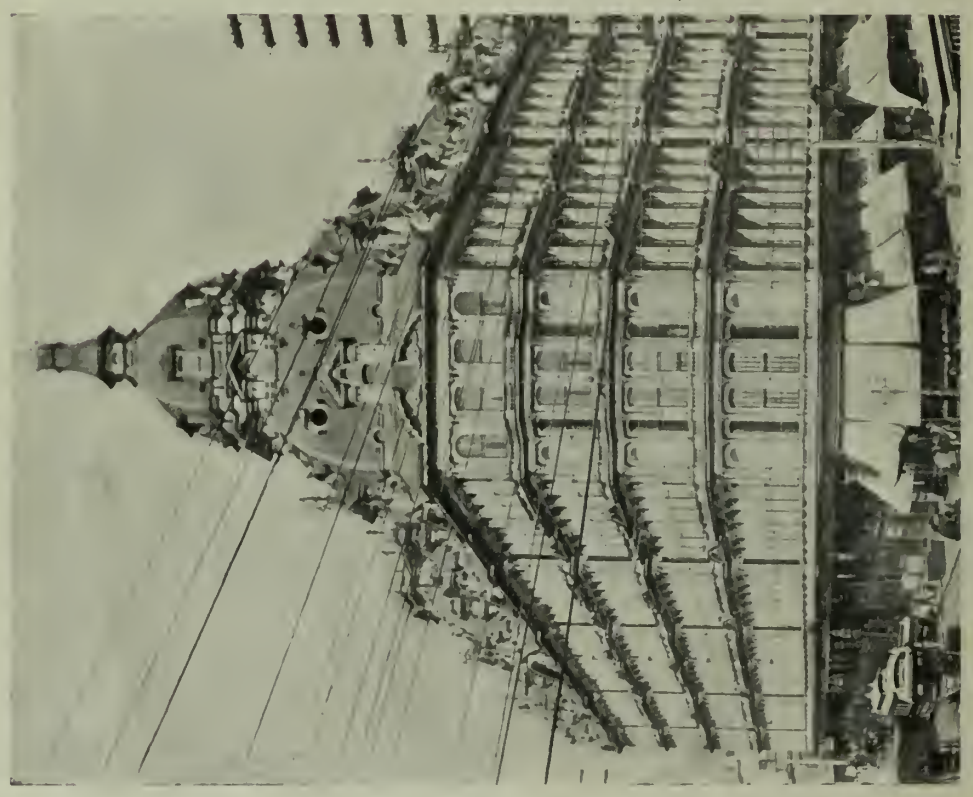
When the Priuce of Wales was lying at Cowes, suffering from his injured knee, Marconi and his instruments were taken on board the royal yacht, and by their means the Queen, at Osborne, was kept informed of the Prince's progress toward convalescence. The Prince and his son, the sailor Duke of York, were convinced that Marconi's system should be adopted at once by the British navy. The Italian navy snapped it up when it was first exhibited. As a naval accessory it will, in a great measure, do away with the flag and torch signal service. The beauty of it for naval purposes is, that the worst weather does not interfere with its operation. Further, Dr. Della Riccia, of Liege, with improved instruments, has demonstrated that the oscillations of the transmitter can be confined to any special point, to the exclusion of all others; so, in communication betwen war vessels or forts the message could be conveyed to one alone.

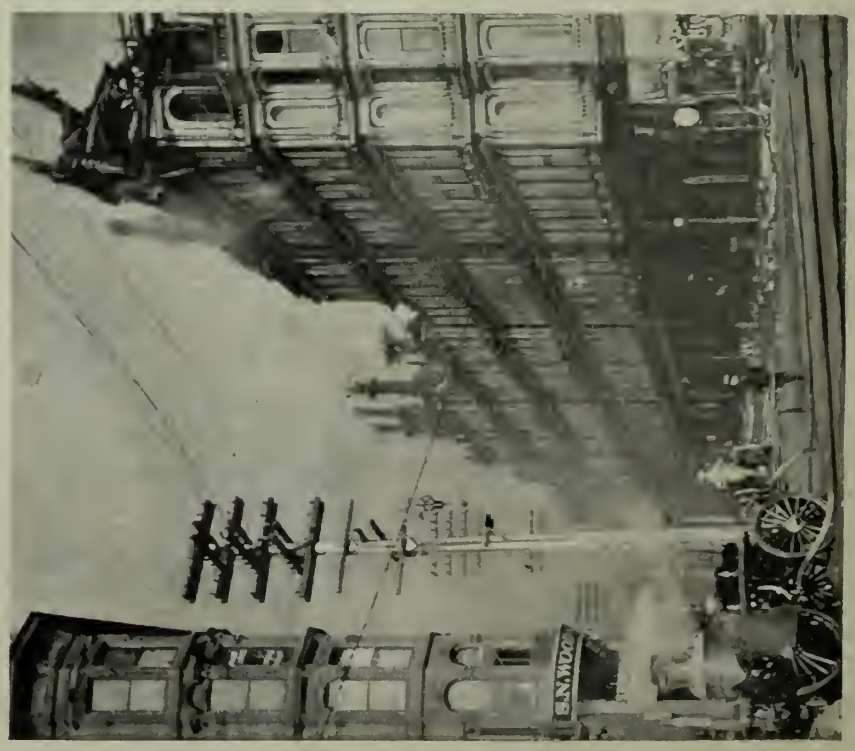
Fogs and heavy weather exert no harmful influence. On the contrary, best results are obtained through an atmosphere charged with moisture—the thicker the better. Dr. Ricca has telegraphed real messages seven miles, and ascertained the presence of vessels at a distance of thirty miles. Signor Marconi would not confine his system to belligerent uses, but urges it for installation on all shipping, and at lighthouses and on lightships. The uses of the system are innumerable; and, in the opinion of the inventor, it is in its infancy at the present time.

This Signor Marconi is an Italian, born in Bologne twenty-three years ago. He has an extremely youthful appearance, seeming to be hardly more than twenty. He began studying electricity in early childhood, and it was while making experiments in Italy, four years ago, that he hit upon the discovery which has brought him into prominence.

A German trial for swindling with forged autographs of Martin Luther brought out the fact that the ink used by Luther 350 years ago is so good that copies can still be taken from it.







THE BALDWIN HOTEL, BEFORE, DURING AND AFTER THE FIRE

Photos by Taber and J. H. Bratt

A Scene on the Skaguay Railroad

"TEI KUKU NIPPON—BANZAI"

The Realm, the Mikado, the Empress and the Crown Prince of Japan.

"The Heaven-ruled, Rising-sun Land—may the Imperial House reign through ten thousand generations!" Such, loud-shouted, was the toast of every loyal Japanese on the anniversary of his ruler's birthday on the third of this month. Mutsuhito's reign, from an uitlander's viewpoint, is the most important in the history of Japan. His accession to the throne was marked by political and social revolution, by the overthrow of feudalism and the birth of that new Japan, which within a generation has succeeded in developing marvelous industrial and commercial resources, has amply proven its fighting qualities, and is prepared with army and navy to maintain its integrity and protect the fruits of its people's industry on an acknowledged equality with the Powers of the world.

Mutsuhito, whose name means "gentle man," is the one hundred and twenty-first ruler of Japan in the line of the oldest political dynasty of the world. He is descended from the mythical Jimmu, the first Mikado, who was born of the dragon in remote antiquity. Mutsuhito was born in Kioto forty-six years ago. He was the second son of the Emperor Koméi, who reigned from 1847 to 1867, and his mother was Asako, of the illustrious Fujiwara family, which in every generation since the dawn of history has given to Japan many of her greatest and best.

Mutsuhito's birth was coincidental to the time that Commodore Perry sailed to Japan on the *Mississippi* to unlock the hermit islands to that intercourse with the long-excluded world which has since proved of such tremendous import to the people of Nippon. The Son of Heaven was playing in Kioto Castle while the civil war between Tycoon and Mikado was distracting the realm. But in 1860 Mutsuhito was declared heir-apparent and then his public career began. He had a sweet and winsome disposition, and was a gracious-mannered, rather pliant child. When his father died, in November, 1867, the Prince was declared Mikado and took the seat on the matting throne. In January of 1868 the clans that had compelled the resignation of the Tycoon, played their *coup d' etat*, removing the Aidzu clan from the Palace and allowing no one unfavorable to their policies to approach the Emperor. When Keiki, the fallen Tycoon, attempted to force Kioto, he was defeated at Fushimi and was pursued to the U. S. S. *Iroquois*, on which he escaped. In Nijo Castle Mutsuhito ratified the constitution and was solemnly invested with the insignia of his authority—the sword, the mirror and the crystal ball, sent down by the Sun Goddess to bless the rulers of her favored land. The capital was moved from Kioto to Tokio, in 1866, and in that year the Méiji actually began.

Méiji was the term adopted to designate the chronological period of Mutsuhito's reign. It means "enlightened peace," or what we call civilization. Once the Emperor was firmly seated at Tokio, he and the statesmen of the Méiji put into operation a policy that swept away the feudal system and established a form of government closely patterned after that of Great Britain. The old landed nobility was retained under the new regime, but the new orders included the strong men of lowlier birth who wrought the peaceful revolution and whose policies have since 1868 held the new Japan steadily up to her course toward enlightenment and progress.

The Emperor has to-day the gracious manners of his youth, but thirty years of experience have greatly tempered and strengthened his character and will. His Majesty is now in the prime of life, in sound health and with a vigorous mind. He is supremely devoted to the welfare of his people, 45,000,000 of them, populating an empire stretching from the fogs of the fifty latitudes to far within the tropical twenties. His subjects are scattered in all lands, as here, restless and ambitious, striving to make Japan the first Power in the world. The Emperor married Haruko, of the noble house of Ichijo, in 1869. Her Majesty is a lady of rare virtues and great benevolence, universally loved by her people. But she is childless, and the Crown Prince, Yoshito, is the son of another wife, a concubine of noble family named Yanagiwara Aiko. The Prince was born on August 31, 1879, and on August 31, 1887, was proclaimed heir to the throne. Father and son are often pictured together in uniform, a costume which they frequently wear, the Emperor being supreme commander of the army and navy, and the Prince being honorary colonel of one of the crack regiments.

FUJITA.

The present fashion in Japan is to go about dressed in nothing but paper. This sounds rather airy at first, but the paper is at the same time very stout, warm and silky. And

Main Street, Skaguay

it has the great advantage of being absurdly cheap. A man may have a new suit of clothes for two yen—or about a dollar—and a lady never spends more than five or six yen on the most elaborate dress. This paper clothing is an innovation, but the use of paper instead of shirts and pocket-handkerchiefs has long been prevalent. A kind of cardboard, of the strength and appearance of Russian leather, is also manufactured, and it is used as material for all sorts of articles, not only boots and hats, but even trunks, harness, and the walls of rooms.

Four Queens and a Pistol.

It was in the back room of the El Dorado Saloon in Dawson City, and the game was pretty lively. Seven men were playing. Six of them were miners well known about the place; the other was a chap who had just got in from St. Michael. In one week he figured in three shooting scrapes and won many an ounce of dust. It seemed as though he couldn't lose, and no matter how many big hands were out, this chap had the top-notcher.

The boys were suspicious, and they watched Powell (that was the name he said was his—Dick Powell). They watched him like a hawk, but they couldn't turn up anything crooked. There wasn't a doubt but the fellow fixed the cards every now and then, but he was the slickest ever, and not a man in the party could spot his work. Some of them did make such insinuating remarks as:

"If I had such great luck I'd expect to get killed over a stack of chips some time."

The game went on for about three hours after I got in the room, when a quiet little circus happened. Powell had dealt the cards. I was standing behind him, looking on. It was a jackpot, and the second man opened it. It got two boosts before it got to Powell, but he stayed. When it came to the draw the fellow drew to a king and a four-spot. I thought he had made a mistake in his hand, and was simply making the best of a bad stay. All of the boys took three cards except Dave Hollingsworth, and he took two. Powell, of course, took three, and you can shoot me for an Esquimau if he didn't get three more kings. Everybody seemed to "hook," for there was some of the liveliest betting around that table that I ever saw. The pace got too swift for them, however, and all dropped out except Powell and Hollingsworth.

Dave was from somewhere up in the Butte district, and a quiet, inoffensive sort of fellow, but with good grit and the best shot you ever saw with a revolver. The two kept hammering away at each other, and everybody was watching them, without saying a word. You could see from their faces, though, that they were kind of pitying Hollingsworth, for from past events they were confident Powell would grab the dough. I never thought anything else, for I'd caught a flash of the four kings early in the engagement.

Finally, Powell shoved up a stack of chips that just about covered everything Dave had in front of him. I guess there must have been $800 or $900 in the pile. Dave looked straight at Powell for some minutes, kind of trying to figure him out. I thought he was going to weaken, and I could see Powell raking in the pot. Finally, he drew a long breath, and, standing up, said:

"I'm a-goin' to call that, Powell, but jest wait er minnit er two so as I kin satisfy myself I ain't nervous."

"I'll wait on you," said Powell.

"Dave picked up the five of spades that happened to be lying face up on the table, stepped over to the wall, about twelve feet away, and pinned the card up about on a level with his shoulder. Then he walked back to the table, drew a six-shooter, and, before anybody realized what was going on, he fired five shots at the card, clipping out one of the spots with each shot, clean and pretty as though you'd done it with a knife. He laid the gun down on the table with just the one load left in it, and said:

"I guess I ain't very nervous. I've got four queens."

Powell looked at him for a second, and then, without giving himself away a bit, he said:

"That's good," And he shoved his four kings into the deck.

Powell left Dawson the next day, and I heard as I was coming back to the States in July that he was killed in a game at Skaguay.

At a recent examination before the medical board of Louisiana, Dr. Emma Wakefield, a young negress, passed a successful examination. She is the first woman in Louisiana to study medicine, and the first negress in America to receive a medical diploma.

German university students have increased in number from about 10,000 twenty-five years ago to 32,241 last year. The increase is out of proportion to the population.

Constructing the Skaguay Railroad

PRACTICE WORK OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA TEAM

Photos by B. Y. Morris and J. H. Bratt

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT OF NEW YORK

GOVERNOR STANLEY OF KANSAS

GOVERNOR LIND OF MINNESOTA

GOVERNOR GAGE OF CALIFORNIA

GOVERNOR WOLCOTT OF MASSACHUSETTS

GOVERNOR THOMAS OF COLORADO

GOVERNOR MCMILLIN OF TENNESSEE

SOME OF THE NEWLY-ELECTED GOVERNORS

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
ABSOLUTELY PURE
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

LONDON

London, Nov. 9th.—Rarely has any dramatic performance received such an amount of press notice before production as has heeu accorded to Sidney Grundy's "The Three Musketeers." Written, or rather founded, on the novel by Alexander Dumas, the play follows, to a certain extent, the lines of Mr. Hamilton's version, with which all theatre-goers are familiar. In Grundy's adaptation there is more dramatic unity, more attention to minor detail, but one misses the swing of the familiar play. D'Artagnan disappoints and does not in any way resemble Dumas' character. He is a cold-hearted hero, who loves adventure for its own sake, hut has no sentiment to add the needful cachet to his exploits. The scenic effects were great—a succession of brilliant tableaux, each more magnificent than its predecessor. The play will he most interesting to Americans when they learn of Mrs. Brown Potter's success in it. For the first time this actress has really won laurels on the English stage. She hore off all the honors of the evening, carried her enemies off their feet and surprised her friends. "Miladi" was seductive, enchanting and dressed to a nicety. Mr. Tree was as usual. I am not one of his enthusiastic admirers, for his acting lacks spontaneity and his D'Artagnan was too much controlled, too quietly gentlemanly, if one he permitted to use that expression. But no one can dress a part like Tree does, he seems actually to become his man. He was the embodiment of D'Artagnan, appeared to have his taste in color, in adventurous get-up and was the personification of a romantic hero, as far as his outer mau was concerned.

The theaters are now in full swing. "The Manoeuvres of Jane," Henry Arthur Jones' new play, is being given at the Haymarket Theatre, and Forbes Robertson is giving Maeterlinck's "Pelleas and Melisande" at the Lyceum. There are concerts, too, some of a rare degree of merit, others too tiresome to even cause adverse criticism. There is a stage beyond criticism, is there not?

Outside of theatricals, the race meetings have heen more than usually interesting, and all the smart set is endeavoring to spoil our little Tod Sloan. After one of the recent meetings, when he had acquitted himself with more than usual skill, as the jockey was returning to the weighing-room, Lady Devonshire, Lady William Beresford, Lady Randolph Churchill, Lady Curzon and the Countess of Dudley shook him warmly by the hand and congratulated him. One of the men present at the scene told me afterwards that Sloan's manner of receiving their attentions was admirable. He appeared to suffer them to pet him much in the manner that a good-natured big dog permits a small child to tease him, looked hored, though courteous, and extricated himself from the admiring group as quickly as politeness would permit. It is a good thing for the little jockey that he is indifferent to all matters outside of his business, for he has certainly been made a tremendous lot of by the smart racing set. There is only one English jockey who makes any ruuning against Sloan and that is Tommy Soates. In every race where Soates or Sloan rode, when it came to a close fight, Soates came in ahead. During Sloan's stay in England of five weeks, he had eighty-eight mounts and was thirty-nine times successful. In these times he rode some very inferior horses and won against the first favorites.

Bnt to return to the Newmarket race meeting. The weather was exquisite—fine, warm and pleasant. All the ladies wore their latest autumn gowns. The Duchess of Devonshire was in purple (which seems to have become a reigning favorite in fall colors). The dress was effectively made and trimmed in steel. Her cape was of the same material, and her hat of black velvet covered in violets. Her daughters, Lady Gosford and Lady Alice Stanley, were sweetly dressed, more especially the latter, who wore a rose-colored cloak—not the pink rose color, but rather on the terra cotta order. Her hat was exceedingly gay, a combination of purple and rose color. Princess Adolphus of Teck was in pale pearl gray trimmed with white and a toque bedecked with violets. Lady Westmoreland looked very lovely in black, with a toque of sable fur with a touch of chiffon in it—a curious combination, but very chic and Frenchy. Lady Hesketh wore a red jacket trimmed in black and faced with white. It had the very smart new paste buttons.

The Duchess of Marlborough is having a glass portrait painted by Alma Tadema. It is to he a magnificent affair and will be placed in Blenheim Palace. The costume she wears is that in which, after her marriage, she was presented at court. Her jewels are really splendid, so the portrait ought to be a success. I believe Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, the mother of the Duchess, has a similar window in her New York house.

There is a great deal of satisfaction in military circles over the rather unusual honor conferred by Queen Victoria on Sir Herbert Kitchener. You know she has invited him to visit her at Balmoral. This is unprecedented, for never before has the Queen received a victorious general at her Highland palace. Visits of state are, as a rule, reserved for Windsor Castle. Those on the inside say that Her Majesty wished to call especial attention of the world at large how much importance she attaches to Lord Salisbury's policy.

Lord Roseherry continues to hask in royal favor, and quite recently the Empress Frederick paid him a visit at Dalmeny, his Scottish seat. The Queen has informed him that she will probably visit him if she ever again stays at a non-royal residence.

There are three engagements to chronicle of more or less interest. The more importaut is that of Sir Charles Tennant, the millionaire widower, and Miss Miles. Sir Charles Tenuant is generally known as the father of his daughters, who are exceptionally brilliant women. Mrs. Asquith, who was well kuown before her marriage as Miss Margot Tennant, and was said to be the original of "Dodo." Then Mrs. Stanley, wife of the explorer, and Lady Ribhlesdale, well known in the ultra-smart London set. The Glen, Sir Charles Tennant's Scotch place, is one of the finest mansions in Great Britain. It was built by the father of the present owner, and is a very imposing structure, with rooms for an infinite number of guests. The Tennant's have always kept open house at The Glen, and prior to Mrs. Asquith's marriage all the wits and celebrities might he found there constantly. The late Lady Tennant was a great invalid and died two years ago. Last season Sir Charles Tennant gave a big hall in his London house in honor of the debut of his granddaughter, Miss Lister. Miss Miles is a young woman still in the early twenties.

The other matrimonial alliance is that of Mr. Charles Lane Fox and Lady Edith Douglas. Lady Edith is one of the very hrilliant young society women and enjoys quite a reputation. She is elso quite a beauty.

The third is the proposed union of Mr. Randolph Wemyss and Lady Eva Wellesley. Mr. Wemyss is a great-grandson of William IV., his grandmother being Lady Augusta Fitzclarence, fourth daughter of the King and the actress, Mrs. Jordan. He has a very pretty place in Fife, on which his father and mother spent large sums of money. Mr. Wemyss is a grass widower, for his first wife, Lady Lilian Paulet, daughter of the late Lord Winchester, divorced him last summer. Lady Eva Wellesley is the only daughter of the late Lord Cowley and a niece of the Duchess of Wellington. Her brother, the present Lord Cowley, has also had an interesting experience in the divorce courts about a year ago, when his wife, one of the twin daughters of Lord Abergavenny, divorced him.

You see, divorces are not unknown among the British aristocracy, and although they are not such public affairs and so generally written up as matrimonial infelicities appear to be, they are by no means so uncommon as the middle-class Englishman would wish us to believe.

There is a rumor that may change the course of events in Spanish history in the prospective marriage of the Princess of the Asturias, elder sister of the King of Spain, and Grand Duke Paul of Russia—the widower son-in-law of the King of Greece. The Grand Duke has two young children. The marriage might lead to very interesting complications, for should Alfonso XIII die, his sister would immediately become Queen of Spain under the title of Mercedes I. For many years the most intimate friends of the Queen Regent have been the Grand Duke Vladimir and his children, and it was one time rumored that one of the Spanish Infantas was engaged to his son, Prince Cyril.

The motor carriage, which has enjoyed so great a vogue among the more rapid society women in France, is now becoming the correct thing in London. Lady Warwick, who is always one of the pioneers of the new movements, has a motor phaeton, which she prefers to any other mode of conveyance. Mr. and Lady Catherine Somerset, accompanied by Lady Alix Beauclerk, have just returned from a motor tour on the continent and express the greatest amount of enthusiasm of this mode of progression. The Duchess D'Uzes and "Gyp" are the foremost adherents of the motors in Paris.

KATRIONA.

Pears'
What a luxury Pears' soap is!
The cheapest soap in all the world besides.

During the next few weeks, while our store is being remodeled, we will offer the greatest bargains in pianos and musical merchandise. Call and get our prices. The Zeno Mauvais Music Co., 769 Market street.

PARIS

Paris, November 16th.—In spite of the fact that Paris is supposed to be under martial law, a sojourner here would never dream that internal complications were agitating the city or that a revolution was even a remote possihility. After reading the wildly-sensational stories in the English papers of the disorder and free fights that are supposed to be *en regle* in Paris, I could not help wondering at my own stupidity or the marvelous imagination of the modern journalist. Of course dissension and the god of misrule should prevail here, and were France a South American Republic, I have no doubt they would. The position of affairs is undoubtedly serious, but were the issue of even greater moment, I don't believe a revolution would follow. Few French people have forgotten the disasters that hefell their last change of government, and they are not hankering after further experiences.

General Boisdeffre, the greatest enemy of Dreyfus and the erstwhile upholder of the "honor of the army," was not considered a hard worker by his fellow officers. It is said by several of the habitues of the Ministry of War that five minutes after entering his office he would leave it by another door. He never allowed anyone to bother him, and the details of war husiness were all left to underlings. "Don't disturb the chief" used to be the password among them. However, his career is over, unlesss there be a revolution.

I suppose there is hardly a man about whom so mauy contradictory stories are told as apropos of M. Felix Faure. To some he is a charuing fellow—an agreeable man—chatty, amusing, unpretentious, and in every way thoroughly likeable; others find him a toady and tuft-hunter, always aping the manners of his betters, and trying to be what he is not. In Havre, especially among the merchants, he is a general favorite, and they pay him a thousand small attentions whenever an opportunity offers. This *entente cordiale* has, however, another side, as the President of France has found to his cost. I remember hearing, not so very long ago, of a little trouble between the sons of some of the prominent merchants there and the municipal officers. It appears that the young men attempted to smuggle some alcohol into the town and were arrested. The matter was to have been brought before the courts when the father of one of the young miscreants, a wealthy manufacturer, fearing the consequences, determined to ask the President's aid. He hastened to Paris and saw M. Felix Faure. "Delighted to see you, my dear fellow," said the President, "what good wind has blown you here?" The manufacturer related the escapade of his son and his friends and M. Faure looked rather troubled. Presently, however, he said: "Never mind, old fellow! Boys will be hoys—after all it was only a peccadillo. I can readily arrange it, but you must hand me over 5,000 fr. for my charities."

Mme. Faure is a pleasant, unassuming woman and her receptions are well worth attending. Of course the best French world withdraws the light of its countenance from the Elysee, but all the interesting foreigners and notabilities are on the best of terms with M. Faure and his family. Indeed, the Russian aristocracy is very intimate there, and both Mme. and Mlle. Lucie Faure make hospitable and courteous hostesses. Mlle. Lucie speaks English perfectly and is an unusually attractive youug woman.

A rather amusing incident is told of the President's visit to St. Petersburg. It appears that the Cathedral of Sts. Peter and Paul there has a marvellous repeating echo which is especially prouounced in the subteranean crpyts in which the holy relics are stored. The approaches to the crypts are rather draughty, and M. Faure has a tendancy to neuralgia. As the dignitaries in attendance on M. Faure and the Czar were ushering their illustrous guests into the holy vaults, M. Faure's voice was heard in the half darkness to this effect:

"Mollard."

Immediately from each of the countless corners resounded in dim or distinct notes echoing and re-echoing, "Mollard, Mollard, Mo-oll-ard."

M. Mollard was amazed. The Russian clergy were scandalized, the laymen astounded, but the end was not yet. Again the President's voice droned out:

"My hat."

And the mocking echoes repeated the words. The hat was brought, the President put it on and with head covered made his obeisance to the sacred relics of the Imperial Church of Russia. M. Faure is not altogether a *persona grata* in the Russian capital, for the Czar has some feeling on the subject of manners, though the good heart of the French President is thoroughly appreciated.

Everybody knows that between the Faures and Madame Carnot the relations were decidedly strained, and Madame Faure's indisposition on the morning of the requiem mass for Madame Caruot may have been more significant than appears on the surface. What a fine personage was this Madame Carnot! A friend of mine, who was on visiting terms with the widow of the murdered President, has told me much of her fine qualities. Besides being a woman of the highest intelligence, she was a fine housewife and a true bourgeois of modern France—thought once for to-day, but twice for to-morrow. She never pretended to know aught of the fine arts and affected a great disdain for artists and literary men.. This friend said one time when he was calling upon her she said:

"Would you like to see my collection?"

"Your collection of what—not of pictures, surely?"

"No, indeed," replied Mme. Carnot; "something of far more value."

She then brought out a large album, in which were all the commercial, Government and industrial scrip which she and her husband had bought in the last five and twenty years. There were shares of the *Gaulois*, the *Siecle*, the *Sutransient*, the *Croix* and the *Petit Journal*. A curious collection, was it not?

A Paris letter would not be a success without some hint of fashions, and whether the Government comes or goes, or the country hovers on the brink of war, to the Parisian woman the fashions are more important than all else. The tailor dresses are no longer simple, and the up-to-date, so-called tailor-built gowu is quite as elaborate in its detail as the most extravagant calling toilette. The latest craze is the glass hutton, and I have seen an almost endless variety—some exceptionally pretty in Bohemian glass, the others of crystal arabesqued in thin gold lines. When intended to be worn with hlue serges and heavy cloths, a simpler design is in better taste, for instance, white glass with a broad blue hand. Crystal huttons similating large gems are also much worn, but are apt to cheapen a frock. Perhaps the prettiest of all the dress "furbishers" are the diamonds or all-paste ornaments, which can be utilized in every imaginable fashion, either on a butterfly bow on the shoulder, or fastening the front of a low-cut corsage.

The prettiest of the late season's wraps is the shawl cape kind. One I saw in a recent trousseau was of white satin lined in thin black or white silk and trimmed with alternate rows of cream chiffon and old lace. The ruffle at the throat was composed of one of the long lace scarfs now so much worn, and finished in a bow, the ends of which fell slightly below the waist.

The present troubles in Paris are seriously affecting the hotel husiness, for numberless Europeans, who were in Italy during the bread riots last spring, have a wholesome horror of a repetition of what they saw there during the reign of martial law. In England, too, a friend wrote me, numbers of the usual visitors have been discouraged by the fearful reports they have heard about the lawlessness that pervades our city. And here we are with the bright sun shining, no troubles save discussion, of course, about the Fashoda and Dreyfus affairs.

BABETTE.

Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist. 806 Market Street

If you have any doubt as to what whiskey you should drink try...
Keystone Monogram
There is no doubt about the purity, age and mellow flavor of this popular brand.
Pacific Coast Agents
SHERWOOD & SHERWOOD
SAN FRANCISCO
PORTLAND LOS ANGELES

Clothing, curtains, blankets, etc., cleaned or dyed. Pacific Cleaning and Dyeing Works, 353-357 Tehama street. Telephohe South 40. J. Spaulding & Co.

Poodle Dog Restaurant, southeast corner of Grant avenue and Bush street. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone 429. Blarco & Bruno, proprietors.

GERMEA
The Ideal Breakfast Dish

Bartholomay
BREWERY CO. ROCHESTER, N.Y.
The Knickerbocker
is universally acknowledged the Finest Beer produced in this country.
WILLIAM WOLFF & CO.
Pacific Coast Agents San Francisco

The Secret

of always having beautiful Silverware is in the use of proper material for cleaning. Even the most incompetent person has the secret when using

SILVER **ELECTRO-SILICON** POLISH

Nearly a million housewives—constant users—know this secret. Great brilliancy, easily and quickly obtained, **without wearing or scratching.** That's the secret, and it is found only in ELECTRO-SILICON.

Your grocer has it.
Box, post-paid, 15 cts. in stamps.
Trial quantity for the asking.

The Electro Silicon Co., 30 Cliff Street, New York.

BABBLINGS OF A BELLE

Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

We are all on the *qui vive* over the great football game, Diary dear, and I have my usual number of pairs of gloves, etc., on the outcome. On Monday I went over to Berkeley to see the last practice, or dress rehearsal, as I call it. The men played a very strong game and seemed in much better form than last year. Still, one never knows what Thanksgiving Day will bring forth, and I frequently think the Stanford boys allow themselves to be beaten early in the season in order to make their triumph more complete. Still, it seems as if we must win this year. I say we, for Arthur was in the Freshman eleven before he went to Harvard, and there he played fullback in the big team and made an excellent record.

This week has been quite a busy one; for little Miss Cricket has had an unusual number of irons in the fire. On Saturday I took in all the teas early and finished up by helping Olive Holbrook receive.. First I went to the Wilsons, to a very smart little affair, and I must say I was well pleased with both house and hostess. Marie Wilson, who assisted her mother, looked ever so well, and was prettily gowned in white. I then boarded the Jackson-street car and went to the Spinners' farewell tea, given in honor of Mrs. Sleeth. Mrs. C. P. Robinson lent her home—the old Selden Wright house—for the occasion, and we had an awfully good time. All the Spinners, or, at least, a number of them, received, and wore exceedingly stunning-looking gowns. Sara Dean, the president, was in a lovely white dress, trimmed in lace, and Mrs. Sleeth wore mauve and black. Mrs. Frank Powers, the vice-president, wore a very effective white cloth gown. The rooms were decorated in greens and white chrysanthemums, the club colors, and were very artistic. About two hundred and fifty people were there. Then home, a lightning change of costume, and to Olive Holbrook's.

On Sunday, in the morning, I drove out to the Presidio and, by an excellent chance, ran across Lieutenant Harris, who is my latest. He is particularly fascinating, and, for one who may be called a man of the world, singularly simple in his tastes. I took an especial fancy to him on account of the attention he always pays the unmoneyed girls and his seeming indifference to my position as an heiress. You know usually I find that it gives me a certain cachet, but with Mr. Harris I might just as well have been "Miss Nobody from Nowhere." He is a Southerner of excellent family and F. F. something, and has a delicious little "brogue." Speaking of the word "brogue," reminds me of our Irish cook, who is quite a character in her way. The other day I went into the kitchen to make mince meat for Thanksgiving, and her ladyship began discussing Chinese and Japanese. "Quare, isn't it, that these haythins can never talk like Christian people, but always have their own brogue—thim Chinymin and Japs are all the same. Shure I can't understhand thim." I told her that Japs spoke French very well and she said: "Well, I've always heard Frinch was a haythin langwidge, and now I'm shure of it!" But imagine a Japanese with a *brogue!*

The Holbrook tea was a crush! Such a pack of people—the whole world was there with its wives, daughters and occasional brother or lover. The house was massed in gorgeous chrysanthemums—such flowers I simply went wild over. Olive looked ever so sweet in white taffeta silk covered in mousselaine de soie spangled with silver. Her sister, Mrs. Knight, was in gray, a very handsome gown, trimmed in white. Helen Hopkins looked brilliantly handsome in pink silk, stunningly made, and with a gorgeous pearl and diamond necklace. I did not think Edna Hopkins so pretty as usual, whether it was her gown or what, she was not in it with Helen, and, as a rule, I think her the prettier of the two girls—she wore white. Josie Loughborough wore her coming-out dress, of dotted tulle, and looked exceedingly well. Susie Blanding was in a very pretty frock of white crepe. To me, however, Therese Morgan was the belle of the affair, and she never looked better than on Saturday. Her gown was of a La France shade of pink, charmingly made, and veiled in white chiffon with lace insertion.

Of those who did not receive, I thought Lucy Jackson unusually smart in a dark blue tailor-built suit and large picture hat. But the dinner! May a belle be permitted to wax eloqueut about a dinner? Yes, surely, in her second season. There were two tables decorated in carnations and little fairy lamps placed everywhere. Oh, it was so pretty! Harry Holbrook and Harry Stetson each begged to be allowed to take me in, but as they had been forestalled by my dear Nat Wilson, I went in with him. He told me all about the coroner josh. It appears some of the fellows at the Miramonte Club got it up. It was awfully well done, and I, for one, prize the cute little photo on the card.

All, or nearly all, of the girls are very much interested in the Doll Show, and I am dressing three. One is to be Nell Gwynne, another Queen Victoria at the present time—such a quaint doll. I have some lovely rich silk, and intend dressing it in court costume. I hope I shall win a prize. Another will be Joan of Arc. Aunt Sybil sent East for some of the materials. The show is to be much better than last year. We girls are so much interested and want to help Jennie Blair make it a startling success.

By the way, the cards are out for the Cinderellas, and I am going to the first dance, which takes place on Wednesday, the 30th. Oh, I met Ed Pringle at the last Fortnightly, and he told me Nina was to leave on Saturday evening for Honolulu on a sailing vessel. Won't she have a capital time! Hess is also away in the East, so Mrs. Pringle has to make daughters of some of the boys.

We were so disappointed about Gertie Carroll's theater party, which had to be indefinitely postponed owing to the death of her uncle, Mr. Murphy of San Jose. That means that Mr and Mrs. Whittier and the Carrolls can only entertain in an informal fashion this winter. I am sorry, for they had promised us some very smart parties, and I am quite disgusted at the thonght of their failure to materialize.

I believe it pays better to be one of a small garland of buds than a market bouquet, for none of us last winter were the recipients of so many entertainments as Olive Holbrook. Nearly every night she has had some little affair given in her honor and some genuine functions. Of the latter, I think Therese Morgan's dinner was noteworthy. It was tremendously smart; all the crowd was there and we had an immense time. The big round table was decorated in autumn leaves, varying in color from deep red to the palest shades of yellow. These were trailed over the cloth, and snuggling in among them luscious-looking pomegranates, some cut open, others attached to the branches. The candelabra and electric lights were hidden beneath shades of the leaves. Therese Morgan was daintily gowned in pink and Olive Holbrook wore a stunning costume of pinkish lavendar silk and chiffon. Of the others were Josie Loughborough, Lillie Follis, the Hopkins, Crocketts, Taylors, Mr. Walter Dean and Dr. Herbert Carolan. There were twenty in all. Then Mrs. Hopkins is to give a big dinner to Olive next Tuesday, and Caro Crockett a luncheon on Thursday.

Now, Diary, my dear, I must go, as I have to be fresh for the great game to morrow. I am going also to the launching of the Wisconsin on Saturday. Adieu. Your most loving. MISS CRICKET.

* *

The Colonial Tea for the benefit of the California Girls' Training Home, which is to be given at the Colonial Hotel on Thursday afternoon and evening, promises to be one of the most successful of charitable entertainments. The object of the benefit is to liquidate the present indebtedness of the home and to make several important improvements at that worthy institution. There will be a continuous musical programme, participated in by the Fourth Cavalry band, the Berkeley Glee Club, Miss Elizabeth Lee Wall, Mr. Frank Coffin, Miss Lou Snyder, Mme. de Seminario, Mr Robert Bean and others. The tea-room and booths will be elaborately decorated in Chinese fashion, and the tea will be served by Chinese girls from the Missions. The reception committee are: Mrs. Geo Fitch, Mrs. Alexander Sharp, Mrs. W. Y. Gunn, Mrs. W. B Cave, Mrs. B. D. Spafford, Mrs. D. E. Martens, Mrs. R G Sanborne, Mrs. S. B Johnson, Mrs M R. Higgins, Mrs. John P. Young Mrs. M. M. Holden and Mrs. Charles D. R Rhodes

* *

The marriage of Louise Norris Crocker, daughter of Helen A. Crocker and the late John H. Crocker, to Mr. De Witt Halsey Gray, son of John D. Gray of Fresno, took place on November 16th, at the residence of the bride's mother, 780 Clayton street.

* *

Oakland keeps up a steady stream of gaiety and thus far the social horizon teems with events of interest. There are not so many cliques in Oakland, consequently the young people are more generally entertained than is the case on the other side of the bay. Very few engaged maidens have been so generally entertained as Miss Abbie Clift, and if parties be an evidence of popularity, she must certainly take a place among the medal winners. The most recent fete in her honor was the dinner given by Miss Harriet Kittredge on Tuesday last. It was a red and green affair. Jacqueminot roses and maidenhair ferns were used. The dinner was charmingly appropriate for an ante-nuptial event—a heart of gorgeous red roses formed the centre piece. There were about fourteen guests, among them Miss Abbie Clift and Mr. Irving Lundborg, Miss Grace Gorrill and Mr. Oscar Gowing. The favors, instead of being the conventional old shoes, were horseshoes of flowers for the men and for the maids love knots of roses. The Clift wedding is to take place early next month. Miss Kittredge will be among the bridesmaids.

Among the teas of the week, those of interest were the Japanese afternoon of Mrs J. J. Valentine and the "at home" of Mrs. John Gilcrest. The Valentine afternoon was especially well arranged, and both in decoration and refreshments was more than usually interesting. The house was hung in Japanese lanterns and umbrellas and the refreshments served in true Oriental fashion. The curios collected in the "Land of the Chrysanthemum" by Mr. and Mrs. Valentine during their recent visit were on exhibition.

A marriage has been arranged between Miss Anna Cunningham, of East Oakland, and Mr. Morris Akerly, son of the late Rev. Benjamin Akerly. The ceremony is to be celebrated in Portland next week. Mr. and Mrs. Akerly are to live in Missoula, Montana.

The last meeting of the Saturday Fortnightly took place at Reed's Hall on the evening of the 19th inst. Miss Marietta Havens and Mr. Will Smith led the german. Of the figures, which were ably manœuvred, were on the marching order and the figure "L." Of the girls who looked especially well were Miss Florence Sharon, Miss Jean Hush and Miss Havens.

Fame.

In his breast was the strong desire to rise;
He craved the praise of men. He had a soul
That rebelled against dull narrowness. He strove
To have his name writ on the shining scroll
That Fame holds in her jewelled hands. He wrought
With might and main to leave some record, when
Pale Death should come to claim him, which would show
That he had lived and been a leader among men.

Joy bubbles in his breast to-day He holds
His head poised as a king's when some old foe
Kneels suing for the peace that erst he swore
Might never be. His name, unknown a week ago,
Has been in print. Among the seven columns of
Vice-Presidents and Secretaries who were billed to help preside
At last night's great political blow out
His name appeared! His mark is made—his soul is gratified!

—*Cleveland Leader.*

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

☞Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

One of the most attractive photographic studios in the city is the Adams Studio, recently opened at 850 Market street. There is no doubt that the handsome apartments of this studio will be sought by that portion of the public which desires fine, high-class art work in photography. The Adams Studio occupies the first story of the building at the northeast corner of Market and Stockton streets. The floor has been entirely remodeled, creating one of the most attractive studios in the city. The proprietors have put in instruments, appliances, backgrounds and accessories of the best that money can buy. In fact, all that experience could suggest and money obtain has been secured in order to make the studio complete. All sittings will receive the personal attention of Mr. Fred Adams, a gentleman whose work has become favorably known through his connection with Guerin of St. Louis, the Schumacher and Steckle studios of Los Angeles, and more recently as operator of the Boye & Habernicht gallery of this city.

Dr. G. A. Danziger, Dentist, 22 Geary street

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

IMPORTANT!

GREAT NOVELTIES

—IN—

French Drapery
Lace Curtains
Artistic Furniture

In French, Italian and Colonial Styles

Special Designs.

Estimates for Interior Decoration Furnished Free. Get our figures before entrusting your orders with other concerns.

THE P. ROSSI CO.

117 Sutter Street

Bet. Kearny and Montgomery, San Francisco

Best for the Skin!

California Cream of Lemon is the best toilet preparation in the world because it is absolutely free from chemicals, fatty matter or potash. It is made entirely from the soluble substance of the whole lemon. There are other toilet preparations into which the lemon enters, but they are "improved" by the introduction of foreign substances which detract from the natural qualities of the fruit and are more or less injurious to the skin. Nature does these things better than man. **California Cream of Lemon** is a natural skin-healer, builder and beautifier. It is both a preventive and a cure for all skin diseases and blemishes.

It retails at 15 cents. Ask your druggist for it. If he will not supply you send 20 cents and we will send a three-ounce collapsible tube of Cream of Lemon prepaid to any address in the United States.

CALIFORNIA CREAM OF LEMON CO., Inc.
San Diego, Cal

☞Most druggists sell it—all druggists should

Mechanics Pavilion!

THE NOVELTY OF THE CENTURY.....

Grand Charity Bazaar

AND

California Musical Contest

During the Entire Month of December

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE

Charity Institutions and Orphan Asylums of San Francisco

Doors open from 8 a. m. to 12 p. m. daily, excepting Sundays.

Goods of every description can be bought at the Pavilion at city prices.

Moët & Chandon

White Seal (Grande Cuvee) is unsurpassed in quality, dryness and flavor.—*New York Times.*

STARK'S QUINTETTE CLUB

Is open for afternoon musicales, teas, receptions, weddings, etc.

Address HERR P. STARK,
Baldwin Hotel.

A SHEEP-DOG HERO

A Charming Story of Shepherds and Dogs by a New Writer.

Among the pleasures of the critic surely the highest is the opportunity of enlightening his readers as to the promise of a new writer, or the appearance of a good book. There is given us to digest each month a vast amount of printed matter in the form of magazines, biography, fiction, and other forms of literary endeavor. Much of it is teutative, more worthless—in some instances mere space-filling; in others indifferent performance. In this one there are stringers of pure gold, at intervals pockets of it, and when he comes upon one of these the heart of the critic, if he still have one, rejoices within him. Nowadays, such is the enthusiasm and competition among the magazine editors, late work of the best men is first found in the monthlies. Each has a staff of readers watching for new writers, and when a promising manuscript appears, a place is given the author at once, and he is commanded to produce. The first intimation there is of the presence of a new star in the firmament, is his name in the contents-table of his discoverer's magazine, and later, if proper comment is excited, lo! he is out in book form. If immediate recognition is accorded him, then the judgment of the editors is ratified and there is conferred on them the dear halo of discovery.

The finds of the year have not been so numerous as to obscure the distinction of Arthur Ollivant's debut. Though a fairly industrious reviewer of the literary output, his identity is unfamiliar to the writer. Yet the author of *Bob, Son of Battles* (Doubleday & McClure Co.), is no tyro As the introduction states, a vein of new material is exposed, but that merit is overshadowed by the manner of its development. There is a distinct ability to characterize sentiment, and a style imbued with and subordinate to subject-matter. As the story unravels one is inevitably struck with the reality of the men and dogs who figure as its *dramatis personæ*, and then with the sympathy their vicissitudes invariably excite in you. Being a hardened novel-reader, no ordinary appeal stirs a throb in your calloused breast, so the impression which Mrs. Moore's death produces is rather a surprise. Read it again to see how it is done and you realize that it touches you because of the sincerity of its simple pathos. No striving after effect here, no melancholy analysis, nor laborious grief. A similar feeling is aroused by the scene in which Adam M'Adam recalls the death of his wife, and determines hereafter to treat his Danie more tenderly. It is rarely human and tender, without a shadow or a touch of affectation. Indeed, a story of which the hero is a sheep dog, and the villain another, and the men, all but Adam, are secondary to the canines, must be compounded with genius to be acceptable to the average critic.

But what a hero "Owd Bob" is—so true, so faithful, so gentle. Not even Ouida would dare draw a man with such nobility and virtue. Yet in "Owd Bob" they arouse no thought of dissent. What a fine contrast is Red Wull—strong, too, and fierce and unrelenting—the terror of the district. The creation of two such dog characters is an achievement, even if there were no Adam M'Adam, with his rasping tongue and gentle heart, or James Moore and his daughter Maggie, or Tammas, to balance canine with humau nature. The scene of all these lives is the lonely Daleland country in the north of England—lovely and fresh in springtime and summer, but fiercely cold in winter—a region devoted to sheep and herding, in which the talk is of Essex wethers and their ways, and of dogs in all their variety. Every man has his collie, and the event of their year is the Dale Trial, in which the sheep dogs are pitted against one another for the shepherd's trophy. The very reality of the environment is set forth in the narrative, so one enters into its temper and feeling with a vividness unique since the *Window in Thrums*.

However, to pass on to the *dramatis personæ*, here is Owd Bob of Kenmuir, the hero:

"Trotting soberly at the heels of James Moore, with the gravest, saddest eyes you ever saw, a sheep-dog puppy, a rare dark gray he was, with his long coat dashed here and there with lighter touches, like a stormy sea moonlit. Upon his chest an escutcheon of purest white, and the dome of his head showed, as it were, with a sprinkling of snow. Perfectly compact utterly lithe, inimitably graceful, with his airy-fairy action; a gentleman every inch, you could not help but stare at him. 'A proper gray dog,' mused Tammas, gazing into the dark face. 'Small, yet big; light to get about on hocks o' his sheep, yet not too light, wi' a coat hard on top to keep out Daleland weather, soft as sealskin beneath, and wi' them sorrerful eyes on him as niver goes but wi' a good un.'"

Bob, Son of Battle is full of quotable passages. For instance, Adam M'Adam's purchase of Red Wull—an inimitable hit of life—the final capture of the shepherd's trophy, the fight at the bridge, the discovery of the sheep-killer, and the killing of Red Wull. These are fine passages, with something of genius in them, though not one is half as good as the book itself. There is the passage, however, that describes the death of Mrs. Moore:

It was but a week later, in the very heart of the bitter time, that there came a day when, from gray dawn to grayer eve, neither James Moore nor Owd Bob stirred out into the wintry white. And the Master's face was hard and set as it always was in time of trouble.

Outside, the wind screamed down the Dale; while the snow fell relentlessly; softly fingering the windows, blocking the doors, and piling deep against the walls. Inside the house there was a strange quiet; no sound save for hushed voices, and upstairs the shuffling of muffled feet.

Below, all day long, Owd Bob patrolled the passage like some silent, gray spectre.

Once there came a low knocking at the door; and David, his face and hair and cap smothered in the all-pervading white, came in with an eddy of snow. He patted Owd Bob, and moved on tiptoe into the kitchen. To him came Maggie softly, shoes in hand, with white, frightened face. The two whispered anxiously awhile like brother and sister as they were; then the boy crept quietly away; only a little pool of water on the floor and wet, treacherous foot-dabs toward the door, testifying to the visitor.

Toward evening the wind died down, but the mourning flakes still fell.

With the darkening of night Owd Bob retreated to the porch and lay down on his blanket. The light from the lamp at the head of the stairs shone through the crack of open door on his dark head and the eyes that never slept.

The hours passed, and the gray knight still kept his vigil. Alone in the darkness—alone, it almost seemed, in the house—he watched. His head lay motionless along his paws, but the steady gray eyes never flinched or dropped.

Time tramped on on leaden foot, and still he waited; and ever the pain of hovering anxiety was stamped deeper in the gray eyes.

At length it grew past bearing; the hollow stillness of the house overcame him. He rose, pushed opened the door, and softly pattered across the passage.

At the foot of the stairs he halted, his forepaws on the first step, his grave face and pleading eyes uplifted, as though he were praying. The dim light fell on the raised head; and the white escutcheon on his breast shone out like the snow on Salmon.

At length, with a sound like a sob, he dropped to the ground, and stood listening, his tail dropping and head raised. Then he turned and began softly pacing up and down, like some velvet-footed sentinel at the gate of death.

Up and down, up and down, softly as the falling snow, for a weary, weary while.

Again he stopped and stood, listening intently, at the foot of the stairs; and his gray coat quivered as though there were a draught.

Of a sudden, the deathly stillness of the house was broken. Upstairs, feet were running hurriedly. There was a cry, and again silence.

A life was coming; a life was going out.

The minutes passed; hours passed; and, at the sunless dawn, a life passed.

And all through that night of age-long agony the gray figure stood, still as a statue, at the foot of the stairs. Only, when, with the first chill breath of the morning, a dry, quick-quenched sob of a strong man sorrowing for the helpmeet of a score of years, and a tiny cry of a new-born child wailing because its mother was not, came down to his ears, the Gray Watchman dropped his head upon his bosom, and, with a little whimpering note, crept back to his blanket.

A little later the door above opened, and James Moore tramped down the stairs. He looked taller and gaunter than his wont, but there was no trace of emotion on his face.

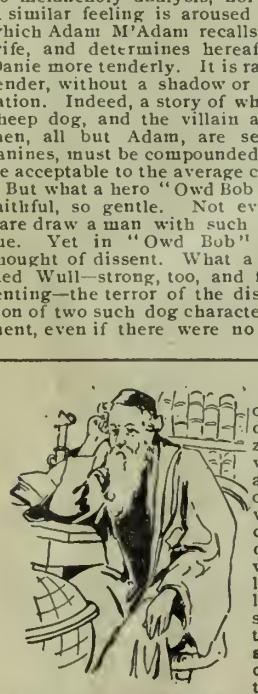
At the foot of the stairs Owd Bob stole out to meet him. He came crouching up, head and tail down, in a manner no man ever saw before or since. At his masters's feet he stopped and whined pitifully.

Then, for one short moment, James Moore's whole face quivered.

"Well, lad," he said, quite low, and his voice broke, "she's awa'!"

That was all; for they were an undemonstrative couple.

Then they turned and went out together into the bleak morning. C.



The mystery of life and death has puzzled many a wise man. The alchemists of old searched in vain for some combination of drugs that would prolong life indefinitely. Common sense, chemistry and medical science have combined in this age to show man the way to a long and healthy life.

Common sense teaches that a man should not over work or over-worry; that he should take ample time for his meals, for resting and for recreation and sleep; that he should not neglect the little ills of life, because they are the precursors of serious and fatal maladies. Chemistry has enabled men to make combinations of drugs that were impossible in the days of the alchemists. Medical science has taught when, how and why these combinations of drugs should be used. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the most valuable of all health-restoring medicines, and the most effective. Its first work is upon the fountain-head of life—the stomach. A man who has a weak and impaired stomach and who does not properly digest his food will soon find that his blood has become weak and impoverished, and that his whole body is improperly and insufficiently nourished. This medicine makes the stomach strong, facilitates the flow of digestive juices, restores the lost appetite, makes assimilation perfect, invigorates the liver and purifies and enriches the blood. It is the great blood-maker, flesh-builder and nerve tonic. It makes men strong in body, active in mind and cool in judgment.

It does not make flabby fat, but solid, muscular flesh, nerve force and vital energy. All medicine dealers sell it.

J. W. Jordan, Esq., of Corbin, Whitley Co., Ky., writes: "About two and a half years ago I was taken with severe pains in the chest, began to spit up blood, was troubled with night sweats and was so short winded that I could hardly walk half a mile. Tried Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and have improved both in strength and weight."

The medicine dealer who urges some substitute is thinking of the larger profit he'll make and not of your best good.

"A PERFECT FOOD—as Wholesome as it is Delicious."

WALTER BAKER & CO.'S

BREAKFAST COCOA

"Has stood the test of more than 100 years' use among all classes, and for purity and honest worth is unequalled."
—Medical and Surgical Journal.

Costs less than ONE CENT a Cup.
Trade-Mark on Every Package.

WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD.,

TRADE-MARK. Established 1780. DORCHESTER, MASS.

NEW BOOKS

A Glance at "Roden's Corner"—Robert Barr's Medieval Romance.

A rattling story is *Tekla* (F. A. Stokes Co.), with lots of swing and dash and life to it. The Archbishop of Treves makes a fine figure, and there's no denying the picturesque value of the period, which works up admirably. Mayhap the ardent, romantic writer will believe the Emperor spends too long a time in the Castle of Thuron, and for so bold a temperament two years of waiting for a bride as lovely as the Countess seems an unduly protracted trial. Rudolph could not help himself, you think? Undoubtedly it was best under the circumstances that his incognito be preserved, but the allurement of the Lady Tekla must have been a constant provocation, and his patience does her beauty an injustice. Had the Emperor been half the gay spark he figured for in the first chapters, he would have been out of the stronghold long before, and a different denouement, with more adventures, could easily have been arranged.

The ancestral feuds of Treves, Cologne and Magener make a capital background for romance, and I trust Robert Barr will not abandon a field so full of picturesque material. He should study to blend with his narrative or incident something of the skill of characterization which distinguishes the style of Stanley Weyman and Conan Doyle. The Archbishop of Treves is a fine figure, but the author gives us only the shadow of him, and it must also be said that Count Heinrich is in no sense a consistent portrait—a finer, more detailed treatment is essential to produce the effects that give real value to stories of this type.

The author of *Rodin's Corner* (Harper & Brothers) is undoubtedly clever. Though his career is comparatively brief and the roll of his books short, there is no denying that he has a light, sure touch and a pleasant and easy grace at tale telling. Something of the air of W. E. Norris is his in narrative, though his style lacks the distiuction of that elegant novelist's—yet he is witty and has the advantage of a certain conciseness in effects. The final impression, however, is of superficiality. No one in *Rodin's Corner* is of the slightest importance. They are all interesting people to meet and see through the plot, which is sufficiently fanciful for entertainment, but really you retire with but slight knowledge of them. Yet you must admire the manner of their disposition, the neat, adroit way in which they are set before you, the brightness of their talk, the pleasant irony underlying the comment on their social environment. That atmosphere you have, but for characterization and breadth of feeling, ask it not of Henry Seton Merriam.

This author has something of the facility of Crawford without his power. Yet he is concise and Crawford's phrases are as long as a space writer's. Both should study Browning and George Meredith for thought and style. However, the talent they possess, though it is no better than an intellectual facility, will invariably secure them a hearing, which in a better vein might be denied them, and after all it is better to be read than looked at admiringly.

Boxing and Physical Culture.

Professor Walter Watson, for many years boxing instructor of the Olympic Club, will give lessons in boxing and physical culture, privately or in classes. Professor Watson has an international reputation second to none, having taught pugilists of note in London, New York and San Francisco, among whom might be mentioned eleven winners of the amateur championship of England, numerous winners of prizes in the San Francisco Olympic Club, James J. Corbett, and many others. Lessons also given to pupils at their own residences. 417 Ellis street.

Insist Upon Having Your Ticket to New York Boston, or Other Eastern Cities

Read over the Nickel Plate (N. Y. C. & St. L. R. R.), the popular low-rate short line. Quick time, unexcelled accommodations, and no extra fares charged. Jay W. Adams, Pacific Coast Passenger Agent, 37 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes, Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

The Relic.

Gaze on these scars; note here this eye,
Once bright—now dimmed and plastered o'er
With gauze iodoform; I sigh—
A thing of beaut' I am no more.
This curve of lower limb once *svelt*
Pronounced by the artists crit;'
Note well there's many a bruise and welt
That balm and lotion cures—nay, nit.
This hack so straight in days ago
Is humped and bumped quite out of plumb;
My collar bone I now wear low,
My jaw no more will chew the gum.
Alas! no more a mark of grace
I will parade, and yet the game
I won; and you will find my place
And name within the niche of fame.
—*H. S. Keller in New York Sun.*

For health and strength Damiana Bitters

A Special Offer!

TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION

For twenty-five cents The Wave will be sent to any address in the United States, postage paid, for one month, as a trial subscription,

together with a handsome engraving in twelve colors, 18 by 24 inches, entitled "Looking Backward," by G. Costa. Cash and annexed coupon must accompany all orders.

TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION COUPON

The Wave, San Francisco:

Please send The Wave for one month and your engraving "Looking Backward."

Name .....

Address .....

.....

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

Main Office, 510 Montgomery St.
SAN FRANCISCO

Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper Information
Advance Reports on all Contract Work
Telephone Main 1042

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON
Phone Main 5178

Sutter Street Hammam

TURKISH AND RUSSIAN BATHS

415 Sutter Street, between Stockton and Powell

Open Day and Night for Gentlemen
For Ladies, from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO

Capital and Surplus . Six Million Dollars

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON.....Second Assistant Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

CORRESPONDENTS

New York.....{ Messrs. Laidlaw & Co. / The Bank of New York, N. B. A.
Baltimore.....The National Exchange Bank
Boston.....The Tremont National Bank
Chicago.....{ Illinois Trust and Savings Bank / Union National Bank
Philadelphia.....Philadelphia National Bank
St. Louis.....Boatmen's Bank
Virginia City, Nev...Agency of the Bank of California
London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
Paris.....Messrs. De Rothschild Freres
Berlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft
China, Japan and East Indies.....Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China
Australia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California St., S. F.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....$2,135,820 60
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash.....1,000,000 00
Deposits June 30, 1898.....26,486,987 06

OFFICERS

President, B. A. BECKER
First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER
Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN
Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT
Assistant Cashier, WM. HERRMANN
Secretary, GEORGE TOURNY
Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann, Ign. Stein hart, N. Van Bergen, E. Rhote, H. B. Russ, D. N. Walter and N. Ohlandt.
Attorney - W. S. Goodfellow

San Francisco Savings Union

532 CALIFORNIA ST.

Deposits July 1, 1898.....$23,356,130
Paid Up Capital.....1,000,000
Reserve Fund.....182,009
Contingent Fund.....435,515

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

DIRECTORS

George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, George Tasheira, E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate, and Farms and Farming Lands in the country.
Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.
No charge is made for pass book or entrance fee.
Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco

33 POST STREET

Below Kearny Mechanics' Institute Buildin

Guaranteed Capital, $1,000,000
Paid Up Capital, $300,000

JAMES D. PHELAN, President
S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-President
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier
C. B. HOBSON, Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS—James D. Phelan, S. G. Murphy, John A. Hooper, James Moffitt, C. G. Hooker, Frank J. Sullivan, L. P. Drexler, Robt. McElroy, Jos. D. Grant.
Interest paid on deposits.
Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks.
When opening accounts, send signature.

CONNECTICUT

FIRE INS. CO.

OF HARTFORD

Assets. $3,300,000. BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.
COLIN M. BOYD,
Agent for San Francisco
411 California Street

Thuringia Insurance Co.

OF ERFURT, GERMANY

Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248

PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT
204-208 Sansome Street, San Francisco
VOSS, CONRAD & CO,, General Managers

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL Building and Loan Ass'n of California

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and Gen. Manager.
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

FRANKLIN K. LANE G. WHITFIELD LANE

LANE & LANE

Attorneys and Counselors

Removed to
1409-1412-1413 Claus Spreckels Building

Just a Hard Tackle.

"We had worked the ball down to within thirty yards of their goal," he said to a group in an uptown club, "and I saw a touchdown coming our way. I was playing half back, and I had been worked pretty hard. Capt. Blank was at qnarter, and he had sent me around the end a dozen times and twice through the centre. I told him that She was going to see the game, and he knew that I would play as I never played before. When we trotted onto the field I called Blank's attention to her. She was sitting in the front row, wearing our colors in her gown and her hat.

"Every time that I ran with the ball I could see her out of the corner of my eye, and the first time that I was downed hard near the grand stand and the other team piled on top of me, I heard her cry out, but I couldn't tell what it was, because the man who tackled me had his knee in my ear.

"Well, as I was saying, we rolled them down the field by steady play, and when we lined up within thirty yards of their goal with the ball in our hands Blank said it was time to take a brace and score. He told us that we had been loafing, and that he was ashamed of us, just as if we hadn't been playing the best football of the year. He signalled to me that he expected me to take the ball around the left end.

"Now, let me tell you that the experience which followed was novel. The centre snapped the ball back to Capt. Blank, and although I was watching him intently, I saw the other rush line break against ours as if they had struck a stone wall, and I saw a girl in our colors on the grand stand who was so excited that she was standing up. The ball was in the air, and when I found it tucked safely under my arm I was running for all there was in me. As I passed their end he jumped at me and just missed a hold. It seemed to me that the noise on the field had ceased suddenly, though I learned afterward that it was redoubled as soon as I started with the ball. I saw their half back and full back running so that they might tackle me just before I reached their line, and I seemed to have eyes in the back of my head with which I saw their whole rush line at my heels to tackle me from behind.

"All of this, however, was merely an incidental stage setting for a girl in our colors on the grand stand. I wondered who the chap was who was standing beside her, and I feared that her arm might get tired waving the flag which I had sent to her as she came on the grounds. I was dimly conscious of the fact that I was running at full speed in the hope that I might carry their half back and full back across the line with me when I was tackled, and my feet seemed to move of their own volition. My running was due to sub-conscious action at the best, and it bothered me that I was getting so near to the fellows who were hurrying to tackle me, because I knew that when the tackle came I would see nothing of the grand stand.

"Then it occurred to me suddenly that the full back was the man who had been standing beside the girl in my colors on the grand stand and I wondered how he had made such a quick change. If he had jumped from the grand stand to help out the other side I was going to protest. What right had he there? We were not going to play against twelve men. He must have been wearing his football suit under his big ulster and it was not a fair game. Why didn't Blank see him and stop the game? Anyway, he was a fool for leaving a pretty girl and coming down on a wet field to get rolled over in the mud, for that was what I intended to do with him and I was going to do it right then, hard, clear over the line—half back and full back together and the whole team!

"I couldn't understand it. The girl in my colors to whom I had given the flag had struck me on the head with the flag stick. It was not a hard blow, but it hurt that she should hit me. The full back, who had made a quick change to his ulster, was standing beside her trying to push me back. I was attempting to climb over the rail to where she stood. Every one on the grand stand was yelling in my ears and the din was terific. Then it ceased. Summer vacation had arrived and the girl, now dressed in white, was sitting in the stern of the boat while I rowed lazily with the stream. She seemed to be talking, but I couldn't understand what she said. It was all very comfortable, however. As she leaned forward her hat fell off, and without waiting I reached for it, tipped the boat over and began going to the bottom. I never suspected that the river was so deep. I kept going down and down while my ears rang painfully and then my feet touched something. I gave a spring and up I bobbed. I shot up. My ears ceased ringing and somebody held me up.

"'Is she drowned?' I asked, opening my eyes slowly.

"'Downed squarely behind a goal,' said a familiar voice. It was Capt. Blank, and as I recognized him I said:

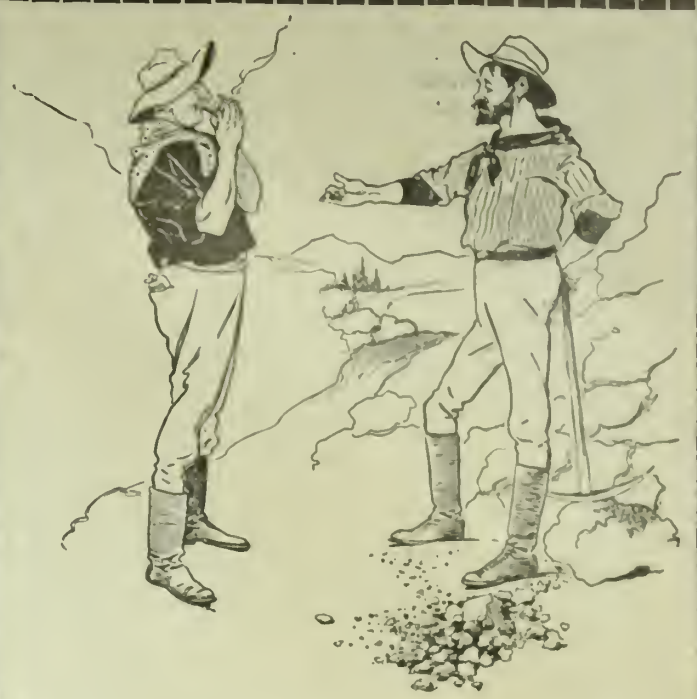
"'Why, hello, old man, how did you come here?'

"'I ran here,' he said, 'and I ran like hell.'

"'Am I wet?' I asked dubiously.

"'Is he wet?' said Capt. Blank to the faces around him. 'Is he wet? Well, what do you think of that after a thirty-yard run through the whole team winding up with pushing the half and full over the line for a touchdown? He thinks a little mud on his clothes will sour the girl in colors up there on the grand stand? Why, old man, you were jammed into the mud a bit, but you are all right if you are dirty. Get up so that this infernal racket may stop and that any one who has any interest in such a coxcomb as you are, if they happen to be in the grand stand, can see that you are not hurt. That's right, up on your feet now. No bones broken. All right. Now we will take it out for a goal.'

"I stood up. There she was waving my flag, and beside her, looking disconsolate, was the chap I had supposed was going to tackle me on the field. No boat, no hat in the water and no drowning. Just a hard tackle, that's all."
—*New York Sun.*



Eli:—I'll trade this nugget for that pouch of "Seal," Bill.
Bill:—Not at all—there are other nuggets.

There is nothing that can be satisfactorily substituted for

Seal of North Carolina

Hundreds of attempts have been made during the last ten years to equal it, but nothing has ever satisfied the public as well—in a plug cut pipe tobacco. Have you smoked it?

The Original Plug Cut—
Always the same—
Mild and Cool.

JOE POHEIM, THE TAILOR

Makes the best fitting clothes at 25 per cent less than any other house on the Pacific Coast. See Prices:

PANTS TO ORDER	SUITS TO ORDER
$3.50	$10.00
4.50	13.50
5.00	15.50
6.00	17.50
7.00	20.00
8.00	25.00
9.00	30.00

The firm of JOE POHEIM is the largest in the United States. Rules for self-measurement and samples of cloth sent free.
201 and 203 Montgomery St., cor. Bush.
844 & 846 Market St. 1110 & 1112 Market St.
SAN FRANCISCO.
485 Fourteenth St., Oakland. 603 & 605 K St., Sacramento.
143 South Spring St., Los Angeles.

BAJA CALIFORNIA
DAMIANA BITTERS

Damiana is a powerful aphrodisiac and specific for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are unequaled and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. Damiana Bitters are known on their merits. Send for Circular.
NABER, ALFS & BRUNE Agents
323 325 Market St. S. F.

BONESTELL & CO.

Dealers in PAPER
Fine Coated Papers a Specialty
401-403 SANSOME ST.,
San Francisco, Cal.

Catalogue Season

is now upon us, and our facilities for this class of work were never better than at present. Let us quote you prices. THE WAVE is a sample of our product.

BROWN, MEESE & CRADDOCK
(Incorporated)
419 Sacramento Street
Telephone Main 510 SAN FRANCISCO

THE LATEST STYLES IN
CHOICE WOOLENS
H. S. BRIDGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors
622 Market St. (up stairs) opp. Palace Hote
Bicycle and Golf Suits

Centennial Stable

Boarding and Livery
Carriages, Broughams, Victorias, etc. First-Class in every respect
1521-1523-1525 California Street
Bet. Polk and
Telephone East 378 M. CONLON Proprietor

For those who appreciate Comfort and Attention

A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED
OCCIDENTAL HOTEL
SAN FRANCISCO
WM. B. HOOPER MANAGER

Golden Eagle Hotel

Seventh and K Sts., Sacramento
First-class in every respect. All modern conveniences. Bus at every train. GRAY & TITUS, Props.

AMUSEMENTS

Pacific Coast Jockey Club

INGLESIDE TRACK

Racing from Monday, November 14th, to Saturday, November 26th, inclusive.
Five or More Running Races Daily, Rain or Shine
First race at 2 p.m.

Beautiful Grounds! Superior Accomodations!

S. P. R. R. Trains, 12:45 and 1:15 p m. daily, leave Third-Street Station, stopping at Valencia Street. Returning immediately after the races. Round trip 25 cents

Electric Car Lines — Kearny- and Mission-Street cars every three minutes, direct to the track without change. Fillmore-Street cars transfer each way.

Admission to the Track, $1.00

F. H. GREEN, Secretary. S. N. ANDROUS, President.

California Jockey Club

OAKLAND TRACK

Opening of Winter Meeting 1898-1899

Beginning Monday, November 28th, to Saturday, December 10th, inclusive

Racing Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Rain or Shine.
Races start at 2:15 sharp

Purchase tickets at Ferry Depot for Shell Mound. Special Boats leave at 12 oc, 12 30, 1.00 1 30, 2 00 2 30 and 3 00 p m., connecting with trains running direct to the track gate Returning Special Trains leave track at 4 15, 4 45, and immediately after last race.

R. B. MILROY, Secretary. T. H. WILLIAMS JR., President.

GLEN PARK THE MISSION ZOO.

Grand Initial Performance in Monster Free Vaudeville Ampitheatre **Thanksgiving Day. Thursday, November 24th** at 1.30 p m.

Lillian Smith, Champion Rifle Shot of the World; Balloon Ascension and Parachute Jump; Triple Horizontal Bars; Breakaway Ladder Act; Knockabout Clowns; the Leons; Cornet Solo; Grand Concert; Black Alaska Bears; Performing Lions.

Children are interested and amused at Glen Park. Admission 10c.; no further charge. Children under five years free.

Glen Park Cafe will open on this day. Turkey lunch only 25c. Refreshments at popular prices.

Take San Mateo Electric Cars. Sutter, Valencia and Mission Street transfer.

Orpheum

Week commencing Monday, November 28th

Harry Atkinson, Imitator of Musical Instruments
Joe Flynn, Comedian and Monologuist
Miss Emma Carus, Famous Female Baritone
Harry Lacey and Company in a New Comedy, "One of the Old Guard"
The Wilson Family in High-Class Comedy
Herbert's Dogs — Greatest Animal Act in the World
Lillie Western, Premiere Musical Artiste
Maud Courtney in a New Repertoire

Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c.

ORPHEUM—EXTRA

Season of 1898-99 Second Concert

Thursday, Dec. 1st, at 3:15 p.m.

SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY SOCIETY

FRITZ SCHEEL, Musical Director

Program includes
Overture, "Romeo and Juliet".....Tschaikowsky
Symphony No. 1 in B flat .....Schumann

Prices — 75c, $1 and $1.50

Seats on sale at the Orpheum on and after Monday November 28th.

Tivoli Opera House

MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING, Proprietor and Manager
Last Nights of **Suzette.** Matinee Saturday
Monday, Nov 28th — Every Evening and Saturday Matinee — Superb Scenic Production of Edmond Rostand's Romantic Play

CYRANO DE BERGERAC

Appropriate Music. Splendid Cast, Enlarged Orchestra and Correct Accessories
Scenery Costumes and Properties from the Original Models of the French Artists
The Mob Scenes Perfectly Presented
Performance will begin sharp

Popular Prices : : 25 and 50 cts.
Matinee Reserved Seats 25c. Tele. Bush 9

Alcazar Theatre

FRED BELASCO, Lessee : MARK THALL, Manager
Telephone Main 254

Week of Nov. 28th — Matinee Saturday Only

Roland Reed's Satirical Comedy in Four Acts

THE POLITICIAN

Or, THE WOMAN'S PLANK

Prices—15c., 25c., 35c. and 50c.

MISS SELMA WURTZ

Teacher of Singing

Beginners Taken Mondays and Wednesdays

2004 Broadway, Oakland

Ball-Room and Fancy Dancing

PROF. FARRELL'S DANCING SCHOOL

1310 Polk Street

Classes Monday and Wednesday Evenings.
Juvenile Class Saturdays at 2 p.m.
Hall to Rent for Balls, Parties, etc.

THE THEATRES

Passing Comment on Contemporary Performances.

It was not the fire in William Gillette's "Secret Service" that burned down the Baldwin, for a tamer war drama never was produced. But by tamer must not be understood uninteresting. Far from it. "Secret Service" is a piece of suppressed emotion, a play of curbed, checked, undemonstrative passions. It is an unspectacular and dignified "Shenandoah." Mr. Gillette's acting gives the key to the play —reserved, natural, smooth and never forced. It is something to have written such a play as this. It is perhaps more to be able to act its leading part. To the audience there is an unusual satisfaction in seeing revealed the author's conception of the part. To be sure, Bronson Howard might not be able to give so attractive a representation of Bertie Van Allystine as does Stuart Robson, and Shakespeare's Hamlet was not thought good enough for the London of three centuries ago. But if Shakespeare could have commanded face and legs and arms and voice he could have acted a Hamlet that the world would never forget. We would have known fully Shakespeare's conception of the half-crazed Dane. In the hands of Henry Miller or the younger Salvini or Richard Mansfield the audience would have known another Captain Thorne from that which William Gillette presented. We know now, and there is real satisfaction in the knowledge, that Gillette's cool, nervy, tender, heroic Thorne is the one the author meant.

It has not been announced at this writing whether the destruction of the Baldwin will end the Gillette engagement, but if it should those who did not see "Secret Service" on Monday or Tuesday evenings will have to regret a very great loss—the sight of a capital play capitally acted.

* *

"For a shot-gun performance that play wasn't half bad," said the dying road-agent, in Calaveras—on another occasion; and his remark applies to the "Cyrano de Bergerac," produced by the Henderson Company at the Comedy Theatre. This phenomenally bright comedy of M. Rostand's is certain to have vogue for a generation, and sooner or later it will be produced here by an "all-star" company, but meanwhile, to get at least a conception of its stage working, one cannot do better than go to the Comedy and see it played. The pretty little theatre's enterprise, in getting Cyrano out first, has been well rewarded by a large and applausive attendance.

* *

"At Gay Coney Island," so popular at the Columbia Theatre last season, was reproduced with great success last Monday, and has enjoyed a most prosperous week. It is as bright as ever, with many new and lively specialties. Smith and Campbell, who made such a hit at the Orpheum two years ago, are the leading comedians, and their funny business is simply killing.

* *

DRAMATIC NOTES

The town is looking forward to the Tivoli's production, on next Monday night, of "Cyrano de Bergerac," with Edwin Stevens in the title role. The management had made up its mind to "do itself proud" with this play, and Bush-street rivalry has only sharpened its wits. As Cyrano, Mr. Stevens has a character in which he should make the effort of his life—the cavalier, poet, fighter and boastful Gascon of many eccentricities. Elvia Crox will play Roxane, a sweet and winsome, difficult part to take. Phil Branson is cast for the poetical pastry-cook, Ragueneau. William Pruette acts Cyrano's comrade le Bret; and William H. West plays the scheming Comte de Guiche. Christian de Neuvillette will be played by Charles Napier, who has been specially engaged for the production. Performances will commence at 8 each evening.

The new people at the Orpheum this week include Joe Flynn, a great vaudeville favorite, whose specialty is monologue comedy; Harry Atkinson, an imitator of musical instruments by mouth only; Miss Emma Carusa, the female baritone, who is said to be of more than usual talent. Harry Lacy and company will appear in a new comedy skit, "One of the Old Guard." Others on the bill are the Wilson Family in new specialties, Herbert's dogs, Lillie Western and Maude Courtney. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

An amateur ladies' orchestra has just been organized, numbering some forty members, under the direction of Miss Nina de St. Hubert, Mrs. Charlotte Gruenhagen acting as concert-master. The main object of this talented association is to study the best class of orchestral music for their own improvement. They will make their first appearance next month at the Charity Bazaar concerts and will tender a number of orchestral selections.

The great popularity of Glen Park, the Mission Zoo, was increased by the elaborate programme successfully presented there on Thanksgiving Day in the free vaudeville amphitheater. Lillian Smith, the champion rifle shot, gave an exhibition of fancy shooting; there was a balloon ascension, a fine performance by the Leando acrobats, and numerous equally attractive events. This programme will be repeated on Sunday.

To-morrow evening the last performance of "Imagination" will be given at the Alcazar Theatre, and on Monday there will be produced Roland Reed's crisp political comedy satire, "The Politician." The plot of this interesting play deals with the workings of political schemers and satirizes the inside workings of politics.

MUSIC

The Symphony Society of San Francisco will give its next concert, under the directorship of Fritz Scheel, at the Orpheum Music Hall on Thursday afternoon, December 1st, promptly at 3:15 o'clock in the afternoon. The programme opens with Tschaikowsky's romantic overture, "Romeo and Juliet," which was played at the final concert of last season and was so greatly admired. Many subscribers have begged for its repetition at this concert.

The symphony selected is Schumann's celebrated No. 1, in B flat. This work was composed in 1841, and it is regarded as one of the master's greatest inspirations. Schumann himself calls it "Spring Symphony," and Ehret says: "It embodies as much of a joyful, bridal air as though Schumann were celebrating his symphonic honeymoon. All its thoughts are inspirations." Schumann says: "My symphony was born in an hour of ecstasy."

The novelty of the programme is a suite of waltzes for string orchestra by Kiel, a work which will surely attract attention by its grace and charm of melody. Wagner's "Einzug der Goetter in Walhall," from the Rhinegold, concludes the programme.

* *

A benefit concert will be tendered Mr. Robert Powell Evans, at one time second tenor soloist of the First Baptist Church, at Association Auditorium, on Monday evening, December 12th, by the Knickerbocker Male Quartette. The quartette will be assisted by Mrs. Susie Hert-Mark, soprano; Miss Xena Roberts, contralto; Mr. Frank M. Coffin, tenor; Mr. Ben Tarbox, baritone; Mr. Roscoe Warren Lucy, pianist; Mr. Cyrus Brownlee Newton, reader. Tickets are being sold at 50 cents each.

M. De Menaceine, a Russian doctor, concludes from observations that persons who blush, laugh or weep readily, and whose pulse quickens easily, are most liable to sleeplessness, which he declares arises generally from overwork of mind or body, or emotional excitement just before bed time. There is an excess of blood of the brain which dilates the blood vessels, and may paralyze them. Extreme cold produces the like result. Some think that more sleep is required by persons deficient in the red corpuscles of the blood. Many authorities agree in supposing that sleep is needed in proportion to the strength of the consciousness.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER

OF

Scribner's Magazine

A charming exhibition of its art may be seen in a special window

AT THE BOOKSTORE OF

D. P. Elder & Morgan Shepard

238 POST STREET

TRUSTEE'S SALE

In accordance with the terms and under the authority of a certain deed of trust, duly executed by Owen Kelly and Catherine Kelly (his wife), parties of the first part, to Arthur F. Bridge, party of the second part and Frederick W Bridge, party of the third part, dated March 10th, 1897 and recorded in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on March 13th, 1897, in Liber 1722 of Deeds at page 255, and in pursuance of a notice from the said Frederick W. Bridge (the holder of the promissory note, to secure the payment of which the aforesaid deed of trust was executed) that default had been made in the payment of the principal sum and interest due under said note, and requesting and directing the undersigned, Arthur F Bridge, trustee, to sell the real estate described in said deed of trust to satisfy said indebtedness:

I Arthur F. Bridge, do hereby give notice, that on Tuesday, the twenty-ninth day of November, 1898, at twelve o'clock noon of that day, and at the auction salesroom of G. H Umbsen and Company, 14 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, I will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash in gold coin of the United States, that certain piece or parcel of land, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Twentieth street, distant thereon twenty-five (25) feet westerly from the southwesterly corner of Twentieth and Alabama streets, running thence westerly along said southerly line of Twentieth street fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles southerly one hundred and four (104) feet, and thence at right angles easterly fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles northerly one hundred and four (104) feet to the point of commencement. Being a subdivision of Mission Block No. 142. Together with the appurtenances.

Terms of Sale: Cash in gold coin of the United States; ten per cent payable on the fall of the hammer; balance on delivery of deed, and if not so paid, unless for want of title (ten days being allowed for search), then said ten per cent to be forfeited, and the sale to be void.

The said property is subject to a mortgage to the Hibernia Savings and Loan Society for the sum of one thousand dollars, and accrued interest, which is on record in Liber 1067 of Mortgages, at page 327, Records of the City and County of San Francisco, and the interest to be sold herein is the equity in said property over and above said mortgage.

ARTHUR F. BRIDGE, Trustee.
Haven & Haven, Attorneys for Trustee.

POSTPONEMENT OF ABOVE SALE.—Notice is hereby given that the foregoing sale has been postponed from Tuesday, the twenty-ninth day of November, 1898, at 12 o'clock noon, to Monday, the nineteenth day of December, 1898, at 12 o'clock noon, at the same place as above specified, and under the same terms and conditions.

ARTHUR F. BRIDGE, Trustee.

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING

A Startling Proposition Made to the Readers of The Wave.

We will give a year's subscription to The Wave and a $17.50 Gramophone for 25 cents, or we will give The Wave for one year and $10 in cash to any person for 25 cents.

The gramophone which we offer is the latest machine that talks. Its talks take. It does many other things than merely talk. It reproduces all kinds of music, vocal and instrumental, and any other sound or combination of sounds of which the necessary record has been taken. It recites, declaims, preaches, tells funny stories, sings quartettes, choruses, tenor, baritone, soprano and contralto solos, plays the piano, banjo, clarinet, cornet, harp, saxophone, trombone, bugle, drum and fife, or any other instrument in a band — one at a time or all together. It is an orchestra, concert troupe, solo artist, music-hall performance, grand opera, and camp-meeting, besides being a professor of elocution and a teacher of modern languages.

There is no difficulty about hearing the gramophone. It has been found by actual test to have a volume of sound sufficient to fill every nook and corner of the Metropolitan Opera House, which is the largest auditorium in New York City. It is heard distinctly from a quarter to half a mile. And yet it may be subdued to a quiet parlor key.

We are safe in saying that we offer the finest talking and singing machine in the United States to-day. For entertainment in the home, hotel, steamboat, yacht, or place of business, there is nothing to compare with it in novelty, variety, or fascinating interest.

How can you get The Wave free for one year and a $17.50 gramophone, or $10.00 in cash, for 25 cents?

1. Our agent has a coupon book with ten coupons in it. He sells you one for 25 cents with his name written on the back.

2. You send or bring that coupon and $2.50 to us, and we give you a coupon book just like the one you saw our agent have. You then become our agent.

3, You write your name and address on the back of each coupon in your book, and then sell them to your friends for 25 cents each, and by selling all of your coupons you make your $2 50 back.

4. Now, you are supposed to have sold your ten coupons to your friends and got your $2.50 back that you paid us for the coupon book.

5. As every one of those coupons should have your name and address on the back, your ten friends will send them to us with $2.50 each, or $25.00 for the ten, so that they can get a coupon book as you did.

6. When we receive their $2.50 each, or $25.00, we send you our paper for one year and make you a present of a gramophone.

We have nine prizes in all, and pay you the premiums according to the number of your subscribers that buy a coupon book.

If your ten subscribers buy a coupon book each, we give you The Wave for one year and your choice of a $17.50 gramophone, or $10.00 in cash.

If nine send in their $2.50 each, we give you The Wave for one year and $7.50 in cash.

If eight send in their $2.50 each, we give you The Wave for one year and $5.00 in cash.

If seven send in their $2.50 each, we give you The Wave for one year and $4.00 in cash.

If six send in their $2.50 each, we give you The Wave for one year and $3.00 in cash.

If five send in their $2.50 each, we give you The Wave for one year and $2.00 in cash.

If four send in their $2.50 each, we give you The Wave for one year and $1.00 in cash.

If three send in their $2.50 each, we give you The Wave for one year and $1.00 in cash.

If two send in their $2.50 each, we give you The Wave for one year.

If only one of your subscribers sends in $2.50, we give you The Wave for six months.

By sending $2 75 you can get a coupon-book direct from the office.

Address all communications to

H. K. MONTGOMERY,
Manager Premium Department The Wave,
24 Montgomery Street.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, the famous orator, statesman, railroad president and millionaire, in an interview said of his recent visit to Del Monte: "I visted Monterey, and I call it the most beautiful place in the world. Monte Carlo cannot compare with it. Its seventeen mile-drive is unparalleled for fineness."

Specially reduced rates for the winter months of November, December, January and February, are offered, as follows:
Single room, with board for one person, by the month, $65. Double room, with board for one person, by the month, $70; two persons, $135.
Best room, with board for one person, by the month, $75; two persons, $145. Best room, with bath and board for one person, by the month, $80; two persons, $155
Small parlor suites, with board for one person, by the month, $80; two persons, $155. Daily and weekly rates remain as heretofore—from $3 to $5 per day

For further information, address **GEORGE SCHONEWALD, Manager**
Hotel Del Monte, Monterey, California.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway wharf San Francisco.
For Alaskan ports, 10 a.m. Nov. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, Dec. 2; transfer at Seattle.
For B. C. and Puget Sound ports 10 a. m. Nov. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, Dec. 2, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, 2 p.m. Nov. 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, Dec. 5, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a. m. Nov. 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, Dec. 3 and every fourth day thereafter.
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 a.m. Nov. 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, Dec. 1, and every fourth day thereafter.
For Mexican ports, 10 a. m. Dec 15, Jan. 12, Feb. 9, March 9, April 6.
For further information, obtain folder.
The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing.

Ticket Office: 4 New Montgomery St (Palace Hotel)
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen. Agts.
No. 10 Market Street, - San Francisco, Cal.

California Limited
Santa Fe Route

Connecting Train Leaves San Francisco at 5 p. m.

Every Sunday, Tuesday, Friday

Arrives in Chicago at 8:15 a. m. the following Thursday, Saturday and Tuesday — Arriving in New York at 1:30 p. m. Friday, Sunday and Wednesday . . . . .

Dining Car, Buffet Car, Observation Car and Electric-Lighted Sleeping Cars.

TICKET OFFICES
628 MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO
1118 BROADWAY, OAKLAND

JNO. L. TRUSLOW, Gen. Agt. Passenger Dept., San Francisco, Cal.
JNO. J. BYRNE, Gen. Passenger Agt., Los Angeles, Cal.

"ALWAYS RIGHT ON TIME!"

UNION PACIFIC — THE OVERLAND ROUTE — WORLD'S PICTORIAL LINE.

The Finest and Fastest Train from California to the East
IS THE
Overland Limited
VIA
UNION PACIFIC

Leaves San Francisco DAILY at 6 00 p.m., running through to Chicago without change of cars.

EQUIPMENT—Pullman Double Drawing-Room Sleepers
Dining Cars
Composite Buffet Smoking and Library Cars
Reclining Chair Cars

Entire train vestibuled and lighted throughout by Pintsch Gas. Time, 3½ days, San Francisco to Chicago—*twelve hours quicker than all other lines*

Upholstered Pullman Tourist Sleepers are also carried on the "Overland Limited," daily San Francisco to Chicago, without cange, thereby enabling passengers holding second class tickets to reach Chicago and all points at the same time as first class passengers. Steamship tickets to all points in Europe.

Tickets and sleeping car reservations at General Office, No. 1 Montgomery Street. Telephone Main 1930.
D. W. HITCHCOCK, General Agent.

OCEANIC Steamship Company
Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S. S. Moana, for Australia, Wednesday, Nov. 30th, at 10 p.m. Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.
S. S. "Australia," for Honolulu only, Wednesday, December 14th, at 2. p.m.

Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.
Freight Office 327 Market St.
J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO General Agents

A Cigarette WITH YOUR **Monogram**
Costs no more, and is unique
Address Gross & Deutch, 3 Kenrny Street, San Francisco
Or Pinkus Bros., Manufacturers, 50 New Street, New York

A. K. DAGGETT
Drawing of Deeds and all Legal Papers a specialty
NOTARY PUBLIC
14 Montgomery St., S. F
Telephone 905

TO CHICAGO IN 3 1-2 DAYS
TO NEW YORK IN 4 1-2 DAYS
VIA
Chicago Union Pacific
AND
Northwestern Line

Through Pullman and Tourist Sleeping Cars Daily. All meals served a la carte in Dining Car. For full information, address
R. R. RITCHIE,
General Agent Pacific Coast
No. 2 New Montgomery Street (Palace H...
San Francisco, Cal.

Brushes For barbers, bakers, bo... houses, billiard tables, ... binders, candymakers, ... flour mills, foundries, laundries, paperha... painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar ... tailors, etc.
BUCHANAN BR...
TEL. 5510 609 S...
BRUSH MANUFACTO...

BEST & BELCHER MINING CO.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia District, Storey County, Nevada.
Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the eighteenth (18th) day of October, 1898, an assessment (No. 65) of ten (10) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 33, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 21st day of November, 1898, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday the thirteenth day of December, 1898, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.
By order of the Board of Directors.
M. JAFFE, Secretary.
Office—Room 33 Nevada Block ... Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

GOULD & CURRY SILVER MINING CO.—Location of principal place of business San Francisco, California; location of works Storey County Nevada.
Notice is hereby given at a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the 4th day of November, 1898, an assessment (...) of ten cents (...) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary at the office of the company, Room ... Nevada Block, ... Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the ... day of ... 1898, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday, the ... day of ... 1898, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.
By order of the Board of Directors.
...
Office—Room ... Nevada Block, ... Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

MRS. M. E. PERLEY MRS. S. V. CULP

DECORATIVE KERAMIC ART STUDIO

215 Post Street

All Branches of China Painting Taught
Morning Class: Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, from 9 a. m. to 12 m. Afternoon Class: Daily, from 1:30 to 4:30. Lessons $1 each. Private Lessons $1.50 each. TRY OUR ROMAN GOLD.
Telephoue Grant 43

The Graphophone

When you get a talking machine, get one on which you can record as well as reproduce sound. The Graphophoue is the greatest and best talking machine. Other so-called talking machines reproduce only records of cut-and-dried subjects made in laboratories. The Graphophone, besides affording marvelous entertainment by reproduciug brilliantly and clearly the music of bands, orchestras, popular singers, and all the great variety of records made for entertainment purposes affords infinite personal delight through its power of instantly recording and reproducing at once, and as often as desired, sougs sung to it, words spoken to it, or any sound.

Graphophones are sold for $10 and up
Write for Catalogue No. 75

Columbia Phonograph Co.
(DEPARTMENT 75)
723 Market Street, San Francisco
NEW YORK, PARIS, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, WASHINGTON, PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE, BUFFALO

NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

There nsed to be a great deal of ignorance in the British Colonial Office, which is not yet entirely banished from Downing Street. The late Lord Carnorvan, when Colonial Secretary, officially recorded his opinion of Sir George Grey as "a dangerous man." Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, on one of his visits from Victoiia, called upon Lord Carnorvan in Downing Street, and in conversation chanced to introduce a reference to Sir George Grey. "A very strange and incomprehensible character," said Lord Carnarvon, with a shake of the head: "I hear he has now withdrawn to an island off the coast of New Zealand and surrounded himself with a nmber of wallabies." "Oh, yes, I think that is not at all improbable," replied Sir Charles. "You surprise me." replied Lord Carnorvan; "what must be the state of morality in a country where you make light of such a proceeding?" "Why, my Lord, what do you suppose a wallaby to be?" "A half-caste female, of course. Is that not so?" "Certainly not; a wallaby is simply a small kangaroo."

The old-fashioned Texan had by some strange apportioning of fate been put in a room with a divinity student from an Eastern college, and they soon established a conversational footing. Before they slept the talk turned upon the customs and morals of Texas, as exemplified in lynching, the young man arguing against it. "Ge whiz, you don't reckon we oughtn't to hang a hoss thief, do you?" "Most assuredly not." "But what ought we to do with him? Not let him git loose?" "Let the law take its course." "Mebbe it'll miss fire and the cuss'll git away." "That is not your fault. If the law says he is guiltless, you must accept the decision and forgive the sinner." "There ain't no authority for that, is there?" "The Bible." "Thar's nothin' thar that covers the ground." "Oh, yes, my friend," said the student, warming up in his zeal; "even the thief on the cross was forgiven." "Aw, here, young feller," the Texan exclaimed, in a tone of expostulation, "that wasn't no hoss thief."

A certain Archbishop of Dublin was, toward the end of his life, afflicted by an absent-mindedness that often led to startling developments. In the midst of a dinner given by the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, the company was startled by seeing the Archbishop rise from his seat looking pale and agitated, and crying: "It has come, it has come!" "What has come, your Grace?" eagerly cried half a dozen voices from different parts of the table. "What I have been expecting for some years —a stroke of paralysis," solemny answered the Archbishop. "I have been pinching myself for the last two minutes, and find my leg entirely without sensation." "Pardon me, my dear Archbishop," said the hostess, looking up to him with a quizzical smile, "pardon me for contradicting you, but it is me you have been pinching!"

An English clergyman was walking through the outskirts of his parish one evening, when he saw one of his parishioners very busy whitewashing his cottage. The parson, pleased at these somewhat novel signs of cleanliness, called out, "Well, Jones, I see you are making your house nice and smart." With a mysterious air, Jones, who had recently taken the house, descended the ladder and slowly walked to the hedge which separated the garden from the road. "That's not 'xactly the reason why I'm doing this 'ere job," he whispered, "but the last two couples who lived in this 'ere cottage 'ad twins; so I says to my missus, I'll take an' whitewash the place, so as there mayn't be no infection. Ye see, sir, as ow we got ten of 'em already."

George Moore, the author of *Evelyn Innes*, talking with the artist Manet concerning London customs said: "You will see an extraordinary city. Until seven o'clock in the evening every one is in tweeds and has a pipe in his mouth, even in the street, but after seven o'clock evening dress and a gardenia in the buttonhole" Manet left for London without warning Moore. He reached Charing Cross at seven o'clock, drove to his hotel, put on his dress coat and took a hansom to Moore's chambers. He found Moore in slippers and a jersey, eating sandwiches in company with three unshaven friends. "Those who believe Gascony in the south of France are mistaken," Manet used to say, "It is on the banks of the Thames."

Joseph Jefferson, at a recent dinner, in New York, said that, when called upon for a curtain speech in New Haven, Billy Florence once delivered himself thns: "It is here, and to you, ladies and gentlemen, that I owe my present success in my profession. We knew each other when boys and girls. We played marbles together under the shadow of the old church, and now to receive this warm welcome from old friends—what can I say? Simply that I never can forget the people of Hartford." A man in the front row said: "This is New Haven, Mr. Florence." "I mean New Haven, of course," said Florence, gravely.

One of the Episcopal bishops took his daughter to the convention, a guileless, unworldly girl, unused to the ways of cities. She dined out with some friends one evening, and when a glass of wine was poured out for her she drank it. She was not used to drinking wine of any kind, and her hostess, knowing this, presently said: "I hope the wine will affect you." The girl smiled happily. "Yes," said she, "I am conscious of a feeling to the wine, but—but, I don't find it annoying."

When Mme Nordica was singing at a town in Texas she forgot her warm overcoat. A cowboy, whom she had utterly fascinated to bring them to her, and he returned he brought only one at a time. Nordica thanked him, and in her gratitude said to her: "Don't name it, you were a centipede."

PALACE AND GRAND HOTELS

Now Under One Management

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1400 rooms — 900 with bath

Rooms, $1.00 and upward Room and Meals, $3.00 and upward

A beautifully illustrated book, containing floor plans and rate card can be had for the asking. JOHN C. KIRKPATRICK, Manager.

HOTEL WESTMINSTER

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLANS LOS ANGELES, CAL.

The Finest and Most Complete Hotel in the City. Everything New.
The Highest Standard of Perfection Maintained in all Departments.

F. O. JOHNSON, Proprietor.

Louis Roederer Champagne

HIGHEST GRADE IN THE WORLD

E. LA MONTAGNE & SONS
Sole Agents
45 Beaver St., New York

Three kinds, all of equal excellence:
BRUT
GOLD SEAL
A Perfectly Dry Wine
GRAND VIN SEC
BROWN SEAL
The Perfection of a Dry Wine
CARTE BLANCHE
WHITE SEAL
A Rich Wine

MACONDRAY & CO.
Sole Agents Pacific Coast
116 California Street

California State Exposition 1898

REPSOLD SELECT VINTAGE

First Prize and Premium Award, Repsold *Cognac*
First Prize and Premium Award, Repsold Select Vintage *Montecito*
First Prize and Premium Award, Repsold Select Vintage *Burgundy*
First Prize and Premium Award, Repsold Select Vintage *Gutedel*
Special Mention of Honor, Repsold Select Vintage *Sauternes.*

THIS BRAND OF WINE IS SOLD AT ALL FIRST CLASS HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS

Office, 416 Pine Street

HAWAIIAN ADVERTISEMENTS

Coffee, Fruit and Grazing Lands FOR SALE OR TO LEASE

8,000 acres in fee simple — 5,000 acres leasehold
IN THE CELEBRATED COFFEE DISTRICT OF KONA, ISLAND OF HAWAII
Also, some desirable lots in the City of Honolulu
Apply to J. M. MONSARRAT
Real Estate and Financial Agent, HONOLULU, H. I.

Hawaiian Trust and Investment Co., Ltd.

Paid Up Capital, $30,000

Makes a Specialty of Hawaiian Securities and Real Estate. Correspondence solicited.
G. R. CARTER, Manager
GEO. R. CARTER, Treasurer
References — Welch & Co, San Francisco; Bank of Hawaii, Honolulu

W. C. ACHI & CO.

Real Estate Brokers

We will buy or sell real estate in any part of the group. We will also buy or sell Stocks in any corporatiou in the Hawaiian Islands.

Office, 10 West King Street, Honolulu, H. I.

R. C. A. PETERSON

BROKER

FINANCIAL Opp. Bishop & Co. Bank
STOCKS AND BONDS Honolulu, H. I.

Real Estate, Custom House, Notary Public

GREENBAUM'S

White and Dark Violet

The Most Fashionable Perfume
Possesses the Odor of Fresh Violets

128 POST ST. UNDER BOHEMIAN CLUB

PATRICK & CO.
RUBBER STAMPS
STENCILS, SEALS, BRANDS, ETC.
318 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

400 GRADUATES SECURED POSITIONS IN PAST TWO YEARS

LOW RATES!

San Francisco Business College

Only Experienced Bookkeepers and Reporters Employed as Teachers. Send for Catalogue.

1236 MARKET STREET, S. F.

Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson's Academy

1427 Franklin St., near Post

Reopens August 1, 1898. English, French, German and Spanish Boardiug and Day School. Begins with kindergarten and prepares for uuiversities, business and society. Drawing and painting. Cultured home training. Excellent table. $30.00 per month. Music in all its branches, if desired, extra

Lyceum Preparatory School

For the University, Law and Medical Colleges. Accredited with Stanford University and Cooper College. References — President Jordan or any Stanford Professor.

PHELAN BUILDING.

The Solly Walter School of Illustration

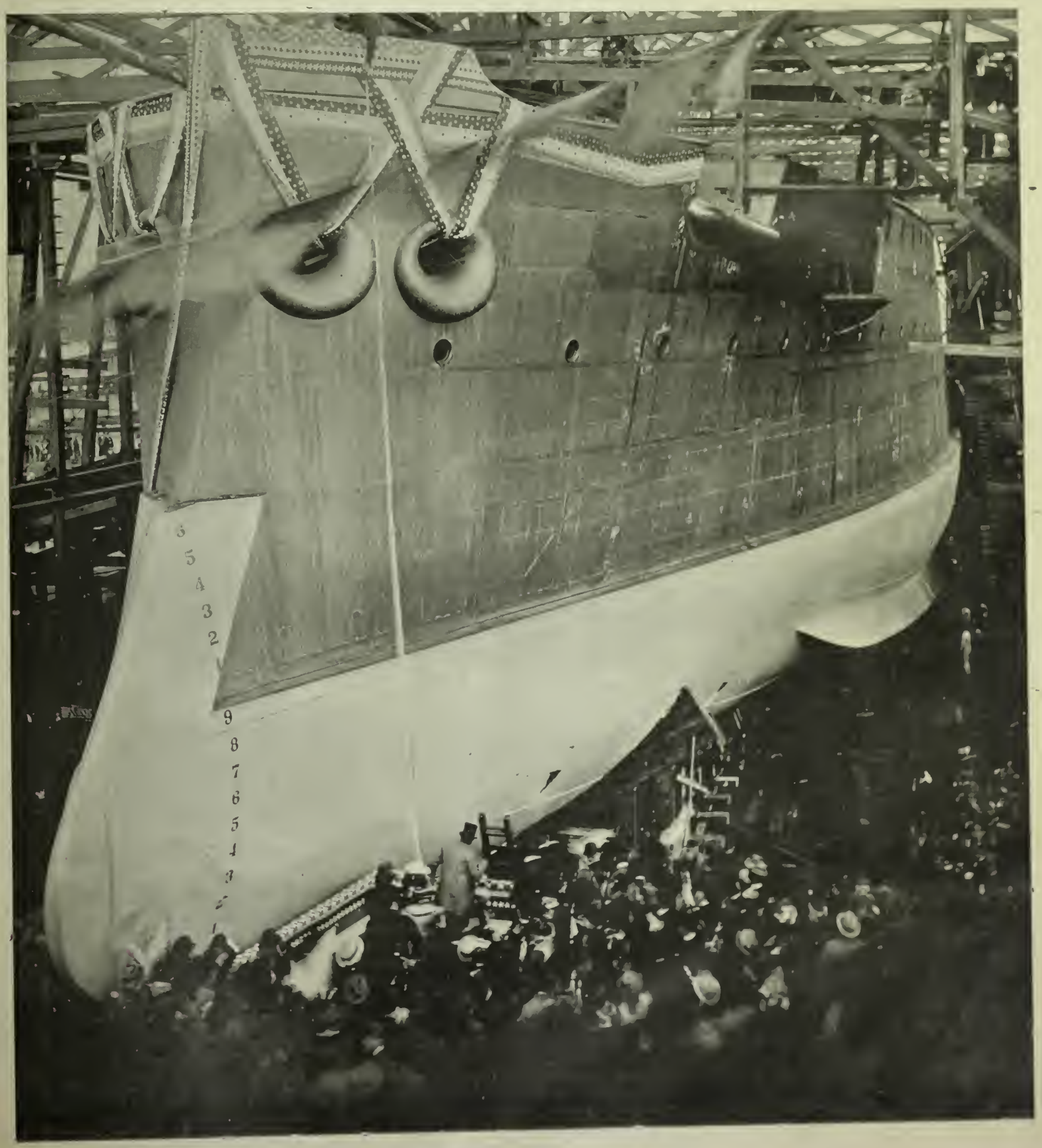
Evening Classes
Tuesdays and Thursdays
26 O'Farrell Street, San Francisco

SOHMER PIANOS ARE THE BEST
BYRON MAUZY
308-314 Post Street

CALIFORNIA STATE

THE WAVE

VOL. XVIII. No. 23 SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 3, 1898 PRICE 10 CENTS



UNCLE SAM'S NEWEST BABY

BOW VIEW OF THE BATTLESHIP "WISCONSIN" PRIOR TO LANCHING ON SATURDAY LAST

Photo by Bruce Wood

THE WAVE

Is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $5.00 per year. Sample copies free on application.

The trade is supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 342 Geary street; east of the Rocky Mountains by the American News Company, New York.

The Wave is kept on file and is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France; 31 Union Square, New York City; 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 206 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

For advertising rates and on all other matters pertaining to city business, address Trevor Corry, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Eastern representative, D. M. Foltz, 34 Park Row, New York.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 3, 1898

CONTENTS

Editorials	2
Things and People; by Boswell Jr.	3
Some Recent Views of Manila	4
"Crooked Trails": a Review	5
"A Fair God": a Review	5
Literary Californiennes	6
On the "Yankee"	6
The Western Railroads	7
The Launching of the "Wisconsin"	8
The South in Literature	9
"Billy Bones' Fancy"	9
A Literary Monologue	10
Meat or Wheat	10
New Books	11, 12
Babblings of a Belle	14
London Letter	16
New York Letter	16
Dooley on Books	17
The Theatres	18
New Stories Re-Told	20

The issue of The Wave dated December 17th will be an Hawaiian and Christmas number. It will contain some twenty full pages of pictures, together with stories and poetry. It will be one of the handsomest issues The Wave has ever issued.

GRANT'S SENATORIAL FIGHT.

In senatorial contests, as well as in other affairs of life, history repeats itself. The opposition to U. S. Grant, Jr., is busily engaged just as were the opponents of Senator Perkins a few years ago. Just before the Legislature met, and even up to the day that gentleman was chosen United States Senator, the daily press insisted that "Perkins was defeated." The *Call* announced, "Perkins ship is wrecked, "Increase in defection from his ranks." The *Post* had, "Perkins' followers wavering" and "Republicans working hard to beat him." The *Chronicle* thought the defeat of Perkins more than probable. The *Bulletin* declared, "Perkins men grow weaker. Strong tendency now to break from him." The *Argonaut* and the remainder of the weekly newspapers of its political character could not believe Perkins' election possible. The members of the Legislature, who had pledged themselves to his support, were honest, and refused to be bought, cajoled or threatened into the paths of dishonor. And so it will be at the coming Legislature. According to the press of to-day, the "Grant boom has burst;" there are "defections from Grant's ranks," and "Mr. Grant is no longer considered" are as common and frequent as when Senator Perkins marched on to victory.

The truth of the senatorial situation is about this. Mr. Grant has been in the senatorial fight for nearly a year. He has gone out among the people and there made his canvass. His friends report that he has enough votes pledged to elect him, just as Senator Perkins had. The practical politicians were at first honestly of the opinion that Mr. Grant "had no fight;" gradually it has dawned upon them that he had the only organized fight in the State, and while admitting now that Mr. Grant has more strength than they imagined, yet they have not learned half the the truth.

As Senators and Assemblymen-elect from the interior of the State come to San Francisco they are hunted up, and, to put it in the language of some of these gentlemen, are "steered up against as big a bunco game as ever existed." Members of the Legislature who are candidates for State appointments are urged to "stay in" the fight, prepare their petitions, and file them with the Governor, when they will receive due consideration at the proper time." They are told that their election to the Senate or Assembly "was largely due to the efforts of —— of the State Central Committee, who took care to remove all friction in their district," and so the story runs. Member after member who are among the Grant forces have been lured into the bunco-rooms, and afterward reported their wonderful experience there.

As for Senatorial candidates the situation is Grant against the field. Mr. de Young is no longer an active candidate, although he may yet have some latent hopes. Colonel Burns is, at present writing, most in the public eye. His possible candidacy has been pretty well known in inside circles for months, but it has been conducted with a decided lack of openness. Legislative candidates have been tied up for an "unknown." Mr. Grant's canvass has been conducted in a most open manner. He has a strength that cannot be shaken by newspaper rumors, any more than was that of Senator Perkins. And he is certain to meet with the same success that attended Senator Perkins.

THE REAL SITUATION IN THE PHILIPPINES.

There has been too much blundering in this war of ours, too many are the dead who have died through the incompetency and poor judgment of those who sit in high places, too many already are the victims sacrificed because of the army's inadequate organization and ignorant administration. But all the ills of the months past are nothing to the menace of the future. The same condition that made our land campaign in Cuba disastrous threatens to involve us in a war with the Tagalocs of Luzon, that will make us ridiculous before the world and cost us more in blood and treasure than our land operation during the Spanish war.

It is not surprising that the people of the United States should underestimate both the astuteness of Aguinaldo and the strength of his following, when the Government of the islands face to face with it, will not see the truth. The belief here seems to be that a half savage wholly irresponsible man named Aguinaldo, a fellow of no weight even with his own barbarous countrymen, has acquired some little power over a limited territory during the unsettled time between the collapse of Spain's sovereignty and the establishment of law and order by the Americans, and that most of his energies are concentrated in trying to retain an authority that a dozen equally savage chiefs would gladly wrest from him. Not only is this belief prevalent throughout the United States, but it is firmly held by General Otis and his advisers in Manila. Now as a fighter General Otis may be able to fill Napoleon's shoes and have standing room left over, but as a diplomat he is no Disraeli. What he might accomplish were he put to it is not to be known. He is too busy playing Rothschild to become acquainted with conditions even in Manila. He doesn't know why over twelve per cent of his command are unfit for duty. He doesn't see any of the hundred and one obvious reasons for it that face every passer-by point blank, so how can he be expected to realize the truth about the insurgents and their affairs who are miles away. General Otis has no political bureau of information to report on the situation, and, had he, unless the reports paralleled his preconceived notions he would have none of them. For instance, he once asked for a report of the sick in hospital. "Nine hundred and fifty," answered the chief surgeon. "That's not true. No such number as that," blustered Otis. It must be confessed, he is brutally dogmatic in manner. Witness the way Philippine news has been censored. Anything that savored of the truth about the insurgents, or anything that went deep enough to strike the root of the awful administrative rottenness at Manila was held, because, forsooth, it was not the truth. Truth in Manila is what one old dotard who sees nothing and hears nothing dreams to be actuality.

The first result of this fatuous ignorance is a policy that promises to involve us in a war with the best guerrilla fighters in the world—fighters well armed and at home in a land whose swamps, thickets and jungles are worth fifty thousand armed men to the leader who knows them. In accordance with this policy we have refused even to express gratitude to an ally for the hard-fought campaign that gave an American army immediate possession of completed trenches surrounding the common enemy. Altogether, the American policy is a policy of ingratitude and underestimation, the policy of an old bureaucrat who bends every energy to creating an apparent surplus in the finances of Manila, while the great problem of how to conciliate the native is left to work itself out under the stress of carelessness and neglect. Inevitably this problem is moving to the same solution as did the Indian question—solution by powder and ball—*extermination*. Nor is this rapidly growing trend hampered by the Occidental bigotry which believes that a point of view differing from the American outlook can only be held by the hopelessly inferior. This same Occidental point of view it is that accepts the fawning of the cowardly natives who were content with the flesh pots of Spanish Manila, while the sturdy-hearted of their race were suffering and dying in the same great protest against the hellishness of Spanish domination that led us to strike for Cuba's freedom.

In the Philippines there has suddenly been thrust upon us a problem more complicated than any we have yet had to face—a race problem, a political problem, a religious problem. We who have been essentially Occidental in thought and action are called into intimate relations with an Oriental people, and, to cap the climax, an Oriental people most suspicious and least Occidental of any, perturbed by unsettled conditions, with an ingrained hatred of a strong master and contempt for a weak one—a people unalterable in purpose, brave, and resolved to attain freedom from Spain and maintain it. To this people we are distinctly in debt. After Dewey destroyed Spain's fleet t insurgents drove the Spanish back mile by mile, until wh the first American military landing was made the Spani army was pent up in Manila. Had it not been for Agui aldo's aid in those days the story of Santiago would ha been repeated before the Philippine capital. As it was, t taking of Manila was child's play.

Then began the present policy that promises to invol us with the insurgents. General Merritt was sent to Pari army cliques began to clatter. All Merritt's appointe were ousted by Otis. Then began the policy of retrenc ment, of penny wise and pound foolish economy, when e energies were given to financiering Manila, to the excl sion of every other interest. Aguinaldo wanted to kno what to expect. He was excluded from the capital, h people were disarmed before they were allowed to pass i walls; the islands might be going back to Spain. His fo lowers looked upon Manila as the rightful fruit of the long campaign. They are Malays, and revenge is a litt sweeter to them than to any other nation. They had see their dead and they had promised themselves life for li when their day came. Now it was upon them, and y they were to reap no benefit. Aguinaldo had to hold the in check, and the way he did it ought to have demonstrate to any one the hold he had upon the Tagoloc.

Those were the days when a little diplomacy, a little fa seeing shrewdness on the part of the Governor-Genera could have cemented a lasting friendship. But at tha time President McKinley had his ear to the ground, and n one knew what was to become of the Islands, so noue coul answer Aguinaldo's query. He found it hard to restrai his people then, for they were just finding their strengt and they were contemptuous of the white soldier. Thi restlessness was not quieted by the fact that America' Spanish prisoners were treated with more consideratio than the Filipinos, who regarded themselves as allies of th United States. In short, nothing was done to conciliat the insurgents, and yet nothing was done to coerce them so they came to look on the Americans as ungrateful an untrustworthy.

Then it was that Aguinaldo adopted his present politica plan, which contemplates a gain of complete control of th provinces outside of Manila and Cavite, and the rapid an thorough equipment of his army so that no matter wha may come, in the final settlement he will be ready. Ther will be the army for Spain and an undisputed authority ove the islands, which must compel recognition of the Unite States. It has been his aim to make his government s sound that it would demonstrate the natives' fitness for sel government, and he has succeeded. Outside of Manila lif and property are as safe as anywhere in the world. Taxe are collected and the machinery of government is running along much more smoothly than in the city itself. At Ma latos Aguinaldo has surrounded himself with a cabinet o exceedingly able men, and the labors of the Convention o Delegates demonstrate that the wisdom and ability of the Filipino Congress compare favorably with that of many an other legislature.

It is idle to jeer at facts. The men who base our antagonistic policy on an assumption that Aguinaldo's power over the natives is weakening are running us blindfold into a situation of extreme danger. Aguinaldo is the idol of the people, even more completely their father than Washington was the father of this people.

We have just begun to colonize. We have everything to learn. Decade after decade passed before England recognized that the Oriental must be governed from the Oriental's point of view. Here we have a smoothly running government made to order, daily demonstrating its fitness to exist. If we recognize it and allow it full sway in local affairs, there will be no trouble in the Philippines, and now is just the time we cannot afford to have trouble with our new colonies. The eyes of the world are on us—how invidious would be our position if we had to turn and slaughter our lately liberated subjects; and if we have war with them, what then? We know now from our short campaign in Cuba what a deadly foe fever is. Our men would be a year or two years tramping those tropical morasses, being ambushed from jungle and canebrake, dropping by the hundred of fever, and we would be eaten with rage and revenge simply because in the beginning, when the thing was easy, we had no leader wise enough to conciliate our natural allies—no man wise enough to recognize beyond the veil of their Orientalism the Tagaloc's capacity for self-government. There is no need of civil war in the Philippines. There must be none. But there will be if another man and a wiser man is not made master of the situation.

Gerald W. Balfour, chief secretary for Ireland, is one of the brightest of the brilliant Balfour family. When he was a boy he attended school at Eton, and was there prepared for Trinity College, Cambridge. He was graduated first class, classical tripos, and was afterwards assistant tutor, fellow of Trinity, and master of arts in 1878. He was elected member of parliament in 1885, and served as private secretary to his uncle, Lord Salisbury. In 1891 he was a royal labor commissioner and sat in the house for the central district of Leeds. As secretary for Ireland he has been wide awake, and has developed rare powers of statesmanship and the most acute insight into the nature and desires of men. He is nuning his brother very close for prominence.

Chester Murphy, U. S. J. C.

Coach Harry Cross

Coach Garrett Cochrane

Captain Percy Hall, U. C.

HEROES OF THE INTER-COLLEGIATE FOOTBALL GAME

THINGS AND PEOPLE

Congressman Maguire has not yet recovered from his defeat. The overwhelming victory of his opponent has been somewhat of a shock to his vanity. It has compelled a complete reconsideration of his point of view, a process which is not agreeable to a man whose opiuion of himself is as high as the Congressman's. The records show him to have been beaten by a fractiou under twenty thousand votes, and this in the face of his committee's estimate the reverse of these figures. Considering the circumstances, the result is not a surprise. With so incompetent an organization, surrounded by a pack of greedy relatives, and his own deficiences paraded so conspicuously, it is a wonder that Maguire had as many votes as were counted for him. Such is the calibre of his mind that it is difficult to tell this man anything, bnt he must realize by this time how wretchedly his fight was made. Between the *Examiner*, Mayor Phelan and the Democratic State officials money enough to run the campaign had been raised. Indeed, the committee had more money than was available in either the Budd or Bryan campaigns. Of course the Mann-Gallagher combination bungled badly, and the committee quits $3,800 in debt. They are looking now for an angel who will shonlder this burden, but angels in the Magnire camp are few and far between.

***

The futnre of the Baldwin block is the one great snbject of consideration among the real estate sharps. It is the choicest location in the San Francisco of to-day, and may be the center of the city for several decades to come. In the circumstances under which he snffers, Mr. Baldwin will have to be ruled by his necessities. Naturally he hates the parting or selling of the lot with which his identity is so connected, and it will be a contest between his vanity and interest and taxes as to what the ultimate fate will be. Only the Phelan estate or Claus Spreckels have the means to pnrchase the property and erect the structnre that snch a site requires. I shonld be snrprised, however, if the ultimate purchaser were not Clans Spreckels, inasmnch as he has more available money than his competitors. I have it on good authority that his share of the profits of the Western Sngar Refinery averages at least two millions a year, and the presumption is he has half as mnch more from his buildings and beet sugar interests, so he is easily the wealthiest man on the Coast and one of the richest in America.

***

It is too early to discuss a reorganization of the Democracy, but one is due in the early future. It is essential that the party be put under better auspices than its present leadership, and that once and for all it abandon its fake economics and go to the country on reasonable issnes. Otherwise it has no futnre. It is essential also that the Committee of One Hundred get in shape for the municipal fight eleven months hence, when we may anticipate a very spirited contest for the office of Mayor. Whoever gets it will not win without a hard strnggle, for nnder the new regime the Mayor will have greater appointive power than the Governor, and his office will be easily the most desirable and powerful in the State.

***

We are wont to swing with a laugh on our Golden Gate, bnt really we are so sober this year, for some reason or other, that Jack is a dull boy indeed. The brilliant success of the National Horse Show rnbs this into me. The Californian's inclination is to "go the whole thing or nothing," and that no doubt is the reason why we have no Horse Show in San Francisco. If we cannot get up a show at least a neck ahead of the last previons one, we shall go without, forsooth: which is wrong. The Horse Show is more useful than ornamental, and in a State world-famons for its thoroughbred horses, should be a snccessful animal featnre of Pacific Coast life. We are too far from New York to participate in the National, so we ought to have a Coast show. It is a fact that California is the winter mecca of every rich horseman east of the Rockies. Many of them pnt thought into deed and come here for the winter racing. If the horsemen of this State shonld hold an annual Horse Show, with fine prizes up, foreign horsemen would find in it an extra inducement to bring their horses to the Coast. The fine animals bred in Washington and Oregon would then have some reason for coming here, and the show wonld be the rallying point for one of the most usefnl and profitable industries in California. The horse-breeding business, the carriage and harness trade, the railroads, hotels, theatres, tradesmen's and numerous attendant interests wonld be richly benefitted.

***

From the Tehachapi to Mexico is Californian soil, bnt the territory is almost alien, being populated by a different people, later comers, who nsually mean somewhere else when they say "home," and who do not see the Valley of the State on their maps of California. There is a strong party there that is very desirous of cutting loose and organizing the State of Los Angeles. They are irksome of their connection as a tail on the kite, and yet, beiug in for it, they are intensely and zealously loyal to—*Southern* California. They all know that a dollar contains one thonsand mills, though it will be news to many a Californian between the Tehachapi and Siskiyon that the silver discus can be divided into more pieces than ten dimes. Yet these people of the "State of Los Angeles" often outdo us in generous enterprise. They can, and do, bnry all personal friction, and pnll together as one man when the interests of their section demand it. Their annnal fiesta has given them a national prominence, which causes the rest of the country to view this end of the Golden State as through a glass darkly. Now the Angeleños have organized for an annual Horse Show. And they will have it. They have borrowed Chicago's motto, "I will." They are keen to make Los Angeles the winter racing rendezvons of the country, and will offer the Horse Show and rich money prizes as one of their many indncements to owners from the East. Cups were donated and hundreds of dollars subscribed even before the managers conld get out a prospectus. San Franciscans may yet have the dnbions pleasnre of seeing her thoronghbreds cavortiug over *Southern* Californian tanbark at the "Los Angeles Annual National Horse Show."

***

Considering the opportunity, the quality of the correspondence coming from the Philippines is poor stuff. Material there is in plenty, but the great dailies slighted the expedition in favor of the Santiago excursion and detailed second-class men to handle it. Of the Eastern press *Harper's* and the *Sun*, who both are represented by Oscar Davis, alone have had articles worth consideriug. Of the Western papers the *Chronicle* has been the best served, bnt Martin Egan's correspondence is voluminous rather than good. Dr. R. L. Porter has also contributed some excellent articles to The Wave, but the others have slighted the chance of their jonrnalistic lifetimes. The impression is now accepted that the actual condition of affairs between the insurgents and Americans is understood improperly in this country, and that negotiations have been badly blundered. Some really able men shonld be sent to review the situation and to state intelligently the actual status of affairs. Such a man as Henry Norman, for instance, might do yeoman's service in this contingency, or A. R. Colqnhoun, whose work on *China in Transformation* has attracted great attention, possesses the reqnisite intelligence and information. The problem of the Philippines is the most important before the American pnblic to-day, and as a matter of fact there is no instrncted opinion on the snbject before the nation.

***

It is not generally known that Major-General Elmer Otis exercises a strict snpervision over all press dispatches that issue from Manila. The General is an irritable old gentleman whose prominence is based on seniority rather than mental capacity. A trnsty officer reads the letters for him, and is ever ready to cavil at any statement which ventures a criticism on the General's administration, or snggests that the soldiers are in less than admirable health. The consequence is that little that is not complimentary gets out. That General Otis was an incompetent executive was made manifest by his administration of Camp Merritt, which was among the worst camps in the United States, and the idea of this narrow-minded beanreaucrat being in control of the Philippines is preposterons. His one idea is to make the local administration of Manila show profit, and death and disease and the discomfort of the American soldiers are nothing to him in comparison with this desideratnm.

***

I learn that Barry Baldwin, who went to Manila representing Macondray & Co. of San Francisco, has profited by his enterprise. He has the stevedore contracts for unloading the transports, and the impression is current in Manila that he has a good thing of it. The news of his snccess shonld gratify Mr. Baldwin's many friends.

***

The repressed enthusiasm of seven years found Vesnvian utterance on Thanksgiving Day, when the Crimson of Stanford at last went down before the Blue and Gold of California. This pnts the inter-collegiate game upon a healthy basis—a condition of gennine rivalry with the outcome of a meeting problematical. Next year's football game onght to be well worth attending. It was curious to study the expressions of the Stanford eleven npon the occasion of their first defeat. They were sore-hearted and distressed, bnt bore np with gallantry and resolntion. Some of their mistaken friends are inclined to plead the baby act for them, but I have yet to hear whimpering from a man who fought last week. They are first to say that both teams played good, hard football, perfectly clean and without one foul play on either side. The excellent Stanford coach, Mr. Harry Cross of Yale, did his very best with the men of Palo Alto, and he said afterward that "Stanford was outplayed man to man, except in the position of quarter-back. Murphy played the best game of football I have ever seen. I have not one excnse to offer — we were simply outplayed." Captain Forrest Fisher of Stanford spoke identically the same words: "I hope there is not a single man of my eleven who will seek to make excnses for the defeat. We went up against a team that was our superior in every respect, and the better team won." Captain Percy Hall of the U. of C. played a brilliant game from first to last, distinguishing himself particularly by pulling down Chester Murphy at the end of his great seventy-five-yard run. Captain Hall gave much of the credit for victory to Mr. Garrett Cochran, the U. of C. coach from Princeton. There is no doubt that Cochran's coaching and his fine material made an excellent combination. The Berkeley team work was a remarkable feature of the game. There were eleven men in every play. The Stanford eleven could hardly hide the ouset when Pringle led the bunch for a buck at their center. The California end work was high-class; the interference was superior. Stanford fought with the energy of desperation, losing again and again for eager off-side plays. Murphy and Fisher did their best work. Murphy was everywhere in the thickest of it. His playing was phenominal, even to the Eastern cracks who coached the rival teams. It was clearly the best football ever seen in California.

***

The total gate receipts of the intercollegiate football game were $16,698, the greatest amount ever received at the annual contest. After their comuon expenses had been deducted, the rival elevens divided $14,120, each team taking $7,060 for its expenses, and for the football treasury. This represents a gain of $835 a piece over last year. Intercollegiate athletic contests are the only absolutely clean sport left to us. Everything else is tainted with professionalism. It is possible that intercollegiate football may be corrupted. They have professional football players in England. The importation of successful players, which approaches professionalism, is uot unknown in America, but fortunately is not geueral and is repudiated by collegiate amateurs. Still, there is bound to be danger of commercialism where so much money is handled every year; and the honor of our university men is concerned in keeping the game clean.

***

Among the mysteries of the campaign is how Colonel Dan Burns managed to captnre San Francisco's delegation to the Repnblican State Convention. After his protracted absence in Mexico it seemed an extraordinary exhibition of power that he should be able to slip in and take control at at so important a moment. But the Colouel nnderstands the game in all its phases, and is generally equal to difficnlties when properly confronted with them. On returning from his mine Burns found that his henchman Kelly had joined the enemy, having smothered, as he supposed, the Citizens' Republican organization on which his claims had been founded. In the new combination which had been arranged between Kelly and Crimmins there was no vacancy for the Colonel, whose influence both had good grounds for resenting. They had previously eliminated County Clerk Curry, who had retired from his pseudo-leadership on condition of being nominated for Secretary of State. So the precious twain seemed monarchs of the situation. After a careful examination of the remains of the Citizens' Republican Committee, Burns discovered signs of life and promptly set to work at their revival. Of a sudden the old party was heard from, with new officers and a great flonrish of trumpets. Finely furnished headquarters were set up for it and all the appearances of a bitter contest in the local party were made to develop. These signs and tokens were not wasted on Kelly and Crimmins, who having fasted so long were anxious to lead their followers back to fodder. In terror lest a well defined opposition, backed by the State Central Committee, should overthrow their power, they held a consultation and began to negotiate. The result was that in return for the retirement of the Citizens' Republican Committee, Burns was permitted to name the delegation to Sacramento, saddled, however, with the promise of Curry's nomination. That is why the Colonel so completely dominated the San Francisco delegation. It was a fine bluff, and it won. It seems, too, that he retains the nucleus of the organization for future use, as he had nominated a Mr. Buckley for Police Judge, who received fifteen thousand votes. Thus are political conquests achieved. The result could not have been purchased for $10,000, and it cost Colonel Burns but one thousand and some strategy.

BOSWELL JR.

Claret, as we name light French wines, is a term that has no significance in France. The word is obsolete there, and has not been employed in the sense in which we use it for more than a hundred years. Claret in France is called *vin de Bordeaux*. It is derived from *clairet*, which in old French signified "clarified." Why it shonld be applied to red wines, which are anything but clear, is a question.

Looking up the Pasig River

Graves of American Soldiers

Pasig River Fortifications

Mortar in Front of the Bishop's Palace

Vaults for the Spanish Dead

SOME RECENT VIEWS OF MANILA

Photos by Dr. A. A. Law

YETEVE, "WHOSE BEAUTY WAS WORTHY OF THE TRIBUTE"
By Eric Pape.
From *A Fair God*, by Lew Wallace.

"CROOKED TRAILS"

Written and Illustrated by Frederic Remington.

The author of *Pony Tracks* and *Crooked Trails* (Harper & Brothers) has done a service to American letters and history which will be even better appreciated in the time to come, when the rapidly-fading frontier shall have entirely disappeared; when the stern, fierce Indians from whom our fathers wrenched the great wide West shall, have followed the buffalo into the obliteration of death or civilization; when the leather-covered knights of the conquest shall have become a tradition; and when a new "old army" shall be sighing for the gallant border days of the past. Men like Remington and Wister are the tardily-developed heralds of this our brief age of chivalry, and they are doing what they hastily can to make chronicles for posterity.

The reader must not look for elegance in Mr. Remington's literary style. He frankly eschews any attempt at fine writing. His chapters are done in simple, vigorous phraseology, lean and honestly drawn like his horses, and true to that life which was the inspiration both of his pen and his brush. Remington's straightforward personality is in and over it all. He is the master of the situation right through the book, because he knows what he is talking about and has lived in the scenes which he so sympathetically depicts. The pages of *Crooked Trails* are vitalized with the spirit of the free and breezy West. Over them ride the Indian, the trooper, the cowboy, and the despised of all, the greaser, in the picturesque open order in which they have battled over the continent that lies behind us.

In *Crooked Trails* the author has not confined himself entirely to the near past, but has gone back to the period of Cooper's leatherstockings, and to the storied days of the Texas Rangers. Throughout the book picture and text are supplementary. Though the text is interesting and virile, the reader's satisfaction is doubled by the presence of the author's own illustrations. Typical of his written effort is this part of his introduction of Colonel "Rip" Ford, the Texas Ranger:

Through the veil of tobacco smoke the ancient warrior spoke his sentences slowly, at intervals, as his mind gradually separated and arranged the details of countless fights. His head bowed in thought; anon it rose sharply at recollections, and as he breathed, the shouts and lamentations of crushed men—the yells and shots—the thunder of horses' hoofs—the full fury of the desert combats came to the pricking ears of the Deacon and me.

We saw through the smoke the brave young faces of the hosts which poured into Texas to war with the enemies of their race. They were clad in loose hunting-frocks, leather leggings and broad black hats; had powder-horns and shot-pouches hung about them; were armed with bowie-knives, Mississippi rifles, and horse-pistols; rode Spanish ponies, and were impelled by Destiny to conquer, like their remote ancestors, "the godless hosts of the Pagan" who "came swimming o'er the Northern Sea."

Captain Jack Hayes' braves had many a glorious fight, several of which Remington here recounts. There are a few old men in San Francisco who rode with Hayes in Texas. The author says of these survivors:

* * * Fights were what the old Colonel had dealt in during his active life, much as other men do in stocks and bonds or wheat and corn. He had been a successful operator, and only recalled pleasantly the bull quotations. This type of Ranger is all but gone. A few may yet be found on outlying ranches. One of the most celebrated resides in San Antonio—"Big-foot" Wallace by name. He says he does not mind being called "Big-foot," because he is six feet two in height, and is entitled to big feet. His face is done off in a nest of white hair and beard, and is patriarchal in character. In 1836 he came out from Virginia to "take toll" of the Mexicans for killing some relatives of his in the Fannin Massacre, and he considers that he has squared his accounts; but they had him on the debit side for a while. Being captured in the Meir expedition, he walked to the city of Mexico, and did public work for that country with a ball-and-chain attachment for two years. The prisoners overpowered the guards and escaped on one occasion, but were overtaken by Mexican cavalry while dying of thirst in a desert. Santa Anna ordered their "decimation," which meant that every tenth man was shot, their lot being determined by the drawing of a black bean from an earthen pot containing a certain proportion of white ones. He was also a member of Captain Hayes' company, afterwards a captain of Rangers, and a noted Indian-fighter. Later he carried the mails from San Antonio to El Paso through a howling wilderness, but always brought it safely through—if safely can be called lying thirteen days by a water-hole in the desert, waiting for a broken leg to mend, and living meanwhile on one prairie-wolf, which he managed to shoot. Wallace was a professional hunter, who fought Indians and hated "greasers", he belongs to the past, and has been "outspanned" under a civilization in which he has no place, and is to-day living in poverty.

The rough and ready army trooper has his story told in such incidents as this:

But the pursuit was relentless; on, on over the rolling hills swept the famishing troopers, and again the Spartan band turned at bay, firmly intrenched on a bluff as before. This was the last stand—nature was exhausted. The soldiers surrounded them, and Major Wessels turned the handle of the human vise. The command gathered closer about the doomed pits—they crawled on their bellies from one stack of sage-brush to the next. They were freezing. The order to charge came to the Orphan Troop, and yelling his command, Sergeant Johnson ran forward. Up from the sage-brush floundered the stiffened troopers, following on. They ran over three Indians, who lay sheltered in a little cut, and these killed three soldiers together with an old frontier sergeant who wore long hair, but they were destroyed in turn. While the Orphans swarmed under the hill, a rattling discharge poured from the rifle-pits; but the troop had gotten under the fire, and it all passed over their heads. On they pressed, their blood now quickened by excitement, crawling up the steep, while volley on volley poured over them. Within nine feet of the pits was a rim-rock ledge over which the Indian bullets swept, and here the charge was stopped. It now became a duel. * * *

Many soldiers were being killed, and the fire from the pits grew weaker. The men were beside themselves with rage. "Charge!" rang through the now still air from some strong voice, and, with a volley, over the works poured the troops, with six-shooters going and clubbed carbines. Yells, explosions, and amid a whirlwind of smoke the soldiers and Indians swayed about, now more slowly and quietly, until the smoke eddied away. Men stood still, peering about with wild open eyes through blackened faces. They held desperately to their weapons. An old bunch of buckskin rags rose slowly and fired a carbine aimlessly. Twenty bullets rolled and tumbled it along the ground, and again the smoke drifted off the mount. This time the air grew clear.

The fight was over. There is equal vigor and action in his hunting stories, in the excellent *The Essentials at Fort Adobe* and in *The Soledad Girls*.

Harper & Brothers, Mr. Remington's publishers, have turned out in this season no more really enjoyable book than *Crooked Trails*.

"MILE AFTER MILE RUSHED THE LITTLE COLUMN"
From *Crooked Trails*, by Frederic Remington
Copyright by Harper & Brothers

A footnote printed upon the diplomas issued by the school of osteopathy in Missouri defines osteopathy as follows: "Osteopathy is the science of healing without the use of drugs, and is the art of manipulating the various parts of the body on the purely mechanical principle in the reduction of dislocations and fractures and in the removing of obstructions to the current force of fluids of the body, thereby assisting nature to maintain a healthy action of all the functions of the system."

The presence of fish in a reservoir insures the purity of the water. Perch and pickerel make away with all the insects that fall in, and eels dispose of all decayed and effete matter.

FROM THE AZOTEAS HE SAW THEM ENTER THE CITY"
By Eric Pape
From *A Fair God*, by Lew Wallace

"A FAIR GOD"

An Edition de Luxe of Lew Wallace's Famous Story.

Christmas is celebrated by the publishers with fine editions of the classics. Each of the big houses brings out one or two volumes elaborately printed and illustrated, and from the book dealers they pass into innumerable Xmas stockings, libraries or parlor centre tables. Sometimes Washington Irving is a medium of decorative typography—again it is Hawthorne or Longfellow. *Ben Hur* has been gorgeously adorned; now it is the turn of *A Fair God*.

This interesting romance of the Moctezumas is superbly produced by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Not only are the photogravures, with which the book is filled, fine of their kind, but the utmost care was taken that they should be accurate in character. The illustrator, Eric Pape—a Californian, by the way—before beginning his labors, travelled through Mexico and Central America, armed with a camera, following practically the same ground as that gone over by Cortes, visiting ruins of ancient civilization. The results of these labors are shown in the head and tail pieces through the two volumes of *A Fair God*, and give a local value to the illustrations. The production has thus an archaeological as well as an artistic virtue. It is out of place at this late day to dilate on the merits of this romance. It has been eminently successful and figures as a classic—hence the beautiful dress it now appears in. Paper and printing are admirable—it is a beautiful piece of book-making—the head pieces done in two colors, the full-page pictures done in photogravure.

It is a question whether these very fine editions pay the cost of their production. Even with the facilities of a great publishing house, such work as there is here proves immensely expensive and difficult. Of course, if it becomes the popular gift book of the year, the expenditure is soon realized, for in every town in the country a certain number of *Fair Gods* are purchased and the aggregate makes a large edition. But the margin of profit on this book, sold at $7.00, is small. At least that would be the judgment of the writer. As for the work of Eric Pape—it is quite the finest he has done, and represents not only a high order of imagination, but a degree of skill at composition far beyond the average. Provided he possessed the sense of color, what magnificent canvases these pictures of his would make!

Liane de Pougy has published an autobiographical romance entitled *L'Insaisissable*. It describes her adventures in search of real love. She thought this happiness had come as she listened to a Hungarian musician with lustrous eyes; but when she listened to the unmelodious sounds he emitted in devouring his food, the illusion vanished. After various experiments, she finds an innocent youth in the country, and devotes her soul to him. But he makes discoveries about her past, and this brings on consumption, which kills him. The book ends with the philosophical reflection that, although joy is unseizable, there is nothing so delightful in life as the quest of it. That may be true, but it does not justify an extremely dull story.

Jokai, the Hungarian novelist, lives in extreme simplicity. He is seldom seen away from home, and begins work at his desk in the early morning, sometimes remaining there the whole day. A small room adjoining his library contains the books of reference he consults, a narrow bed like a soldier's, and a few window-plants. The room is so destitute of what is generally looked upon as necessary comforts that it might be the dormitory of a monk. Dr. Jokai, now in his seventy-fourth year, is constantly attended by a devoted man-servant, who has grown aged in his beloved master's service.

Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

Ina D. Coolbrith

Madge Morris

Margaret Collier Grahame

Geraldine Bonner

A GROUP OF FEMININE LITERATEURS

LITERARY CALIFORNIENNES

Feminine Poets and Novelists Who Have Made Reputations.

The literary reputations of California, with few exceptions, are feminine. Why this should be passeth the comprehension of the writer, but it's the fact. One thinks of Joaquin Miller, Ambrose Bierce, Frank Norris, John Muir, and one or two more whose names are known across the continent, but there are surely several dozen women whose signatures are familiar in the magazines. Is it because the sex has the trick of pleasing the editors? or must one credit their prominence to the charm of their personalities? However it be, they have had the best of the encounter, numerically at least, and all seem to be doiug well, if not growing rich. If one had the patience to explore the literary archives and evoke remembrances of the days that are no more (thank heaven) a score of brilliant personalities might be developed for the iustruction of the reader, but we are, in this instance, concerned with the living present—with the ladies who are making famc and hay in the sunshine of '98.

Gertrude Atherton is the most prouinent of the coterie of California literary ladies. She has now an English reputation and rails with proper scorn at things American. Her favorite theme is the Spanish occupation, and Monterey before the coming of Sloat is the background she loves best to utilize. Talent she undoubtedly has, but not of the finest order. She possesses industry and lacks imagination. Her productions are curionsly uneven in quality. *Patience Sparhawk*, easily the most important of her novels, represents excellent workmanship and shrewd observation, but the plot is an aimless string of impossible incidents which spoil the value of the production. She followed it with *American Wives and English Husbands*, subsequently with *The Californians*. The former attracted attention far beyond its merits, while the latter has been rather sat upon by the best critics. Gertrude Atherton's best gift is a sense of character and a literary appreciation which enables her, when shc exerts herself, to write well. When she is concerned with production rather than style, her manner is superficial and commonplace. Her talent is one that would be valuable in collaboration with a fertile imagination, and she should take unto herself some assistaut gifted with a sense of plot and an appreciation of the proper assemblage and progressiou of incidents.

Geraldine Bonner is another of the California women who have won the uotice of the magazine publisher. She is a daughter of the veteran journalist, John Bonner, whose experience has run the entire gamut of current literature, from the New York *Herald* and *Harper's Weekly* in the East to the *Chronicle* and *Call* in the West. He is a facile and voluminous writer, ready on any subject, but this phase of his literary gift Miss Bonner does not inherit. She writes slowly and with great care and thought, and her work, if it falls short in constructive power, never lacks elegance of diction or clearness of statement. Her literary career, though begun in San Francisco, was inaugurated in New York, for she was given the opportunity of writing Gotham correspondence for the *Argonaut*. It was excellent stuff she sent, bright, clever and interesting. Returning subsequeutly to California, she was given Betsey B.'s place as the *Argonaut's* dramatic critic, a role in which she has developed her power of judgment, and through which she has acquired an excellent knowledge of the dramatic art. During these years, however, she has written uany stories, which have appeared in *Harper's*, *Collier's*, the *Chap Book* and other publications. The earlier tales from her pen were couched in a light and humorous vein, but latterly her work has beeu more serious. She has endeavored to typify the individualities of California, and one story contributed to *Harper's Magazine* created a real stir, because of a vague assumptiou that Miss Bonner had declared that California girls were necessarily large, handsome aud stupid. Because a heroine has certain generic characteristics, it does not follow that her sistern under differeut conditions shall be fashioned in the same mould. A set of stories representing phases of Western life have been finished by Miss Bonner, and will subsequently appear in book form. Otherwise this writer is deeply interested in her work and is sure to go far. Few have made so thorough a study of contemporary California life, and her sketches invariably evince a proper regard for the facts of existence—a characteristic which Mrs. Atherton lacks.

Miss Juliet Wilbor Tompkins is now editor of *The Puritan* and a liberal contributor to *Munsey's*. She is strictly Californian in birth and education, and certainly possesses literary talent of value. Her forte is short story writing, and I believe that some of her best turued tales appeared iu The Wave. Few writers in the field can develop an episode with surer skill or lightness of touch. The disadvantage which Miss Tompkins has suffered froui is in writing for direct results. These charming little sketches with which

Gertrude Atherton

Mabel Craft

her identity is associated, with their touch of sentiment and their cleverness of dialogue and construction, should preface literary effort on a broader scale. With such facility and ability Miss Tompkins should write novels, and I have no doubt she yet will.

Another of the younger generation of California's literary women is Miss Mabel Craft, a member of the *Chronicle* staff, who is bound to make a reputation. She has brains and physical vigor, and to-day is one of the best descriptive writers on the papers of San Francisco. It was Miss Craft who wrote the articles describing the Baldwin fire in the *Chronicle* of the 24th—really a first class piece of work. She was special correspondent of the *Chronicle* and New York *Sun* at the annexation ceremonies in Honolulu, and has written a book *Hawaii Nei*, which will be published shortly by Wm. Doxey. It is a good deal to say of a yonng woman, that she is one of the best reporters in a city in which newspaper enterprise has been so vigorous as in San Fraucisco, yet it is the fact. However, with her brains and capacity, journalism will only be a phase in Miss Craft's career. She will certainly graduate into the magazines, or mayhap acquire fame as Isabella Bird has in travelling and describing unknown countries. Her equipment for literary work is excellent, for at the University of California she graduated at the head of her class.

Ina D. Coolbrith's reputatiou belongs less to the present era. The fine verse with which her name is identified was written over a decade ago, and little has come from her pen latterly worthy her fame. However this environment, though it does support Joaquin Miller, is not calculated to foster the poetic muse, and the shadow of the prison house has rather overcast her genius. But in the book of poems which bear her name are verses which will not be forgotten. Recently attentiou has been drawn to Miss Coolbrith in London, and her ability was proclaimed iu two pages of an English literary paper. In private life Miss Coolbrith is librarian of the Mercantile Library.

HEU PIETAS!

How sweet it is to hear theun drone,
Those holy fellows who intone;
  Yet have they such enchanting ways
  Iu lesson, litany and praise,
They seem to stand before the Throne.

They run the gamut from the groan
To piping treble, then they moan,
  Or nasal notes to Heaveu upraise.
    How sweet it is!

We beg for bread, and get a stone;
We ask for meat, and get a boue,
  The jawbone of an ass that brays
  Where Balaam's burro would not graze;
And yet we listen till we own
    How sweet it is!

LOUIS A. ROBERTSON.

An insurance company applied to the Maine authorities for information precedent to issuing a new form of life and accident policy especially for sportsmen. They learned that there were thirteen fatal shooting accidents in the Maine woods in 1897.

Private bull fights are occasionally given by the very rich people in Madrid, and guests are invited to them as they would be to a dinner.

ON THE "YANKEE"

How the Naval Reserve Did Sailorman Work in the War.

The finest exhibit of the late war was the conduct of th meu of the Naval Reserve who from civil life turned t and did the work and endured the privations of commo sailors. They were men of all stations in life—lawyers doctors, merchants, brokers—all accustomed to luxuriou living and mental rather than physical endeavor. But the were none the worse for that when it came to active service Something of the life they led aud the experiences the underwent is told in *A Gunner Aboard the Yankee* (Double day & McClure), an interesting narrative of the severa cruises of the gallant auxiliary cruiser, compiled from th diary of "Number Five af the After Port Gun." The bool is thoroughly readable and written in a vein of cheerfu patriotism. The hardships are not slighted, for they were too prominent a feature of the cruise, but you learn how pleasantly they were endured and of the gay spirit of cour age which animated the crew. An impression of this vivacity in iucongruous circumstances may be gathered from the following:

A naval officer attached to the yard stood near me at one time during the afternoon, and I heard him remark to a visitor who had accompanied him on board: "You will find an object lesson in this scene. These young men, working here at the hardest kind of manual labor, buckling down cheerfully to dirty jobs, were, a few days ago, living in luxury in the best homes in New York. The older men were clerks, or lawyers, or physicians, and not one of them had ever stained his hands with toil. Look at them now."

Unconsciously I glanced across the deck to where three men were hauling upon a whip, or block-and-tackle, which was being used to hoist large boxes and casks of provisions on board. The three men were working sturdily, and it would have been difficult to recognize them, with their grimy faces and soiled duck uniforms, a doctor, a bank cashier, and a man-about-town well known in New York City. Near the forward hatch, laboriously swabbing the deck, was a black-haired youth whose father helps to control some of the largest moves on 'Change. Scattered about the gangway were others, some painting, some rolling barrels, and a number engaged in whipping in heavy boxes of ammunition. * * * I looked to myself—my hands were brown and smeared and bruised. My uniform, once white, was streaked and stained with tar. I wore shoes innocent of blacking and made after a pattern much admired amongst navvies. I had an individual ache in every bone of my body, and I was hungry and was compelled to look forward to a dinner of odorous salt-horse, hard bread and "ennuied" coffee, but I was happy—I had to admit that.

Iu startling contrast to the equauimity of most of the reserves was the conduct of a recruit who objected to the form of sleeping accommodation which was vouchsafed the crew of the *Yankee*. Here is the story:

The master-at-arms was expostulating with one of the new recruits who had reported that afternoon. Suddenly the latter called out, angrily, "I'll see if I have to, durn you!" and bolted for the upper deck. The master-at-arms followed him at once, and several of us followed the master-at-arms to see the excitement. "What's the matter with yon?" demanded the officer on watch, curtly. "What's up?"

"Th-th-that m-m-man down in the-the cellar wants me to sleep in a bag, durn him," gasped the recruit, waving his bulky arms, "and I won't do it for him or no one else."

"*Cellar?*" Then the officer shouted with laughter. That ended the naval career of the recruit.

The *Yankee* assists at the bombardment of the Santiago forts, is several times iu action, fights a gunboat at Guantanamo, and exchanges shots with the Spanish batteries at Cienfuegos. She was in the thick of events throughout the contest, and the reserve had its fill of adventure. They missed being in at the death of Cervera's fleet, but otherwise they saw everything worth seeing.

The Comtesse de Paris, for many years one of the best shots in France or England, had designed for herself a very practical set of rough-weather garments, consisting of a narrow, plain tweed skirt, bound round the hem with dressed kid leather, and a Norfolk jacket of the same material, with sleeves buttoned from the wrist to the elbow in such a fashion that they could be turned back at a moment's notice. Under the coat was worn a woven silk jersey. To crown this costume the Countess wore a plain round felt hat made to measure. The point is generally overlooked in this country, where women go in for so many outdoor forms of amuseuent, that on the fit of one's headgear depends a great deal of one's comfort on any sort of outing expedition.

Five tons of "goobers" a day are consuued by a uew factory at Norfolk, Virginia, in the production of oil, flour and meal. Most of the oil aud meal is exported to Germany for use in making fancy soaps. Virginians and Germans nse peannt flonr quite extensively for bread, cake and biscuits, and it has a vogue in the German hospitals, where its uutritive qualities are very much thought of.

THE WESTERN RAILROADS

Cy Warman Reviews Life Attendant Upon Their Construction.

Historically, this book is valuable, because it gives a comprehensive sketch of a great subject in brief compass; and, furthermore, the strange and picturesque phases of the life which are depicted are full of immediate interest. It pictures the building of the earlier transcontinental lines across the true West—the West from the Missouri to the Pacific. Mr. Warman has shared in the work of the railroad men,

The Engineer.

(Running the line with a transit on the Plains.)

and he made a special journey through the West to gather fresh material for this valuable and entertaining book.

The Story of the Railroad appears in the now justly famous "Story of the West Series," published by D. Appleton & Co. It is uniform with *The Story of the Indian*, by George Bird Grinnell; *The Story of the Mine*, by Charles Howard Shinn, and *The Story of the Cowboy*, which will become the classic of them all, by E. Hough. *The Story of the Railroad* is an admirable book, in every way worthy of an author already an approved authority upon the subject for which he was chosen to write. The book is not at all a bundle of statistics and dry material relating to construction, as a glance at the title might cause one to presuppose. On the contrary, Mr. Warman has done his work with such literary skill that congressional oratory, explorations, surveys and the various military, political and commercial arguments but add to the picturesqueness of the review. In a large part this book is the story of the strange life which began with and accompanied the building of the transcontinental highways. It embraces a series of colossal labors. First, always, must be the Union Pacific, but the author has chosen the Santa Fé as the typical railroad of his book, because of the fresh picturesqueness of its story; and as the story of one is almost the story of all, there is only a general review of these other roads, the Northern Pacific and the Southern Pacific. The maps, and the illustrations by B. West Clinedinst, supplement the text admirably.

The "end" camp was always "the toughest community under the sun." In the chapter called "Life in a Grading Camp," the author sketches one of these mushroom cities:

At Newton, Kan., the Santa Fe crossed the cattle trail that came up from Texas. Here the iron trail makers and the hetorogenous herd that followed them flowed into the stream of cowboys that swept up from the Southwest, and there was trouble. The armed retainers of the cattle barons of the Panhandle had known no law on the wide plains, and refused to be arrested or interfered with at all. The steel-nerved, cold-faced, conscienceless gambler took the earnings of the cowboy and the grade maker with commendable impartiality. The cattle drives to Abaline had already given the place a name, and when the graders and their followers flowed in upon Newton it took rank at once as the toughest community under the sun. Jim Steel, one of the gifted historians of Kansas, says:

> They counted that day lost whose low descending sun
> Saw no man killed or other mischief done.

* * * There was no night in Newton then. It was just a change of shift from sunlight to lamplight, and the rattle and riot of the place went on.

One of the first permanent improvements made by the thoughtful citizens of the place was the establishment of a public graveyard. It began ten rods north of the proposed railroad, and was bounded on the east by the Missouri and on the west by the Rocky Mountains. There was no charge at first for places, and it began to fill up rapidly. In one month twenty-eight men were buried there.

To-night the cowboys and the graders might be against the gamblers, to-morrow night might find the graders and the gamblers leagued together. And then there were countless insignificant, single-handed fights, in which only one or two men were killed. Viewing the place from afar, one would say that a man's life was not worth a straw there, and yet there is one man, at least, who saw it all. The land commissioner of the Santa Fe passed through all these wild towns when they were in the making, including Dodge City, and declares that he never had an unkind, not even an unpleasant, word from these hard men of the frontier.

The bitterness and jealousy between the gamblers and the cowboys grew at Newton until war was raging almost unbroken by sleep, day and night, between the two factions. A gambler who had been widely advertised by the Panhandlers as the leading candidate for the next funeral, concluded to go to the chief rendezvous of the cowboys and have it out. As he entered the place a half dozen men saw him and were ready to begin upon the slightest provocation.

"All set!" cried the gambler, throwing his back against the wall and facing a dozen or more men who surrounded a faro table. As his back went to the wall his hands came up, each holding a self-acting revolver. The cowboys, every one, reached for their hip pockets. Some of them never got far enough to add anything to the awful uproar, for the gambler was pouring out two streams of cold lead.

The war for the possession of the Royal Gorge—the Grand Cañon of the Arkansas — between the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad and the Denver and Rio Grande, is one of the most thrilling incidents in the development of the West. "Bat" Masterson, not unknown in San Francisco, and a string of slaughterers from Dodge City, were imported by the Santa Fé, and these gun-fighters fortified in the stone roundhouse at Pueblo. A printed account must necessarily be a tame picture of those stirring scenes, but Cy Warman's chapter is quick with life:

By the time the first train pulled out of Denver the whoel State was swarming with armed men. But from a single county, Pueblo, came the cry of a Sheriff who had been unable to serve the Bowen writ and dislodge the Santa Fe. There Masterson held not only the roundhouse, but the station and offices. The Rio Grande forces at Pueblo were under Chief Engineer McMurtrie and R. F. Weitbrec, treasurer of the company.

Some of the Rio Grande men conceived the idea of stealing a cannon from the militia, with which they might batter down the roundhouse and capture the killers therein, but found at the last moment that the cannon had already been stolen by the gentlemen on the other side. It was even asserted that it was within the roundhouse walls, and the Rio Grande people moved yet a little space away.

Mr. Weitbrec, it would appear, held the belief that a man who could be hired by an entire stranger to go out and slay people for a few dollars a day could be seen, and so went over to the roundhouse to see Masterson.

When they had spoken softly together for a spell, Bat called his captain. The latter presently went to the lieutenant, who was standing at the other end of the house where the men were massed, and said:

"Say, you fellers, drop yer heavy guns, keep yer light ones, an' slide."

"What?" said the lieutenant.

"You're to lay down—'is nibs 'as seen Bat."

"Well," said the lieutenant, "'spose 'e have seen Bat, where do we come in? What's in the pot? Ye kin tell Mr. Bat we'll not quit till we see some dough."

The captain reported to Bat, and returning to the lieutenant, who stood surrounded by his faithful soldiers, said:

"Bat says the gentleman 'as seen 'im, an' if you gents don't come off at wonct he'll have to come over personally. The gen'l'man 'as seen 'im—see?" and with that the captain shot a spray of tobacco juice into an engine pit ten feet from where he stood, and strode away.

The army laid down their arms, for Mr. Weitbrec had seen Bat.

The surrounding of the roundhouse, however, did not mean the giving over of the whole town, and the Santa Fe men still held the dispatcher's office.

In the meantime Colonel Dodge's train was coming down from the north and Governor Hunt was coming up from the south. The excitement was hourly increasing.

The Story of the Railroad, as has been said, not only reviews the early trans-continental explorations and surveys, and the building of the roads, but the incidental Indian troubles, the annihilation of the buffalo, life on the route, the peopling of the West, and it recounts many stirring incidents of the early days, ending with the opening of Oklahoma. The author also pays a deserved tribute to the railroad engineer, sketches the beginnings of the express business, and concludes with a very intelligent summary of the West of to-day.

Blood-horse-breeding has been greatly encouraged by the fall sales of thoroughbreds. At the dispersal sale of the Neponset stud the Honorable Mr. W. C. Whitney and Mr. Sidney Paget paid $49,000 for the famous stallion Meddler, and further strengthened their stables by the purchase of several high-class brood-mares. Mr. J. B. Haggin's agents were among the bidders, but they dropped out at $30,000. A draft of Mr. Haggin's yearlings from the Rancho del Paso were also sold at Morris Park at from $300 to $1100. These are not fancy figures, and neither were the colts the best from his farm. Mrs. E. O. Pepper disposed of five Kentucky two-year-olds at the same sales for an average of $5,220. The great colt Kentucky Colonel brought her $10,000, and the lowest figures offered and taken were $3,700 for King Barleycorn. The Kentucky Breeders have just sold the stallions Pilatus and Onward to buyers from European government studs for $9,000 and $3,300. Only a few weeks ago our own great Directum was sold by the Green Estate for $20,000 to Mr. W. E. Spiers of Glens Falls, New York. It is reported that the Duke of Westminster is anxious to buy back Ormonde, for whom Mr. W. O'B. MacDonough paid $150,000 and the expense of getting the animal to his Menlo farm. As Mr. MacDonough is going out of the breeding business, he may take the Duke's reported offer of $50,000 and lose the difference.

HOLIDAY LITERATURE

The Robertson collection of ten drawings selected from the Chinatown portfolio of Mr. Ernest C. Peixotto is a book entirely Californian in conception, color, and finish, and its limitation to 750 copies is bound to make of it a literary *rara avis*. Such a fine example of the publisher's art is bound, too, to reflect credit upon the Coast's progress in the mechanical production of books, and A. M. Robertson is entitled to a compliment thereon. The drawings of Mr. Peixotto are the *raison d'être* of the book, but they are introduced by Mr. Robert Howe Fletcher in an interesting word sketch of the Chinatown quarter of San Francisco, which is clear and simple and sympathetically correct. Mr. Peixotto's work has the virtue of being the product of his leisure. The pictures were made through several years, from 1895 to 1898. They are ten in number, separately mounted on drawing-board leaves that may be removed from the book, and consist in interesting character studies, such as the posed portrait of an actor in the full regalia of a great Chinese military hero, a portrait of a girl, a funeral procession, a bit of the detail from the balcony of the Joss house on Waverly Place, a glance down a typical street, a priest in his robes, and, last and first, an excellent sketch of the celebrated Fish Alley with its varied and picturesque details. This drawing surpasses the rest in the book, and is a good example of Peixotto's peculiar style, with values neatly handled and effects in light and shade cleverly brought out. Robertson is selling this book for $3.50.

The golf craze is responsible for *The Golfer's Alphabet* (Harper & Brothers), one of the holiday publications. The illustrations are by A. B. Frost and the rhymes from the facile pen of W. G. Van T. Sutphen. Here is the verse devoted to H:

> H is the hole that was easy in,
> And also the four hazard that made it six more

Of course, the pictures are clever. Frost is one of the best men with a pen in the country, and his work is invariably worth having. *The Golfer's Alphabet* will undoubtedly be a popular Xmas present among enthusiasts in the game.

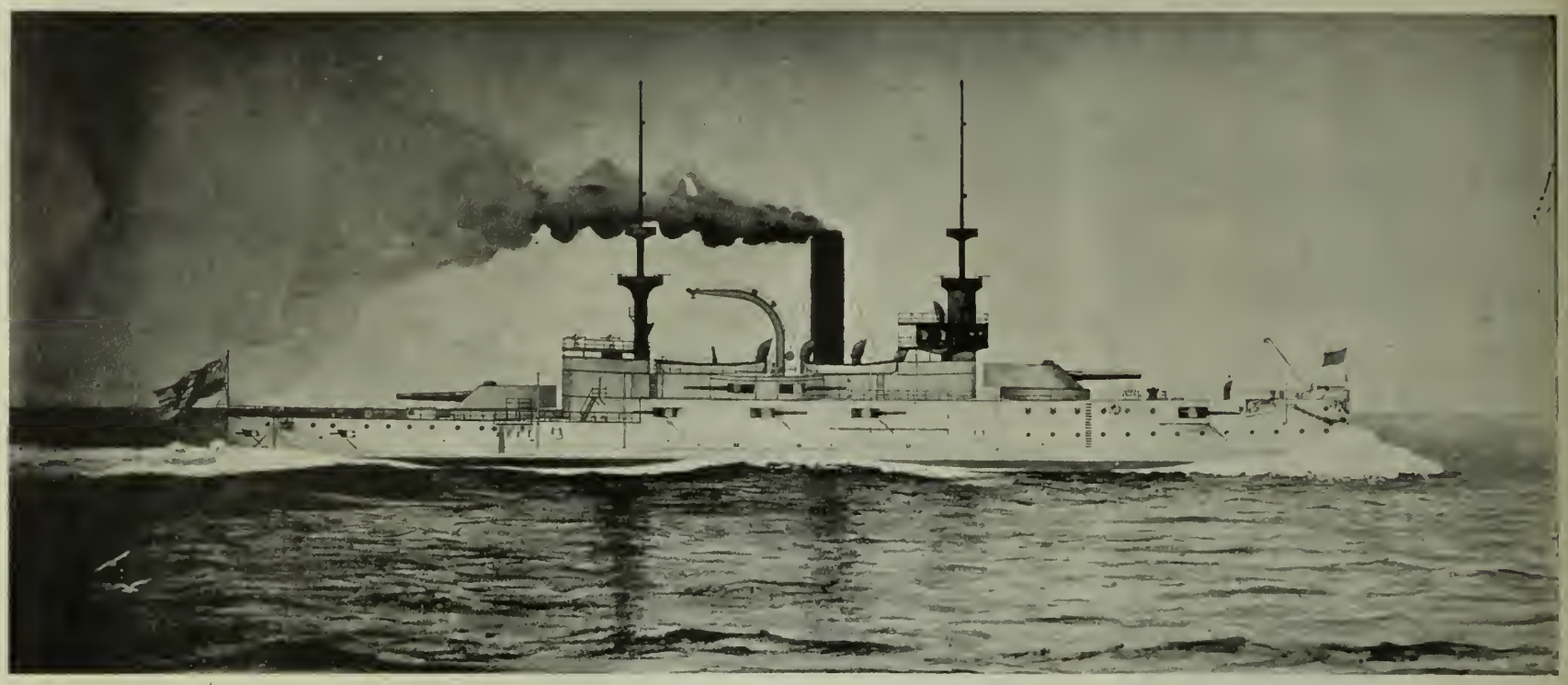
Mr. Stockton's new novel, *The Associate Hermit* (Harper & Brothers), is a story of vacation life in the Adirondacks, told much in the manner of *Rudder Grange*. The story is full of situations characterized by the unmistakable Stockton touch, by which, however, the development of the narrative is not impeded. Rather is it emphasized by this succession of happy conceptions.

Social Life in the British Army (Harper & Brothers) originally appeared serially in *Harper's Magazine*. The book constitutes an intimate account of the duties, military and social, of officers in the crack regiments of the British service. It has the merit of being written by one who knows whereof he speaks, and is calculated to remove many misconceptions of a British officer's manner of life. R. Caton Woodville, who illustrates the papers, has long been known as an expert in military draughtsmanship, and his striking pictures do much to emphasize the originality and interest of the text.

A Boston man of the Christian Science faith fractured his femur. Under Christian Science it was united, of course; but, of course, there was considerable shortening. Some months later a woman called at his place of business to sell him a book. In the course of conversation he related his experience, bemoaning the fact that the one-time injured limb was so short that he walked with difficulty. She expressed much sympathy, but assured him that just as Christian Science had mended the bone, just so could it lengthen it. She informed him that she understood and could give him one treatment then, and after that give him what were called "absent treatments." This she did, and departed. A fortnight later the man believed his leg was really a little longer. After another week he was sure it was. A week later it was still longer, and soon afterward it was as long as the other, and later still it was longer than the uninjured limb. At last accounts the leg was getting still longer; the "absent treatment" was still going on, and the whereabouts of the woman could not be ascertained.

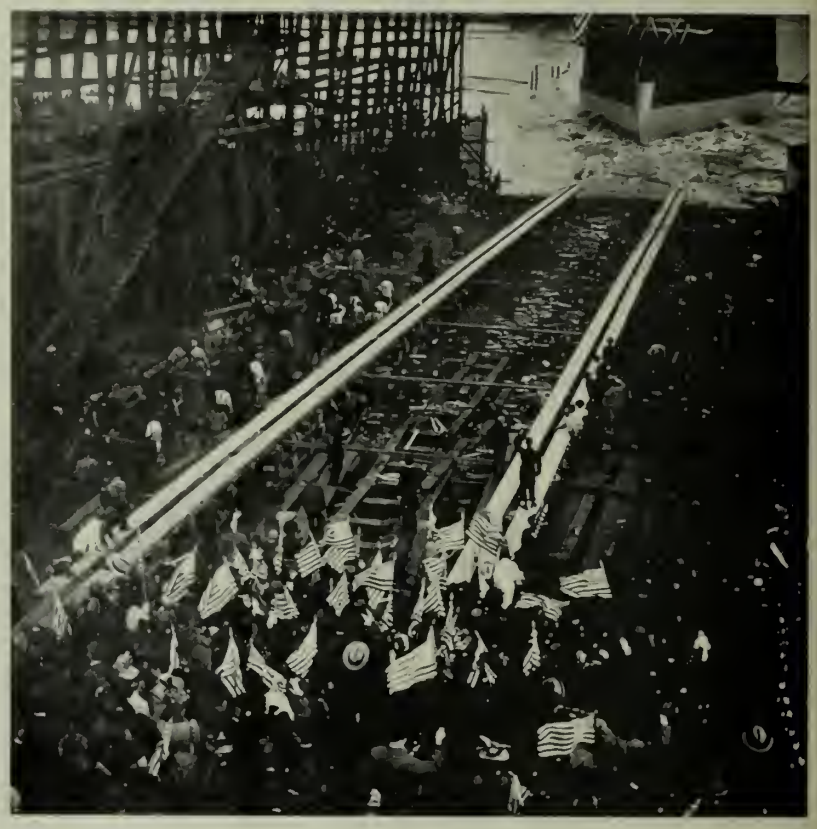
FISH ALLEY, CHINATOWN

From "Ten Drawings from Chinatown" Copyright, 1898, by A. M. Robertson.



As the "Wisconsin" will Appear when Completed

Just Before the Launching



As She Struck the Water

Mayor Phelan Mrs. Gage Gov. Gage

J. O'B. Gunn Miss Stephenson Lucille Gage Irving M. Scott

After the Launching

THE LAUNCHING OF THE "WISCONSIN"

Photos by Bruce Wood and J. H. Bratt

H. G. Wells

Anthony Hope

Ian Maclaren

Thos Hardy

A GROUP OF LITERARY CELEBRITIES

THE SOUTH IN LITERATURE

Its Development in Letters Contemporaneous With That of California.

Precedent to an intelligent study of Southern literature should be the digestion of Mr. Thomas Nelson Page's *The Old South*, and particularly that essay called "Authorship Before the War." This book of studies and essays contains the true key to a right understauding of the South and Southerners — a conception wouderfully lacking in the miuds of outsiders. Before the Civil War, Southern literature, like California's, was practically naught. The study of what *ante-bellum* literature there was is very interesting, but it is disappointing, too.

Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, South Carolina, Georgia, Louisiana, Missouri, and Arkansas had their poets and novelists, but their work was nearly all of it fantastically heroic, and it strained at an impossible ideality. Still, its weakness is easily accounted for. There was no eucouragement for domestic literary production. The South looked to England for its books, and occupied itself with what it fatuously named more serious matters. Literature was an ideal with the Southerners; the arts were idealized even in their architecture; but the political struggle, the intricacies of the law, were paramount whenever there was mental leisure. The Southern civilization has heretofore had little time or place for letters. The powerful and brilliant intelligence of the South which built our Ship of State and launched it, appreciated literature to the full: the richness of their cultivation is unquestionable. But, as in the beginning, until well after the Civil War, the Southern mind was most concerned with politics and the law. There was an intense interest in and much wide discussion of the sciences, history, philosophy, religiou, and the arts, but nearly all the thought brought to bear upon these subjects was expended in personal discussion, in oratory, or in fugitive papers, read ouce or a few times, and then lost in some old desk or secretary. Poetry seems to have been considered a brand of effeminacy.

"I wouldn't waste my time ou a damned thing like poetry," said a famous Virginian; "you might make yourself, with all your sense and judgment, useful in settling neighborhood disputes and difficulties."

This remark is pathetically amusing. It embodies the literary condition of the South before the war. For this ueglect of letters the South has paid dear in the absence of a literature that could justify and redeem her before a world soaked and seasoned in a sea of publications inspired by hostile thought. "History is just," said Bismarck. "It may be slow—but history is just." Aud in time the South shall have justice. She will retrieve fame from infamy and honor from dishonor, but it will be by a long and stubborn battle with prejudice, and the conquest shall be won by the pen and not the sword.

Leaving out of a literary study the great political and legal essayists and historians produced by the Southern civilization, the first *ante-bellum* man of letters to suggest himself is Edgar Allan Poe, whose *alma mater*, the University of Virginia, is even now erecting a sculptured bust to his memory. Mrs. J. M. B. Pratt is about the only survivor of the Kentucky school of poetry editorially nursed by George D. Prentice in Louisville. Like other Southern writers of that day, she was best appreciated in Eugland, and is remembered there now, while New York and Boston have ignored or forgotten her. The *Hymns to the Gods* of the Arkansan, Albert Pike, were published in *Blackwood's Magazine*. Southern poetry is further represented by Edward Coate Pinkney of South Carolina, by Richard Henry Wilde and by William Hamilton Hayne, of Georgia; by Robert Burns Wilson, Anne Aldrich, and Madison Cawein, of Kentucky; by Paul Hayne and Henry Timrod, of South Carolina, and by Sidney Lanier, of Maryland.

There were Southern humorists before the war, too, but by all means the most conspicuous was and is Mark Twain, born and raised in Missouri. The classification of Mr. Clemens presents difficulties. His wit is Southern, Western, American, Universal. But Missouri claims him for the South, and one of his most amusing skits is based upon his five days of service in the Confederate Army. The late Richard Malcolm Johnston first appeared in the war period. His humor is found at its best in the whimsical fun of the "Dukesborough Tales" and contemporary productions.

The literary renascence, or rather the birth of a real literature, in the South was, however, *post-bellum*, and is no older than the development of letters in the younger West. Of this new school of writers I should name first Thomas Nelson Page of Virginia, whose essays alone are a revelation of Southern character, life and thought. His sketches in dialect, and short stories have just been crowned by the completion of his novel, *Red Rock; a Glory of the Reconstruction*, which introduces us, with sympathetic fidelity and rare grace of style, to the aristocratic Virginians struggling, with the dignity of their race and with soldierly courage, in the melancholy ruin brought upon them by the war. What Mr. Page is to Virginia, James Lane Allen is to Kentucky. Also in Keutucky there are such writers as John Fox and Mrs. Eva Wilder McGlasson. Louisiana has such as George W. Cable and Grace King; Georgia has Joel Chaudler Harris, Harry Stillwell Edwards and Frank Stanton. Miss Murfree ("George Egbert Craddock") is the Mary Wilkins of the Tennessee mountaineers. Miss Murfree's sister, Miss Fanuy, has given us, in her *Felicia*, an excellent novel indeed.

A list of Southern writers and of their works would be a catalogue of successful literature; but it would be tedious in enumeration. All thoroughly-read people, however, should be more or less familiar with Mrs. Terhune ("Marion Harland"), Amélie Rives, Mrs. Burton Harrison, Miss Frances Courteney Baylor, Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart, Miss Julia Magruder, the late Miss Davis, and Opie Reed and John Esten Cooke.

Thus far Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield has been before the public as a writer of short stories. In *Latitude 19* (D. Appleton & Company), she emerges as the author of a long novel of adventure in which there is an agreeable blending of the scenery of Clark Russell and the whimsical humor of Frank Stockton. The book is packed to the brim with sensational incident. There is a shipwreck to begin with, the survivors are landed on the island of Hayti; subsequently pirates appear and trouble ensues. There is a treasure of great value. A labyrinthine cavern offers concealment, but does not protect the party against the uegroes. Voodoo magic and dusky princesses complicate the action, but in the end there is escape and happiness. The participants in these excitiug adveutures are entertainingly individualized. The old skipper and Miss Cynthia Archer, the heroine, are characteristic, though the latter is an anachronism, for she has the manners of '98 and yet lives in 1820. Otherwise the tale is done with considerable spirit and effectiveness and is decidedly worth reading. The illustrations, by George Gibbs, are excelleut.

Perhaps no one receives such large prices for his work as Mr. Rudyard Kipling. He has contracted to write eight stories for one of the magazines next year, for each of which he will receive about £240. This is simply for the English serial rights of the stories. In addition Mr. Kipling receives payment from America, India and the Colouies. This will probably bring up the price of the stories to about £500 each, making £4,000 for the year. In addition to this Mr. Kipling receives the royalties for book publications in England and America. This will not amount to less than about £4,000, so that for each story the author ultimately receives not less than £1,000.

Mark Twain gives exceeding care to composition. He sometimes rewrites au article a dozen or more times, studying the whole range of syntax to give precision and lucidity to a thought. For some fourteen summers he lived at Quarry Farm, near Elmira, the home of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Crane. One day he disappeared, and no trace of him was found until at diuner time he re-appeared at the house. "Where in the world have you been all day?" he was asked. "I—have—been—huntiug—for—a—word," replied Mr. Clemens, in that drawl peculiar to him. "And—what's—more,—I've—found—it,—too," he added.

Wordsworth was a terror to his friends. His pull was genteel, but very dexterous. He could flash a MS. on you before you could say "Good Morning." He read all of the *Excursion* to Lamb, and Hazlitt once wrote to Coleridge: "I tried to escape Wordsworth, because I knew he had a new poem with him, but he finally cornered me." In *Yesterdays with Authors*, James T. Fields innocently tells of how Wordsworth graciously read aloud to him a poem, seemingly uot aware that Wordsworth was always lying in wait for his prey.

S. S. McClure, of the Syndicate and Magazine, began his career by working his way through college, and assiduously cultivated that taste in *belles-lettres* which, combined with an invincible commercial instinct and a genius for advertising, has brought wealth aud prestige to the publishing-house founded by him.

Mr. Hamlin Garland has returned to civilization from his trip to the Klondike region. The sensational reports of sickness and starvation sent out regarding him from Seattle had no foundation in fact. He suffered hardships, of course, but, on the whole, enjoyed his adventure immensely.

"It is not often," says the Springfield *Republican*, "that we have a chance to repay Greece for the debt we owe to Æschylus, Sophocles aud Euripides, but 'Charley's Aunt has just been translated for the benefit of the Athenian public."

"BILLY BONES' FANCY"

Antiquity of Stevenson's "Fifteen Men on a Dead Man's Chest."

Perhaps the weirdest chanty in the sailor repertoire is a capstan chorus which originated in the Roaring Forties of the last century among the "gentlemen of fortune" who flew the Jolly Roger up and down the Spanish Main. The Gulf and the Indies were then terrorized by British and French privateers, buccaneers and pirates, and the American colonies were not without representation on the ships of Captain Flint, Blackbird, and their ilk. One of these notorious vessels, commanded by an English buccaneer, was wrecked on an obscure Floridian key called "The Dead Man's Chest." Other provisions giving out, the crew were obliged to subsist upon their plentiful store of salvaged rum, and upon one another. Before long a violent storm washed most of them off their sand bar into the sea. The survivors were rescued, and their story finally came out of the forecastle in the form of a pull haul chorus. The leader 'pipes up" for the forward swing in an indescribable refrain, and the men bawl the ruin chorus as they haul away on the rope.

Robert Louis Stevenson made important use of the first stanza of the song in his *Treasure Island*, and because there is no more of it given, it is popularly supposed that the one stanza is a product of the author's imagination, but it has an authentic history and really came from among the very rascals with whom Stevenson associated it in his excellent novel. It is not known if Stevenson was acquainted with the rest of the song, and, if he was, if he left any record of it in its entirety. There are several versions of it, and it is known in various forms and under different names. "Billy Bones' Fancy" is one of its interesting titles. Billy Bones, it is said, was first mate to Captain Flint, and a survivor from the wreck. The song has been heard on our waterfront; it is frequently sung on ships pulling alongside the levees at New Orleans; the West Indian traders no doubt carry it to New York; it is known in English seaport towns; aud a year or more ago it was reported to have been heard on board a big Lake schooner tying up at Chicago. Research and comparison would fix the following stanzas as Mr. Bones' "Fancy" as it is sung to-day:

Fifteen men on a dead man's chest,
Yo-ho-ho! and a bottle o' rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest
Yo-ho-ho! and a bottle o' rum!

They drank and they drank and they got so drunk,
Yo-ho-ho! and a bottle o' rum!
Each from the dead man bit a chunk
Yo-ho-ho! and a bottle o' rum!

Then the bottle burst, and the men, accurst,
Yo-ho-ho! and a bottle o' rum!
Sucked his blood to quench their thirst
Yo-ho-ho! and a bottle o' rum!

They sucked his blood and they crunched his bones
Yo-ho-ho! and a bottle o' rum!
When suddenly up comes Davy Jones
Yo-ho-ho! and a bottle o' rum!

And Davy Jones had a big black key
Yo-ho-ho! and a bottle o' rum!
The key to his locker beneath the sea
Yo-ho-ho! and a bottle o' rum!

He winked and he blinked like an owl in a tree
Yo-ho-ho! and a bottle o' rum!
And he grinned with a horrible kind o'glee
Yo-ho-ho! and a bottle o' rum!

"My men," says he, "ye must come wi' me
Yo-ho-ho! and a bottle o' rum!
And he sank them all to the bottom o' the sea
Yo-ho-ho! and a bottle o' rum!

He sank them all to the bottom o' the sea,
Yo-ho-ho! and a bottle o' rum!
And locked them in his locker with the key
Yo-ho-ho! and a bottle o' rum!

So now young men take warning all,
Yo-ho-ho! and a bottle o' rum!
Never touch liquor, not one drop at all
Yo-ho-ho! and a bottle o' rum!

That last stanza is not to be found in earlier versions and seems superfluous. One song — the one heard from the lips of an English sailor at Chicago — has these words for the two verses:

"Young men take warning by this 'ere song
"Never touch liquor so devilish strong"

But probably the stanza would better be left off altogether.

J. D. M.

Copyright, 1898, by The Century Co.

A SELF-MOVING TORPEDO ON ITS WAY TO ATTACK A MAN-OF-WAR
From *The Book of the Ocean.*

Copyright, 1898, by The Century Co.

"I TRIPPED IT OVER, WHEN THE WORLD WAS GAY
ADOWN GREEN DURLEY LANE"
From *Down Durley Lane.*

Copyright, 1898, by The Century Co.

FRANCOIS READING HORACE
From *The Adventures of Francois.*

PICTURES FROM NEW BOOKS

A LITERARY MONOLOGUE

What Success in Journalism Means, and How Not to Gain It.

The *cacoethes scribendi*—you may prefer the word *furor*, or simply "itch for scribbling"—is a curse upon our literature. The frantic competition which it fosters is deadly to good work. Would-be writers flood their worthless stuff into editorial offices and there is only the unhappy editor, damned by both sides, holding at bay the Huns and Vandals that would seize the public prints and tumble Parnassus into the sea. There prevails an impression that, when all else fails, the youth can spring upon Pegasus, spur him with a pen, and gallop away from the bill-collector, But the fact is overlooked that an M. D. or the like is not to be obtained for the mere writing of it after one's name; no more than a piece of paper is worth a dollar unless it knows that its redeemer liveth. A proper appreciation of good literature is not a criterion of literary ability; admiration for his landscapes cannot make one a Keith. The writer has the unenviable duty of reading the MS. submitted weekly to this journal, and he "could a tale unfold whose slighest word would harrow up thy soul"—but what good? Repeated rejections are all that can end or reduce the insufferable nonsense sent to magazines with the request that it be published.

Success in the profession of journalism, ambitious youth, poetic maiden, or in the art literary, as you may like to phrase it, is to be won only through fire and by the sword. This scribbling business should be approached with the blood at its normal degree in F. Even a fair success in it requires more preparation and more wide and ceaseless after-study than any profession or trade that I know of. Life and men, things and people, must have been continually before you from the cradle to your entrance upon the active stage of your career, and thereafter you must live in and with them. Rhetoricians must have been studied from Quintilian to Genung, and you must early have absorbed the vocabulary and grammar of your language. These are the rudiments: they are to acquaint the student with the world and to ground him in the origin and use of his medium of expression, words. A cosmic survey of literature, involving the analysis—but thank Heaven, I'm not a university professor; however, it may be added that "writers are not made by rhetoric"; and that the most successful author, actor, musician or artist, is ever the one whose soul is in his work and that soul, though scarred, is straight and strong, white from the fire of the conflict.

A good reporter splits even with an able editor. "Maybe more so," according to the late Mr. Dana. The *Sun* flourished with that principle in its code. Reporting is what the reporter makes it, either a clean business and a fine training, or a painful experience and a hateful memory. The men who hold down the best editorial positions in this country are almost invariably the pick of the graduates from the local room. They were good reporters before they saw their desks. When a man is taken from the staff and given a seat among the gods, he is pretty sure to have been a marked success in the ranks. He has proven himself an active man, quick of comprehension, cool and prompt and of notable equanimity under pressure, knowing news by sight and often by clairvoyance; an organizer, an economist, a man, in the language of the day, "strictly onto his job."

It is incredible: the trash that is sent to publishers for their consideration. I was reading manuscripts for a certain magazine in New York about three years ago, and from a mixed variety of contributions I picked out this fairly respectable letter. A writer of any pretensions, by the way, rarely sends a letter with his MS. It was from an employé of the Grand Rapids and Indiana Railroad Company. He wrote:

"I send you a small budget of what I consider poetry If you can use any of it, the 'Abroham Lincoln,' especially please do so and remit a fair equivelent and return balance or, maybe you have friends in your profession who would use something you cannot?

"Enclosed find stamped and addressed envelope."

After rosy dreaming the citizen added the following postscript in blue penciling: "You may think I have nerve but would it not be a strange thing if I, who never had a line printed before, should have one of them in each of several magozines the same mouth? If you can engineer this through I will make you a present of half what I can make for a year to come in the field of literature and will not trouble you after this start except you wish it."

But that is "real literature" compared with the following ebullition, which, indescribably written, on indescribable paper, was laid on my desk the other day:

"St. Louis, Nov. 2, 1898.

"Editor Waive—Dear Sir: Will you kindly tell me if the inclosed Potry is Worth Publishing—or a fit Subgect for the Waste Basket. I have sevearl more Peices and if you Should like to see them I will gladly send them to you I am out of employment and Dear Sir if you can possibly help me I will be very thankful. Yours very sincerly,

"JOHN MILLEN."

The music sung in St. Peter's, at Rome, is entirely in manuscript. No vocalist or musician is permitted to have his part in his hand unless while he is actually performing it.

Portugal's port wine crop is the smallest on record, owing to the heat and drought of last summer. The quality of the wine, however, promises to be fine.

A Queen but yesterday.

From *Latitude 19°* (D. Appleton & Co.)

MEAT OR WHEAT?

The Vegetarian Controversy Has Come to the Front Again in Europe.

It would seem, on reflection, that the whole problem of proper diet should resolve itself into a question of environment and manner of life, not forgetting the constitution of the individual; it would seem absurd to contend that all persons, under all conditions of life and in all climates, should confine themselves to a diet which is accustomed to peculiar conditions and a certain climate. Yet there is a sect called Vegetarians that held a congress in London recently, at which was reaffirmed the contention that all men, at all times and in all places, should abstain from animal food and should take sustenance from vegetable materials only. This has caused the old dietary controversy to break out in England. In Germany the same disturbance has been created by a bequest in the will of Professor Baron of Berlin. The professor devised sufficient funds to found and maintain an orphan asylum, in which vegetarian principles were to prevail and be inculcated. This bequest was accepted by the Mayor of Berlin, but objections were raised by members of the City Council. That governing body has among its members such eminent scientific men as Virchow, Furbringer and Fraenkel, and they contended that the authorities should hesitate before subjecting orphan wards to what must still be regarded as an experiment in diet.

The vegetarians claim that their practice has graduated from the realm of experiment. *La Medecine Moderne* cites the winner of a recent foot race held at Berlin as an indication of what may be accomplished in the way of muscular effort on a purely vegetable diet. The winner of the race was a vegetarian, and he covered the distance of fifteen German miles in fourteen and a quarter hours, without showing any marked signs of fatigue. This was also the case with five other vegetarians who took part; while of the eleven non-vegetarians in the contest only one was able to finish, and he came in far behind the others and in bad form. This and similar citations satisfies the vegetarians.

Experts in the service of the armies and navies of the world have prepared statistics on diet under all conditions, which satisfy the non-vegetarians. Our own War Department has ample and complete information, based on a wide range of experiments, upon all questions relating to food and the influence which it exerts. The vegetarians, in their well-meaning zeal, unfairly ignore such testimony, and, indeed, often seize upon any opinions in the slightest degree favoring their views, and claim such and such high authorities to be among the faithful. The name of Sir Henry Thompson, for instance, has been much misused as a war-cry in the paper and verbal battles of the vegetarians. This has gone so far that Sir Henry has been obliged to contribute a long article to the *Nineteenth Century*, stating his true opinions in the premises. His article is an excellent exposition of the whole subject from the rational point of view. Referring to the influence of climate upon the question of diet, he says:

* * * Climate is an important factor in relation to food. Man, wherever he exists, has to maintain his body at a constant temperature of at least 98 deg. F.; and it is obvious that an enormous difference must exist between the needs of the individual who lives near the equator, with all surrounding objects at a constant temperature of 85 deg. to 95 deg. F., and those of one who inhabits northern latitudes, where it is continuously below the freezing point, 32 deg. F., often to the extent of many degrees. In each case the body must be maintained at 98 deg. F., or a little more, or man will cease to exist. In the large and populous zone we inhabit, which forms so extensive a portion of Europe, Asia, South Africa, America and Australia, and is known as the "temperate zone," there are very few persons, indeed, who can sustain their health and a fair amount of strength for many years on a strictly vegetable diet. * * * Hence it is only possible to regard man—considered as an inhabitant of the world at large and manifesting as he does a strong and increasing impulse to explore and colonize in any part of the globe—as now naturally omnivorous; in other words, possessed of a constitution which requires for his well-being a mixed diet of animal and vegetable foods in relative proportions, varying according to temperature and activity of life.

It is likely that our barbarous manner of preparing and eating meat is so shocking to the unusually sensitive that many of them have been moved by it to fly from such bloody carnivorousness to the ultra-refinements of vegetarianism.

ARCHEVRALE.

SOME NEW BOOKS

Brief Comment on "The Adventurers" and Other Stories.

It is as easy for some great men to write romances as it is for other smart men to paint pictures. In both instances the average of excellence may be reasonably high, but facility is a costly virtue and inevitably results in superficiality of effect. Like Dumas, Maurus Jokai can easily compose several novels at one and the same time, and the elements of romance would be in all of them, but it would be a beautiful chance if one of the set made a great book. *The Nameless Castle* (Doubleday & McClure) is a fair story of adventure with some swing to it, compounded of good romantic material and the moments passed in its perusal are fleeing moments, but it is by no means the best of Jokai's work, though the master's hand is in every episode. Otherwise it is a fine piece of bookmaking, and presents an announcement of some interest in that Doubleday & McClure henceforth are to publish American editions of the great Hungarian's novels.

Of the younger generation of story writers there are three or four men at the head—men whose performance of the day is promise of a greater morrow. Among the ablest is H. B. Mariott Watson. The tales that made up *Galloping Dick* were full to the brim of life and vigor and were strongly infused with the reckless and daring individnality of their hero. The man and the incidents were a piece and the dialogue was superbly characteristic. Indeed, the book was first rate romance and at once elevated the author's reputation high among the writers of the day. The latest published product of his pen is *The Adventurers*, which ran as a serial in *Harper's Round Table*. It is an interesting story and yet it lacks that graphic distinctness which makes for success in a romance. Here are a series of incidents well conceived and vigorously written about, which yet fail to project themselves definitely on the mind of the reader. There are passages of excellent prose of fine description; the figures are interesting, yet it is not Watson at his best. Indeed, the book falls far below the standard of *Galloping Dick*. Whoever has won a name in literature has necessarily written a great deal, for success is purchased at the cost of many a ream of paper. Mayhap this novel is one on which Watson practiced the art he subsequently mastered. The manner suggests Stevenson—as though he had had his imagination fired by the *New Arabian Nights*. There is an appreciation of the adroit villain that is very Stevensonian and a whimsical development of situations which remind one of the incongruities in which he used to delight. Otherwise *The Adventurers* makes a stirring and ingenious narrative. The machinery of an ancient castle, with its multifarious secret passages, is used to great advantage. There is a treasure which is sought and defended by different parties. and there is as deferential a scoundrel as ever smirked and stabbed, figuring as chief instigator of wickedness. The style is rather distinguished, though one has the impression it is new to the usages of plain adventure.

A charming holiday book is *Fables for the Frivolous* (Harper & Brothers), in which Guy Wetmore Carryl renders into latter day verse certain of the old fables which La Fontaine has made so familiar. They are done with a certain gaiety and lilt which brings to one a remembrance of Lewis Carroll. The book is illustrated by Peter Newell, whose work of late has attracted so much attention in the magazines, and the reproductions are exceptionally fine, being examples of the new process of double printing half-tones.

Of the merits and virtues of *Evelina* (J. B. Lippincott & Co.) It is unnecessary to speak at this late date. It is interesting to have in its new form this old masterpiece, for it affords an excuse and the opportunity for re-reading. The book is produced in a very nice style, and is illustrated by Arthur Rackham.

An admirable book of its kind is *Home Economics* (The Century Co.), by Maria Parloa. It is something more than the ordinary cook book, for it assumes to be a guide to household management, including the proper use of materials in furnishing and constructing houses. The idea of this volume is to state clearly and briefly the manner of handling the materials and forces with which the housekeeper has to deal. It details the facts in regard to furnishing, service, washing, table service, marketing and foods. There is no attempt to set forth recipes which may be had in other books, but is crammed full of information which every woman who is at the head of a house needs to know about. For a gift to a young housekeeper it could hardly be excelled.

A Maid of the Frontier (Rand, McNally & Co.), by Henry Spofford Canfield, is, as the title suggests, a story of the Wild West, with cowboys, cattle hunting and sheriffs' posses for material and *mise en scene*. The heroine is a superb young woman, who is bold, tireless and strong. There are other stories of the frontier, but none of them has such a leading lady as she who distinguishes herself in the first.

The Cost of Her Pride (J. B. Lippincott & Co.), by Mrs. Alexander, is a good story of the type this well known writer produces. In it there are several charming young women, several nice young men, a well developed love interest which goeth not smoothly, together with an appropriate interlining of English life. Altogether a very pleasantly written tale of the conventional type.

At the Blue Boar Inn (Rand, McNally & Co.), by J. S. Fletcher, is devoted to a series of romantic adventures that have occurred at this inn, which stands between Doncaster and Ferry-Bridge on the great North Road. Many a stiff fight and gay adventure have happened within its walls. The stories are well turned, the time is the period of the great Rebellion, and the book makes very entertaining reading.

Repeating prescriptions cause much trouble in many sections of the country. In India few doctors hand the prescription to the patient. The document is sent directly to the druggist, who never thinks of refilling it for a customer unless so ordered by the prescriber.

Not a Blue Ribbon.

There are many k[illegible] of pain
For instance, pinching shoes
And a hot seat in the
A fellow always [illegible]
But worse than these is at the
When your heart with [illegible]
To see your favorite [illegible]
[illegible]
Some men have faced [illegible]
The [illegible]
At [illegible]
With [illegible]
But harder far than these may [illegible]
Is when you are [illegible]
To keep [illegible]
When you are [illegible]

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

Announcements for 1899

Arrangements have been made as heretofore with the most eminent authors and illustrators of the day for contributions to HARPER'S MAGAZINE during 1899, which will make this periodical of extraordinary value and interest to every one. One of the leading features will be

A History of the Spanish War

covering all the important events leading up to the war and during the war itself. This will be without doubt the most valuable contribution to the histories of the world, and will be fully, even profusely, illustrated, of a comprehensive, political, and narrative nature, and especially written

By HON. HENRY CABOT LODGE

United States Senator, and member of the Foreign Relations Committee, a position that has qualified him more than any one else for the task. Mr. Lodge will leave no stone unturned in his efforts to present to his readers an accurate, unbiased account of the late war from start to finish.

SERIAL STORIES

will be a strong feature of the MAGAZINE during 1899. Three famous authors have contributed their latest works for the benefit of its readers.

Their Silver-Wedding Journey

By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

will afford pleasure and enjoyment to the reader. It is a story of Europe revisited after twenty-five years, and it is enlivened by a love theme.

THE PRINCESS XENIA — *By H. B. Marriott Watson*

A SPANISH WAR STORY — *By John Fox, Jr.*

ARTICLES ON THE WAR

NAVAL LESSONS OF THE WAR — *By H. W. Wilson*

ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET — *By Lieut. S. P. Stanton, U. S. N.*

THE BATTLE OF MANILA BAY — *By J. M. Ellicott, U. S. N.*

THE RESCUE OF THE WINSLOW — *By Lieut. E. E. Mead, U.S.R.C.S.*

Other articles about the war, equally interesting, will appear from month to month, all of which will be illustrated with characteristic artisticness.

SHORT STORIES

A SERIES OF SHORT STORIES — *By W. W. Jacobs*

THE LOVE OF PARSON LORD — *By Mary E. Wilkins*

UNDER AN APRIL SKY — *By Brander Matthews*

THE RENTED HOUSE — *By Octave Thanet*

Many other stories will be published, fully illustrated, and written by authors whose names have long been established as leading writers of fiction.

The Century's Progress in Science

By HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS, M. D.

is a valuable series of scientific and readable articles to appear on Biology, Psychology, Sociology, and their allied subjects. Other important series to appear are:

BROTHER JONATHAN'S COLONIES — *By Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart*

OUR NEW PACIFIC PROSPECT — *By Charles F. Lummis*

REPUBLICS OF SOUTH AMERICA — *By Julian Ralph*

WHITE MAN'S ASIA — *By Poultney Bigelow*

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY and BAZAR, ... Each, One Year, $4 00

COMBINATION OFFERS

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, and BAZAR, to one address . .	One Year, $10 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY and BAZAR to one address . .	" 7 00
HARPER'S MAGAZINE and WEEKLY to one address . . .	" 7 00
HARPER'S MAGAZINE and BAZAR, to one address . . .	" 7 00

Postpaid in the United States, Canada and Mexico.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, 35 cts. a Copy. Subscription, $4 00 a Year.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, New York, N.Y.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

A Brief General Review of Current Juvenile Literature.

Nothing like the adventures at school or in the world of one boy to interest and amuse other boys. The same qualities that make for daring and nobility in the grown-up hero characterize the juvenile. Shorty and Snipe in General Charles King's book *From School to Battle field* (H. J. Lippincott & Co.), will find plenty of admirers and perhaps emulators. Their example will be a good one, because they are manly and honest boys, wild perhaps, but not mean or ungenerous. A graphic picture is given of school life in New York in the late fifties, and one is prone to believe that the author has incorporated many of his own memories into this pleasant volume.

The Story of Little Jane and Me (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is hardly couched in the proper vein for the young idea. It is palpably a

MARKETING
Copyright, 1898, by the Dodge Stationery Co.
By Permission.
From "A Real Chinese Calendar"

memory of her childhood written by a grown-up, and, while it is pleasant in tone, it is not liable to win the whole-souled admiration of the youthful mind as *Denise and Ned Toodles* (The Century Co.), by Gabrielle E. Jackson. The latter has all the elements of interest—a dear little girl whose loving papa gives her the loveliest pony imaginable, besides dogs and other pets. It makes a pleasant book and just the proper gift for a nice little girl.

The Boys of Old Monmouth (The Century Co.) is a story of Washington's campaign in New Jersey. The hero, Tom Coward, after many vicissitudes at his home, joined the army of the great general and undergoes all the privations of the campaign. There is lots of adventure in the book, and Tom behaves with proper dignity on all occasions. The various historical characters of the era are introduced, including General Lee, Captain Molly Pitcher. In such books as these the boys of the present can glean both history and adventure set forth with all the art of the clever story teller.

Both Sides the Border (Charles Scribner's Sons), a tale of Hotspur and Glendower, makes excellent reading. The difference between the books of adventure for youth and those which are served up to children of larger growth is that in the former the heroes are little more than lads, who, however, invariably display the courage and discretion in difficulties which the elderly hero evinces. In the feuds of the border there is opportunity for stirring episodes, and of these there is no lack. In fact, *Both Sides the Border* is a first rate story in G. A. Henty's best vein.

In *An Antarctic Mystery* Jules Verne utilizes the adventures of Arthur Gordon Pymm, Edgar Allen Poe's well-known romance. Taking the antarctic expeditions of Pymm as fact, it describes a voyage in search of the remains of this adventurer and his friends in the icy seas of the South Pole. It is a dangerous expedition, made under circumstances appropriately mysterious, and all manner of strange occurrences happen in the course of the voyage. The story is done with all the skill which Jules Verne has accustomed us to expect.

The Book of the Ocean (The Century Company), by Ernest Ingersoll, tells all about the ocean, its tides, its waves and currents, shipbuilding from the remotest times to the present, and about lengthy excursions to distant climes. There are tales of early voyages and expeditions, and "Secrets Won From the Frozen North" is a chapter that is full of adventure and startling heroism. There are also chapters devoted to merchants and robbers of the sea, yachts and pleasure boating, and other marine industries. Fine pictures there are in abundance—indeed, a more useful book it would be impossible to present to any boy. A young man who encompasses all the information contained in this volume will indeed be an interested voyager, should fate, fortune or fancy take him on to the bosom of the deep.

The Copper Princess (Harper & Brothers) is a story of the Lake Superior mines. There is an abundance of adventure clustered around the hero, Richard Peveril, who figures through the volume as Dick Peril. He begins penniless and emerges a millionaire; incidentally has quite a hard time of it, though invariably superior to his immediate situation. Otherwise he has been stroke in the Oxford Eight, has the thews of an athlete and can lick any two ordinary men. The scenery of the Lake Superior copper mines has been ingeniously utilized by the author, Kirke Monro, to furnish material for the incidents. Otherwise the book is cleverly illustrated by W. A. Rogers. It is just such a volume as delights the heart of youth.

Down Durley Lane (The Century Co.) is a book for the sweet little maidens who care for prattling poetry or love pretty pictures. Really the illustrations are charming. Reginald Birch for his pen work they are—has never done anything better. The figures are lightsome and the touch delicate and fine throughout. Comparison is made of this artist's work with that of Hugh Thompson, but Birch has more variety and imagination, whereas Thompson is a master of neat effects done in the fewest lines possible. The verse of Durley Lane, which these dainty pictures set out, is conceived in the vein of Cowper's John Gilpin. They have a gay lilt and a blithe humor, especially the "Invisible Errand of Master Merrivein."

If the *Lakerim Athletic Club* (The Century Co.) is not one of the most popular boys' books of the season, it will be because of some unforseen revulsion in juvenile nature. The author, Rupert Hughes, knows exactly what boys like to read about, and here is a volume

TIT QUON AND AH FAT
Copyright, 1898, by the Dodge Stationery Co.
By Permission.
From "A Real Chinese Calendar"

full to the brim with stories of athletic encounters in which the members of the Club distinguish themselves. They make a stroug team, as organized by the redoubtable Tug, and what they don't know about games is not worth knowing. Each of the twelve distinguishes himself, even "Hist'ry" and Sleepy.

Written in a popular and personal way is *The Hero of Lake Erie* (Appleton & Co.). It is one of the "Young Heroes of Our Navy" series, and reads like a well imagined story. The hero is young Perry, who fought the great fight on Lake Erie, and we find in the volume remembrances of Somers and Decatur also. The United States navy has never lacked brave men, and this book shows that the Hobsons and Deweys of the day had their prototypes in byegone days. This is an inspiring volume, and especially timely at this moment in our history.

THE SEASON'S CALENDARS

There has been a great making of calendars in San Francisco this season; indeed, nothing better has come out from the East than those that have been produced within our own borders. Among the best of them is the *U. S. V. Calendar*, by L. Maynard Dixon, which is published by William Doxey. It has a colored cover, printed in appropriate shades, and on the other pages are spirited drawings representing episodes of volunteer life. The whole thing is produced in first-rate typographical style, and makes a most valuable present at this period.

Among the best calendars of the season are those of the Dodge Stationery Company. This concern publishes three calendars which are excellent, both from the artistic and typographical points of view. Without instituting unnecessary comparison with the efforts of other publishers, it may be said that the "California Art Calendar," by Albertine Randall Wheelan, is as clever a piece of work as is liable to be produced. The drawings are really charmingly done, especially that of "Spring." Mrs. Wheelan's skill at pen and ink work is well understood, of course, and this calender shows her talent at its best.

The Calendar of California Missions is rather more conventional in style, but is prettily printed in two colors. Perhaps photographic effects would have been better than the black and white drawings, for these lack the clearness and cleanness of outline which characterize the originals. However, the calendar makes an interesting reminiscence of California.

The Chinese Calendar, gotten up by Miss Partington, is very swell. It is far ahead, from an artistic point of view, of this artist's California Girl Calendar of last year. The drawings are full of humor and original observation, the types are excellently rendered and really are true to life. I venture to reproduce her Tit Quon and Ah Fat, who are indeed *sui generis*. Otherwise the calendar is very smartly gotten up, printed on red with a green background and further adorned with Mongolian decorations.

"The Boys of '98," a calendar for 1899, is an excellent piece of work, highly creditable both to the artist, Mr. Gordon Ross, and to the publisher, A. M. Robertson. It is one of the best efforts of the Robertson press, and therefore is something peculiarly good. The calendar is printed on seven leaves of fine card-stock, handsomely finished and bound at the top by a silken cord. It measures thirteen by eighteen inches.

The cover design contains the title and advertisement and the full-length martial figure of a sentry, arms a-port, challenging "Halt!" This striking illustration is an exact reproduction of a wash-drawing done by Mr. Ross in his best style. It is printed on the white board in two colors—a light tint, with an eye to leggings, and a blue-black, the combination of which brings out the uniform and accoutrements of the volunteer soldier in a very satisfactory light.

By no means the least notable of this season's publications are *The Lark Almanac* and *The Purple Cow*, from the publishing house of Wm. Doxey. In both the pictures are familiar to lovers of the defunct monthly, but are none the less welcome in their new setting. The two calendars are printed on the heaviest paper and gotten up in first rate style. The cover of the *Cow*, after a new design, is indeed a marvelous aberration, and a worthy introduction to the "Chewing Gum Man," the "Runaway Train," and the other eccentricities of Burgess. For the *Almanac* Porter Garnett is responsible, though the drawings are also from the Burgess collection.

Two more California Calendars have the imprint of Sanborn, Vail & Co. These are floral calendars—one "Golden Poppies," the other "California Wild Flowers," gotten up in colors and very creditably executed. A large sale is insured these productions, because they are inexpensive and very neat.

During the next few weeks, while our store is being remodeled, we will offer the greatest bargains in pianos and musical merchandise. Call and get our prices. The Zeno Mauvais Music Co., 769 Market street.

For health and strength: Damiana Bitters.

Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist. 806 Market Street

The Sign of the Lark

WILLIAM DOXEY

At the Sign of the Lark, San Francisco

has now ready the following

PUBLICATIONS FOR THE HOLIDAY SEASON!

Lark Classics — Beautifully Printed and Daintily Bound
Paper 25c.; cloth 50c.; leather 75c.

"William Doxey, of San Francisco, who made his name honorably familiar to readers as the publisher of *The Lark*, and has set a high standard for the producers of books on the Pacific Coast, has started a choice series of little books, to be called the 'Lark Classics,' that will become favorites."—*Philadelphia Times*.

I. The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.
II. Kipling Barrack-Room Ballads, Recessional, etc.
III. Kipling Departmental Ditties, the Vampire, etc.
IIII. Jefferies, The Story of My Heart.

The above can also be had put in a neat box, 4 vols., cloth, $2.00

THE PURPLE COW, by Gelett Burgess. A new and enlarged edition, containing "The Peculiar History of the Chewing-Gum Man," "The Runaway Train," an impossible epic, "The Flying House," and numerous cartoons and vagaries from The Lark. Printed on heavy rough paper: with paper cover, 50c.

THE LARK ALMANACK, containing cartoons from The Lark, and original matter; with striking cover, by Porter Garnett. Uniform with "Purple Cow." Price 50c.

THE U. S. V. CALENDAR, being a series of six spirited designs, with cover by L. Maynard Dixon. Price, plain cover, 50c; cover beautifully printed in color, $1.00.

THE SONNETS OF DE HEREDIA. Englished by Edward Robeson Taylor. Second edition, thoroughly revised, and with additional notes, beautifully printed and bound. Crown 8vo, gilt top, $1.25.
Edition limited to 550 copies on white paper, and 50 copies on Strathmore Linen.

HAWAII NEI, by Mabel Craft. A new and delightful volume of sketches on our new possessions, with numerous original illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, $1.50.

ALL THE NEW BOOKS OF THE SEASON AT LOWEST PRICES

OPEN EVENINGS

CALIFORNIA'S GRANDEST HOLIDAY STORE

The Holiday Books

More new books have been issued for this holiday season than ever before. We mention only a few of the leading ones among them to be found on our counters

Busch, "Bismarck," 2 vols.	$10 00	Smith, Drawings (colored)	$4 50
Capt. Peary, "Northward," 2 vols.	6 50	Smith, "Lest We Forget" (colored)	4 50
Wallace, "The Fair God," 2 vols	6 30	Fiske, "Beginnings of New England"	3 60
Crawford, "Ave Roma Immortalis," 2 vols	6 00	Peixotto, Ten Drawings	3 50
Fraser, "Japan," 2 vols.	5 40	Cary, "Alfred Tennyson"	3 35
Lodge, "Story of the Revolution," 2 vols	5 40	Morris, "Historic Towns of New England"	3 15
Bunyan, "The Pilgrim's Progress," 2 vols	4 50	Rhead, "Idyls of the King"	3 35
Zogbaum, "Ships and Sailors"	4 50	Inman, "Great Salt Lake Trail"	3 15
Hawthorne, "The House of Seven Gables," 2 vols	4 50	Howe, "American Bookmen"	2 25
Gibson, "Sketches and Cartoons"	4 50	Allen, "Choir Invisible"	2 25
Thulstrup, Drawings (colored)	4 50	Repplier, "Philadelphia"	2 25
Johnson, Drawings (colored)	4 50	Mabie, "The Forest of Arden"	1 80
		Hope, "The Lady Ursula"	1 35

To close out at once some of our **Sets in Fine Bindings**, we have marked them down below cost, for instance:

Pepys' Diary—10 vols. half levant, published at $100, our price $50.

Eliot's Works — limited-numbered edition, large 8 vo., cloth, 12 vols., published at $72, our price $36.

Hugo's Works—15 vols., half levant, published at $52.50, our price $35.

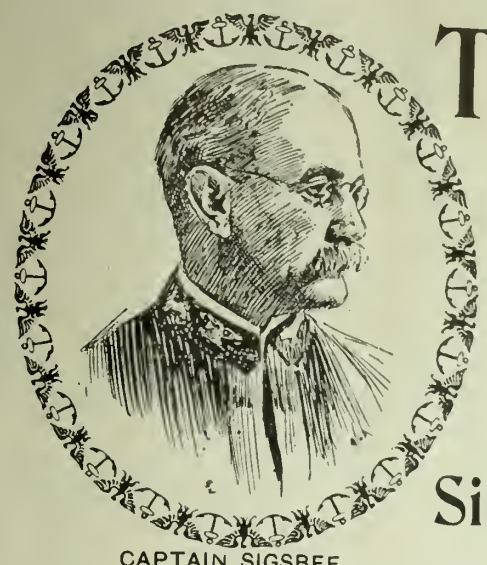
Our line of **Standard Books**, in good library binding, cloth, gilt top, at 50c., comprises over 300 titles.

Our assortment of **Books for Boys and Girls** is very large, and some of the cheaper lines cannot be found elsewhere in the city.

Examine our line of Boys' Books, 40c.
30 titles of Henty's Books, 60c.
A very large line of Girls' Books, 50c.

THE EMPORIUM AND GOLDEN RULE BAZAAR

The Christmas Number of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE



CAPTAIN SIGSBEE.

Lieut. Hobson's Own Story of the Sinking of the "Merrimac"

and

LIEUT. HOBSON.

Captain Sigsbee's Story of the Destruction of the "Maine"

LIEUTENANT HOBSON, THE HERO OF THE "MERRIMAC," begins in this number of "The Century Magazine" his graphic account of the sinking of the famous collier at Santiago, of the capture of himself and his men by Admiral Cervera, and their experiences in Spanish prisons. Though he tells his story with becoming modesty, yet his narrative is "as interesting as 'Robinson Crusoe.'" The account will be complete in three numbers of "The Century."

CAPTAIN SIGSBEE, COMMANDER of the "MAINE," gives a vivid description of the destruction of his ship in Havana Harbor,— the act which precipitated the Spanish War. Captain Sigsbee and Lieutenant Hobson will write only for "The Century's" SPANISH WAR SERIES. Subsequent papers will be contributed by Rear-Admirals Sampson and Schley, Commodore Philip, Captain Evans, Captain Taylor, Lieut.-Com. Wainwright, Captain Mahan, and others.

The New Life of Alexander the Great

now beginning in THE CENTURY, bids fair to rank with Prof. Sloane's monumental "Napoleon Bonaparte," which also first saw the light in THE CENTURY. Like Prof Sloane, the author, Prof. Wheeler, of Cornell University, is not only a distinguished scholar, but, in the best sense, a man of the world, and his life of the great world-conqueror is written from the point of view of the nineteenth-century historian. The striking illustrations, by Castaigne, Louis Loeb, and others, will add much to the work's popularity With these are reproductions of rare coins and interesting sculptures.

MARION CRAWFORD'S NOVEL OF THE CRUSADES

"Via Crucis," now beginning in THE CENTURY, may be expected to become one of this distinguished novelist's most widely read stories. "A Romance of the Second Crusade" is an attractive sub-title, and no one writing an historical novel on this theme could treat it with greater sympathy or more intimate knowledge than Mr. Crawford brings to the task. Each instalment will contain a full-page picture by Louis Loeb.

"The Many-Sided Franklin," by Paul Leicester Ford

The author of "The True George Washington" will contribute a series of separate papers dealing in an entertaining way with different characteristics of Franklin,—"The Humorist," "The Journalist," etc.,—all richly illustrated from rare prints and manuscripts.

SPECIAL FEATURES OF THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER

A Colored Cover by J. J. Tissot, the eminent French illustrator of the Life of Christ, with a sketch, by the artist himself, of "Christmas at Bethlehem."

Dr. Weir Mitchell's Poem, "To a Magnolia Flower," illustrated and decorated by Albert Herter. Dr. Mitchell is one of the few writers equally skilled in prose and verse.

THE ORIGINAL "ALICE IN WONDERLAND," from a photograph, with many of Lewis Carroll's most fascinating letters to little girls, will be welcomed by thousands who love the historian of Alice's adventures, but know little of his peculiar personality.

Frank R. Stockton's Story, "The Vizier of the Two-Horned Alexander," a humorous extravaganza in the author's best manner.

A Portrait, by Raeburn, of Mrs. Scott-Moncrieff, engraved by Timothy Cole, is one of the finest examples of this engraver's work.

Jacob A. Riis, the popular author of "How the Other Half Lives," contributes a seasonable story of tenement house life, "The Passing of Cat Alley," with illustrations by Jay Hambidge.

Uncle Riah's Christmas Eve, by Ruth McEnery Stuart, with pictures by Edward Potthast.

By the number and beauty of its Illustrations, the Christmas CENTURY appeals irresistibly to every lover of art

The Road 'Twixt Heaven and Hell, THE CENTURY College Competition Prize Poem, by Anna Hempstead Branch, with rich pictorial embellishments by Henry McCarter.

Other reminders of the season are

"Christmas Eve," by Ednah Proctor Clarke, for which Maxfield Parrish has drawn a double frontispiece, printed in tint; and

A Christmas Ballad, a true story in verse, by Helen Gray Cone, illustrated by Hambidge.

Features to Come

GENERAL SHERMAN'S EUROPEAN TOUR.
Extracts from his Private Journal.

HEROES OF PEACE.
Stories of Heroism in the Railway Service.

A PIONEER BOYHOOD.
Pictures of Western Life by Major J. B. Pond.

NOTES OF A JOURNALIST,
By Jacob A. Riis.

HARNESSING THE NILE,
By Ex-Consul-General Penfield

THE NICARAGUA CANAL,
By Capt. A. S Crowninshield, U.S.N

ON THE WAY TO THE POLE.
The Wellman Expedition.

AMERICAN HUMOR.
Stories by Ruth McEnery Stuart; Herford's Child's Primer of Animals; Sketches by Edwards, Loomis, Butler, and others.

"LIFE BY THE NORTHERN LIGHTS."
Klondike experiences, by Joaquin Miller.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS
of Tennyson, Carlyle, Browning, Henry George, Bret Harte, etc.

PRESIDENT ELIOT
On the Forgotten Millions

THE ILLUSTRATIONS
Include Timothy Cole's Engravings and Cecilia Beaux's Portraits.

The Most Interesting Christmas Number Ever Issued

FREE! New yearly subscribers who begin their subscriptions with the beautiful Christmas number will receive a copy of the NOVEMBER NUMBER FREE (which begins the volume), and so get first chapters of all the above serials. Remit the price, $4.00, to the publishers, or subscribe through dealers everywhere. DON'T MISS "THE CENTURY" THIS YEAR.

THE CENTURY CO. UNION SQUARE NEW YORK

BABBLINGS OF A BELLE

Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

I don't know exactly where to begin this week, Diary, my dear, there have been so many things. Our victory at the football game is now a tale that has been told in song and story. We have drunk our own and everybody else's health times without number, and some of us have learned the value of a level head. Never mind, we won, and by a real live score, and who knows, had not some of our best men been in Manila, what we might not have done.

We had our usual family gathering on Thanksgiving day, and I absolutely refused to fight with even my most disagreeable cousins, I felt much too happy and elated. I had hoped by this time to have announced those engagements, but they are still a "dead" secret. Don't you hate secrets?—unnecessary burdens I call them. I wish I could refuse to listen to them, but curiosity has always been one of my besetting sins and often semi-closes the gates of Eden to me. Muriel Atherton's wedding is to take place in January, and, owing to her grandmother's death, will be a very quiet agair. Ethel Murphy was married last week. I was so excited over the Thanksgiving game that I forgot to mention it. Ethel made a very stylish-looking bride, and the wedding was quite informal. I noted some very pretty dresses there, in fact a number of the girls' winter frocks are awfully good style. Maud Mullins, one of the younger girls, wears an awfully fetching costume at the various teas. It is of blue cloth, with yoke and vest of cream satin embroidered in lace and ribbon bow knots. Addie Murphy has a white silk that is fetching; Charlotte Ellinwood looks piquant in gray cloth trimmed with lavender velvet appliqued in flowers. Ethel Keeney has a mauve silk with a vest of white taffeta, corded, you know.

All the girls looked stunning at the Hopkins' dinner, for each had on a bran new gown, and I cannot say which was the more effective. It was a dream of a dinner, really. Phew! I sigh to think of the fun I had. But when I tell you that I went in with Harry Stetson, sat between him and Gus Taylor, and was opposite Mr. Cadwalder, you will not wonder at my ecstatic praises. The table was so dainty, all in pure white roses and ferns—the debutante colors. The dinner was in honor of Olive Holbrook, you know, and she seemed the happiest of buds. She is a great favorite, especially with girls and women, and to be a success, one must cultivate the girls—the men will soon follow. That is a point I have noticed during my career. The girls who continue to be invited to everything are those who make it a point to be nice and agreeable to other women. Again, one must not be too pretty. It sounds curious, but it is none the less a fact that, while we girls admire beauty very much in the abstract, we prefer not to be foils for our more attractive friends. This wisdom is not all of my own, Diary dear, some of it I have gleaned from dear Aunt Sybil, who is my most patient mentor.

But to return to the dinner; let me see. Oh, we had the Mandolin Club discourse sweet sounds while we played with knife and fork, and that lent a special air of festivity to the scene. I like the Mandolin Club, as it is not too loud and forms an accompaniment to the voices, not drowning them as is the case with some of the orchestras, and I do hate to yell all through a meal—it takes away my appetite. Mary Eyre was there, Therese Morgan, Miss Cadwalder, Caro Crockett, Olive Holbrook, the Taylors, Airy Eyre and Harry Stetson.

On Wednesday to the dance of the Cinderellas, but Miss Cricket did not go, as she had one of her wretched colds, so I just invited my ownest bright particular, lighted a big fire in the library, and tried solitude *a deux*, with four feet on the fender. It pleased me very much, and I think was more enjoyable than the dance. I cannot confide *His* name, Diary dear, because there are others, and if one would remain popular, jealousy should not be occasioned unnecessarily. On Thursday Caro Crockett's lunch was eminently well arranged and thoroughly enjoyable. Olive Holbrook was again the guest of honor, and the Burlingame and San Mateo set was there in full force. On Wednesday Addie Murphy gave a girls' tea, at which Clara Hamilton, Florence Joycelyn and I assisted. It was not an immense affair, just a number of girls and a sprinkling of mammas.

The Greenwoods are to entertain lavishly, think of it. On my mirror are no less than four separate invitations. One for a dinner on Friday by Fred Greenwood before the Friday Fortnightly; the second, an invitation to the tea on Saturday; the third, a dinner for next Tuesday, and the fourth another dinner before the Assembly. My mirror is just crowded with invitations. There are three affairs on Friday, the Greenwood dinner, the Fortnightly afterwards, a supper at the Bohemian Club by Addie Murphy. On Saturday the Greenwood tea, and in the evening I receive at the Doll Show. So do all the crowd—the Hopkinses, the Crocketts, Cadwalders, Morgans, Edith McBean and the rest.

On Wednesday, the seventh, two luncheons, one at Mrs. Oxnard's, the other in honor of Miss Merriam, daughter of General Merriam, by Mrs. Oscar Fitzallan Long in Piedmont. On Thursday there is to be a card party by Bertie Bruce, which will be my first of this season. I am not especially clever at cards, you know. The afternoons of Thursday and Friday and the evening of Saturday I receive at the Doll Show. The dolls are infinitely prettier than last year, and I did not think that could be possible. They are great!

Now, Diary, my dear, I believe you know about as much as your little Miss Cricket, so I shall say adieu. Ever your own

MISS CRICKET.

* *

Thanksgiving is apt to be an off week, especially in Oakland, where families make the most of every occasion for congregating beneath their own roof-trees. This year there was general rejoicing in all households over our great and glorious victory of twenty-two to nothing. Every house was brilliant in yellow chrysanthemums, and poor indeed was the cottage that did not boast at least one yellow flower. Among those who entertained on that day were the Albert Millers, who gave a big dinner to their kinfolks and relatives. The George Graysons, the Wheatons, and the Valentine Hushes also gave big family reunions.

The Club House of the Oakland Golf Club is each season acquiring a greater degree of popularity as a place for entertaining, and last week Mrs. Mark Requa added another notch to the record of really enjoyable parties held there. She invited some fifteen ladies to luncheon to meet Miss Ethel Moore, who has just returned from a six months' trip to Europe. The table was exquisitely arranged in bright red berries and autumn leaves. Among those invited were Mrs. O. L. Long, Miss Annie Miller, Miss Belle Mhoon, Miss Luita Booth, Miss Elizabeth Watt, Mrs. Worden and Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Requa.

The marriage of Miss Abbie Clift and Mr. Irving Lunburg is to be celebrated at the home of the bride on the evening of December 5th, at eight o'clock. About two hundred invitations have been issued.

An interesting engagement is that of Miss Inda Elizabeth Hill and Mr. Marshall Hobbs of San Francisco. The wedding will take place in the spring.

A new whist club has just been started, that will prove a formidable rival in popularity to the Cosmos Club. This is called The Monday Afternoon Whist Club. There are some twenty-four members, who meet at the different houses each succeeding week. The last meeting took place at the home of Mrs. Kales. Among the members are Mrs. Willard Barton, Mrs. Howard, Mrs. Crellin, Mrs. Tompkins, Mrs. Stone and Mrs. Henshaw.

Still a number of Oaklanders are among the wanderers. Mrs. Folger, Mrs. Le Grande, Cannon Tibbets and Mrs. Folger are in New York, as are Mr. and Mrs. William Letts Oliver. Miss Margaret Herrick is also in the East, studying, and Miss Violet Whitney is in London. Mrs. Bailey and Miss Minnie Bailey have started for the Hawaiian Islands, and Misses Mary and Florence Dunham have closed up their house preparatory to taking a trip to Europe.

* *

The big Charity Bazaar at the Mechanics' Pavilion opened its doors on Thursday evening last. The big anditorium never looked prettier, for it is one labyrinth of patriotic colors and artistic decorations. There are innumeralbe booths cleverly fitted up and a host of pretty girls in attendance. The opening night was for the benefit of the Firemen of San Francisco, and there was rendered an excellent musical and literary programme. The aid of the important charitable institutions and orphan asylums of the city has been enlisted in behalf of the bazaar. A large orchestra, compose of forty young women, under the direction of Miss St. Hubert, will render well-known selections during its continuance. In addition, Noah Brandt's orchestra plays at each performance. The Bazaar is going to prove a great success.

* *

At the St. Andrew Society banquet is generally heard some excellent talking. The last gathering was no exception to that rule. The best talks of the evening were made by James McNab and Franklin K. Lane. The former spoke on "The Land o' Cakes," and the latter on "The Press." I feel that Mr. Lane's remarks in eulogy of journalism were susceptible of a double interpretation, but it was an exceedingly bright talk. Mr. McNab made it evident that all the oratorical talent of the family is not concentrated in his brother Gavin, for his was an excellent talk delivered in fine style.

The Pearl of Epernay.

By strictly adhering to the conservative traditions of the old-honored custom of the ancient house of Moet & Chandon, the present management's aim is not to turn ont immense quantities, but it has well succeeded in its endeavor for recognition on part of the connoisseurs by catering principally to the aristocratic classes in Europe and better custom all over the world. Their White Seal (Grande Cuvee), justly called the Pearl of Epernay, owing to its pleasant and insinuating properties peculiar to that district, appeals to the palate of the cultured, and in shipping only champagne of its well-known standard quality this establishment, the largest in the world, is kept constantly busy.—Wine Review.

Beautiful Christmas Presents!

PICTURES
STATUARY
ORNAMENTS
FINE CROCKERY
and GLASSWARE

S. & G. GUMP'S
ART STORE
113 Geary Street, S. F.

Best for the Skin!

California Cream of Lemon is the best toilet preparation in the world, because it is absolutely free from chemicals, fatty matter or potash. It is made entirely from the soluble substance of the whole lemon. There are other toilet preparations into which the lemon enters, but they are "improved" by the introduction of foreign substances which detract from the natural qualities of the fruit, and are more or less injurious to the skin. Nature does these things better than man. **California Cream of Lemon** is a natural skin-healer, builder and beautifier. It is both a preventive and a cure for all skin diseases and blemishes.

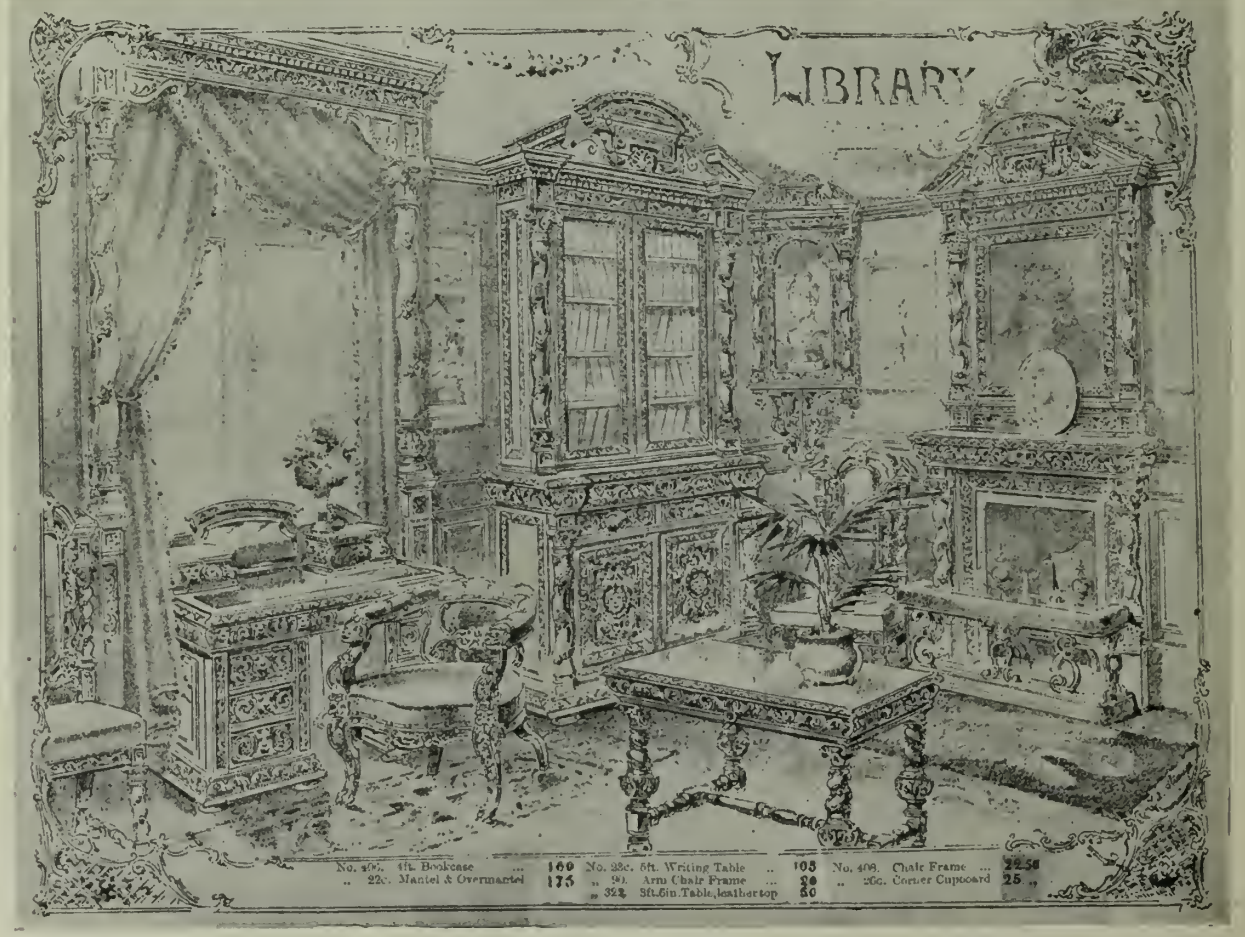
It retails at 15 cents. Ask your druggist for it. If he will not supply you, send 20 cents and we will send a three-ounce collapsible tube of Cream of Lemon prepaid to any address in the United States.

CALIFORNIA CREAM OF LEMON CO., Inc.
San Diego, Cal

Most druggists sell it—all druggists should.

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St. stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

For Lovers of Artistic Furnishings



The Heavily-Carved Italian Walnut Furniture, surmounted by bold sphinx or sathires, is now a perfect craze, and it is the most artistic treatment for a Dining-Room, Library and Halls. A fine assortment of such fashionable furniture is now on exhibi ion at

THE P. ROSSI CO.

INTERIOR DECORATORS
AND IMPORTERS OF
Artistic Furniture, Drapery and Upholstering, Lace Curtains, Carrara Marble and Works of Art
SUITABLE FOR HOLIDAY PRESENTS
INSPECT THEIR MAGNIFICENT STOCK BEFORE BUYING ELSEWHERE

117 SUTTER ST. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., VENICE AND PARIS

The "Rubaiyat Window" at the Sign of the Lark, which has been displaced by the new Scribner display, was pronounced by many to be the most approved of the specially designed "windows" that have continued to keep fresh the fame of Willism Doxey's bookstore as far afield as London. It was very tastefully furnished with artistically arranged editions of the Rubaiyat, and decorated with many favorite illustrations and with objects suggested by Omar's famous text. Beside the standard books containing the Fitzgerald translation, there were many rare and curious books and manuscripts, and holiday publications, including the McCarthy, Le Galliene and lesser known translations and adaptations. On the wall was a variety of illustrations by many artists, and among the books were a jug and a loaf, Oriental curious and similar appropriate objects of art.

In the new edition of his writings Joaquin Miller devotes some attention to the literary habits of divers celebrities, dead and alive. "Anthony Trollope, a ponderous man," he says, "always wrote standing straight as a post to a high desk, his watch before him, beginning always at a certain minute and ending exactly the same. That watch would have landed me in a madhouse. Whittier and Longfellow wrote on their desks with everything at hand and in order, and had perfect quiet. I am told that the other great scribes of New England were all of the same discipline. Bret Harte is equally exacting and orderly. He told me once that his first line was always a cigar, and sometimes two cigars. I reckon Walt Whitman could write anywhere. I once was with him on top of a Fifth-avenue omnibus, above a sea of people, when he began writing on the edge of a newspaper, and he kept it up for half an hour, although his elbow was almost continuously tangled up with that of the driver."

The New Diamond Palace.

Colonel Andrews has thrown open his remodeled Diamond Palace to public inspection, and is busy all day receiving the congratulations of astonished and admiring friends. The place is indescribably, marvelously beautiful, and, while Colonel Andrews is very much pleased with his establishment, he has a right to be extravagantly proud of it. Words cannot convey the impression one receives of the rich brilliancy of the place, and of its quiet tones and perfect appointments. It must be visited and revisited before one can arrive at any true appreciation of its splendor.

The Diamond Palace is situated near the middle of the block on Montgomery street, across from the Mills Building. Never mind about the number. The salesroom is ablaze with light from crystal chandeliers, flashing from numberless diamonds and heaps of gems and jewels, from gold and silverware, and from the tall plate mirrors with which the walls and ceiling are paneled.

These mirrors are set in an ebony and black base, and in pillar frames, and they extend from near the floor to the arch of the roof. The arch is paneled with fine paintings of Oriental beauties, crowned and girdled and adorned with precious stones. An oil painting of Colonel Andrews in his soldier's uniform looks down from the wall near the door. The ceiling is beautifully frescoed and paneled with plate mirrors. The central crystal chandelier depends from the middle of such a great glass panel, and the effect of the reflections down, across and front and back is too much for mere words. The full length of the long, rectangular salesroom is occupied by a double row of handsome showcases of brightly polished glass and silver, filled with gems and jewelry. They rest upon ebony and gold basework showcases, which contain gold and silver plate, cups and trophies, and the heavier wares. There are rings here of every imaginable description, jeweled emblems, pins, buttons, lockets, watches, chains, bracelets, crystal goods, delicately worked gold and silver plate and other ware, and everything that a high-classe jeweler would sell.

One can think only of fairyland there, but Colonel Andrews' Diamond Palace eclipses the dreams of the Arabian Nights. There is nothing in the Orient or in the world to approach this brilliantly rich creation of Colonel Andrews' remarkably artistic and ingenious mind.

Mrs. Flora Haines Loughead, whose new novel, "The Black Curtain," has just been published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., was born in the West, of New England parents, who were "Argonauts" of 1849. She is married to a Californian, and lives in a country home near Santa Barbara. She is an exceedingly domestic woman, and her chief pleasure outside the walls of her home is in horseback riding in the mountains with her children.

Mr. Marion Crawford has written a new novel, and "The Century" will print it in the twelve numbers of the coming year. Its title is "Via Crucis: A Romance of the Second Crusade." Its hero is Gilbert Warde, a young English knight, whose character approaches as nearly as possible that of a primitive Christian, and who is brought into sudden contact with the tremendous social contrasts of the Middle Ages.

Young Perry with his father on board the General Greene.

From *The Hero of Erie* (D. Appleton & Co.)

The woman who is weak, nervous, tired and exhausted; who has a poor and variable appetite and no strength or nerve; who suffers from pains and aches, dragging down and burning sensations; and who recognizes, herself, that she has become irritable, cross, blue and despondent, is in almost every case suffering from weakness and disease of the delicate and important organs that bear the burdens of maternity.

Thousands of women suffer in this way and do not recognize the cause, or if they do understand their condition, neglect it rather than submit to the obnoxious examinations and local treatment insisted upon by the average physician. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a wonderful medicine for women who suffer in this way. It does away with the necessity for these trying ordeals, and may be used in the privacy of the home. It acts directly on the delicate organs concerned, and makes them strong, vigorous and healthy. It banishes the discomforts of the expectant period and makes baby's advent easy and almost painless. It transforms weak, nervous, petulant invalids into happy wives and mothers. Thousands of women have testified, over their own signatures, to this fact. The "Favorite Prescription" may be procured from any good medicine dealer. Any woman who will write to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N.Y., may have the advice of an eminent and skillful specialist without charge.

Mrs. Cora M. McLaurin, of Rockport, Copiah Co., Miss., writes: "I had displacement and inflammation of the uterus. I was under the treatment of our family physician for a long time, but received no benefit. I had falling of internal organs with ulceration and enlargement. I commenced using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, 'Golden Medical Discovery,' 'Pleasant Pellets' and 'Extract of Smart-Weed.' From the first day I began to improve, and in a short time I was able to do all my housework. If it had not been for your medicines I would have been dead long ago."

Stomach and liver troubles with sluggish action of the bowels are cured by Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

Who hasn't a hankering after rich old tapestry panels?

You have abundant chance to satisfy that fancy in our new Christmas furniture.

These tapestry panels are placed on the backs of quaint old oaken arm chairs and settees — also on ottomans. The picture shows the idea.

A good list of subjects — mostly old Dutch scenes, good natured and merry.

Think how one would cheer up a library — your own, or a friend's — for Christmas!

You are welcome to see our Christmas furniture without a thought of buying.

California Furniture Company

(N. P. COLE & CO.
117-123 Geary St.

Carpets
Rugs
Mattings

Marvelous Success!!

HUNDREDS OF

Dodge's Art Calendars

ARE SELLING DAILY

Real Chinese Calendar

Containing six sketches of Chinese types by Gertrude Partington. Printed on real Chinese red paper and mounted on green with a hand-carved "back scratcher" and Chinese coins attached. It is truly a real Chinese calendar." Price $1.25. *Limited edition.*

California Mission Calendar

William P. Bull has drawn six of the historical missions of California, surrounded by golden poppies, which we have reproduced in three colors. *Your California friends will appreciate this beautiful calendar.* In box $1.00.

California Art Calendar

The noted artist, Albertine Randall Wheelan, has for the art-loving public a calendar containing six drawings of Cupids in every season of the year. We have printed a limited edition on Japan proof-paper and mounted them on drawing board. Price $1.00. (Cheaper edition 50 cents.)

DODGE'S

112 POST ST., SAN FRANCISCO

The Royal is the highest grade baking powder known. Actual tests show it goes one-third further than any other brand.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

LONDON

London, November 20.—London is comparatively deserted, for the great world is disporting itself at its hunting boxes in the country, or for those members of it who do not possess that article, at the house of their more fortunate friends. In Leicestershire a number of the great ones are gathered, the Duchess of Newcastle, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, Prince and Princess Henry of Pless (and Princess Henry is even more beautiful and graceful in her riding habits than in her ball gowns), the gay Mr. Jack Wilson, Lord and Lady Coventry, Lady Warwick, and countless others.

This is rather an off season for hunting, as the ground is wet and rather heavy for real good sport. Last week I went down to the Rothschilds' place at Leighton Buzzards, and found a coterie of enthusiasts already gathered. There is no subscription to this pack, and those who will may follow the hounds. Lord Rothschild is rarely or ever on time, sometimes very late, at others the pack starts before the appointed hour. Mrs. Leopold Rothschild sometimes follows the hounds. She is a very picturesque woman in a foreign style and dresses in true Parisian fashion. In spite of the fact that she is the mother of two sturdy boys, one ten the other nine, she looks marvelously youthful and girlish. She is dark, with bright coloring. The Rothschilds are quite an interesting family, though better known in London than at any of their country places. They don't care to mingle with their country neighbors, and fill their houses with smart people from town. They content themselves by giving one big ball or garden party and subscribing to all the local charities. Young Rothschild, the Hon. Walter, the elder son of Lord Rothschild, is rather original in his way, and has numberless fads. He has achieved a certain distinctisn through driving four zebras in his coach instead of horses. He has traveled everywhere, indulged in various hobbies, and has a museum at Tving full of all sorts of curios. Baron Rothschild, at whose house the Prince of Wales met with his accident this summer, is the most popular member of the family. He is a very clever man, has written an interesting history of France, besides numberles articles for the *Revue des deux Mondes*. Of his acts of thoughtfulness enough cannot be said. When the wife of his steward was taken ill in London, instead of contenting himself by making inquiries, Baron Rothschild went to see the invalid, provided nurses and luxuries, and called in person at regular intervals to see that she was doing nicely. Another of the agents of the Baron fell from his horse and was hurt. A few days later a brougham arrived with a note, saying: "I think you too valuable a man to go tumbling off a horse. Please accept this brougham from yours, etc., Rothschild."

Speaking of the Rothschilds brings to mind Lord Roseberry and his young daughters who, on their mother's side, belong to that famous family. The Empress Frederick's recent visit to Lord Roseberry was as unexpected as it was delightful, and there was no time to invite a party to meet her. However, there were some very agreeable people staying at Dalmeny, including Lord Acton, Lord Reay and Lord Spencer. The Empress was well pleased with the young Ladies Primrose, who while not beauties by any manner of means, are very charming and well bred young women, with the same easy grace of manner that has won their father so many laurels and friends on his journey through life. They are exceedingly simple in their manner of dressing and never wear any jewelry.

Another success is added to the many attained by Miss Julia Opp, who has been on the stage just two years! Miss Opp is a New York maiden, who made her debut in "The Prisoner of Zenda," as one of the court ladies whose duty it was simply to walk on and off the stage. George Alexander noticed her talent and she quickly was given an important role. She returned to New York to play the principal role in "The Princess and The Butterfly." Now she has returned and is to take the place of Miss Julia Nielson as leading lady in St. James' Theatre. Surely hers has been a royal road to success. Miss Opp is known in private life as Mrs. Robert Loraine. Her husband, a young actor, who started at the same time as she did, while not equally successful, has made quite a hit in "The Great Ruby" at the Drury Lane Theatre.

Another very clever actress, whom I suppose you will see one of these days, is Miss Gertrude Kingston, who is doing some very good work in the "Manœuvres of Jane," at the Haymarket. Miss Kingston is considered one of the most clever "adventuresses" on the English stage. She has the art of making her villain singularly wicked but tremendously attractive. You can understand her fasciuation, and don't wonder the hero deserts the virtuous heroine for her more exciting personality. She dresses awfully well, too, and can paint and play as well as speak several languages perfectly. Miss Emery, the Jane of "The Manœuvres," was quite captivating, wilful and "Jane" to the life. The play is not complex or wonderful, but was amusing and so well acted. The dialogue teems with witticisms, but there are no intense moments, no dramatic situations. Jane was prettily gowned, one costume I liked being of pale blue cashmere with the skirt trimmed with garlands of flowers in white lace applique. The bodice had small coat tails and a front opening over a chemisette of soft shirred white lace, delicately touched with a sprinkle of diamond embroidery.

There were ever so many smart people at the first night performance—the Cravens, Mrs. Bradley Martin, the Duke of Manchester, Lord William Beresford and Lady Florence Dixie. I wonder have I ever described Lady Florence Discie, who is one of the most original women in London society. She is the sister of the present Marquis of Queensbury, and, in her own way, quite as eccentric. She is a prominent member of the Woman's Pioneer Club, is a Woman's Rights champion, an accomplished sportswomau and a daring traveler. She has explored the wastes of Patagonia and acted as war correspondent for the London *Morning Post* during the Boer campaign. It was through the efforts of Lady Florence Dixie that Cetewayo, the Zulu King, was restored to freedom and sent back to Zululand.

The hardness of the times and the ever decreasing values of land in England are bringing about strange changes in the order of things. The estates which fifty years ago brought in an adequate income to their owners, now barely pay the taxes or, at best, yield a tenth part of their former price. The proprietors have made up for the difference in many ways. Some have let their homes to the wealthy Americans or manufacturers who could afford to pay for the luxury, others have gone in for trade. Now a new field has been opened for the impecunious nobleman, *i. e.*, the education of the young. Until now, school-teachers have been drawn from the ranks of the middle classes, and as a profession school-teaching is about the lowest on the list. Few enter into this mode of earning a living from choice. It is usually, especially in England, the asylum of the clergyman unable to obtain a living, or the unsuccessful lawyer. Now, however, a new era has dawned, for this branch has received the cachet of fashion. The Marquis of Normanby has started a new regime. He has transformed Mulgrave Castle into a school for young boys. He is to be head master and proprietor and purposes engaging a competent corps of assistants. But Lord Normanby is not alone in his good work. M. de Mauny-Talvande, who recently married Lady Mary Byng—maid of honor to Queen Victoria and daughter of the Earl of Stafford—is also embarking on a similar scheme. He has in fact already started his finishing school for young men who wish to perfect themselves in the French language and literature. The young men will have a delightful place to study in, for M. de Mauny-Talvande has leased the lovely old chateau of Azay le Rideau on the river Loire in France and has fitted it up beautifully. There are already twelve pupils, among them Lord Belgrave, eldest grandson and heir to the Duke of Westminster. The Queen is deeply interested in the school and is arranging to send Prince Arthur of Connaught, the young Duke of Albany and the Battenbergs there for some time. I wonder how Lady Mary Byng will like being head of a school. It will certainly be a change from her former life, will it not? KATRIONA.

Poodle Dog Restaurant, southeast corner of Grant avenue and Bush street. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone 429. Blanco & Bruno, proprietors.

Pears'

It is a wonderful soap that takes hold quick and does no harm.

No harm! It leaves the skin soft like a baby's; no alkali in it, nothing but soap. The harm is done by alkali. Still more harm is done by not washing. So, bad soap is better than none.

What is bad soap? Imperfectly made; the fat and alkali not well balanced or not combined.

What is good soap?

Pears'.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

NEW YORK

New York, November 23d.—You want to have a frame for your picture, so think of the great Madison Square Garden roofing an oval of tanbark, the arena surrounded by parterres of boxes, then festoons of orange and black decorations—the whole building made bright by thousands of lights. In this fairy land place a brilliant assemblage of the country's fashion and chivalry, a *caballada* of hundreds of noble horses, and you may have a faint conception of the National Horse Show as we see it here. There was a real and tremendous interest in the horses, and right there should be. They were magnificent. The Show, in fact, was a thorough and complete success to the sportsman and to the financier, and all society was there. The women attracted more attention, maybe, than the horses. At the Show you see thoroughbred horses stepping like velvet and looking fine as silk; but, too, you can see hundreds of the prettiest, best-kept women in the country, in the mornings particularly, with fine tall figures, nice complexions not afraid of daylight, plenty of clean, silky hair, and splendid teeth which flash like jewels when their owner's laugh or smile. Your woman who knows will take care of that laugh or smile and play it right. Inadvertent glimpses are so fetching; and she keeps her teeth and and her pretty feet out of sight.

Your correspondent attended three mornings and evenings, including the opening and closing days, and in the promenade around the "Clothes-line," between the boxes and the oval, had excellent opportunities for seeing the many radiant costumes shown at the exhibition. People conspicuous in society were there in force throughout the week. One thing most striking was their well-dressed conservatism in clothes. The only reminder of the old regime was Berry Wall, and he was lonesome, dressed in the antique fashion of plaids and checks and very horsey clothes. The Horse Show dude has gone completely out of fashion. Prescott Lawreuce, who is the premier horseman of New York, was a judge in the ring, and he was in very dark clothes, with a black ascot. Lee Tailer got as far as a gorgeous four-in-hand rainbow, similar to the one sported by Freddie Gebhard at the steeplechase, but he stopped at that. The Chicago overcoat was about the most "striking" thing there—heavy, trailing on the ground, broad-seamed, velveted at collars and cuffs, intentionally unfitted, a spasm of haberdashery.

There were a dozen or more of the first gentlemen of the show who brought out the new in masculine apparel. The latest infliction is the old choker collar, standing up like a cuff, easy enough when you stand and crane your neck, but a throttler when seated, and an utterly uncomfortable pillory all the time. The spats were there, too, worn by O. H. P. Belmont and Frank Underhill, by Tom Tailer and John Drew. Some blazing red scarfs and horse-shoe pins were brought up from Baltimore by little Harry Lehr and they became quite the rage. Herman Oelrichs made the short-tailed gentry all wild by appearing in a long, long frock coat, the longest frock coat seen at the Garden. It was a question if he had not brought this robe back from the vintage of '85, but inspectiou proved it a new creation and now men can cover their shivering legs within the ample folds of similar coats. The best-clothed man of the week was unquestionably Mr. Widener of Philadelphia. Every morning he appeared in rough, gray cutaway, checked waistcoat, dark tie and horse-shoe pin. In the afternoon he came out in all black clothes with a pear-shaped pearl in his tie.

The women wore some costumes that were simply dazzling. The correct thing now is the long box-coat ulster introduced hy Mrs. Burke-Roche; the hat is worn right when it is big and simply trimmed and worn tilted over the face at an angle as near forty-five degrees as possible. The sheath skirt sprang into full vogue when Mrs. Stokes and Miss Fair appeared in it. Amethyst is the leading color. The *chic* Mrs. W. E. D. Stokes was one of the models of fashion. Her chinchilla hat was tilted forward at an angle of forty-five; it had no trimming except a big Alsatian bow of black velvet, which was stretched across the back instead of the front. She reversed the order of wearing boas, too. Her mink neckscarf was fastened behind, where two little animal heads came vis-a-vis under her chignon. Their tails hung under her chin. She wore a black sheath skirt which deserved its name. The fit was close and perfect, without a wrinkle. This might be because there was not enough loose cloth to allow of a wrinkle. Near the ground the skirt flares, and is trained like all the new petticoats. With this nether garment, Mrs. Stokes wore a black cloth bodice, set off by applique designs of black velvet.

Mrs. Clarence Mackay followed Mrs. Stokes' lead, and wore her purple velvet picture hat well down over her eyes. Miss Kate Cary's small amethyst felt Rough Rider was worn similarly. It was caught up in front by a knot of violet velvet pierced by two big Indian eagle feathers. The cause of the sheath skirt was further strengthened by the appearance of Miss Virginia Fair, on Friday evening. She has inaugurated the "coat of mail" fashion. Miss Fair is always richly and tastefully dressed, and she created an unusual stir when she walked into her box glistening from head head to foot, arrayed in a gowu that was one mass of cut-steel spangles on a background of black net. The skirt was made in the new sheath style, which added to Miss Fair's height. The deep bias flounces of spangled net was over a soft white ruching and under ruffling point d'esprit. Scintillating is the only word for her appearance there under the glare of the electric lights.

Red velvet gowns, particularly rich and effective, were not infrequently seen. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Sr., wore one, and so did Mrs. Clarence Mackay, who finished her costume by donning a great Gainsborough hat to match. The most marvelous wonder at the Show was Miss Cassatt's veil. It was like a great thick mosquito netting, and she had trouble in raising the structure when she went to supper at the Waldorf. Mrs. Jack Gardner had a wonderful veil, but Miss Cassatt went her some better. Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont gave us the next most interesting point in style. She brought back the overskirt. She wore two skirts of biscuit cloth, one trailing on the ground, where it was edged with mink, the other ending at the knees, where it was cut in scallops. Infinis, the whole affair was undoubtedly the most brilliant and successful Horse Show we ever had. I am sure I do not known where half the people came from.

THE DAUGHTER.

Dr. G. A. Danziger, Dentist, 22 Geary street

DEWAR'S....

Perth Whiskies

are recommended by physicians on account of their tonic properties, derived from the Prince of Wales' Prize Barley, from which they are distilled.

REMARKABLY MELLOW
EXQUISITE FLAVOR
RARE BOUQUET

Pacific Coast Agents

SHERWOOD & SHERWOOD

SAN FRANCISCO
PORTLAND
LOS ANGELES

How's This?

We offer one hundred dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last fifteen years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligatiou made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo.
Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Boxing and Physical Culture.

Professor Walter Watson, for many years boxing instructor of the Olympic Club, will give lessons in boxing and physical culture, privately or in classes. Professor Watson has an international reputation second to none, having taught pugilists of note in London, New York and San Francisco, among whom might be mentioned eleven winners of the amateur championship of England, numerous winners of prizes in the San Francisco Olympic Club, James J. Corbett, and many others. Lessons also given to pupils at their own residences. 417 Ellis street.

Insist Upon Having Your Ticket to New York Boston, or Other Eastern Cities

Read over the Nickel Plate (N. Y. C. & St. L. R. R.), the popular low-rate short line. Quick time, unexcelled accommodations, and no extra fares charged. Jay W. Adams, Pacific Coast Passenger Agent, 37 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal.

GERMEA

The Ideal Breakfast Dish

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO

Capital and Surplus . Six Million Dollars

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON.....Secoud Assistant Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

CORRESPONDENTS

New York..... { Messrs. Laidlaw & Co. / The Bank of New York, N B. A.
Baltimore.....The National Exchange Bank
Boston.....The Tremont National Bank
Chicago..... { Illinois Trust and Savings Bank / Union National Bank
Philadelphia.....Philadelphia National Bank
St. Louis.....Boatmen's Bank
Virginia City, Nev...Agency of the Bank of California
London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
Paris.....Messrs. De Rothschild Freres
Berlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft
China. Japan and East Indies.....Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China
Australia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California St., S. F.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....$2,135,820 60
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash..... 1,000,000 00
Deposits June 30, 1898.....26,486,987 06

OFFICERS

President, B. A. BECKER
First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER
Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN
Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT
Assistant Cashier, WM. HERRMANN
Secretary, GEORGE TOURNY
Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann, Ign. Stein hart, N. Van Bergen, E. Rhote, H. B. Russ, D. N. Walter and N. Ohlandt.
Attorney - W. S. Goodfellow

San Francisco Savings Union

532 CALIFORNIA ST.

Deposits July 1, 1898.....$23,356,130
Paid Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Reserve Fund..... 182,009
Contingent Fund..... 435,515

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

DIRECTORS

George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, George Tasheira, E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate, and Farms and Farming Lands in the country.
Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.
No charge is made for pass book or entrance fee.
Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco

33 POST STREET

Below Kearny Mechanics' Institute Buildin

Guaranteed Capital, $1,000,000
Paid Up Capital, $300,000

JAMES D. PHELAN, President
S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-President
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier
C. B. HOBSON, Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS—James D. Phelan, S. G. Murphy, John A. Hooper, Jamea Moffitt, C. G. Hooker, Frank J. Sullivan, L. P. Drexler, Robt. McElroy, Jos. D. Grant.
Interest paid on deposits.
Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks.
When opening accounts, send signature.

CONNECTICUT

FIRE INS. CO.

OF HARTFORD

Assets. $3,300,000. BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.
COLIN M. BOYD,
Agent for San Francisco
411 California Street

Thuringia Insurance Co.

OF ERFURT, GERMANY

Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248

PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT
204-208 Sansome Street, San Francisco
VOSS, CONRAD & CO,, General Managers

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL Building and Loan Ass'n of California

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and Gen. Manager.
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

FRANKLIN K. LANE G. WHITFIELD LANE

LANE & LANE

Attorneys and Counselors

Removed to
1409-1412-1413 Claus Spreckels Building

Dooley on Books.

[The Spanish-American war is responsible for conferring national prominence upon a new humorist Peter Dunn, of the Chicago *Journal*. He is the interpreter of the sagacious Mr. Dooley, whose comments on "Mac," Alger, and Cousin George Dooley, have given us a laugh each week since hostilities broke out. However, Mr. Dooley was only new to the nation, not to the readers of the *Journal*, for he has held forth there on current t pies for many a month past. There is wisdom as well as humor in his utterances. Who, for instance has better summed up the problem of the Philippines than Dooley in answer to Hennessy's question, "An' what would you do with the fruits of victory?" "I'd ate what were ripe and give th' rist to th' inimy." No one has more graphically set forth the absurdities of the Cuban campaign, or set in more ludicrous perspective the varied aspects of Algerism and Corbinism. Funny as they are to the average man, one must be Irish, a journalist and a Chicagoan, to thoroughly appreciate the utterances of Dooley—at least the men of this persuasion will see more in the reflections of the philosopher than the ordinary citizen. The knowledge of life is that which the active newspaper man picks up—the humor is essentially Hibernian and the dialect is admirable. Here follows an extract from the volume of *Mr. Dooley in Peace and War*, recently published by Small, Maynard & Co., "On Books." Perhaps it is not as laughable as "Oratory in Politics," or "The New Woman," but it is thoroughly characteristic.]

"Ivry time I pick up me mornin' paper to see how th' scrap come out at Batthry D," said Mr. Dooley, "th' first thing I r-run acrost is somethin' like this: 'A hot an' handsome gift f'r Christmas is Lucy Ann Patzooni's "Jims iv Englewood Thought"'; or 'If ye wnd delight th' hear-rt iv yer child, ye'll give him Dr. Harper's monymental histhry iv th' Jewish thribes frou Moses to Dhryfuss' or 'Ivrybody is r-readin' Roodyard Kiplin's "Busy Pomes f'r Busy People."' Th' idee iv givin' hooks f'r Christmas prisints whin th' stores are full iv tin hor-rns an' dhrums an' boxin' gloves an' choo-choo cars! People must be crazy."

"They ar-re," said Mr. Hennessy. "My house is so full iv books ye cudden't tur-rn around without stumblin' over thim. I found th' life iv an ex-convict, the 'Prisoner iv Zinders,' in me high hat th' other day, where Mary Ann was hidin' it fr'm her sister. Instead iv the childher fightin' an' skylarkin' in th' evenin', they're settin' around th' table with their noses glued into books. Th' ol' woman doesn't read, but she picks up what's goin' on. 'Tis 'Honoria, did Lor'rd What's-his-name marry th' fair Aminta?' or 'But that Lady Jane was a case.' An' so it goes. There's no injymint in th' house, an' they're usin' me cravats f'r bookmarks."

"'Tis all wrong," said Mr. Dooley. "They're on'y three books in th' wurruld worth readin' —Shakespeare, th' Bible, an' Mike Ahearn's histhry iv Chicago. I have Shakespeare on thrust, Father Kelly r-reads th' Bible f'r me, an' I didn't buy Mike Ahearn's histhry because I've seen more thin he cud put into it. Books is th' roon iv people, specially novels. Whin I was a young man, th' parish priest used to preach agin thim; but nobody knowed what he meant. At that time Willum Joyce had th' on'y library in th' Sixth War-rd. Th' mayor give him th' bound volumes iv th' council proceedings, an' they was a very handsome set. Th' on'y books I seen was th' kind that has th' life iv the pope on th' outside an' a set iv dominos on th' inside. They're good readin'. Nawthin' cud be better f'r a man whin he's tired out afther a day's wurruk thin to go to his library an' take down wan iv th' gr-reat wurruks iv lithratchoor an' play a game iv dominos for th' dhrinks out iv it. Anny other kind iv r-readin', barrin' th' newspapers, which will never hurt anny on-edycated man, is desthructive iv morals.

"I had it out with Father Kelly th' other day in this very matther. He was comin' up fr'm down town with an ar-rmful iv books f'r prizes at th' school. 'Have ye th' Key to Heaven there?' say I. 'No,' says he, 'th' childher that'll get these books don't need no key. They'll go in under th' turnstile,' he says, laughin'. 'Have ye th' Lives iv th' Saints, or th' Christian Dooty, or th' Story iv Saint Rose iv Lima?' I says. 'I have not,' says he. 'I have some good story books. I'd rather th' kids'd r-read Char-les Dickens than anny iv th' tales iv thim holy men that was burned in ile or et up be lines,' he says. 'It does no good in these degin'rate days to prove that th' best that can come to a man f'r behavin' himsilf is to be cooked in a pot or di-gested be a line,' he says. 'Ye're wrong,' says I. 'Beggin' ye'er riv'rince's pardon, ye're wrong,' I says. 'What ar-re ye goin' to do do with thim young wans? Ye're goin' to make thim near-sighted an' round-shouldered,' I says. 'Ye're goin' to have thim believe that, if they behave thimsilves an' lead a virchous life, they'll marry rich an' go to Congress. They'll wake up some day, an' find out that gettin' money an' behavin' ye'ersilf don't always go together,' I says. 'Some iv th' wickedest men in th' wur-ruld have marrid rich,' I says. 'Ye're goin' to teach thim that a man doesn't have to use an ax to get along in th' wur-ruld. Ye're going to teach thim that a la-ad with a curlin' black mustache an' smokin' a cigareet is always a villyan, whin he's more often a barber with a lar-rge family. Life, says ye! There's no life in a book. If ye want to show thim what life is, tell thim to look aronud thiu. There's more life on a Saturdah night in th' Ar-rchy Road thin in all th' books fr'm Shakespeare to th' rayport iv th' drainage trustees. No man,' I says, 'iver wrote a book if he had anything to write about, except Shakespeare an' Mike Ahearn. Shakespeare was all r-right. I nivver read anny iv his pieces, but they sound good; and I know Mike Ahearn is all r-right.'"

"What did he say?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"He took it all r-right," said Mr. Dooley. "He kind o' grinned, an' says he: 'What ye say is thrue, an' it's not thrue,' he says. 'Books is f'r thim that can't injye thimsilves in anny other way,' he says. 'If ye're in good health, an ar-re atin' three squares a day, an' not ayether sad or very much in love with ye'er lot, but just lookin' on an' not carin' a'—he said rush—'not cariu' a rush, ye don't need books,' he says. 'But if ye're a down-spirited thing an' want to get away an' can't, ye need books. 'Tis betther to be comfortable at home thin to go to th' circus, an' 'tis betther to go to th' circus thin to r-read anny hook. But 'tis betther to r-read a book thiu to want to go to th' circus an' not to be able to,' he says. 'Well,' says I, 'whin I was growin' up, half th' congregation heard mass with their prayer books tur-rned upside down, an' they were as pious as anny. Th' Apostles' Creed niver was as con-vincin' to me afther I larned to r-read it as it was whin I cudden't read it, but believed it.'"

"Av you want to shmoke in this house, Mr. O'Hoolihan, you will shmoke Sale of No'th Carilini."

Seal of North Carolina

is fragrant—is easy to light—never needs re-lighting, packs in pipe properly, and does not "tamp" down too hard. Always draws clear and smokes freely. These are facts!

The Original Plug Cut—
Always the same—
Mild and Cool.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes, Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

Centennial Stable

Boarding and Livery

Carriages, Broughams, Victorias, etc. First-Class in every respect

1521-1523-1525 California Street
Bet. Polk and

Telephone East 378 M. CONLON Proprietor

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON
Phone Main 5178

Sutter Street Hammam

TURKISH AND RUSSIAN BATHS

415 Sutter Street, between Stockton and Powell
Open Day and Night for Gentlemen
For Ladies, from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

For those who appreciate Comfort and Attention

A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL
SAN FRANCISCO

WM. B. HOOPER, MANAGER

Golden Eagle Hotel

Seventh and K Sts., Sacramento

First-class in every respect. All modern conveniences. Bus at every train. GRAY & TITUS, Props

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES in and for the Northern District of California.

IN THE MATTER OF WILLIAM BELL, Bankrupt

Take notice, that WILLIAM BELL, bankrupt above named, has been duly adjudicated a bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, and that the first meeting of the creditors has been called to meet at the office of the undersigned, at room 185, Crocker Building, San Francisco, California on Monday the 12th day of December, 1898 at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of proving their claims against the estate of said bankrupt, and that at the same time and place all creditors whose claims have been duly proven and allowed shall appoint one or three trustees of said estate

Dated San Francisco, November 28, 1898

MILTON J. GREEN,
Referee in Bankruptcy
in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

GOULD & CURRY, SILVER MINING CO.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California, location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 4th day of November, 1898, an assessment (No. 88) of ten cents (10c.) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, Room No. 69, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 8th day of December, 1898, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday, the 29th day of December, 1898 to pay the delinquent assessment together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

ALFRED K. DENROW, Secretary.

Office, room No. 69, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

ESTATE OF MARIE BOGE, DECEASED

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Carl Boge, Administrator of the Estate of Marie Boge, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator, at the office of Gavin McNab, Esq., his attorney, room 47, seventh floor, Mills Building, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

CARL BOGE,
Administrator of the Estate of Marie Boge, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, November 21, 1898.

GAVIN MCNAB, Attorney for Administrator.

AMUSEMENTS

Mechanics Pavilion !

THE NOVELTY OF THE CENTURY.....

Grand Charity Bazaar

AND

California Musical Contest

During the Entire Month of December

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE

Charity Institutions and Orphan Asylums of San Francisco

Doors open from 8 to 12 m., from 1 to 5 p.m., and from 8 to 11 p m.

Goods of every descriptiou can be bought at the Pavilion at city prices.

California Jockey Club

OAKLAND TRACK

Opening of Winter Meeting 1898-1899

Beginning Monday, November 28th, to Saturday, January 10th, inclusive

Racing Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Rain or Shiue.
Races start at 2:15 sharp

Purchase tickets at Ferry Depot for Shell Mound. Special Boats leave at 12.0C, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30 and 3.00 p.m., conuecting with trains ruuning direct to the track gate. Returning Special Trains leave track at 4.15, 4.45, and immediately after last race.

R. B. MILROY, Secretary. T. H. WILLIAMS JR., President.

GLEN PARK
THE MISSION ZOO

EXTRAORDINARY PROGRAM!
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 4th, at 1:30 p.m.

THE TROY TRIO — World-Famous Fire Kings

BALLOON ASCENSION AND PARACHUTE JUMP
MONSTER BILL IN FREE VAUDEVILLE AMPHITHEATRE
Admission 10c. No further charge. Children under five years Free.
Take San Mateo Electric Cars. Sutter, Valencia and Mission Street transfer.
GLEN PARK CAFE
Refrsshments and Luuch at Popular Prices

Orpheum

Week commencing Monday, December 5th
Mme. Camilla Urso, the Famous Violin Virtuose
Paul Batty's Bears—the Greatest Attraction of the Niueteenth Century
Arnesen, the Celebrated Equilibrist
Baker, Sellery & Bartlett, iu a Comedy Sketch, "Divorces While You Wait"
Harry Atkinson, Musical Imitator
Emma Carns, Female Baritone, in New Songs
Joe Flynn, Comedian and Monologuist
The Wilson Family iu New Coon Comedy
Lillie Western, Premiere Musical Artiste
Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c.

Tivoli Opera House

MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING, Proprietor aud Manager
Monday, Dec. 5th — Second Week
Unprecedented Hit of the First Correct Rendition of the Easteru Furore

CYRANO DE BERGERAC

Saturday Matinee
Perfect in Every Detail! Splendid Accessories!
In preparation—the Big Christmas Spectacle
THE YELLOW DWARF

Popular Prices : : 25 and 50 cts.
Matinee Reserved Seats 25c. Tele. Bush 9

Alcazar Theatre

FRED BELASCO, Lessee : MARK THALL, Manager
Telephone Main 254

All Europe Laughed at

THE PRIVATE SECRETARY

All San Francisco will laugh at this Mirth-Provoker
Only Matinee Saturday
Alcazar Prices—15c., 25c., 35c., 50c.
In preparatiou—"Alabama"

Columbia Theatre

GOTTLOB, MARX & CO. : : Lessees and Managers
Beginning Monday, Dec. 5th
Secoud and Last Week of Koster & Bial's Success

Gayest Manhattan

Weighed down with all that s best in comedy, music, dance, spectacle, etc.
Dec. 12th, "A Parlor Match"

THE THEATRES

Passing Comment on Contemporary Performances.

"Cyrano de Bergerac" at the Tivoli is another of the failures to transpose Rostand's great French comedy into an English play. This sharp criticism need not cut the Tivoli people very deep: they have done well according to their light. None of the translations, even, have yet reproduced in English words the sparkling wit and romantic spirit of the original. Some of the translations are positively ridiculous. In all of them thus far Rostand's poetic graces and romantic fluency are *nil*, the ballade's rugged force is gone, gone, too, the mad spirit of the Gascony cadets. Only Mansfield has measured with Coquelin in the portrayal of the title role—the soldier cavalier of ready blade, the poet of passion, writer of romantic plays, man of science, lover and friend. That is a role for a genius.

Edwin Steveus is to be praised for his interpretation of it. He is not perfect by any means, but quite good. Stevens is the whole play at the Tivoli. His scenic surroundings are the best, but it would take the rest of this page to detail the imperfections of the supporting company. To be critically fashionable I should fling a sneer at the Comedy Theatre and its company, but it is the truth that there was better balance throughout in the Comedy prodnction than in that at the Tivoli. The Bush-street people were at home, in their legitimate field, and they were a set of seasoned players who knew how to support one another iu all the business of the stage. Their hastily-baked "Cyrano de Bergerac" was fearfully faulty, but what there was of it was played with spirit.

The Tivoli people flounder when they jump the main track of comic opera. They are bright, alive and gay when they are at home, but they put on their company manners elsewhere and look at life very seriously indeed. Then their wondering friends bow stiffly and edge away; and that explains the hollow houses that greet "Cyrano de Bergerac" at the Tivoli. It is a play better suited for the repertoire of the late Baldwin Theatre. Miss Crox is no more Rostand's Roxane than—well; there are red, red roses for her when my merry little geisha girl comes back. Burlesque it, Tivoli. Have some fun with it; and your *opera* house will be packed from pit to gallery for weeks. It will bring Mr. Stevens down like a "winged" eagle, but you can raise his pay.

* *

At the Orpheum Joe Flynn says that "the Spaniards were not what they were blowu up to be," neither is the usual star what the programme says he is; but Joe Flynn is all right. So was Miss Courtney, who sang old songs in a charmingly unaffected manner. Emma Carus was not so charming, neither was she so unaffected, but she had a baritone voice and surprised the audience with a "hoe down." It is a question, however, whether the purely freakish, such as female baritones, male sopranos, etc., really belong on a first class vaudeville programme, but rather to the museum. Vaudeville audiences nowadays are of the best class of theatre-goers, and the Orpheum management have undoubtedly noted that their most popular programmes have had the least portion of the freak order in their composition.

* *

DRAMATIC NOTES

Good times still reign at the Alcazar. The excellent company gathered there is giving interesting performances of popular plays at low rates and the community is patroniziug the enterprise. "The Politician" has proved a thorough success, and next week "The Private Secretary" will have the boards. The bill will be preceded by a one-act comedy by Louise Veiller. George Osbourne and Howard Scott will be seen in the roles of "The Private Secretary," which they originally created. We are promissd subsequently a revival of "Alabama."

At the head of the Orpheum's new bill is Camilla Urso, the talented violinist; Paul Batty and his bears, said to be the only act in the world that rivals Lockhart's comic elephants. Arnesan, the Swedish Equilibrist, and Baker, Sellery and Bartlett, a trio of comedians, singers and dancers, in a sketch entitled "Divorces While You Wait," are also on the list. The hold-overs include Harry Atkinsou, Joe Flynn, Emma Carus, Lillie Western and the Wilson Family.

"Cyrano de Bergerac" will hold the boards next week at the Tivoli. Preparations are being made for the production of the Christmas spectacle, "The Yellow Dwarf," which will be put on in a gorgeous manner. Several clever ballet dancers are being imported for the Christmas piece. The performance of "Cyrano de Bergerac" begins promptly at 7:50 o'clock.

"Gayest Manhattan" will continue at the Columbia Theatre all next week. The next attraction there is Evans & Hoey's "Parlor Match." A clever set of people will appear, including, among others, J. W. Kingsley, Mark Sullivan, James T. Galloway, Edith Hoyt, Harriet Sheldon and Adele Archer.

At Glen Park, the Mission Zoo, on Sunday there will he a fine programme in the free vaudeville amphitheatre. The Troy Trio, famous fire kings, will make their first appearance, and there will he another balloon ascension and parachute jump.

Gottlob, Marx & Company have booked the big production of "The Sign of the Cross" for this season.

"Ole Oleson" comes to the Comedy Theatre for the week of Dec. 5th. A good company is en support.

MUSIC

The second Symphony concert, which was given on Thursday afteruoon, drew even a larger audience than that of the first a fortnight before. The symphony concerts are fashionable now, and therefore they are an assured success. There was quite a crush at the entrance a little before the concert.

The overture, "Romeo and Juliet," by Tschaikowsky, a most *fin de siecle* composition in regard to emotional content and technical difficulty, was chosen for the opening number. At the hands of Herr Scheel it received a most satisfactory reading. He has not yet quite got his men just where he wants them, but their capacity is unquestionable. The enormous difficulties, rythmic and otherwise, of the overture, taxed the ability of the orchestra to its utmost.

The Schumann symphony, which followed, went much more smoothly, and was on the whole a more finished performance, the strings in particular doing good work.

Most truly German are the Kiel Waltzes for string orchestra, and daintily and most poetically did Scheel handle them. A waltz under his baton becomes a dream of grace.

The Wagner number, "Einsung der Goetter in Walhall," which closed the programme, has been heard here many times under Scheel's conductorship, but never with more fire and abandon than on Thursday afternoon. V. V.

A Horse-Show Suggestion.

The Equine Show is nearly due, and all the noble nags,
From East and West, from North and South, are packing up their bags,
To hie them to the city for a brief sojourn with us,
To show us what the poiuts are that have made them glorious.
High-steppers, cobs, and trotters soon will throng the Garden fair,
And many a dozen ponies of all species will be there;
The shaggy little Shetland, hardly bigger than a dog;
The little circus pony that cau outjump Mr. Frog;

The handsome four-in-handers, with their surplusage of style,
With curving necks and graceful legs in action all the while;
And those that 'neath the saddle strike a dozen different gaits—
These all will soon be with us from all sections of the States.
But, hist! ye gentle manager, I'll tell you what I'd do
To make the show most glorious that ever was put through:
Besides these horses, full of style, Equine Aristocrats,
I'd take a hint and use it from the Autumn style in hats.

The man who wears a soldier hat is rather more in style
Than he who goes about the street arrayed in silken tile,
Which means that heroes are in vogue, and if you'd score a hit,
Secure some equine heroes that have shown their nerve and grit.
Secure, if you can find one that by chance is living still,
One of the sixty "Teddy" rode dowu there at San Juan hill;
And, better still, get that poor nag, if it can e'er be found,
That down at Santiago toted General Shafter round.

—*Anne W. Witherup in Harper's Bazar.*

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

She told the story, and the whole world wept
At wrongs and cruelties it had not kuown
But for this fearless woman's voice alone.
She spoke to consciences that long had slept:
Her message, Freedom's clear reveille, swept
From heedless hovel to complacent throne.
Command and prophecy were iu the tone,
And from its sheath the sword of justice leapt.
Around two peoples swelled a fiery wave,
But both came forth transfigured from the flame,
Blest be the hand that dared be strong to save,
And blest be she who in our weakness came—
Prophet and priestess! At one stroke she gave
A race to freedom, and herself to fame.

—*Paul Laurence Dunbar in Century.*

There is a fine display of holiday attractions at the art rooms of the P. Rossi Company at 117 Sutter street. Italian and French antique, renaissance and modern furniture, hangings and bric-a-brac, and rare furnishings in the colonial style.

Clothing, curtains, blankets, etc., cleaned or dyed. Pacific Cleaniug and Dyeing Works, 353-357 Tehama street. Telephohe South 40. J. Spaulding & Co.

CHARLES MEINECKE & CO.
Agents Pacific Coast, 314 Sacramento Street
San Francisco, Cal.

An Irish man-servant was discovered in a lie. On being accused by his master of stating what was not the truth, he excused himself by saying: "Please, sur, I lost my prisence of mind."

TRUSTEE'S SALE

In accordance with the terms and under the authority of a certain deed of trust, duly executed by Owen Kelly and Cathcrine Kelly (his wife), parties of the first part, to Arthur F. Bridge, party of the second part, and Frederick W. Bridge, party of the third part, dated March 10th, 1897, and recorded in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on March 13th, 1897, in Liber 1722 of Deeds at page 255, and in pursuance of a notice from the said Frederick W. Bridge (the holder of the promissory note, to secure the payment of which the aforesaid deed of trust was executed) that default had been made in the payment of the principal sum and interest due uuder said note, and requesting and directing the undersigned, Arthur F. Bridge, trustee, to sell the real estate described in said deed of trust to satisfy said indebteduess:

I, Arthur F. Bridge, do hereby give notice, that on Tuesday, the twenty-ninth day of November, 1898, at twelve o'clock noon of that day, and at the auction salesroom of G. H. Umbsen and Company, 14 Montgomery Street, in the City and Couuty of San Francisco, State of California, I will sell at public auctiou, to the highest bidder, for cash in gold coin of the United States, that certain piece or parcel of land, situated iu the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Twentieth street, distant thereon tweuty-five (25) feet westerly from the southwesterly corner of Twentieth and Alabama streets, running thence westerly along said southerly line of Twentieth street fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles southerly one hundred and four (104) feet, and thence at right angles easterly fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles northerly oue hundred and four (104) feet to the point of commencement. Being a subdivision of Mission Block No. 142. Together with the appurtenances.

Terms of Sale: Cash in gold coin of the Uuited States; ten per cent payable on the fall of the hammer; balance on delivery of deed, and if not so paid, unless for want of title (ten days beiug allowed for search), then said ten per cent to be forfeited, and the sale to be void.

The said property is subject to a mortgage to the Hibernia Savings aud Loan Society for the sum of oue thousand dollars, and accrued interest, which is on record in Liber 1067 of Mortgages, at page 327, Records of the City and County of San Francisco, aud the interest to be sold herein is the equity in said property over and above said mortgage.

ARTHUR F. BRIDGF, Trnstee.

Haven & Haveu, Attorueys for Trustee.

POSTPONEMENT OF ABOVE SALE.—Notice is hereby given that the foregoing sale has been postponed from Tuesday, the twenty-ninth day of November, 1898, at 12 o'clock noon, to Monday, the nineteenth day of December, 1898, at 12 o'clock noon, at the same place as above specified, and under the same terms and conditions.

ARTHUR F. BRIDGE, Trustee.

ELECTRIC..

Supplies
Construction
Repairs

CALIFORNIA ELECTRICAL WORKS

409 MARKET STREET

GREENBAUM'S

White and Dark Violet

The Most Fashionable Perfume
Possesses the Odor of Fresh Violets

128 POST ST. UNDER BOHEMIAN CLUB

THE LATEST STYLES IN

CHOICE WOOLENS

H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors

622 Market St. (up stairs) opp. Palace Hote

Bicycle and Golf Suits

MISS SELMA WIETZ

(Former pupil of Mme. Rosewald)

Beginners in Vocalizatiou
Mondays and Wednesdays

2004 Broadway San Francisco

LINEN HAND-DRAWN WORK

The choicest lot ever offered for sale in this city

Also Hand-made Mexican Silver and Leather Work
Australian Opals and Arizona Rubies
at Mexican Prices
For a few days only

114 Stockton Street, bet. Geary and O'Farrell

Ball-Room and Fancy Dancing

PROF. FARRELL'S DANCING SCHOOL

Cotillion Hall, 1310 Polk St.
Classes Monday and Wednesday Evenings.
Juvenile Class Saturdays at 2 p.m.
HALL TO RENT FOR BALLS, PARTIES, ETC.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, the famous orator, statesman, railroad president and millionaire, in an interview said of his recent visit to Del Monte: "I visted Monterey, and I call it the most beautiful place in the world. Monte Carlo cannot compare with it. Its seventeen mile-drive is unparalleled for fineness."

Specially reduced rates for the winter months of November, December, January and February, are offered, as follows:
Single room, with board for one person, by the month, $65. Double room, with board for one person, by the month, $70; two persons, $135.
Best room, with board for one person, by the month, $75; two persons, $145. Best room, with bath and board for one person, by the month, $80; two persons, $155
Small parlor suites, with board for one person, by the month, $80; two persons, $155. Daily and weekly rates remain as heretofore—from $3 to $5 per day

For further information, address **GEORGE SCHONEWALD, Manager**
Hotel Del Monte, Monterey, California.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway wharf San Francisco.
For Alaskan ports, 10 a.m. Dec. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, Jan. 1; change at Seattle.
For B. C. and Puget Sound ports 10 a. m. Dec. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, Jan. 1, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, 2 p.m. Dec. 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, Jan. 4, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a. m. Dec. 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 31, Jan. 4 and every fourth day thereafter.
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 a.m. Dec. 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, Jan. 2 and every fourth day thereafter.
For Mexican ports, 10 a. m. Dec. 15, Jan. 12, Feb. 9, March 9, April 6.
For further information, obtain folder.
The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing.

Ticket Office: 4 New Montgomery St (Palace Hotel)
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen. Agts.
No. 10 Market Street, - San Francisco, Cal.

California Limited
Santa Fe Route

Connecting Train Leaves San Francisco at 5 p. m.

Every Sunday, Tuesday, Friday

Arrives in Chicago at 8:15 a. m. the following Thursday, Saturday and Tuesday — Arriving in New York at 1:30 p. m. Friday, Sunday and Wednesday . . . . . .

Dining Car, Buffet Car, Observation Car and Electric-Lighted Sleeping Cars.

TICKET OFFICES
628 MARKET ST., SAN FRANC[illegible] THE GOVERNMENT [illegible]
1118 BROADWAY, OAKLAN[illegible]

JNO. L. TRUSLOW, Gen. Agt. Passenger Dept., San Francisco, Cal.
JNO. [illegible], Gen. [illegible]

"ALWAYS RIGHT ON TIME!"

UNION PACIFIC — THE OVERLAND ROUTE — WORLD'S PICTORIAL LINE.

The Finest and Fastest Train from California to the East
IS THE
Overland Limited
VIA
UNION PACIFIC

Leaves San Francisco DAILY at 6 00 p.m., running through to Chicago without change of cars.

EQUIPMENT—Pullman Double Drawing-Room Sleepers
Dining Cars
Composite Buffet Smoking and Library Cars
Reclining Chair Cars

Entire train vestibuled and lighted throughout by Pintsch Gas. Time, 3½ days, San Francisco to Chicago—*twelve hours quicker than all other lines*

Upholstered Pullman Tourist Sleepers are also carried on the "Overland Limited," daily. San Francisco to Chicago, without cange, thereby enabling passengers holding second class tickets to reach Chicago and all points at the same time as first class passengers. Steamship tickets to all points in Europe.

Tickets and sleeping car reservations at General Office, No. 1 Montgomery Street. Telephone Main 1930. D. W. HITCHCOCK, General Agent.

OCEANIC Steamship Company
Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S. S. "Australia," for **Honolulu only**, Wednesday, December 14th, at 2. p.m.
S. S. Moana, for **Australia**, Wednesday, Dec. 28th, at 10 p.m. Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.
Freight Office 327 Market St.
[illegible] SPRECKELS & BROS. CO General Agents

[illegible] Cigarette WITH YOUR Monogram
[illegible]'s no more, and is unique
[illegible]oss & Deutch, 5 Kearny
THE [illegible], San Francisco
[illegible]os., Manufacturers,
[illegible]eet, New York

[illegible]IBLIC
[illegible]., S. P

TO CHICAGO IN 31-2 DAYS
TO NEW YORK IN 4 1-2 DAYS
VIA
Chicago Union Pacific
AND
Northwestern Line

Through Pullman and Tourist Sleeping Cars Daily. All meals served a la carte in Dining Car. For full information, address
R. R. RITCHIE,
General Agent Pacific Coast
No. 2 New Montgomery Street (Palace Hotel)
San Francisco, Cal.

Brushes For barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bathhouses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candymakers, canners, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paperhangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.
BUCHANAN BROS.
TEL. 5610 609 SACRAMENTO ST
BRUSH MANUFACTURERS

JOE POHEIM, THE TAILOR
Makes the best fitting clothes at 25 per cent less than any other house on the Pacific Coast. See Prices:

PANTS TO ORDER	SUITS TO ORDER
$3.50	$10.00
4.50	13.50
5.00	15.50
6.00	17.50
7.00	20.00
8.00	25.00
9.00	30.00

The firm of JOE POHEIM is the largest in the United States. Rules for self-measurement and samples of cloth sent free.
201 and 203 Montgomery St., cor. Bush.
844 & 846 Market St. 1110 & 1112 Market St.
SAN FRANCISCO.
455 Fourteenth St., Oakland. 603 & 605 K St., Sacramento.
143 South Spring St., Los Angeles.

BAJA CALIFORNIA
DAMIANA BITTERS
Damiana is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. It wakes new nerves where these bitters are invaluable and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. Damiana Bitters are known on their merits. Send for Circular.
NABER, ALES & BRUNE, Agents
323-325 Market St., S. F.

BONESTELL & CO.
Dealers in PAPER
Fine Coated Papers a Specialty
401-403 SANSOME ST.,
San Francisco, Cal.

Blake, Moffitt & Towne
DEALERS IN
PAPER
55, 57, 59 and 61 First Street, San Francisco
Telephone Main 199

MRS. M. E. PERLEY MRS. S. V. CULP

DECORATIVE KERAMIC ART STUDIO

215 Post Street

All Branches of China Painting Taught
Morning Class: Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, from 9 a. m. to 12 m. Afternoon Class: Daily, from 1:30 to 4:30. Lessons $1 each. Private Lessons $1.50 each. TRY OUR ROMAN GOLD.
Telephone Grant 43

The Graphophone

When you get a talking machine, get one on which you can record as well as reproduce sound. The Graphophone is the greatest and best talking machine. Other so-called talking machines reproduce only records of cut-and-dried subjects made in laboratories. The Graphophone, besides affording marvelous entertainment by reproducing brilliantly and clearly the music of bands, orchestras, popular singers, and all the great variety of records made for entertainment purposes, affords infinite personal delight through its power of instantly recording and reproducing at once, and as often as desired, songs sung to it, words spoken to it, or any sound.

Graphophones are sold for $10 and up
Write for Catalogue No. 75

Columbia Phonograph Co.
(DEPARTMENT 75)
723 Market Street, San Francisco
NEW YORK, PARIS, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, WASHINGTON, PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE, BUFFALO.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

A Positive Relief for Chapped Hands, Chafing, and all afflictions of the skin. "*A little higher in price, perhaps than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it.*" Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). *Sample free.*
GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

COTTON SAIL DUCKS
12 inch in all numbers Medium Soft and Hard
also
Heavy Nagget Wagon and Draper Ducks
From [illegible] wide
Mediterranean and Imperial Ounce Ducks
Manufactured by Mount Vernon Company Baltimore
Murphy, Grant & Co. . . Pacific Coast Sole Agents

Beware of Imitations
This is a fac simile of the package
Genuine Diamond "L" Tea
Pure and Uncolored
GEO. A. MOORE & CO.
208 California St., S. F.
For sale by all grocers

PISO'S CURE FOR
25 CTS.
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION
25 CTS.

NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

At a restaurant where the dinner is served to the accompaniment of an orchestra, the leader played "King Cotton" with the oysters and rag time with the soup. Then the orchestra slid into the intermezzo of "Cavalleria Rusticana." The head waiter fidgeted and gnawed his lip At last he disappeared in the direction of the musicians, and a moment later the intermezzo began to gallop along, presto, prestissimo, and at the end of it the orchestra struck up a two-step. The head waiter came back relieved. "We can't have slow music here," he said. "We'd never get through. People eat too slow when they play slow music." Knives, forks and spoons were moving to the tempo of the two-step. Everybody was hurrying. The head waiter knew what he was about.

A man who was engaged went out to call on Her. She belongs to a Georgia family and he is from Bostou, and both of them are exceedingly proud of their birthplace and ancestry. After a while she said to him: "Oh, let's hear how fast you can say 'She sells sea shells'." So, of course, he said, "Se shells sea sells," and "She sells she sells," till his tongue was tangled up. Aud she began to laugh, and he told her to say it herself. Then they both went at it, and midway of their sybillant nouthings somebody's temper began to get frayed at the edges. She said that Boston people speak abominably anyway, and he retorted *tu quoque*, about the Georgia dialect. From discussion of speech they came to a discussion of manners. The engagement was broken at 9:45 o'clock.

A young Hungarian violinist, who was continually talking about his wonderful skill and great fame, had his flatteries addressed to Brahms cut short with the brusque remark: "More finger exercise and fewer phrases, young man." A young woman who played the pianoforte asked him as to the advisibility of giving a concert in Vienna. "Are you all ready?" inquired Brahms. "Certainly, dear master; may I play something for you?" "Oh, no, no; I meant only have you a new gown and gloves?" "Yes, sir." "Pity; otherwise I should have advised you not to give the concert."

After a terrible faction fight in the county of Limerick the whole countryside was arrested. An alibi was clearly proved in the case of one of the prisoners, but nevertheless he was found guilty with the others. On being directed to stand up in the dock to receive sentence, he loudly protested. Wasn't it as clear as noonday that he was at home in bed at the time of the fight? "Hold your tongue, sir," said the judge, sternly. "You're just as guilty as any of them. You know you would have been there if you could. Three years' imprisonment with hard labor."

At a dinner party not long ago a certain young man (an enthusiastic golfer) started in with the shellfish to enumerate to his partner the details of a match that he had been playing that day. It was not until the pudding was brought on that he suddenly bethought himself that he had been doing all the talking; indeed, the young woman had not said a single word during the entire progress of the meal. "I am afraid that I have been boring you with this talk of the shop," he said, in half apology. "Oh, no; not at all," was the polite respouse. "Only, what *is* golf?"

Men who marry for money often resort to strange shifts to realize on their speculation. A young mau who married the daughter of a wealthy but close-fisted politician is at present occupying apartments in a certain fashionable hotel, while his wife and children are living in a house in the Mission. To a friend who met him in the lobby of the hotel and asked the cause of his leaving home he explained: "Oh, there is no trouble; but it is only by making a bluff of having separated that we can make that d——d father-in-law of mine contribute towards our support."

A teacher in one of the Cleveland public schools said to the class in English composition: "I wish every member of the class would write out a conversation between a grocer and one of his customers, introducing some pathetic incident or reference." Among the compositions handed in was the following by a sweet little girl: "What do you want?" asked the merchant. The lady replied: "A pound of tea." "Green or black?" asked the merchant. "I think I'll take black," she said; "it's for a funeral."

A Scottish parson was attending a funeral in his own churchyard. The service over, the company departed, but a worthy man remained behind, and approached the parson with a solemn face, as though for serious talk. "Div ye ken what aye think at a funeral?" Many serious reflections have come to one there, and the clergyman expected some befitting thought. "No; what is it you always think?" The answer was, "I aye think I'm desperate gledd it's no me!"

In the days of Lord Palmerston, the Colonies had not the importance in the official mind that they have to-day. On the occasion of a re-organization of the ministry there arose some difficulty about the Colonial secretaryship. Finally Palmerston remarked: "I'll take the Colonies myself then." Turning to his secretary he said: "Just come upstairs with me for half an hour, Helps, and show me where these places are."

In Boston a young man went to inquire for rooms on Beacon Hill, the natural home of the spinster. He was received by a laudlady of age and aggressive refinement, of whom he asked, standing before her in some awe: "Would it be possible for me to secure a room in your house, Mrs. Bronson?" The lady, drawing herself up even higher, replied in haughty reproof: "Miss, sir! Miss—frou choice!"

PALACE AND GRAND HOTELS

Now Under One Management

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1400 rooms — 900 with bath

Rooms, $1.00 and upward Room and Meals, $3.00 and upward

A beautifully illustrated book, containing floor plans and rate card can be had for the asking. JOHN C. KIRKPATRICK, Manager.

HOTEL WESTMINSTER

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLANS LOS ANGELES, CAL.

The Finest and Most Complete Hotel in the City. Everything New.
The Highest Standard of Perfection Maintained in all Departments.

F. O. JOHNSON, Proprietor.

Louis Roederer Champagne

HIGHEST GRADE IN THE WORLD

E. LA MONTAGNE & SONS
Sole Agents
45 Beaver St., New York

Three kinds, all of equal excellence:
BRUT GOLD SEAL — A Perfectly Dry Wine
GRAND VIN SEC BROWN SEAL — The Perfection of a Dry Wine
CARTE BLANCHE WHITE SEAL — A Rich Wine

MACONDRAY & CO.
Sole Agents Pacific Coast
116 California Street

REPSOLD SELECT VINTAGE

California State Exposition 1898

First Prize and Premium Award, Repsold *Cognac*
First Prize and Premium Award, Repsold Select Vintage *Montecito*
First Prize and Premium Award, Repsold Select Vintage *Burgundy*
First Prize and Premium Award, Repsold Select Vintage *Gutedel*
Special Mention of Honor, Repsold Select Vintage *Sauternes.*

THIS BRAND OF WINE IS SOLD AT ALL FIRST CLASS HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS

Office, 416 Pine Street

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

400 GRADUATES SECURED POSITIONS IN PAST TWO YEARS

LOW RATES!

San Francisco Business College

Only Experienced Bookkeepers and Reporters Employed as Teachers. Send for Catalogue.

1236 MARKET STREET, S. F.

Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson's Academy
1427 Franklin St., near Post

Reopens August 1, 1898. English, French, German and Spanish Boarding and Day School. Begins with kiudergarten and prepares for universities, business and society. Drawing and painting. Cultured home trainiug. Excellent table. $30.00 per month. Music in all its branches, if desired, extra.

Lyceum Preparatory School

For the University, Law and Medical Colleges. Accredited with Stanford University and Cooper College. References — President Jordan or any Stanford Professor.

PHELAN BUILDING.

The Solly Walter School of Illustration

Evening Classes
Tuesdays and Thursdays
26 O'Farrell Street, San Francisco

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING [illegible]
Main Office, 510 M[illegible]
SAN FRA[illegible]
Dealers in all kinds of holiday attractions
Advance Reporte P. Rossi Company at
Telegalian and French antique,
modern furniture, hangings
and rare furnishings in the

[illegible], curtains, blankets, etc., cleaned or
Pacific Cleaning and Dyeing Works,
Tehama street. Telephone South 40.
ilding & Co.

HAWAIIAN ADVERTISERS

Hawaiian Trust and Investment Co., Ltd.
Paid Up Capital, $30,000
Makes a Specialty of Hawaiian Securities and Real Estate. Correspondence solicited.
G. R. CARTER, Manager
GEO. R. CARTER, Treasurer
References — Welch & Co., San Francisco; Bank of Hawaii, Honolulu

W. C. ACHI & CO.
Real Estate Brokers
We will buy or sell real estate in any part of the group. We will also buy or sell Stocks in any corporation in the Hawaiian Islands.
Office, 10 West King Street, Honolulu, H. I.

R. C. A. PETERSON
BROKER
FINANCIAL STOCKS AND BONDS — Opp. Bishop & Co. Bank Honolulu, H. I.
Real Estate, Custom House, Notary Public

Catalogue Season

is now upon us, and our facilities for this class of work were never better than at present. Let us quote you prices. The Wave is a sample of our product . . . .

BROWN, MEESE & CRADDOCK.
INCORPORATED
419 Sacramento Street
Telephone Main 530 SAN FRANCISCO

PATRICK & CO.
RUBBER STAMPS
STENCILS, SEALS, BRANDS, ETC.
318 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

Ba[illegible]

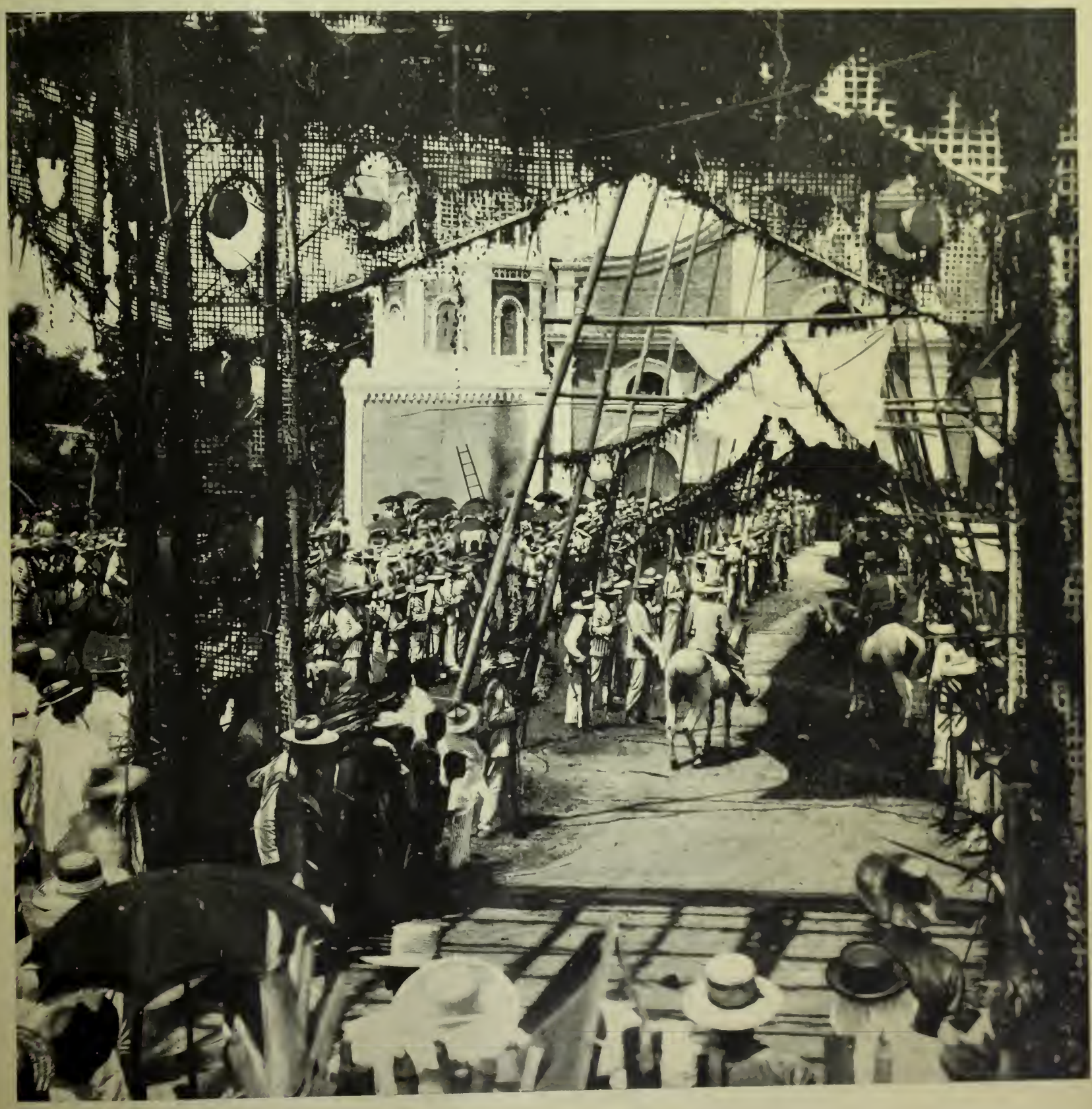
[illegible]IZY PIANOS
308-314 POST ST.

C[illegible]
Classes Mo[illegible]
Juvenile
HALL TO RENT FO

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY

THE WAVE

VOL. XVIII. No. 24 SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 10, 1898 PRICE 10 CENTS



THE PHILIPPINE REPUBLIC

A SCENE AT THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING AT MALALOS, WHERE AGUINALDO WAS PROCLAIMED PRESIDENT

THE WAVE

Is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $5.00 per year. Sample copies free on application.

The trade is supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 342 Geary street; east of the Rocky Mountains by the American News Company, New York.

The Wave is kept on file and is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France; 31 Union Square, New York City; 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 206 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

For advertising rates and on all other matters pertaining to city business, address Trevor Corry, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Eastern representative, D. M. Foltz, 34 Park Row, New York.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 10, 1898

CONTENTS

Editorials	2
Things and People; by Boswell Jr.	3
The Fiesta of Independence at Malslos	4
A Philippine Republic; by Robert Porter	5
A New Voting Machine	6
About the Chrysanthemum	7
Scenes in Porto Rico	8
A Balloon Ascension at Glen Park	9
The Christmas Magazines. a Review by C.	10
Babblings of a Belle	11
London Letter	12
New York Letter	12
Joseph's 2:37 Horse	13
The Theatres	14
New Stories Re-Told	20

THE SENATORIAL CONTEST.

Just now the press is iudustriously at work painting word-pictures of their ideal United States Senator. The variety of types of Senators limned out is limited alone by the number of candidates which find press approval. A good deal of nonsense naturally results, and the ordinary citizen is likely to become befogged.

One editor "wants California represented by an orator." This is one point of view, but a very cheap one. Oratory before that august body, the United States Senate, is as powerless as it is before Supreme Courts. Fellows who twist adjectives, paint word-pictures and indulge in all the trimmings of language have their place in life, but they do not belong in the United States Senate, nor anywhere else before a deliberative body of wise men. Senator Wolcott is the orator of the Senate to-day, and this gentleman has probably less influenc than any other member. The staid old Senators who have got past their sophomorial days and are practical rather than sentimental, care not for "speeches." Senators McMillan, Allison and Porter seldom rise iu their seats to orate, but they are rated among the most influential men of the nation. Questions of moment are discussed and threshed over in committee-rooms, and the men who determine the issue care more for facts than for oratory, more for cold statistics than warm figures of rhetoric. While the "State pride" is orating himself hoarse, the iufluential members of the Senate adjourn to the cloak-room and permit the spell-binders to spell bind. U. S. Grant Jr. uttered a good thing in one of his brief talks duriug the late campaign. He said:

"Some one has declared there never was a Grant who could make a speech. I plead guilty. But I have never heard of a Grant who was afraid to do right, and Right speaks for itself with a thousand tongues of its own."

One of the fool questions asked through this campaign is, "What has ——— done for the State of California that he should be honored above all other Republicans in the State?"

Some interior journal has aptly said, the Seuatorship is not an office to be bestowed upon some one "for the honor of it." The State Legislature chooses a United States Senator for soue sterner purpose than this. We want an honest man who has influence at Washington. He must be a man of good common-sense, have a healthy mind and the courage to do right on all occasions.

The question is, What can our Seuator do? "He can make a rattling good speech," would be a miserable recommendaton. Perhaps it would be as well to examine the list of those mentioned for United States Seuator. There are General Barnes, George Knight, ex-Judge Van R. Paterson, R. N. Bulla, Dan M. Burns and Ulysses S. Grant Jr.

General Barnes cannot have the slightest hope of succeeding. If a given contingency should arise he might secure a specific following, but it would be limited and confined to one block of votes, which, when delivered, would constitute his ultimate strength.

No one ever dreamed of George Knight aspiring to a seat in the United States Senate until about a half year ago, and even then, outside of a handful of men, no oue suspected that Mr. Knight would ever aspire to so high a distinction. Mr. Knight will never be elected Senator. The force that would push Mr. Knight to the front is the one which would accomplish his defeat.

Just why ex-Justice Van R. Paterson should indulge senatorial hopes, after the Legislature is elected, rather puzzles some of his admirers. The Judge is adroit in politics, and understands the game well enough to know that he has more to lose than to gain in entering this fight. His efforts in this behalf, so it is reported, have been confined to letters written by friends and associates to members, commending his senatorial aspirations to their kindly attention. Judge Patersou knows he will not be able to secure sixty-one votes by this method of procedure. He is too big a man to play the part of a stalking horse, but it is being seriously charged up agaiust him, by those who claim that he is too clever in politics uot to know that he cannot hope to succeed except by a most remote possibility. Is the odor that will cling worth the chance?

Robert N. Bulla of Los Angeles is the first man ou this list possessing any positive strength. But at the best he will not be able to earn a higher vote than that which will be cast for him on the first ballot. His caudidacy, it is hoped by Northern politiciaus, will divide the strength of the South and lead to a Seuator from the North. Dan Burns, perhaps. It would scarcely seem possible that the Governor and the Senator should come from the same city, and if State Senator Bulla is the man of good judgment his friends represent him to be, he will graciously assnme a positiou that better dovetails with the real interests of his environment.

Colonel Burns has not yet defiuitely announced his own candidacy. He needs neither praise nor condemnation at our hands. That the Colonel will aunounce his caudidacy we gravely doubt.

Last on the list comes Ulysses S. Grant, Jr., the only man on the list who has gone before the people, the only caudidate who has an organized fight, the ouly candidate who before election entered the fight to elect a Republicau Legislature; and who stayed manfully by when the questiou of results was one of doubt. Mr. Grant has a strength definite and certain. He is free from entangling alliances, is a man of high probity and fiue ability. The combination elemeut is moving heaven and earth to defeat him, but it is not on the cards. The combination will get in "after the fair." Mr. Grant's friends are indulging in no unnecessary boasting. Many a Grant legislator has been run up against the "bunco game" at the Palace, only to report the cheap methods that are being employed to "pull them in," and many such members are on the "bunco list" as "unpledged" who are firmly decided to vote for Grant first, last and all of the time. California needs no orator; it needs a man of wide acquaintance, needs a man who is known outside of the borders of the State, a man who through friendship and association can influence men to favor the claims of the State he represents. Such a man is Ulysses S. Grant, Jr., our next United States Senator.

OFFICIAL CORRUPTION AND ITS REMEDY.

How may we compel our school boards and Supervisors to recognize the superficial requirements of public morality? Organize a Vigilance Committee and hang a few of the thieves, is suggested. Ostracize them, says someone else. Yet no one cares, in particular, the loss being only one's own in the abstract. Our dailies have been busy informing us recently of the investigations of the Grand Jury, which reveal a wanton misuse of the funds of the School Department. Boundless extravagance has prevailed. Furniture and materials far beyond the needs of the schools have been purchased at exorbitant rates. Desks, globes and chairs have been sent to teachers on the slightest excuse, and the result is that out of the fund of $600,000 appropriated to carry on the department until the end of the year, but $42,000 remains to pay the salary demands of November and December. There is actually a deficit of $271,843 in the finances of the department.

It has happened in the course of municipal financering that expenditures have been incurred in excess of income, but there has always been something the city might show for the outlay. The most shameless of Supervisors in their manipulations have had conscience enough to take no more thon the interest, while the principal was expended for the city, but the abandoned coterie of larcenists composing a majority of the present School Board have disregarded the common conventions of political morality. These muuicipal Jack-the-Rippers have stolen lustfully and brutally, and beyond an armchair here and a desk there, nothing is left to represent the money that has been filched from the treasury. Yet what are you going to do about it? Who cares? We hear nothing of an indiguation meeting to protest against the thievery of these thieves; nor that an outraged community proposes to visit its wrath on their persons or properties. Who is it that refuses to bow to these Gallaghers, Carews, Wallers, Burns', Ragans *et al.* composing this band of robbers? There is no movement to punish them, to make them suffer for their aggressions against all of us. Taxpayers and citizens are still buying and selling with these fellows, admitting them to intercourse and companionship which they would deny to meu accused of robbing a till or a bank. In other words, they steal and no consequences are visited upon them. They steal with impunity with no more than a passing notoriety in the newspapers.

The doctrine of reward aud punishment is deeply implanted in the miuds of most men. Sin is sin when it is punished—theft is theft when the victim is in San Quentin. But theft is uot theft, but "smartness," when the thief enjoys liberty, wears a diamond in his shirt front, and drives a team in the Park on Sunday. As long as it is the custom to pass over official dereliction without personal censure, so long will official thievery be the rule rather than the exception. As long as the citizen remains unmoved at the spectacle of municipal robbery and shrugs his shoulders at corruption, so long will supervisors and school directors steal. But when it becomes the rule to visit upon the heads of our officials at least a social penalty for their rascality, at once a premium is set on virtue. Probity becomes a factor of intercourse when recognition is denied a man who has been false to a public trust. The difficulty of imposing a conscience on a community is not so positive as it may seem at first glance. Let us suppose, for instance, that the Non-Partisan Convention, which is composed of fifty citizens, charges itself with the conduct as well as the nomination of officers of repute, and makes it a business to examine into all such derelictions as these now before the public. After inquiry it would state its conclusions in the daily papers, apportioning blame where it belonged. The facts before us in an unprejudiced form, would it not be practicable to boycott the offenders? Even a minor application of the boycott principle would work a change within two years. Just as soon as the ordinary man makes up his mind that he will have nothing to do with the public thief, public funds will be administered as a private trust. A few thousand dollars compensates no man for ostracism, and you who read this and determine to apply the principle privately will have made a beginning which may have a great ending. At least you will have disturbed the gratification of a thief over his ill-gotten gains, which is not an end to be despised.

ALARMING CONDITION OF OUR TROOPS AT MANILA.

"Two thousand sick at Manila," so the press reports read. Two thousand out of seventeen thousand—has it occurred to you what percentage that is? When you calculate it, do not forget that the two thousand are only those who are sick in hospital; add six or eight hundred more, off duty, ill in quarters, and then do your computation and ask yourself, why?

Why, indeed? There are a hundred and one reasons why. But beyond and behind all these are two chief reasons: Otis and Lippincott—the commanding general and the chief surgeon, both men who are past the day of their usefulness. At Manilla, men in hospital die from ill feeding and lack of nursing. That is due to the bad organization of the army medical department, but, even hampered by bad organization, another man than Lippincott would insist that our soldiers had their due of comfort, cleanliness and food. This article does not attempt to deal with the bad organization with which Congress has hampered our army medical department; that iu itself deserves the most careful consideration from the nation, and The Wave will attempt to present that phase of the subject to its readers in a later issue.

The chief auxiety at present is for the gradually failing health of our army, and most important it is to consider the reasons for this state of affairs. Climatic conditions at Manila give no warrant for any such treuendous proportion of sick. The city has hundreds of Europeans. who maintain a high average of health by the exercise of a modicum of common sense and care. That is just the point; *care* must be taken, and our troops are uncared for. Under conditions of active warfare the perceutage incapacitated would be appalliug, but when it is considered that the men are in quarters the affair becomes so serious that it seems criminal.

It is assumed that one of the first duties of a commanding general is to maintain, by every means in his power, the efficiency of his army. To this end he is provided with an Inspector-Geueral, whose duty it is to see that the soldier is properly quartered, well fed, thoroughly equipped and given every opportuuity to preserve that personal cleanliness—so essential to health, especially in the tropics. There were three such officers detailed to duty with the expedition to the Philippines, but no sooner had General Otis taken the reins than these men were detailed to other departments. One was made a Provost Marshal; one an Adjutant General, and another was put in the ordinance department. As a result, the men were brought iuto Manila and neglected. Most of the volunteer officers were without training in the care of men. There was no oue to insist that the men should be bathed and fed properly. For weeks our soldiers went about Manila looking like dirty tramps. Two months after the city fell, men in barracks were getting their army ratiou (the same ratiou served their comrades in Alaska), on their campaign plates, as though they were still in the field. There was no effort to provide dining-rooms, no effort to make the mess attractive and comfortable, or to see that the food was well cooked

That must do in the exigencies of campaign was good enough at any time. Some of the troops had good quarters and some were crowded horribly. The South Dakota Infantry had 600 men and 33 officers quartered in a private house—spacious for a private house, but never meant to accomodate a hundred people. Then the great problem of water has not been met. There is no inspection of drinking water and drinking utensils. There is an advisory order out to the effect that men should boil all drinking water, but no steps were taken to enforce it. The facilities for bathing are not maintained, and there is no one to insist that such as there are should be used.

The matter of apparel, too, is a fertile source of disease. The men were provided with only one shirt, one suit of underclothes, and a single uniform suitable for the tropics—altogether an inadequate outfit and one that no inspector general would pass. Another, and far from the least of the evils making for the ill health of our army, is the unrestrained consumption of liquor which prevails in Manila. The Filipino throws a handful of anise seed into a jar of raw alcohol, lets it stand over night and calls the product *anisau*. This he retails for one or two cents Mexican a glass. Other alcoholic concoctions he has, equally deadly, and every native hut in the city, along with its little stock of fruits and candies, has an array of *anisau*, *vino saki* and three star Hennessy brandy, that can be bought for thirty cents Mexican a quart. It is no exaggeration to say that there are at least three thousand such drinking places in the city of Manila, not to speak of the row on row of imitation saloons that have sprung up on the thoroughfares of the city since the American occupation. At any time, day or night, from one to a dozen of our soldiers may be seen filling themselves with these stomach-destroying liquors.

At this condition of affairs the men high in the army throw up their hands in despair and try to shift the blame on the volunteers and the volunteer officers, admitting that discipline is lax at Manila. The truth is that it is not the volunteers who are to blame. It is easy to put a finger on the responsible person. He is General Otis. If discipline is lax, it is his business to see that it be restored; that it is lax is his fault, in that he robbed the army of its inspectors, the centers of disciplinary foundation. As a matter of fact, he does not know what is going on about him; he is busy with the accounts of Manila. He is saving a few hundreds of dollars a day on one hand, and by his ignorance of vital conditions, sacrificing the health of his army and jeopardizing the lives of his soldiers on the other. If a correspondent tries to send home a little of the truth, he is insulted, called a liar, and told such conditions cannot exist in an army under General Otis. There is not an efficient bureau in Manila except the Commissary, and that is and has been so hampered by a grossly incompetent quartermaster's department that the good work of its chief has been nullified.

So it is throughout the whole administration in the Philippines. There is no strong guiding hand to bring all the departments into smooth co-operation. There is no watchful eye to see the abuses that are sapping the strength of our army. There is no administration of the medical department to properly treat the men after disease has fastened on them. Sol. Sheridan, in the *Call*, has only touched the truth. If you have read his letters, read them again and multiply by six. Yet they would not let him send his articles from Manila. He had to smuggle them out.

To-day there are twenty-five hundred men of our forces unfit for duty. This is the healthy season of the year. This is the cool season—what will the record be when March comes with its terrors of heat and disease? If the nation would bring even a poor third of our soldiers home from Manila alive, the senile Lippincott and the incompetent Otis must go.

POLITICAL CAUSERIE

Is the indignation attributed to Governor Gage about the vote of San Diego county sincere? In the light of the senatorial contest this becomes a question of moment. In San Diego Gage had a majority of 230, while Nutt for State Senator had 1,100. Nutt enjoys great personal popularity in his county, and besides, represented the candidacy of U. S. Grant, whose aspirations are strongly supported in San Diego. Gage accuses Grant of sacrificing him for the legislative ticket—in other words, that Nutt's majority represented a trade between Nutt and Maguire against Gage. This assumption is ridiculous, but accepting this principle for a moment, look at the consequences. In Placer county, where Jake Neff, candidate for Lieutenant Governor, resides, he had 1,100 majority, while Gage had but 400. In Ventura, the home of Blackstock, candidate for Railroad Commissioner, he had 1,100 majority against Gage's 280. In Sonoma Gage received 500 majority, while Sonoma's favorite son, Colgan, for State Controller, was given nearly 2,000 majority. Is it probable that Neff's majority represents a trade against Gage, or that Blackstock's vote represents Gage's real strength in Ventura county? These large majorities are a tribute a county pays its favorite son. To impute treachery on such grounds is to exhibit an ignorance of political values of which Mr. Gage can hardly be suspected. Inevitably there are several parties to a political trade, and sooner or later one of them reveals the bargain. A candidate for high office who would engage in any such transaction would stand to lose reputation both for probity and intelligence. The idea of U. S. Grant being implicated in such an intrigue is too preposterous to be entertained.

***

After a sojourn here of some sixty days W. R. Hearst has returned to New York. What he has accomplished in journalism beyond accepting service in sundry libel suits has not yet been revealed, but of his participation in politics there is tangible evidence. He seems to have accepted the responsibility of reorganizing the Democracy of California, and proposes making the platform of the party the *Journal-Examiner* policy of expansion. An interesting complication is the immediate result of his interference, for his projected regeneration has gone so far as the selection of an instrument of its execution. Before introducing the tool a glimpse of the situation seems proper. In charge of the Democratic State Central Committee is Seth Mann, the representative of the Gallagher-Maguire interest in the late disastrous campaign. About the middle of the fight Mann found himself short of funds, and approached Hearst to ask if it would be proper to contract election expenditures to fit his resources. The editor is reported to have said, "That's all right; go ahead." On the sanction of these words, Mann waged his war, spending some $17,000—a greater sum than any Democratic State Central Committee has had in a decade. The defeat of Maguire by 20,000 votes followed in due course. This outlay exceeded all receipts by $3,800, which balance, made up of small amounts, is now owing. In the party but two men are able to meet this deficit—Mayor Phelan and W. R. Hearst. But both have already contributed several thousand dollars to the fund, and the former has no reason to aid the Gallagher-Maguires, whose clubs, organized by Boss Buckley and financed by Mann and his clique, failed to support Phelan for Mayor. Mr. Hearst, however, intimates a willingness to put his hand in his pocket, provided Seth Mann retires from the State Chairmanship and M. F. Tarpey be elected in his place. Mr. Tarpey is the said instrument of reorganization.

***

It is intimated that Mr. Hearst is tired of Gallagher-Maguireism and all its works and pomps, and has even suggested that the sandlot might worthily be planted with flowers like a cemetery. Deprived of these embarrassing encumbrances he conceives that Tarpey might lead the party to victory, or at least would control the State Convention so that a delegation pledged to the *Examiner-Journal* policy should be sent to the next National Convention. Nor would this delegation especially favor Bryan or free silver, both of which the initiated declare the editor believes to be dead issues. There is the programme. It remains to be seen if expansion can thus be imposed upon the Democracy. That is now the Republican shibboleth, and opposition is the natural recourse of the Bourbon party. To my mind, the concourse of events will drive Hearst into the Republican fold, where, indeed, he will find plenty of Democratic company.

***

M. F. Tarpey is now in the employ of the Hearst estate, supervising certain of its cattle and siver interests in New Mexico and in Mexico. He was rich at one time, having made a fortune, but he lost it in unlucky speculations. For many years he has been identified with Democratic politics, and among the elderly leaders still has many friends. But his day has gone by. He is not modern, has no idea of modern political methods and is incapable of planning a successful campaign under the conditions that now prevail. The manner in which politics were done ten years ago is not the system in vogue in this year of our Lord. In other words, Mr. Tarpey is not up to date, and to impose him on the party inevitably consigns the Democracy to defeat two years hence. This is suggested with no idea of reflecting upon the personal character of Mr. Tarpey, for I believe his personality is the shrine of many virtues. Politically, however, he is obsolete.

***

The manner in which the new Secretary of State, the vigorous Colonel Hay, brought Mexico to terms over the Temple affair is most important as another practical indication of the fact that, for a time at least, there will be no more amateur and invertebrate diplomacy at Washington. Colonel Hay's conduct of his ambassadorship to London during the Spanish War was flawless, and the President's timely selection of him for the Secretaryship of State was received with gratification throughout the United States. In brief, the "Temple affair" was this: On November 13th James Temple, a conductor for the New Mexico and Arizona Railroad, was assaulted on board his train by Juan Arvalla, a Mexican ruffian, whom Temple, in self-defense, killed. This happened on New Mexican soil, fully a half mile from the boundary line. Temple went on to the end of his run, in Mexico, and there he was arrested on a charge of murder and imprisoned at Magdalena. Consul Darnell, at Nogales, immediately demanded Temple's release, but the Mexican officials refused even to allow the prisoner to be seen by his attorney. The Republic of Mexico has an absurd law that would put an autocrat to blush. It provides for the trial in Mexico of a person charged with crime against a Mexican, even though the crime may have been committed in a foreign country. This claim of extra-territorial jurisdiction is palpably an absurd contention, though the Mexicans have urged it on two or three occasions in the past. But as soon as Secretary Hay was advised of the fact he directed our representative at Mexico to demand the release of the imprisoned American. The Mexican authorities lost no time in marching the prisoner back to New Mexico. The incident is closed, but the moral of it survives, and should make a deep impression upon the Department of State.

THINGS AND PEOPLE

To beautify San Francisco, to regenerate the city of the the Golden Gate, to re-decorate its public places—that is the ambition of Mrs. Phœbe Hearst. The idea was announced at a banquet given by Mayor Phelan to the architects who are now in San Francisco in the interest of the State University architectural competition which Mrs. Hearst inspired two years ago. Naturally the suggestion was received with great applause. In the world there is no nobler site for a metropolis than that on which the wooden palaces of San Francisco are founded. Built on the peninsula which forms the southern abutement of the Golden Gate, the city is surrounded on three sides by the sea. Like Rome, it has its Seven Hills, over which its streets cut north and south, but this peerless site is sprawled over with as incongruous an array of structures as were ever conjured up by a distraught imagination. Ignorance and vulgarity strive for supremacy in the architecture of San Francisco. Our highways, avennes and boulevards are so disfigured by the hand of man that regeneration and beauty seem at writing an optimistic chimera. Yet something might be done to redeem the city. The establishment of an architectural commission under sound leadership would be a first step toward having uniformity of design in all new structures, or at least would correct prevailing errors of taste. Such a commission would end the perpetration of abortions such as crowd Pacific avenue and might aid in relieving municipal architecture of political entanglements. The most picturesque view of the city is the tower crowned profile of Telegraph Hill. That eminence should be rescued from the hands of the despoiler and its slopes made verdant with grass and trees. A boulevard encircling the water front, stretching around from Fort Point to the Pacific Mail dock, lined with shade trees, is an attainable ideal. The conversion of the minor parks with which the city is dotted into Japanese gardens might be effected for a reasonable expenditure. In the meantime, while the plans for these elaborate improvements are maturing, let us plant trees along the streets. A city embowered in foliage has its own beauty—it is the charm of the interior cities of the Coast and the coast is endurable even in this era of high taxes

***

One project singles itself out for especial mention while this subject is under discussion. It has been alluded to before in this department, and though costly, is extraordinarily desirable. It is the extension of the Park panhandle to Van Ness avenue. This project should have been executed when first proposed by Frank McCoppin twenty years ago, but it is not too late. It would make the finest driveway in America and ennoble the city with a lovely belt of sward and foliage. If the suggestion of Mrs. Hearst had no other result than to bring this idea before the community, an inestimable benefit would have been conferred. However, in our Utopian anticipations let it not be forgotten that at the very entrance to the Golden Gate is a structure matchless for its vulgarity and bad taste—Sutro's Cliff House.

***

The late Judge Rhodes Borden was a man of such modest and unassuming personality that the average citizen knew little of those qualities of his which had won him election to the Bench and the respect of the Bar. He was an excellent lawyer, painstaking, earnest, serious-minded and extraordinarily conscientious, and in the nine months of his judicial administration he attracted the honest regard of the men with whom he came in contact. It was much the same during the years he spent as City and County Attorney Creswell's head assistant. He fought the city's law fights with as much ardor as though a great fee depended on each verdict, and the successes he achieved are recorded to the honor of his memory in the archives of San Francisco. It is a sorrowful commentary on the inutility of human effort that the career of this honorable and deserving gentleman should have been cut short at its very inception. For the rank and distinction that had at last crowned his life he had indeed done yeoman's service, and no man was better fitted by nature and experience for the role to which he had been called. It is indifferent consolation to those who were near and dear to Rhodes Borden to tell them their loss is also the loss of the community, but however trite that verdict, it is, in this instance no more than the fact.

***

The Bohemian Club has reason to be proud of its December picture exhibition. The participation of Alexander Harrison seems to have proved a great incentive to the artists of California, and more original work has been produced for this occasion than the shows of the Art Association have recently brought out. Several of Harrison's landscapes are hung in the club and are marked by that other canvases I noted "Abandonado," by Charles Rollo beauty of color which distinguishes his style. Among the Peters—a moonlight ruin of a deserted adobe *casa*—one of the best things he has done. Comparisons are made between this canvas and that of the "Mission Santa Barbara," which hangs elsewhere. The latter is in a quieter key than "Abandonado." which is luminous in the brilliancy of its coloring. The notable picture in the exhibition—notable for its historic interest—is a large canvas from the studio of Mr. C. D. Robinson, called "Going Out to Dewey." It is a portrayal, from the seaward, of the first transport fleet leaving the Golden Gate bound for Manila. The composition rather follows that of the photograph of the departure which The Wave published. A movement is on foot, organized by Greer Harrison, to purchase the picture and present it to the Government for place in the Capitol in Washington.

***

The southern counties are getting to be "the whole thing" in California. They shook the plum tree and caught the governorship, they are back of the most powerful candidate in the senatorial contest, and now they are coolly walking off with the San Francisco Horse Show. Walter Hobart, of all people, has hung up a cup for the Angelenos and is going to send four or five carloads of his finest horses and equipages to Los Angeles. Henry Crocker has donated a handsome cup and made fifteen entries. Frank Carolan has promised to enter, and Prince Poniatowski has made four entries in different classes with more, and himself, to follow. There is talk about a polo match between the Burlingame Club and their old-time rivals, the Riverside Polo Team. With such a leading there is every probability that when the Show opens there will be an exodus of the whole horsey set from here to the sunny land of oranges, statesmen and harmonious enterprise.

***

The "hoo-hoo" is a peculiar complaint, closely resembling epidemic influenza, which attacked nearly all our troops garrisoned at Honolulu. It is described by Dr. Walker Robinson in the *Medical Annals*. Accompaning it are pains in all the bones, especially in the small of the back; generally severe headache, coated tongue, loss of appetite and some little fever. The attacks last, as a rule, two or three days, and then the patient feels as well as ever. One sympton, which is almost constant, is mental depression and discouragement. The soldier loses all his courage and interest in his duties and in the army in general. All his good spirits desert him, and he only mopes and wishes to be sent home. This condition was so peculiar and characteristic that the disease received the name of the "hoo-hoo" fever, and as such is known all over the island. Strangers are very apt to be attacked by it. Its cause is to be ascribed to the new climatic conditions in which the system of the patient finds itself. Almost any change of climatic environment brings on local and temporary physical disorder. Once acclimated, in Honolulu as in San Francisco, the stranger is prepared to enjoy himself thoroughly. As a fact, Honolulu's climate is as delightful and wholesome as the best in the world.

BOSWELL JR.

On Line of March to the Congress

Crowd Waiting for the President to Pass

President Aguinaldo

Triumphant Arch

Insurgent Troops Marching in Review

Aguinaldo's Residence: Crowd Waiting for the President to Appear

Preparing for the Procession

THE FIESTA OF INDEPENDENCE AT MALALOS, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

A PHILIPPINE REPUBLIC

The Truth About the Filipinos, Their Government, and Their Leaders.

There was a hole in the wall, a hole perhaps a foot square—certainly not more. Toward this ten thousand struggling people were being urged with slow, crushing, twisting movement as of a glacier. Then, as the hole was reached, one by one the individuals would drop out and float off, carrying out the simile. They were human icebergs.

But, after all, if the figure is descriptive it is misleading. For it was only the movement that was glacial; neither the people nor the atmosphere was arctic. In fact, although the hour was hardly passed dawn, the temperature of the place was markedly tropic, and the temperature of the crowd not less so.

The hole in the wall was the ticket window of the railroad station at Manila, and the crowd was, almost to an individual, native. At Malalos, some twenty-five miles away, up the valley of the Cagayan, Aguinaldo, the beloved Emilio of this people, had established his capital; there their congress had met, and to-day, the 29th of September, a great *fiesta* of independence had been declared, and every Tagaloc of the island, with his wife, was hurrying to enjoy the day and to pay his homage to the *liberatador*.

The little cars of the miniature of an English railroad were soon crowded. Sections of the train were made up and side-tracked for the hour of departure; first, second and third-class compartments were alike crowded with pleased and laughing humanity. Hardly a face there but was intelligent, not one that was gross or bestial. Like the Hawaiians, whom they do not resemble in any material way, these people convey an impression of intellectual force and childish simplicity of character which is misleading, for they are decidedly complex in make-up, as so mixed a people must needs be. From nearly every face shine great brown fawn-like eyes, for the most part smiling; sometimes filled with unutterable sadness, but usually smiling. The faces are vague in hue, from very light coffee, almost lemon color, to the deepest chocolate, and it is decidedly amusing to see the effect of the rice powder and rouge against such skins. As making-up is a universal habit, there is a decided grotesqueness in the appearance of even their prettiest women.

With a little shriek and jump our section pulled out from Manila, past the tangled, swampy country where the skirmishes that led to Manila's fall were held—a country so impassable to strangers and so filled with canebrakes, brier thickets and bamboo clumps that had the Spaniards had the heart for fighting us our entire force might have been annihilated; a country from which I venture to say a hundred and fifty thousand Americans would find it hard to dislodge Aguinaldo's forces, ideal tropical guerillas. Farther along we swept into an open space, the entrance to the great valley that leads from Manila, with but a slight mountain barrier, to Apari, on the north coast. As a long curve brought the train about on its course, for a moment it might have been the San Joaquin Valley in April. Down near Lake Tulare there is a landscape so like it that were it not for the ever-present feathery-tufted clumps of bamboo scattered here and there, it might be the same view. Here, the green carpet of new spring rice, at home, the green of the lately-sprouted wheat. Here the low-spreading, dark-green blotches, against a sky as blue as California's, might be the oaks that dot the great valley, and on either hand sapphire and silver masses of mountain that, with a little quirk of the imagination through half-closed eyes, become the Sierras and the Coast Range. But only for a moment—there is something wanting here. Here is grandeur and beauty, but not that subtle, inexplicable charm that makes the California mountains a holy of holies.

It is fleeting, this glimpse of the open, then more and more of the tangle and jungle, with here and there little clearings where are grouped the stilted thatched huts of the natives, and in the distances the tops of church steeples showing above the growth and marking a grant of land for religion. Of a sudden, after two hours' run, we came to long streets of native houses, identical in construction, but larger and more pretentious than the usual native hut. It was Malulos. In a moment we had alighted and were flying from the station, which is some distance away, to the town. The vehicle of our flight was a little two-wheeled covered cart, called a *carameltu*, drawn by one of the tiny native ponies, which seem able to perform duties that in our own country would seem severe for a full-sized horse. We were bowling along, and had just reached the outskirts of the town, when the pony sat on his haunches and we most undignifiedly sat on the driver. The sudden halt was caused by an insurgent soldier, who informed us that vehicles were not allowed to pass further, so we dismissed the driver and walked.

The town was gay with paper lanterns of all hues and with the insurgent colors, banners, flags, streamers and rosettes filling all available space. Straight ahead of us stretched a canopy, light, airy, rising arch after arch, a green and graceful vista; heavy bamboos made the pillars, lighter stalks of the same omniscient growth lent themselves for skeletons of the curves; from arch to arch split bamboo woven in basket work gave finish and lightness that could be had from nothing else. In and out through this basket work were woven in scrolls and other conventional oriental forms, the dark-green leaves of the areca palm and the banana. To complete the canopy these arches were joined by thatches that would protect the expected cavalcade from the sun. Then there were triumphal arches. One before the Congress Building marked the end of the covered way the cortege should take to reach the hall from the Presidential mansion, and on the way others, but architectural completeness to the protecting structure as they rose high above it. In front of every house there is a fence, and, at a first glance, it seemed that these fences were decked with white chrysanthemums strung in regular order, one, two, three, four, in a straight line, beginning about a foot from the ground and running at intervals to the top of the feuce; three feet away would be another line of them, and so as far as the eye could reach, as we passed along behind the cordons of soldiers who guarded the streets, we saw the chrysanthemums turn to bunches of bamboo shavings. The natives had taken lengths of bamboo and scraped the hard woody outer part from joint to joint so that at each joint a bunch of fine shavings rolled up, looking for all the world like a huge white chrysanthemum with a stick through its center. There were millions of them, and the effect was as though a myriad of Japanese gardeners had been at work.

Half a mile from Aguinaldo's house the congested streets became almost impassable. The application of football tactics, learned in an ill-spent youth, enabled us to make headway, and at last we came to the great square in front of the old monastery which Aguinaldo has transformed into his White House. Here were packed and jammed certainly not less than fifty thousand people, among whom our party of four seemed to be the only whites. Through the square led a continuation of the canopy, and the crowd was kept from overflowing into the road it covered only by the active exercise of a troop of cavalry.

As we reached the front of the presidential mansion, the civil delegates, congressmen attired in black, many in full dress suits, were passing within to pay the President their respects. It is generally assumed that Aguinaldo's power with this people is greatly overrated. The American commanders base their attitude toward him on the assumption that he is powerless to lead the people or to control them, that any indignity may be offered him with impunity, because of his weakness; that his really important services to the American people can be ignored and he be treated as an interloper instead of an ally. This ignorant assumption and untenable attitude will cost us much in blood and treasure unless our commanders come soon to a true estimate of the native movement and a just appreciation of the determination of this people and the ability of their leaders, and most especially of the ability of Emilio Aguinaldo. Here at Malulos, on a sweltering hot day, packed in a crowd so dense that movement was impossible, a vast concourse of people wait the coming of the little, slight, uninteresting-looking man; every neck is craned, every eye is turned to the door. This or that man of standing amongst them emerges, and a grunt of disappointment goes over the crowd. Pio Pilar, whom the Americans at headquarters suppose threatens Aguinaldo's supremacy, passes down the line unnoticed. The civil delegates return from within and form a line to escort the President. The excited attentiveness of the crowd grows more intense. Almost hidden by the stalwart, towering forms of his two most trusted advisers, Philip Buen Camino and Juan Baustista, the little President appeared in the doorway; a low murmur ran over the crowd, almost an awed half whisper:

"*Esta es Emilio. Esta es Emilio Aguinaldo!*"

Every man and woman was on tiptoe, fingers were pointed, mouths were wide open and eyes staring. Then as he stepped fully out from the doorway a mighty roar went up:

"*Viva Emilio Aguinaldo! Viva liberalador! Viva! Viva!*"

The bands began the weird, sad and beautiful Philippine Patriots' Hymn, the ten thousand armed men fell slowly into the march. After them came the civil delegates, then Aguinaldo on foot, in the plainest black suit, his hat off to his people, his little Japanese face alight with the joy of success and the sweetness of power. After him marched more soldiers, and in this order, followed by an ever unfolding and increasing crowd, the hall of congress was reached. Here the soldiers in regiments sought side streets, to wait the review to follow. The delegates took their places in the hall. The President mounted the rostrum. That part of the people first arrived filled the hall, and thousands waited outside. Some affairs were transacted in Tagaloc and in Spanish; then fell a great hush. Aguinaldo arose and read to the assembly a review of the movement for independence and its success. He told them that in the island of Luzon and in all the islands, the insurgent government—he called it simply the goverument—was established, that there was no clashing, that life was safe, that property was safe, that the Filipiuos were proviug to the world their capacity for self-government. To the relations of his people with the Americans he did not refer. Then in both languages he read a formal declaration of his people's independence from Spaiu, preceded by a catalogue of the wrongs inflicted by the past power. The chief and most unbearable of these seemed to be, from their point of view, the privileges and immunities of the priestly orders quartered amongst them.

After the declaration of independence came the readiug of what was announced as the New Decalogue, a paper in ten clauses, setting forth that patriotism is the highest duty of man, and that without it and self-respect in its individuals no nation can achieve position in the world of nations. As he finished reading, that low murmur of deepest emotion ran through the assembly and was tossed on into the open by the ocean of humanity surging without. It meant so much more thau the *vivas* and hurrahs of crowds. It meant that this insignificant appearing man was the idol of a people; that his word was gospel and law to them, that the beaureaucrats who would deal with him on the assumptiou of his weakness were dotards and fools.

After leaving the hall the President and his party set out for the reviewing stand. From its height Aguinaldo saw his troops march by. There were teu thousand of them, armed with captured Spanish Mausers, equipped with Spanish accoutrements, and uniformed in the natty blue and white uniforms of the extinct Spanish army. They swung into line, manoeuvered with all the grace and precision of trained troops. After them came the captured Hotchkiss and Driggs-Schroeder guns, and some newly-purchased Maxims. In all, a military force to make one consider that there might be less expensive ways of dealing with Aguinaldo than by force of arms.

In descending from the stand, the President espied our party and hastened over to extend an invitation to the official tiffin just about to be laid, so it came about that in a little while we had passed the portal of the presidential house, crossed the court and climbed the stone steps to the cool, airy rooms above. In the country all the living rooms are on the upper floors. All are ample and protected from the world by sliding window frames such as the Japanese use, except that here translucent shell replaces the paper panes. These frames may be drawn to exclude all air, or withdrawn to a degree that makes the whole house a great, shady verandah. It was in the verandah stage that we found the residence. All the screens were withdrawn, and there was a room probably two hundred feet by thirty filled with tables laid in the utmost refinement of snowy linen, plain glass and silver. Everything was in good taste. The colors were the red aud blue of the nation in gorgeous tropic blooms, wreathing the center pieces of the tables. At each plate was the menu card, a Philippine flag, the white triangle next the standard folding to hold the red and blue stripes together, for they opened out and disclosed a printed menu beneath. There was disappointment in the menu. One looked for something natural, something characteristic, but here was such a meal as Delmonico or Marchand offer, excelleutly well cooked, faultlessly served, and rounded with choice wines from the vineyard slopes of France and Spain. There was much champagne, and many toasts in Spanish and in Tagaloc. Excited little gentlemen would pop to their feet, deliver themselves of a few rapid and vehement sentences, in which "*Emilio*," "*liberatador*," and "*independencia*" could frequently be discerned, and be interrupted by cries of "*Viva, viva, viva Emilio Aguinaldo!*" and from the street below would float an echoing roar of the crowd who lingered without.

As the champagne ebbed the little gentlemen grew more vehement, more excited; their language flowed with such rapidity it threatened to inundate the diners. The cheers and shouts of approval grew apace, and even from those outside was wafted, rising above the noise of the feast, *Viva Emilio*. Aguinaldo, himself, partook sparingly of meat and wine. He seemed not to care for the plaudits of those who feasted about him. He busied himself in conversation with a few of his more trusted comrades, with the men who guide him and his policy—this Bautista with his tremendous vital intellectuality absolutely effulgent of force, and this Comine, massive-browed, subtle eyed and not less intellectual than the other, but carrying that indelible, inscrutable air, that something only men of the world and affairs attain. But when the deeper, fainter cheers came floating into the room, his eyes filled with the same expression of enjoyment they had worn during the morning's homage of the crowd. At our table were perhaps a dozen whites—Germans, a Swiss, English and a few Americans. For some reason the newspaper men missed the fiesta, except a few who came in on late trains. Only one thought the affair of enough importance to see it through from start to finish.

At the time of speeches and toasts, Aguinaldo slipped quietly from one table to another with a handshake and a word of greeting. Now and then he would grow earnest, and once I saw him for a moment angry. All the Malay in him was on the surface in an instant, but the consummate force of the man's diplomacy spread a smile that hid the uglier passion. His smile is a smile of the lips, his eyes veil his soul so competely that he seems, to look at, almost stupid. At our table he paused to speak to an Englishman, a companion of his exile in Singapore, who was just from there. He sat down and, in doing so, turned his back full on me. In a little while he turned, and, in good English, craved my pardon for rudeness. We fell into conversation. He asked if I were a newspaper man. He wanted to know the best opinion of the best people in America toward himself. I explained that the newspapers which he doubtless read would tell him that better than I. But I added "Could they know you and the success of your administration; could the false impressions of your people and your position be removed, they could not but have the sincerest regard for you and confidence in the Philippine Republic."

This was not altogether flattery, but at any rate he turned as he was passiug on and invited me to call later in the day. He would like to ask me some questions.

Then we went wandering about the town and met a youngster of perhaps sixteen, who had been in Aguinaldo's army, and who told us as though it were a work of supererogation how he had murdered a Spanish priest during the uprising. The priest had owned all the land and was a hard man, so hard that "work as we might, all of us, young and old, were always hungry. He was not a Christian, so we killed him." It seemed justice, but the priest was not there to defend himself against the charge, and every story has two sides.

At the Presidential house, the President aud Buen Camino were together when we were admitted. Some compliments for the display of the morning and an idle word or two opened the conversation. Suddenly Aguinaldo turned to me and said:

"I would like to be put fairly and squarely and truthfully before the people—the hearts of that great American Republic, that great martyr for justice, that unsullied protector of the rights of mankind."

It seemed as though he was about to give a eulogic address.

"There are representatives of powerful American newspapers who would consider a few words from you to the Americans the greatest fortune of their lives," I suggested.

"You are mistaken," he replied, "the men who have the newspaper power here so desire good standing at the American headquarters that they will not take the pains to do me justice."

What was the use of arguing?

"They do not understand my people," he went on, "they do not understand me, hence my people are savages and I am a fool, but at least I can return the compliment to some of your chiefs. I ask you," he continued, "I ask the people of your country, if my people merit the treatment they have had at the hands of your generals? Are blood and service to be rewarded with sneers, and is the word of your country valueless?"

There was no apparent excitement in his demeanor, his words were cold and hard, but Comine broke in. He said:

"The General is not well; the excitement of the day, and his headache from the sun render rest for him imperative."

This in French, for he does not use English.

"It is time for *siesta*. May we not offer you resting and chocolate?"

"I will agree," I said, "to put any message you care to write before the American people. I have no fear of headquarters. I am not a newspaper man, and so their friendliness is a matter of indifference."

"I must have time to think," Aguinaldo answered, "and to write my address."

"There is much to say," Comine broke in; "sleep is so necessary in this country—an afternoon sleep is life."

"I want to urge that I was Dewey's ally," continued Aguinaldo. "It was so agreed between us. I want the American people to know that our campaign before Manila made theirs play. I want them to know that for every American life saved by reason of the easy campaign they endured, one of my people gave his life in forfeit."

A little Philippine major-domo appeared with his shirt outside his trousers. That is the infallible class distinction.

"He will show you your couch." In French from Comine.

Aguinaldo turned and spoke to him savagely in Spanish, and got a reply in bland, quiet tones, for this Comine is essentially smooth.

The little President turned to me and said pleasantly:

"I really must rest. We will prepare a document and you shall present it for me to the people of your country."

He crossed the room and reached from a drawer a portrait of himself. "Accept this," he said, "and, for the present, adieu." He left the room, arm in arm with Comine, and left me with the portrait in my hand.

The little untucked servitor was waiting. I was shown a room with a comfortable couch and I was soon asleep. The same little man roused me in time for my train, and got a hand grasp. There was Aguinaldo and an assurance that I would not be forgotten; that he would surely mail a statement of his position in a few days. The matter was important and must be duly considered.

I smiled, and knew that such a paper would never reach me. Aguinaldo is a diplomat; Baustito is a diplomat, aud Comine is a diplomat. Had I been a crack reporter I would have got it, but I wasn't, and these men are trying not to antagonize the American generals. Their work is with the heads of this Philippine expedition, men these

Voter in the Act of Voting

astute politicians can twist about their fingers—unlike Admiral Dewey, who proved more than a match for their diplomacy.

We came back to Manila third-class that we might find what the common people thought of it all. There was an Englishman, who spoke Spanish, and we joined forces.

As we went along in the moonlight, the tropical landscape looked weird and even chilly. The natives were talking low and earnestly.

"What are they saying?" I asked the Englishman,

"That Aguinaldo is the greatest man in the world, and that, with him for leader, it is a very good thing for a man to die for his country; that a man who so dies is sure of a place in heaven."

And when we reached Manila, they were still talking of Aguinaldo and patriotism. ROBERT PORTER.

General Longstreet's proposition that the Federal Government should build and operate a fine double-track railway from St. Louis to San Diego is by no means the new idea that some of the Eastern press take it up to be. When the Nicaragua Canal bill was being so actively discussed in Congress during the session of 1894–95, Mr. James Gamble of Piedmont addressed a thoughtful article to the press arguing against the canal and urging that the Government could avoid all diplomatic entanglements and gaiu more strategic and commercial advantages by the construction of "a grand double-track railway across the continent from ocean to ocean . . . . built in the most substantial manner . . . . under the direction and control of the War Department, or of a newly-created Department of Transportation and Communication." I have heard that Prince Hil-

Showing Officer in the Act of Printing Election Returns

koff, and through him the Czar's railway administration, worked out the best part of their trans-Siberian system on the broad lines laid down in Mr. Gamble's article. The Czar is building his great railway primarily because it is a military necessity. British control of the Suez Caual, British fleets from St. Petersburg to Vladivostock, made the construction of such a transcontinental highway imperative. There is no question about the utility of such a transcontinental railway on American soil—the British have theirs already in the Canadiau Pacific—but it need not be built as an offset to an isthmian canal on this hemisphere. If a canal is ever constructed connecting the Atlantic and the Pacific, there is, I imagine, very little doubt as to who will control it.

A NEW VOTING MACHINE

Mechanism and Advantages of the California Invention.

In these days of typewriters, cash-registers, automatic arithmetical calculators, type making and type-setting machines, and like wonderful mechanical devices, it would be a shame upon our American ingenuity if some inventive genius should not produce the much-sought practical voting machine. There have been patents issued galore for a number of models, but they have none of them reached the perfection of a machine invented by a Californian, and first constructed and operated within the "sphere of influence" of San Francisco. The "Ellis Ballot Machine," invented by Wilson Ralph Ellis, has been tested and approved by the Voting Machine Commission appointed by the last Legislature, and will be investigated by the next Legislature after it has heard the report of their examiners, the Hon. W. M. Hinton, the Hon. C. B Morgau, and the Hon. J. V. Webster. This commission was authorized by an act, approved in March, 1897, which was passed after a thorough discussiou of the present ballot system and the need of more effective safeguards against dishonest election practices.

After honesty and fairness, speed in voting and economy in cost are the great considerations. With this Ellis machine all these requiraments are met. The annual election imposed by the new charter especially emphasizes the need of a quick, cheap, honest system of election. For six years New York, Massachusetts, Wisconsin and Connecticut have been practically testing various devices, without success. It has been reserved for a Californian to invent a machine mechanically accurate, simple, compact and portable—the one-hundred-key machine is ouly about forty inches long, ten and one-half inches wide and six and three-fourths inches high, and weighs one hundred and sixty pounds—and above all absolutely safeguarded against every possible fraud, and adaptible to every kind of an election now practiced. It was successfully tested in an actual mock election in the town of Livermore.

The report of the committee of the Livermore Town Council, made in May 1898, states that "the first and principal thing that impressed us about this machine is its complete automatic action from the moment the voter enters the stile until the full election

Voter Passing Into the Booth

returns are produced upon the official tally sheet twenty seconds after the closing of the polls. The machine requires of the voter no other concern than to walk through a turnstile, push down the keys opposite his candidates and walk out. The committee, coucluding a long and careful statement, testifies "that this ballot machine answers completely all the requirements of the law, and all the needs of a safe, rapid aud reliable voting system."

The Ellis machine, in new and enlarged design, is being publicly exhibited in this city. At a receut meeting of the Iroquois Club, iu Pythian Castle, and later in the parlors of the Union League Club, in the Palace Hotel, the political leaders of the city have enjoyed an opportunity of studying it in actual operation. The voter passing the stile, which locks behind him, simply presses the numbered keys at his candidates' numbers, and passes out through the same stile, but upon the opposite side. By the action of the revolving gate, as the voter goes out, the depressed keys are raised and locked and their correspondiug registers are made to count. By this arrangement the voter has only to raise a key, should he put it down by mistake, thus correcting his vote at will. Should he wish to vote for someone not on the printed ballot he presses the proper key and uncovers thereby a space in which he may write upon an autographic roll the naule of his choice. When he retires the aperature is closed and the paper advauced. The mechanical counters carry type-raised numbers. By a simple arrangement of inking ribbous and roller pressure, means are provided for transferring an indelible imprint of the result of the election directly upon the ballot held in the top of the machine.

This is the peculiar and wonderful achievemeut of the Ellis machine. By the same agency it permits a print to be taken from the registers, before the votiug begins, to show that the counting wheels all properly stand at zero. This machiue thus takes out of clerical hands not only the counting of votes but also the making of the returns. Without this printing provision, a ballot machine must require the judge to call off the vote for each candidate and a clerk to write down what the judge calls off, so that, after all, the returns are merely a clerical statement which alleges to be the declaration of the machine. With the Ellis, before the result can possibly be known, it it is already printed and embossed into the fibre of the ballot-sheet. Its returns can uot be rubbed out. The accompanying illustrations fairly picture the machine iu the various phases of its operation.

It was once supposed that au artist person of whatever persuasiou required a financial agent, or a guardian. But art aud commercialism are very much cronies uow. Advertising was formerly limited to tradesmen's purpose However, it is the art of attracting attention and may l employed for coal, or velvet, or man. Take the artis tradesman, Hall Caine. Never mind the quality of h wares, heed the noise he makes in the world. Is there an trick left unturned by this—why, indignation becomes a ad and gets him more talked about. The competent pul lisher is keen to keep the press printing curious paragraph about his various "properties," and the "property," if h knows tea-cakes from pretzels, manages to supply plenty material for the press agent. But facts are not essentia Barnum's ghost must have shuddered when this line cam out about Hall Caine: "He can write three novels at time, one with each hand and dictating a third." Many benighted ass of either sex reads those words and goe forthwith and buys one of the novels, and it's ten to one i pronounces it "grand." And then there are the wonderfu yarns about monumental prices paid to authors—thousand in pounds or dollars, as you like; what odds! For weeks

Withdrawing Printed Election Returns Twenty Seconds After the Polls Close

paragraph was circulated, screaming out the princely money thrown into Beatrice Harraden's lap for one of her novels. And finally the indignant Miss Harraden came forth with the statement that she had been paid just $90 for "Ships That Pass in the Night."

Nothing more is needed to demonstrate the utter incompetence for self-governuent of the inhabitants of the so-called Spanish-American "republics" than the complete failure of the attempt to effect a coalition between Nicaragua, Honduras and Salvador. For just a month those petty governments were known to heraldry as the United States of Ceutral America. But the Salvadoreans did not like the odor of the Nicaraguans, and they also objected to the confederation on the ground, more fancied than real, that the expense of maintaining a federal government would fall heaviest upon them. The only referendum appreciable by a Salvadorean is a dirk or a *machete*, so the malcontents followed an ambitious schemer—General Regalado—into an insurrection, the avowed purpose of which was the defeat of the coalition. The Federal Organizers directed President Zelaya of Nicaragua to suppress the outbreak, but there were not enough *frijoles* in his commissariat, and for that, and other reasons of State, he declined the job. Then President Bouilla of Honduras sent an "army" into Salvador, but General Regalado drove them back with a tremendous loss—of breath. General Regalado—now a patriot, not a rebel—deposed President Gutierrez and had himself proclaimed dictator of Salvador. That "Power" then declined to enter the proposed coalition, and, iu consequence of Salvador's secession, the United States of Central America

Officer of Election Canvassing Scattering Vote

were dissolved iuto their respective sovereignties. And now the isthmus will doubtless be again perennially torn and rent by varied and numerous "wars" aud "revolutions."

Educational statistics prepared by General Leonard Wood show that forty-one per cent of the white population of Santiago and twelve per cent of the colored population can read and write. Schools were opened in October and attendance was made compulsory. The system requires thirty teachers at a salary of $60 a month and a superintendent at $125 a month.

ABOUT THE CHRYSANTHEMUM

Its Antiquity and History and Its Rise to Favor in America.

The notable social and financial success of the Olympia Chrysanthemum Carnival is another evidence that the "golden blossom" has become a thoroughbred American flower, even though its ancestors came from far Japan. It is true that the chrysanthemum has been the badge and crest of the Mikados since the heroic age of Nippon, but to America belongs the credit of its great development and preseut world-wide popularity. It came to this country a scraggly, ragged thing, but proud of an ancestry antedating Confucius, and therefore rich with possibilities. To-day the chrysanthemum is a gallant king, reigning with queen after queen over carnival after carnival giveu in his honor from Philadelphia to Olympia; and even the Japanese are sending to us for our new styles in the national flower of their fatherland.

In remote antiquity the chrysanthemum was a royal flower and was bred only within the gates of the imperial palaces of Japan and China. A Greek came along and plundered a few of the beautiful blossoms and carried them away. To him a flower was *anthos* and a golden hue was *chrysos*, and a golden flower was chrysanthos, and so for more than ten centuries we have known of the chrysauthemum. The Japanese call it the *kiku*. This must dispel the notion entertained by many that the chrysanthemum is a modern discovery. Sword-hilts of the time of Gotoba have it hammered upon their crests, and there are often found sword-guards fashioned in the form of the royal flower. For centuries in Japan there have been feasts and festivals devoted to the chrysanthemum. The Chinese, after their original ideas in art, had a fancy for traiuing the shrub to take some fantastic shape, like a dog or a pagoda. The Japanese favored women models, and on festal days bushels of chrysanthemums were used to make an effigy of the sun goddess.

Occidental cultivation of this flower was begun by the English, who started its propagation in the botanical gardens at Chelsea in 1764. They had, however, only a few wretched little yellow blooms. So for years the novelty attracted little or no attention. A set of the old Chinese reds arrived at the royal gardens at Kew in 1795, but they were less attractive than the poorest of the present American types and were forgotten almost after the first glance. The primrose had the English stage just then. So the scene shifted to America. Englishmen sent the Oriental curiosity to cousins in Virginia, and the tea-ships that used to dock at Richmond brought the simpler varieties from faraway Japan. Many families in Virginia still grow chrysanthemums as house plants from stalks that have been in their homes for three or four generations. But during the unhappy renewal of the family quarrel in 1812 the Bull branch raided Brother Jonathan's chrysanthemum garden so vigorously that the Virginians had no time for flower-shows. Thereafter the plant languished. Some time in 1835 the English held a crysanthemum show in Norwich, which certainly was an indication of a revival of the flower's popularity. Chrysanthemum societies sprang up on all sides, and so far as the English could do it, the ragged and faint-colored sorts were bred up until there was but little comparison between the parents and the new families.

Chrysanthemum growing was given a great impetus in 1860, when an explorer for the London Horticultural Society, Robert Fortune, went to Japan and succeeded in bribing a gardener to smuggle a number of choice varieties from the royal gardens. The best of the seedlings from the varieties secured by Mr. Fortune were exhibited in Philadelphia about thirty years ago. The Pennsylvania Society continued for a long time to be the only one making any pretense of having an annual exhibition, and there the interest was confined mostly to the botanists and florists of the country who were looking for something new. It was the keepers of private conservatories who really developed the host of new shades and forms which we have now. The first show held in New York, in 1886, was a humble exhibition. All the plants there could have been placed in a parlor. At this show "Uncle John Chrysanthemum" Thorpe, who now lives in Chicago, displayed a bloom in each of the forty-three classes and took first prize from one end of the line to the other. Mr. Thorpe and a handfull of equally enthusiastic men undertook the scientific culture of the blossom. Their efforts at cross-breeding were highly successful, and with the appearance of the gorgeous things that resulted, the chrysanthemum leaped into the popularity which it now enjoys.

Like an infusion of new blood was the arrival, not long ago, of a quantity of rare varieties from the royal gardens, sent to Mrs. Alpheus Hardy, a Boston woman, by the Japanese whom she had educated. Since then American triumphs in chrysanthemum culture have been brilliant and wonderful. The new blooms exceed the glory of the best of Japan and China and England. We export them now. We have annual exhibitions in many of our great cities. Chicago has a particularly lavish flower-show every year which is national in its scope, allowance of space being made for every State and Territory in the Union, even for Alaska. It took the chrysanthemum a long time to get a place in the heart of America, but now there is no question about the interest being great and national. The glorious chrysanthemum of to-day is an American flower, born and bred.

FUJITA.

The New York *Times* has done well in securing Henry Norman to conduct its London correspondence, formerly done by Harold Frederic. This departuent of the *Times* was made famous by Frederic, but Norman is quite as capable of keeping his readers in touch with the other side of the world. He is best known here for his letters to the London *Chronicle* during the Venezuelan trouble. Norman was born in Leicester, England, in 1858. His education was begun under private tutors in France; he joined the class of 1881 at Harvard and graduated with it; afterward he spent two years in study at Leipsig. Mr. Norman's first work of a public nature was his appeal in a pamphlet, published in 1892, for the preservation of Niagara Falls.

An interesting application of telegraphy, as carried out by means of Hertzian waves, has lately been tried in Dublin. During the races of the Royal Alfred Yacht Club the proprietors of the Dublin *Daily Express* were able to receive their dispatches by means of this system. Mr. Marconi, who conducted this operation, followed the racing yachts in a tugboat, in the cabin of which was the necessary apparatus used in transmitting the messages. An observer stationed on the bridge signaled the progress of the race, and Mr. Marconi transmitted the report to land. The messages were received by a subordinate at Kingston, a distance of some five or ten miles from the point of transmission, and from there were telephoned to the journal. All the messages were received in the space of a few minutes after they were sent, aud were published in subsequent issues of the paper. The transmissiou was accomplished without a single hitch, and none of the messages required repeating, the apparatus working satisfactorily throughout.

The Boulogne tugs have recently been fitted with guns for firing a line across a vessel at sea, for the purpose of establishing communication by means of a life-saving hawser. The tug gets to windward of the vessel stranded on a lee shore, and, by anchoring a short distance from it, is enabled to take off the crew. On a level and sandy shore a stranded vessel may be hundreds of yards away, and in the teeth of a gale the rocket may not reach the wreck. The mode adopted by the Boulogne Humane Society has some manifest advantages; for instance, it obviates having to pull a man 200 or 300 yards in the surf, with the prospect of rescuing him more dead than alive. Another point in favor of the method is that in a given time one can rescue more persons by it than by the use of a long-distance hawser.

Rats are playing havoc with the underground telephone and telegraph cables in St. Louis. They have discovered that the wires are covered with paraffined paper, and they rather like the taste. To satisfy their appetite they must gnaw through the lead casing around the wires. It has happened in a number of cases that the rats, in gnawing through the lead cables, to get at the greased paper, have bared the copper wires so that they touch each other and cross in such a manner as to make it impossible to establish communication over them. Every time this happens it costs the company whose wires are interrupted all the way from a few dollars to several hundred. The telephone men are trying to devise some means of stopping the depredations.

A dredging and shoveling apparatus worked by electricity has been supplied to a Colorado placer mine by the Bennett Amalgamator Manufacturing Company.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

THE NATION'S WEEKLY

The announcements contained upon this page will give you but a brief idea of the valuable and interesting features to appear in HARPER'S WEEKLY.

The Best Pictorial History of the Year

POLITICS ✦ ART

HARPER'S WEEKLY in 1899 will stand, as it always has, for purity and disinterested work in the state and national politics of our country. In art the pages of the WEEKLY will continue the standard of artistic excellence, with such artists as W. T. Smedley, T. de Thulstrup, Frederic Remington, Clifford Carleton, and others of equal talent as contributors.

Our New Possessions

CUBA ✦ THE PHILIPPINES ✦ HAWAII ✦ PORTO RICO

will be fully described by Phil. Robinson and Frank D. Millet, Caspar Whitney and William Dinwiddie, in a series of articles which deal with the resources, life, and strategic value of these rich and fertile islands.

SERIAL STORIES

Three remarkably strong and extraordinarily interesting serial stories will appear during 1899, each from the pen of a distinguished man of letters.

WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES — *By H. G. Wells*

WITH SWORD AND CRUCIFIX — *By L. S. Levi Zile*

THE CONSPIRATORS. — *By R. W. Chambers*

These stories will be illustrated. In addition to the serials there will appear, whenever space permits, short fiction of unsurpassable interest.

REPRESENTATIVE SHORT STORIES

AMONGST THIEVES — *By W. E. Norris*

A SMALL WORLD — *By Henry Seton Merriman*

A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE — *By E. F. Benson*

THIS MORTAL COIL — *By Margaret Sutton Briscoe*

STORIES OF WESTERN FARM LIFE — *By H. S. Williams*

THE DEMON OF N'GARAHOE — *By Owen Hall*

INDUSTRIAL ADVANCEMENT OF OUR COUNTRY

will be recorded by illustrated articles from week to week, written by Franklin Matthews and others who have made a study of the developments—political, social, and industrial—taking place within our borders.

Alaska and the Klondike

will be the subject of a series of illustrated articles, by E. J. Spurr.

THE LONDON LETTER — *By Arnold White*

will follow and explain the thought and trend of the British people to-day, most interesting to us in view of our new expansion policy.

THIS BUSY WORLD — *By E. S. Martin*

a department of sprightly paragraphs of timely interest will be continued, retaining all the characteristics that have made it so popular.

MUSIC ✦ DRAMA ✦ ATHLETICS

These three subjects will be treated as their seasons demand by E. I. Stevenson, J. Corbin, and Caspar Whitney, men eminently fitted for the task.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, and BAZAR . . . . . Each, One Year, $4 00

COMBINATION OFFERS

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, and BAZAR, to one address . .	One Year, $10 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY and BAZAR, to one address	" 7 00
HARPER'S MAGAZINE and WEEKLY, to one address	" 7 00
HARPER'S MAGAZINE and BAZAR, to one address	" 7 00

Postpaid in the United States, Canada, and Mexico.

HARPER'S WEEKLY, 10 Cts. a Copy. Subscription, $4 00 a Year.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, New York, N. Y.

2

3

4

5

6

7

1. San Juan, looking towards Morro: A salute is being fired in celebration of the hoisting of the American Flag. 2. Cathedral of Cayey. 3. Market Place in Cayey. 4. Church at San Juan, which was struck twice by shells. 5. Street in Cayey. 6. Troop H, Sixth Cavalry. 7. San Juan Harbor on Evacution Day.

SCENES IN PORTO RICO

A BALLOON ASCENSION AT GLEN PARK

Snapshot of Conlan, the aeronaut, making an ascension on December 4th. On this occasion Conlan landed in a herd of elk within one thousand feet of his starting point.

The Royal is the highest grade baking powder known. Actual tests show it goes one-third further than any other brand.

ROYAL
BAKING
POWDER
Absolutely Pure

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

CHRISTMAS MAGAZINES

The Superiority of Pictures Over Poetry—Secretary Chamberlain's Ideas.

In the Christmas magazines the illustrations are of higher value than either the verse or prose. In each of the three elder monthlies there are poems to which pictures are set. That of the *Century* Dr. Weir Mitchell contributes. It is the only dedicatory verse appearing by masculine pen, and alone has the ring of true poetry. The omniscience of the novelist physician now rivals that of Hopkinson Smith, who leads in two arts and a profession. Perhaps there is much to be thankful for that Dr. Mitchell does not also sketch. However, his verse is artistically set, which may also be said for "Christmas Eve," by Edith Proctor Clarke, illustrated by Maxfield Parrish. The verse is without merit, but the pictures are charming, though less beautiful than the set which illustrates Stimpson's version of Wagner's "Ring of the Nieblung" in *Scribner's*. These are very fine. They have imagination, skill and grace. As examples of reproduction in what is known as the "three color half-tone process" they represent the highest phase of the art.

Turning to *Harper's*, one is struck by the same superiority of art over poetry. Comparson between F. du Mond's graceful pictures and either Ruth McEnery Stuart's or Louise Morgan Sill's lines must be to the ladies' disadvantage. No distinction or quality is to be found in either poem, whereas the designs that set them off are admirably done. However, the verse in *Harper's* is seldom of importance, save, indeed, the occasional contributions of Mrs. Marriott Watson. This judgment applies to C. S. D. Robert's ballad of "Manila Bay," which has neither the ring nor the spirit the subject merits. Save for these two contributions, that of Roberts and of Weir Mitchell, the rest of the magazine verse is contributed by feminine hands. The *Century* displays in admirable manner the poem which won the prize in its college competition, "The Road 'Twixt Heaven and Hell." Had Miss Anna Hemstead Branch the skill which her illustrator, Henry McCarter, exercises, there would be no question about the virtue of her ballad. It is an involved song, lacking that distinctness of symbol and definiteness of image which this form must possess. Beyond this, there is no poetic touch, and like the prize story in the November number, the contribution lacks distinction. In the minor verse in both these magazines you will find rhymes of higher grade than these serious efforts.

Otherwise the Christmas magazines are all excellent numbers. *Harper's* because of its stories; the *Century* because of its varied and interesting contents, and *Scribner's* for both reasons. The *Atlantic* must be considered in another connection, because it is very serious this month, though it has rarely presented a better table of contents. In the present condition of national affairs I read first the article on "Recent Developments of Policy in the United States," by Joseph Chamberlain, the British Colonial Secretary. This is *Scribner's* star contribution, and worthy the attention of every one with brains enough to be interested in national politics. In perusing the article it should be borne in mind that Mr. Chamberlain is the ablest debater in the House of Commons, a man who rejoices in vigorous, incisive expression, satiric in speech and aggressive in policy. Yet his tone here is extraordinarily gentle, mildly admonitory, but broad and very lucid He sketches generally the growth of the British colonial system and states the principle of its administration, replies to the objections against the policy of expansion, and in answer to the difficulties of Carl Schurz and his allies, says that what England has accomplished with comparative ease America, with greater resources, equal intelligence and equal energy, cannot fail. "Nations cannot remain isolated without deterioration; the nation which elevates selfishness into a virtue and shirks its responsibility to other members of the human race is wanting in one of the principal elements of greatness." That the value of cordial relations between the members of the Anglo-Saxon family is urged might be expected, but Mr. Chamberlain does not favor a formal alliance. "England and the United States should keep in close touch with each other, and that whenever their policy and their interests are identical they should be prepared to concert together the necessary measures for their defense.

Most people will be liable to turn in the *Century* first to Lieutenant Hobson's narrative of the "Sinking of the *Merrimac*." The details of that gallant affair are familiar to most readers, but there is an interest inseparable from the personality of the chief actor, who has proved such a fine type of manliness in subsequent embroglios. The story is full of detail and instinct with the eager activity of the writer, who apparently possesses one of those fertile and aggressive minds which are never happy unless in doing. The design to sink the collier in the Santiago channel grew out of his suggestion to Admiral Sampson to have built boats of a certain design, in order to explode mines at the entrance to Havana. In the course of the conversation the idea of closing the entrance to Santiago harbor was projected and Hobson at once set at work developing it. The amount of calculation essential to the execution of the scheme is detailed and we are brought to the verge of the incident. In this number Captain Sigsbee deals with the actual explosion on the *Maine*, describes exactly what happened on that memorable night in Havana harbor and his sensations at the terrible moment. Though not directly stated, the tenor of the paper and the evidence adduced makes definite the commander's own conclusion that it was not accidental, the destruction of the American man-of-war that night. Both these articles are well phrased and clearly detailed, and make good reading apart from the facts. Otherwise the *Century* contains the excellent series of articles begun in the November number—the "Life of Alexander" and Crawford's tale of the Crusades.

Fiction is the paramount feature of *Harper's* Christmas number. There are stories by Miles Hemenway, Bret Harte, Frona Macleod, Ruth McEuery Stuart, Remington Williams and several more. For the most part they are admirably illustrated. Nothing finer than Howard Pyle's pictures for the "Old Captain" can be imagined. They are the perfection of art, done so lightly, so delicately. Not one of his rivals has the fine touch of this artist. When I remember the head pieces and full pages with which the series of "Old Chester Tales" has been adorned, I cannot but think what an admirable Christmas publication these stories of Margaret Deland would have made. Yet, the book as it has come from the press of Harper's contains none of them, though it be treble the literary importance of most of the other holiday publications. The last of this series of stories, the "Unexpectedness of Mr. Horace Shields," appears in this number, and is instinct with the same qualities which distinguished its predecessors. These are the best American stories of the year. I recall but one tale that excels them in literary value — "The Monster" of Stephen Crane. Another good story in this December instalment is the "Second Wooing of Salina Sue," by Ruth McEnery Stuart. The illustrations are by A. B. Frost. This is really a capital bit of work, touched with sentiment and humor, and is rendered with consummate art.

In the "Coming Fusion of East and West," Ernest Fenollosa has written an article which can hardly be dismissed in a paragraph of comment. He is one of the deepest students of Oriental art and affairs, and his impressions are dictated by a rare experience of life in China and Japan. The article is one which those interested in the problem must not disregard. The "Rescue of the Winslow" is an instructive story of one of the minor engagements of the recent war. It is written by Lieutenant Mead, following the theory of the great magazines to have the history of a transaction written by the actors themselves.

McClure's has the first instalment of "Stalky," the new serial by Rudyard Kipling. It makes a ripping narrative and introduces some new terms in the language of the hero and his friends. For instance, "stalky" means clever, well considered, wily; "gloats" expresses the supreme of delight; and "fids" is felicity in the abstract. Frank Norris contributes "Miracle Joyeux," a version of the Christ story which is very cleverly rendered. Mr. Norris is one of the coming men among the younger generation of authors. The "Later Life of Lincoln" promises to be as interesting as Miss Tarbel's previous history of the greatest American. Captain Mahan's essay on "The War on the Sea" is a first rate accompaniment to the articles of the executive officers in the other magazines, as it gives you the theories and principles on which actions were based, and the operations of the campaign conducted. John A. Hill's "Engineer's Christmas Story" is readable, but "The Experiences of a Train Dispatcher" and "Hunting on Elephants" are the cleverest features of the number.

The *Cosmopolitan* is improving. This December number is well planned and contains several readable articles, though there is ever that lamentable tendency to subordinate type to pictures. This is specially the case in "Home Life of English Royalty," which seems no more than an attempt to carry along some views of Windsor Palace and Cumberland Lodge. "Art in Portrait Photography" is better, however, and is really contributory to the pictures. Otherwise the *Cosmopolitan* is given over to fiction and presents a fine list of names, though it has chosen English rather than American story writers. They are sensational stories, too, very much concerned with their episodes and with little attempt at the rendering of environment, which, of course, is not the American way. C.

Pears'
Economical soap is one that a touch of cleanses.

Dr. G. A. Danziger, Dentist, 22 Geary street

PUBLIC MORALITY

John J. Chapman's Explanation of American Political Corruption.

Causes and Consequences, by John Jay Chapman (Chas. Scribner's Sons). This is an interesting and thoughtful little book, well worth a careful perusal. While we are not prepared to admit all of Mr. Chapman's conclusions, it is only by a philosophical study of such social problems as are treated of in these essays that we can hope for the justification of a democratic form of government by its ultimate success. Mr. Chapman tells us in his preface that he was gradually led to believe that man is naturally an unselfish animal, attaining his highest development when at work on behalf of his fellows, and not, as has generally been taught, an utterly selfish animal whose natural instinct teaches him to prey on his fellows. Any infringement of a natural law is a distortion, and nature, being all-powerful, must in the end reassert her sway. The widespread corruption which, Mr. Chapman asserts, permeates the whole political fabric was caused, he believes, by the enormous advance in wealth and power made by the commercial classes at the close of the Civil War, which enabled them to reduce both the political parties to bondage. The Boss was really a creation of Commercialism, being a convenient and later a necessary intermediary for the distribution of these corruption funds. Mr. Chapman sees in the recent reform movements in New York and elsewhere evidence that a reaction has set in, but, if we understand him aright, this reaction comes more from the corruptors than from the corrupted. The railroads and other great corporations having attained what they required no longer need the services of the Boss; on the contrary, they will now support the patriotic citizen who, by initiating a purer form of Government, will relieve them from what has become blackmail. Mr. Chapman seems to think that all commerce is naturally and innately dishonest; in fact, he scarcely takes the trouble to tell us so; he appears to think it goes without saying. For instance:

"But let no one think that dishonesty or anything else begins at the top. These big business men were once little business men. To cut rates, to have a different price for each customer, to substitute one article for another, are the prevailing policies of the seller. To give uncollectible notes, to claim rebates, to make assignments and compromises, to use one shift or another in order to get possession of goods and pay less than the contract price, are the prevailing aims of the buyer."

Can any reasonable practical man believe that commerce is, or can be, carried on under such conditions as these? Consider for one moment that the whole commerce of the world is practically carried on on *credit*, and how, we ask, is it possible that *credit* and *general dishonesty* can be coexistent? It must be, and is, the exception. It matters not whether it be morality, or self-interest, or fear of punishment which prevents dishonesty; but we refuse to believe in, and we do not find that Mr. Chapman has anywhere attempted to prove, the commercial dishonesty to which he attributes the widespread corruption of politics in this country. Another solution must be fonnd, and we are inclined to attribute it rather to the facilities which our economic policy of the last thirty years has given for the formation of powerful monopolies, so powerful that they have equally refused either to recognize or submit to the laws which regulate ordinary citizens, and, if dishonesty prevails to any unusual extent in the ordinary branches of business, we believe it is due to the evil example of lawlessness set by these great corporations, rather than to any necessarily inherent and innate dishonesty in commerce itself. While, however, we cannot accept all Mr. Chapman's causes and their consequences, we can strongly recommend his essays to the careful perusal of thoughtful readers interested in the social problems which are affecting this and other countries at the present day.

The Coster's Rag.

"All curly carrots is 'er 'air,
'Er eyes is bloo, 'er fice is fair—
You bet a dollar she's all there,
My 'Liza.

"She wears a lovely voylet gowu,
A 'et wiv fevvers dryopin' down,
There aiu't a lidy in the town
Outvies 'er.

"Au' wen she winks 'er other heye,
An' looks at me so bloomiu' fly—
I fiuks it's only right that I
Should prize 'er."

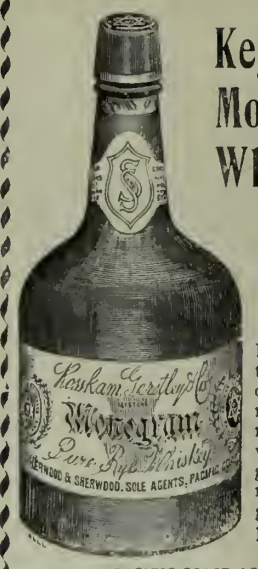
—*The Windmill.*

For the Holidays.

Artistic and inexpensive gifts. Calendars and California views. B. D. Chilson, 14 Post street.

During the next few weeks, while our store is being remodeled, we will offer the greatest bargains in pianos and musical merchandise. Call and get our prices- The Zeno Mauvais Music Co., 769 Market street.

Clothing, curtains, blankets, etc., cleaned or dyed. Pacific Cleaning and Dyeing Works, 353-357 Tehama street. Telephohe South 40. J. Spaulding & Co.



Keystone Monogram Whiskey

Is popular because it is good.

Bottles contain a full quart of fully matured, rich mellow whiskey, good for medicinal and general purposes.

PACIFIC COAST AGENTS
Sherwood & Sherwood
SAN FRANCISCO
PORTLAND LOS ANGELES

In Chrysanthemumiam.

Say, there,
You rosybuds
And lilypods,
And sweet peas,
And daffydowudillies,
Aud daisies,
And geraniums,
And all you other
Miss Naucies of the flowering world,
Will you please go and spriukle yourselv s
And turn your weeping eyes on Me?
Me,
The effulgent and irridescent full back
Of the Floral Field?
The only blooming
Football player
In the whole botanical business?
There's nothing
Of the modest little violet style
In my ornate
And floccule t physiognomy,
And when it comes
To throwing bouquets,
I rather fancy
I m a whole plate
Of cold slaw
Myself!
Don t I seem
To strike you that way?
I am also
A shredded sunburst of glory,
And when I rise and shine
There is but one light
By which the footsteps
Of the fleet aud fading Flora
Are guided;
That s
The Chrysanthemum!

—*W. J. Lampton in New York Sun.*

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes, Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

OPEN EVENINGS
Beautiful Christmas Presents!
PICTURES
STATUARY
ORNAMENTS
FINE CROCKERY
and GLASSWARE
S. & G. GUMP'S
ART STORE
113 Geary Street, S. F.

GERMEA
The Ideal Breakfast Dish

BABBLINGS OF A BELLE

Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

Events are beginning to crowd one another, Diary, my dear, and Miss Cricket is again beginning to discriminate. I fancy I forgot to tell you of the very charming luncheon Mrs. A. S. Boyd gave to Olive Holbrook and Mary Foster on Friday. Mary is, I believe, related, in some distant way, to the Boyds, and is a great favorite with the old lady. I find her, in some respects, the most attractive of the debutantes—she is really handsome, and so fair, fresh and sonsy looking. The Fosters are an ideal big family, and have the jolliest, brightest kind of a home life. I am quite devoted to Billie, for, although he belongs to the younger crowd and is yet at college, he is a splendid fellow, and so tall and athletic looking.

On Friday night we all went to the Greenwood dinner, which was a small, but very jolly affair, then on to the dance. Mr. MacRoberts and Susie Blanding led, and there was nothing out of the usual in the figures. Let me see who looked well. I enjoyed myself so much I have almost forgotten. Oh, yes—Bertha Dolbeer looked fetching in one of her Paris gowns, a lovely thing; Grace Spreckels, Miss McClung and Josie Loughborough were in white, and Maud Mullins in white organdie over blue. Of the belles of a year, I think Therese Morgan was the most effectively gowned, in rose pink, or rather crushed strawberry, veiled in chiffon. Olive Holbrook was ill and could not go.

Another small, but exceedingly jolly, affair was the tea given by Isabelle Preston on Friday. Jean and Florence Hush, Grace Spreckels, Edna Hamilton, and Edith and Norma Preston assisted. I believe Edith Preston is to come out next year. She is a very striking girl, both amusing and bright. After the Fortnightly we went to Addie Murphy's supper, which was also quite worth while. The Joycelyns, Clara and Edna Hamilton and I sat near together and had a capital time.

Arthur was unable to accompany me anywhere on Friday, as he was suffering a recovery from the Harvard and Yale dinner, which went off with great eclat on Thursday night. I made him tell me all about it, for I am sure we girls never have such times as the men do at their stag parties. Ed Pringle of Harvard and Sam Knight, president of the Alumni Association, occupied the seats of honor and made the speeches. The Yale men, especially the younger set, sought to forget their recent defeat by enticing a few easy things from Harvard to their end of the table. Nat Wilson was, as usual, the leading spirit. I wish Arthur had half his ability to shine. He got more than even with the fellows who played that Coroner trick on him and kept his end very merry. Captain Cotton of the auxiliary cruiser *Harvard* spoke at length about the exploits of his vessel during the recent unpleasantness with Spain. Arthur tried to speak, but said the Yale men insisted on drinking his health every time he got up, so he was finally obliged to desist. Poor old Arthur, he does love to hear the sound of his own voice, and his chagrin can be imagined. He says he has a pretty level head, but when I remember that I found his shoes carefully put away in his hat box and his hat under the bed—well, it speaks volumes for the capacity of the rest.

On Saturday morning I went to the Belmont-Lowell football match. It was rather a disappointment, for we all expected Belmont to win. The score was five to five. I think both sides were too nervous to do themselves justice during the first half. The boys whose playing seemed best were Stillman, Story and Roberts. There were tons of girls, whose sympathies seemed to be altogether with Belmont. The Belmont boys also brought a band.

In the afternoon I assisted at Jane Greenwood's tea. It was a very pretty affair, and we all had much fun. I really love receiving at a tea, although honestly I don't see why any one asks me a second time. When I first arrive it is all plain sailing and I attend strictly to my duties, but afterward I have a glorious time and duty vanishes, and I just enjoy myself. Julia Buckbee, Lizzie Whittier, Gertie Carroll, Josie Loughborough, Therese Morgan, Lillian Follis and Romietta Wallace also assisted in receiving. The decorations were pretty, although I do not think any one is going in for any set form of decorations this year. You know, last year the houses were simply turned upside down, and had the chandeliers decked out with garlands, the picture frames festooned, masses of stuff hanging from the ceiling. I remember at my tea it was really ridiculous, the house was transformed into a sort of florist's shop. Now bunches of flowers are placed about in vases, and there it ends.

On Sunday the usual crowd called and we made our arrangements for the dinners for the week. I find I have so much better a time if the hostess learns whom I prefer to sit beside, that this year I simply convey my wishes to her in a dexterous and tactful fashion. I shall never forget how I suffered at some of my first dinners last winter—it was ghastly. I remember that some of the men I knew well warned me that certain others were not exactly responsible after their second glass. Then I would sit on pins and needles, my eyes awaiting with almost unmasked horror future developments. Oh, it was dreadful! Fancy my natural nervousness as a debutante coupled with that. I look back now and wonder how I ever managed to extract even a modicum of pleasure out of affairs of that kind.

To return to Saturday. I went to the Doll Show in the evening, and assisted in the disposal of many of the "fair beauties." The dolls were certainly beautiful, and Jennie Blair told me that numbers of dressmakers came there to get points. I liked the calling costume in light tan with the cape better than the one that received the first prize. Then a pink evening dress was exquisitely lovely and must have been a lot of work. I did not see any doll I admired as much as the one Mme. Baer sent last year. The babies were dear, and were I a small girl I should infinitely prefer one to the most elaborately decorated "grown up." I have not one of the dolls I used to play with left: they would all lose an arm or a leg, or sustain a fracture of the nose, and with their loss my affection would vanish and I'd deliver them over to the executioner. Arthur was High Chief Executioner, and we killed off sundry Mary Queens of Scots, Annie Boleyns and Marie Antoinettes. Were a doll particularly ugly we would burn her Salem witch. Leila would sit and weep during the executions, but I had no use for a doll who was not beautiful.

On Monday evening I went to the Cooper theatre party at the Alcazar. It was capital sport, and afterwards we all went to supper at the 'Varsity Club. Among the girls were the Salisburys, Josie Loughborough, Susie Blanding, Clara Hamilton, Anna Voorhies, Lillie Follis and Olive Holbrook. Harry Holbrook, Percy King, Clarence Follis and Howard Veeder were the men. On Tuesday I don't think anything particular happened worth recording. On Wednesday I was at the Oxnard lunch, which was exceedingly smart, small and jolly. The Hopkins, Crocketts and Morgans were there.

In the evening to Addie Murphy's dinner at the Bohemian Club. It was *great!* Given in the red room, which looked more than ordinarily pretty. We took in the exhibition of pictures there, too. A cousin of Therese Morgan's, who was there, is my latest fancy. She is Mrs. Wilcox of New York, and is at present visiting the Morgans. She is the sweetest woman, dear, cunning and pretty. I quite lost my heart to her.

Now, Diary dear, I must say adieu, as I am simply too tired to write another shadow of a syllable. By the way, Maud Mullins is to make her debut at a tea on Dec. 10th, and Bertie Bruce gives a dinner on Dec. 12th. On Friday is the first Assembly, and before it Fred Greenwood's dinner. And so, till these things have happened, good night.

Your sleepy MISS CRICKET.

P. S. I have some Burlingame gossip which I shall save for next week.

* *

An interesting wedding was that of Miss Marguerite Blake and Mr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, which was celebrated at the home of the bride on Tuesday last. Both are graduates of Stanford, and the whole house was decorated in the brilliant colors of the college. Great masses of red berries were arranged and cardinal ribbons. Miss Jessica Blake was maid of honor and Mr. Ralph Arnold best man. Mr. Wilbur is a very clever young fellow and is demonstrator of anatomy at the Cooper Medical College. Miss Blake is a very brilliant girl and made quite a record at Stanford.

The Pearl of Epernay.

By strictly adhering to the conservative traditions of the old-honored custom of the ancient house of Moet & Chandon, the present management's aim is not to turn out immense quantities, but it has well succeeded in its endeavor for recognition on part of the connoisseurs by catering principally to the aristocratic classes in Europe and better custom all over the world. Their White Seal (Grande Cuvee), justly called the Pearl of Epernay, owing to its pleasant and insinuating properties peculiar to that district, appeals to the palate of the cultured, and in shipping only champagne of its well-known standard quality this establishment, the largest in the world, is kept constantly busy.—Wine Review.

There is a fine display of holiday attractions at the art rooms of the P. Rossi Company at 117 Sutter street. Italian and French antique, renaissance and modern furniture, hangings and bric-a-brac, and rare furnishings in the colonial style.

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

SILVER ELECTRO-SILICON POLISH

The King of its Kind

SILVER ELECTRO-SILICON POLISH

Like a Magic Touch

SILVER ELECTRO-SILICON POLISH

It's unlike all others

SILVER ELECTRO-SILICON POLISH

Box, post-paid, 15 cts in stamps.
Trial quantity for the asking.
Leading grocers sell it.

The Electro Silicon Co., 30 Cliff Street, New York.

THE HOLIDAY BOOKS

Where Assortments are Largest and Prices are Lowest

STANDARD BOOKS

Just received — 5000 copies of the Handy Volume Classics, daintily bound in cloth, stamped in silver, over 150 titles; our price 10c
2000 volumes of Standard Books, by good authors, neatly bound in cloth, over 100 titles; our price ... 25c
3000 volumes of Standard Books, in good library binding, cloth, gilt top, many with illustrations, over 300 titles; our price 50c

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

2000 books for Boys by well-known authors, cloth bound, 30 titles 40c
2000 books for Girls by favorite writers, cloth-bound, 30 titles 50c
1000 "Henty Books," bound like the copyright $1.50 edition, 30 titles, all good; special at..... 60c
Harper's Round Table for 1898, bound in one volume, cloth $2 25
St. Nicholas for 1898, bound in two volumes, cloth, special..... 3 30

NEW BOOKS

Sill, "Christmas in California" ..... $
Rostand, "Cyrano de Bergerac" 50
Jokai, "Nameless Castle" 1 10
Wiggins, "Penelope's Progress" 1 10
Mitchell, "Adventures of Francois" 1 35
Crockett, "Red Axe" 1 35
Weyman, "Castle Inn" 1 35
Castle, "Pride of Jennico" 1 35
Maclaren, "Afterwards" 1 35
Kipling, "Day's Work" 1 35
Parker, "Battle of the Strong" 1 35
Hubbard, "American Statesmen" 1 60
Peixotto, "Sketches of Chinatown" 3 50
Fiske, "Beginning of New England" 1 60
Gibson, "Sketches and Cartoons" 4
Zogbaum, "Ships and Sailors" 4
Johnson, "Drawings from Truth" 1 50
Crawford, "Ave Roma" 6
Busch, "Bismarck" 1
Suderman, "Regina" 1 35
Lyall, "Hope the Hermit" 1 35

CALENDARS FOR 1899

Chinese Children, Cal. Art, American Girl, U. S. V., Cal. Chinese Calendars ..... $ 50
California Poppies, Wild Flowers 75
Boys of '98, California Missions, San Francisco View Calendar 1
And hundreds of European Calendars, from 14c to $3
Bibles for Teachers ..... 95c., $1 25 and $1 50
Special sale of Books in Sets—Ask to see our 15-volume Dickens at $3 75
Sets in fine bindings to be closed out at greatly reduced prices

THE EMPORIUM AND GOLDEN RULE BAZAAR

CALIFORNIA'S GRANDEST HOLIDAY STORE

ART CALENDARS,

LEATHER GOODS

AND OTHER

Christmas Gifts

AT CROCKER'S.

227-229 POST ST. 215-219 BUSH ST.

Mechanics Pavilion!

THE NOVELTY OF THE CENTURY.....

Grand Charity Bazaar

AND

California Musical Contest

During the Entire Month of December

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE

Charity Institutions and Orphan Asylums of San Francisco

Doors open from 8 to 12 m., from 1 to 5 p.m., and from 8 to 11 p m

Goods of every description can be bought at the Pavilion at city prices.

ORPHEUM—EXTRA

SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY SOCIETY

FRITZ SCHEEL, Musical Director

Season of 1898-99 Third Concert

Thursday, Dec. 15th, at 3:15

Programme includes

Overture, "Genoveva" ..... Schumann
Symphony No. 6 (Pastorale) ..... Beethoven

Prices—75c, $1.00 and $1.50

Seats on sale at the Orpheum on and after Monday, December 12th.

If you want to buy Books cheap go to DOXEY'S

"Adventures of Francois" $1 15
"Essays on Work and Culture" 95
"More Cargoes" 75
"Castle Inn" 1 15
"Her Memory" 1 15

These are only a few of our prices.
We have all the new books at 25 per cent. off.

DOXEY'S

Look for the Sign of the Lark — 631 Market St.

Food for the Skin!

The lemon is a natural skin food, healer, cleanser, and beautifier. **California Cream of Lemon** is a toilet preparation made entirely from the soluble substance of the whole lemon. It is free from all chemicals or other adulterants. Used in the bath, it leaves the skin delightfully soft, smooth and white. It is a quick and absolute cure for tan, sunburn, freckles, pimples, and chapped hands and lips. It restores faded complexions to the freshness of youth and removes wrinkles. After using the Cream either in the bath or otherwise, the skin is strengthened, invigorated and beautified.

It retails at 15 cents. Ask your druggist for it. If he will not supply you send 20 cents and we will send a three-ounce collapsible tube of Cream of Lemon prepaid to any address in the United States.

CALIFORNIA CREAM OF LEMON CO., Inc.
San Diego, Cal

Most druggists sell it—all druggists should.

NEW YORK

New York, November 30th. — You San Franciscans, rejoicing in an even temperature, may re-read Bret Harte's remarks about "snow everywhere," and conclude that there is no place like home. But this metropolis has other attractions than cyclonic blizzards. There is the opera. The Metropolitan Opera House opened last night for a four months' season. It opened with all the glitter, and more, if possible, of former years. The weather was simply beastly, and the streets were slushy and full of difficulties, but these discomforts were forgotten in the sparkling light, the comfortable warmth, and the brilliant assemblage within the opera house. The audience was one of the largest that has ever been seen at the Metropolitan. By the time Mancilleni had conducted his orchestra through the overture to "Tannhauser," every seat was filled and there was a dense fringe of men and women back of the seats and along the side aisles.

Everybody who is anybody attended on the opening night of the opera. The "reigning houses" were all represented in their regular boxes, and it was a notable sight — the beauty, wealth and splendor in the great "horse-shoe." The most beautiful women in the country were there, magnificently costumed, bright with color. The light blazed from their diamonds. If some genius for statistics should figure out the aggregate value of the jewels worn at the opera last night, his calculations would cause Croesus to sulk in his tent and Solomon in all his glory to look like twenty cents.

There were many new faces to be seen everywhere in the building, but the parterre of boxes remains about the same as it was two years ago. It was a great night for the Vanderbilts and their connections. They were out in force and the family was represented almost in its entirety, George and his bride having returned from Biltmore to attend the opening. There is little doubt that Mrs. Clarence Mackay was the most effectively dressed woman in the house. That much-observed young matron was looking her beautiful best in a dark purple velvet gown trimmed with diamonds. A great diamond crescent sparkled in her hair. On the shoulder of her low bodice was fastened a bunch of mauve orchids. Mrs. Herman Oelrichs, formerly of your city, was handsome in a gown of pink satin. She had a garland of diamond roses, and their leaves fell from her right shoulder to her bodice. She wore a bunch of violets on the left side of her corsage. Mrs. W. E. D. Sloane, whose fine costumes were noted at the Horse Show, was dressed in white satin covered with black lace. She had ropes of pearls draped over her waist, and she wore a hunch of curled white aigrettes in her hair. Mrs. John Jacob Astor was superbly dressed in steel satin. Ropes of diamonds were draped in her corsage, on which a big yellow rose and its leaves was arranged. She was with Mrs. William Astor, whose gown was of black velvet with an applique trimming of white satin. Mrs. William Astor wore her famous diamond stomacher, her diamond necklace and tiara, and a black velvet collar studded with diamond stars. Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish looked like a royal personage in her handsome gown of white satin trimmed with mauve velvet. She wore an exquisitely-fashioned diamond tiara, a diamond necklace, and a wealth of diamond ornaments on her bodice.

White satin was easily the prevailing dress material. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt came dressed in it. Her gown had a trimming of lilac tulle on the bodice, and a big bunch of pink roses furnished her with a corsage bouquet. She wore white aigrettes in her hair, and a profusion of diamond ornaments. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr., who came with her mother, Mrs. R. F. Wilson, wore a sheath-skirted gown of white satin of a peculiar texture, which seemed to have silver threads running through it. She wore a diamond tiara and a necklace of diamonds. Mrs. Wilson looked serene and stately in a costume of gray silk with lace, with a few diamond ornaments worn in the best of taste. Mrs. Hamilton McK. Twombley came with Mrs. W. D. Sloane. Her gown was one of white satin trimmed with point lace. The bodice had short puff sleeves surmounted hy bows of white satin. Around her throat was a diamond collar; diamond ornaments were arranged on her corsage. Everyone wore more or less of diamonds. One of the most interesting groups was that in the box of Mr. and Mrs. Heber R. Bishop, made up of Mr. and Mrs. Bishop themselves, Miss Bishop, Mrs. Samuel J. Colgate and the Earl of Strafford, to whom the latter lady is engaged. Mrs. Colgate wore a handsome gown of black velvet trimmed with ropes of diamonds. Mrs. Bishop was dressed very simply in ruby velvet, with a garniture of white lace. In short, there were present the Astors, the Morgans, the Vanderbilts, the Sloanes, the Whitneys, the Pagets, the Belmonts, the Iselins, the Webbs, the Burdens, the Goelets, the Mackays, the Barbours, the Phelps-Stokeses, the Mortons, the Cuttings, the Fishers, the Millses, the Sloanes, the Bryces, the Gerrys, the Wilsons, the Rockefellers, the Leiters, the Yerkses — in fact, an enterminable list of music-loving plutocrats, arrayed in all their Sunday best.

"Tannhauser" was sung under Mancinelli's direction, with Emma Eames as Elizabeth, Nordica as Venus, and Van Dyck in the title role. It was an eminently successfull performance, and the brilliancy of the audience is a certain indication of what life will be in New York this winter. A successful Horse Show always means a successful opera, and the opera indicates what the season will he—flat, stale and unprofitable, or bright and joyous. The loiterers are all home from the country, from Tuxedo, Lenox, the nearer suburbs and even far-away Newport, and when the weather moderates a little, the round of gaiety will begin with the ushering in of the debutantes. MANHATTAN.

LONDON

London, November 24th. — The entertainments of the Dukes of Newcastle and Portland have been a topic of absorbing interest during the past month. It is all very well to say that it is only in America that social events are exploited in the newspapers, for I find that here a similar condition prevails—the same headlines, exaggerated descriptions of decorations and "superlatively beautiful women" in "marvellous confections." The sole difference lies in the distinction between wealth and family. In America it is the maiden with the millions who received encomiums from the journalists; here it is the daughter of a hundred earls, or, perhaps, more frequently still, the most recent American duchess.

In some respects, the ball given hy the Duke of Portland was the more interesting, for the Duke has been so much before the public of late, on account of the claims and pretensions of Mrs. Druce. These claims do not seem to disturb the serenity of the Duke very much, aud I believe he pooh-hoohs the idea of their seriousness. Welbeck Abbey is the seat of the Dukes of Portland, and it was there that the late Duke pursued his eccentricities. He had a suite of rooms constructed underground with all sorts of secret passages leading from them—a regular maze in fact. These rooms were used as ballrooms on the occasion of the festivity, and were gorgeously decorated and lighted with myriads of incandescent lamps. The picture gallery, which is 159.2 feet by 63.7 was used as a refreshment room and buffet and sitting-out room. A background of palms was arranged round the wall, with countless white flowers forming a foreground. In the centre of the room was a bust of the late Duke of Portland. Supper was served at round tables of every size. The royal table had upon it a service of solid gold Queen Anne plates, and dishes with cherries in heavy hunches trellised around them. In the centre of this table were four tall gold candelabra and four gold Queen Anne cups.

At eleven o'clock the ball opened. The Duke of Portland entered the ballroom with H. R. H., the Duchess of Connaught, who wore a very stunning gown of heliotrope silk and tulle, the bodice decorated with orchids and diamonds. She is a nice woman, but not in the least degree beautiful. The Duchess of Portland, who was escorted by the Duke of Connaught, looked very handsome in white tulle with silver embroidery — a very lovely gown. Her ornaments were sapphires and diamonds, and around her neck she wore the famous Portland pearls. Another notable personage was Princess Lowenstein, who was in rose pink satin with white chenille and pearl embroideries. (I may remark in parenthesis that white chenille is quite the very latest thing in trimmings — in fact, all sorts of chenille is worn.) Lady Curzon of Kedleston, who bears her new honors with the wonderful adaptability of an American, seemed to me the best-dressed woman in the room. She was in the new shade of heliotrope that has a pinkish tinge. It was of very heavy satin with silver embroideries and encrustations, and was splendidly made and cut. Lady Randolph Churchill also held up the honors of the United States in ivory white satin with white chiffon and lace, bordered in sable. Mrs. Willie Grenfell wore pale pink Duchess satin embroidered in true lovers' knots of silver.

One can always pick out American women in a ballroom, or, in fact, anywhere. They are very French in style, though not in figure, look always well dressed, but have neither the fine complexions nor the air of the English woman. In the theatres you will see English women, countesses, duchesses, etc., dressed without much style, but they usually have that indescribable air. I have rarely seen it in France, or in Vienna. The members of the Viennese aristocracy are awfully swell-looking and dress in excellenr taste, but in England, and only in England, do you see the clean-cut features, the air of race. I don't know how it is, but there is one thing I do know, and that is that it is the only thing the most clever among our countrywomen can not acquire.

The other ball given by the Duke of Newcastle at Clumher was also a notable function graced by the presence of royalty. It was in honor of Miss Kaye, the daughter of Mr. Cecil and Lady Beatrice Lister-Kaye, and niece of the Duke of Newcastle. Miss Kaye, being a debutante, was in pure white and looked very sweet and girlish. The Duchess of Newcastle wore red, with diamond ornaments and tiara. The Duchess of Connaught was in white, with choux of black velvet and diamonds. The Duchess of Portland was the belle of the affair and really looked stunning in white and silver, with lilies of the valley. The Newcastle seat, Clumber, is beautifully situated on an artificial lake three miles in extent. The buildings are low and compact, though not particularly imposing. Wide marble staircases lead down into the water, on which a small frigate is sailed. Inside, the building is superb. There is a fine hall, with floor of tessalated marble, the famous Napoleon of Canova. The ball was held in the hall, which was floored for the occasion. Many of the men were in their pink hunting coats, which lent an added bit of color to the scene.

Last Saturday I went to the private view of the new Claridge's Hotel. You know, old Claridge's used to be the hotel where all the royalties who were traveling incognito used to put up. Ex-Queen Isabella of Spain, the King of the Belgians and others—in fact, I believe that the Empress of Russia stayed there dnring the confinement of her daughter, the present Duchess of Coburg, then Duchess of Edinhurg, as the relations then existing between the English and Russian courts were not cordial. The new building resembles the old Claridge's merely in name; is a thoroughly modern and magnificent structure. The hotel belongs to a corporation, the directors of which—Lord Latham, Mr. Hwfa Williams, Mr. Fladgate and Mr. D'Oyley Carte, the great theatrical lawyer—invited a number of their friends to the house-warming, which was a sort of "tea," with champagne as the principal beverage. The principal suites were exquisitely furnished, and the reception-rooms large and decorated in admirable taste. Among those who were present I noted Mrs. Hwfa Williams, looking, as usual, stunning in a black cloth tailor applique and a picture hat trimmed with bright roses; Mrs. Harry Hungerford, in a gorgeous hunters' green blouse and black skirt; Lady Donoughmore, in a tailor-built black gown, and Lady Huntingdon in deep violet.

The Queen will leave Windsor for Osborne just before Christmas and remain on the Isle of Wight until February. During the time she is at Windsor Castle a great deal of entertaining will be done. The Grand Duke and Duchess of Hesse, the Empress Eugenie and the Duchess of Albany will be among her first visitors. Princess Henry of Battenberg is in constant attendance on her mother and is much brighter than before. She takes all the onus of entertaining the Queen's visitors.

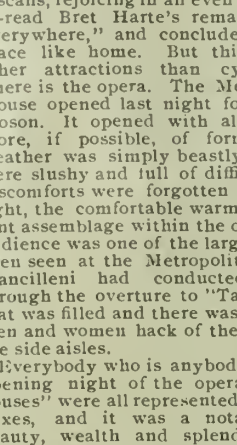
Apropos of Her Majesty's present guests, the Grand Duchess Serge of Russia is certainly by far the most beautiful and accomplished of the Queen's granddaughters. Only for Bismarck she would have been Empress of Germany, for Kaiser Wilhelm fell madly in love with his lovely cousin, Princess Elizabeth of Hesse. Everyone was pleased, but the Iron Chancellor said no, and as his nay was law to old Kaiser William, the Princess married a Russian Grand Duke. The reports of the Empress of Germany's ill health are fearfully exaggerated, for she is perfectly well and stout. She is rather disturbed by the erratic behavior of her spouse, and said recently, "William is so—what do you call it? Always on the jump." She was pleased with their trip to the Holy Land, for she is an exceedingly pious woman.

Poor Lord Kitchener is having an awful time, as he is being rushed to death. Besides his social duties, he is constantly called upon to open bazaars, preside at Band of Hope meetings, and undertake the distribution of prizes at a hospital! Lord Kitchener and the recent war in Africa makes me think of our own troubles with Spain. I suppose in many ways the war was deplorable, but it has certainly done much to establish cordial relations between Great Britain and the United States, besides giving us a different status among the foreign powers. Great interest is taken everywhere as to our methods of governing the Philippines, and no one seems to doubt but that we shall certainly govern the islands better than Spain.

Patti, the only and great, appeared again at a concert in London last week, but in a new role, i. e., composer. She has written some very pretty music to Lord Byron's poem, "The Kiss, Dear Maid, Thy Lip has Left." Patti looked younger than ever and is deeply enamored of her prospective spouse, Baron Cederstorm, a Swedish nobleman. She says she needs companionhip and finds in Baron Cederstorm a congenial spirit. He is rather a good-looking man on the Viking order, and apparently very fond of his bride-elect.

KATRIONA.

Figures Don't Lie.



It doesn't take much knowledge of mathematics to figure out the facts about that dread disease — consumption. Statisticians long ago demonstrated that one seventh of all the deaths in Christendom each year may be safely attributed to consumption and allied diseases.

There is an almost certain cure and a positive preventive for this fatal disease if taken in time. The story of what it will do is told in the following letter:

"About two and a half years ago, when I was at Flat Lick, Ky.," writes J. W. Jordan, Esq., of Corbin, Whitley Co., Ky., "I was taken with severe pains in the chest, after which I began to spit up blood and was also troubled with night-sweats. I was so short winded that I could hardly walk, half a mile at once, and if I got the least bit wearied, I would have a attack of phthisic (asthma) and almost die for about two or three days. I concluded to try Dr. R. V. Pierce, and I related my case to him. He wrote me that I should take his 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I began using it and used about six bottles. I began to see that it was helping me, so concluded to continue its use. I did so and have improved both in strength and in weight. I have not had the phthisic, nor spit up any blood since last spring."

This great remedy—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery—cures 98 per cent. of all laryngial, bronchial, throat and kindred affections which, if neglected lead up to consumption. It strengthens the stomach and makes the appetite keen and hearty. It invigorates the liver and aids the natural processes of secretion and excretion. It makes the assimilation of the food perfect. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. Honest dealers will not urge you to take a substitute said to be "just as good."

Send for Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. FREE. Enclose 21 one-cent stamps to cover mailing *only*, to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., for a paper-covered copy. Cloth binding ten cents extra. It is a thousand page book with over seven hundred illustrations; formerly sold for $1.50. For limited time can be had for cost of mailing.

"A PERFECT FOOD—as Wholesome as it is Delicious."

WALTER BAKER & CO.'S

BREAKFAST COCOA

"Has stood the test of more than 100 years' use among all classes, and for purity and honest worth is unequalled."
—*Medical and Surgical Journal.*

Costs less than ONE CENT a Cup.
Trade-Mark on Every Package.

WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD.,

TRADE-MARK. Established 1780. DORCHESTER, MASS.

How's This?

We offer one hundred dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last fifteen years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo.
Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Insist Upon Having Your Ticket to New York Boston, or Other Eastern Cities

Read over the Nickel Plate (N. Y. C. & St. L. R. R.), the popular low-rate short line. Quick time, unexcelled accommodations, and no extra fares charged. Jay W. Adams, Pacific Coast Passenger Agent, 37 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal.

For health and strength: Damiana Bitters.

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON
Phone Main 5178

Sutter Street Hammam

TURKISH AND RUSSIAN BATHS

415 Sutter Street, between Stockton and Powell
Open Day and Night for Gentlemen
For Ladies, from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

THE LATEST STYLES IN

CHOICE WOOLENS

H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors

622 Market St. (up stairs) opp. Palace Hote

Bicycle and Golf Suits

LINEN HAND-DRAWN WORK

The choicest lot ever off red for sale in this city

Also Hand-made Mexican Silver and Leather Work
Australiau Opals and Arizona Rubies
at Mexican Prices
For a few days only

114 Stockton Street, bet. Geary and O'Farrell

Ball-Room and Fancy Dancing

PROF. FARRELL'S
DANCING SCHOOL

Cotillion Hall, 1310 Polk St.
Classes Monday and Wednesday Evenings.
Juvenile Class Saturdays at 2 p.m.
HALL TO RENT FOR BALLS, PARTIES, ETC.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO

Capital and Surplus . Six Million Dollars

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON.....Second Assistant Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

CORRESPONDENTS

New York.....{ Messrs. Laidlaw & Co. / The Bank of New York, N. B. A.
Baltimore.....The National Exchange Bank
Boston.....The Tremont National Bank
Chicago.....{ Illinois Trust and Savings Bank / Union National Bank
Philadelphia.....Philadelphia National Bank
St. Louis.....Boatmen's Bank
Virginia City, Nev...Agency of the Bank of California
London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
Paris.....Messrs. De Rothschild Freres
Berlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft
China, Japan and East Indies.....Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China
Australia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California St., S. F.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....$2,135,820 60
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash.....1,000,000 00
Deposits June 30, 1898.....26,486,987 06

OFFICERS

President, B. A. BECKER
First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER
Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN
Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT
Assistant Cashier, WM. HERRMANN
Secretary, GEORGE TOURNY
Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann, Ign. Stein hart, N. Van Bergen, E. Rhote, H. B. Russ, D. N. Walter and N. Ohlandt.
Attorney - W. S. Goodfellow

San Francisco Savings Union

532 CALIFORNIA ST.

Deposits July 1, 1898.....$23,356,130
Paid Up Capital.....1,000,000
Reserve Fund.....182,009
Contingent Fund.....435,515

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

DIRECTORS

George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, George Tasheira, E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate, and Farms and Farming Lands in the country.
Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.
No charge is made for pass book or entrance fee.
Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco

33 POST STREET

Below Kearny Mechanics' Institute Buildin

Guaranteed Capital, $1,000,000
Paid Up Capital, $300,000

JAMES D. PHELAN, President
S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-President
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier
C. B. HOBSON, Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS—James D. Phelan, S. G. Murphy, John A. Hooper, James Moffitt, C. G. Hooker, Frank J. Sullivan, L. P. Drexler, Robt. McElroy, Jos. D. Grant.
Interest paid on deposits.
Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks.
When opening accounts, send signature.

CONNECTICUT

FIRE INS. CO.

OF HARTFORD

Assets. $3,300,000. BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.
COLIN M. BOYD,
Agent for San Francisco
411 California Street

Thuringia Insurance Co.

OF ERFURT, GERMANY

Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248

PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT
204-208 Sansome Street, San Francisco

VOSS, CONRAD & CO,, General Managers

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL Building and Loan Ass'n of California

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and Gen. Manager.
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

FRANKLIN K. LANE G. WHITFIELD LANE

LANE & LANE

Attorneys and Counselors

Removed to
1409-1412-1413 Claus Spreckels Building

Joseph's 2:37 Horse.

"I never could miss a horse deal," said one of the former proprietors of the Guttenburg racetrack with a chuckle of satisfaction, "but my last venture was a Jim Dandy. Over in Jersey a few weeks ago I was driving along the pike, about five miles from my country home, when an old farmer I know poked his whiskers over his fence and asked if I didn't want to buy an ancient plug, which he held by a halter to keep from falling down. I stopped, of course, and examined the steed. There was about $3 worth of meat on him, $5 worth of vitality and 2 cents' worth of speed. I didn't exactly see what I could do with such a monumental wreck, but the horse-trading passion grew strong within me and I said:

"'How much for the equine gold brick?'

"'Thirty dollars,' returned the farmer.

"'For how many?' I asked politely.

"'This is selected stock. Comes one in a box,' was his retort.

"'I'll give you ten,' said I, 'and no questions asked.

"'Let's divide the pot,' he said. 'Call it twenty and this beautiful Hambletonian is your'n.'

"Well, I liked the farmer and I liked his sporty talk, and as I had spent some previous time in dalliance at the roadhouse money had ceased to look as lovely as usual. So I gave him twenty and led the four-legged graveyard home. I kept him on grass for a week or two and noticed that he began to pick up a little form. This also attracted the attention of a coal-black gentleman whom I employ on my place as a valet to the cows and lesser stock. One bright, dewey morning he shuffled up and said:

"'Boss, what yo' taak fo' de new hoss?'

"Does some benevolent association want to buy him?' I asked. The black gentleman grinned till his teeth shone like a monument builder's exhibit at a world's fair.

"'No, sah,' said he. 'Ah's lookin' fo' hoss flesh fo' m'self.'

"'But this is a very valuable animal, Joseph,' said I, reflectively, 'and his possibilities in speed are unlimited. The only thing that worries me is his impossibilities. I should think $100——'

"'Ah'll give yo' fifty, boss,' broke in Joseph. 'Cawn't spare no more'n dat.'

"A kind heart and a generous, noble nature have always been against me in matters of commerce, so I sold the nag to the black gentleman for his half-century and dismissed the transaction from my mind as unworthy of regret. But a few days afterwards he came around to discuss his purchase.

"Boss,' said he, 'Ah's pow'ful sorry for yo'.'

"'What's the matter with me?' I asked. 'Am I sick again?'

"'Yo' done will be w'en yo' heahs de news,' he answered. 'Boss, dat fifty-dollar hoss yo' done sole me goes in two thuty-seven!'

"'Don't, Joseph,' said I, pained beyond expression by this evidence of decadence. 'Remember Ananias and what one puny little effort did for him.'

"'Fact, boss; 'deed hit is,' he insisted, and he called a runt of an African who had recently appeared in the neighborhood to come and back up his assertion.

"'Two-thuty-seven's his time, sah,' said the runt, pulling out a handsome stop-watch, which he explained in some confusion had been presented to him by a lady friend for being good. 'Me'n Joe done had him down to the track, 'n' trotted him round in yo' ole sulky in dat time, suh, 'cordin' to de watch.'

"'If that's is the case, Joseph,' said I, 'I am willing to buy the animal back at a comfortable advance. Looking at the horse now in a charitable light, I perceive that his days are numbered and will soon be tabulated on a cold, cold slab. You may touch me for $60, and I'll take the animal off your hands.'

"But the low-down African grinned.

"'Bid him up, boss,' said he, 'Ah's used to auctions.'

"'Joseph,' said I, 'you grieve me deeply. 'Would you for the mere greed of filthy lucre restrain the hand of benevolence. I'll give you $65.'

"'Money'll have t' talk louder'n dat, boss,' said the perverse one. 'Once mo', ef yo' please.'

"'Seventy dollars, then, if you're good.

"'Dat's A, B, C, boss. Sling some good ole diction'ry langwidge with free fighas in hit.'

"'Well, before I got through with Joseph he ran me up to $125. Then I started over to the track with him, his runt friend with the stop-watch, and the bony old glue-pot filler of a horse to witness a performance before paying my cash. The track in question is an abandoned bicycle course which I overhauled last spring as a sprinting place for my own horses and the horses of my friends. When we arrived the two black gentlemen hustled the nag into an old sulky. Joseph mounted, and the funeral procession moved up the course.

"The runt pulled his stop-watch and I consulted mine. Joseph plied the whip and let his record breaker out for all he was worth, which appeared to be about as much as a goat hitched to a canal boat.

"By and by, as the sun went down and the moon came up, Joseph and his horse came under the wire.

"'What's de time?' he asked his sable friend expectantly. A smile of triumph split the runt's face in two.

"'He done it in two-thuty-six an' er half,' he answered, and I laid my weary head between my hands and laughed until it hurt me.

"'Wha' fo' yo' laugh, boss?' asked Joseph, coming up to receive the expected $125. 'Am yo' glad t' git him so cheap"

"'Joseph,' I said, when I caught my breath. 'I'll not deprive you of your thoroughbred unless you insist, and in that event I must alter my figures. Instead of $125, I have not the heart to offer you more than $1.25.'

"'Fo' de Lawd's sake, boss! What's de matter wid yo'?' gasped Joseph, pop-eyed with astonishment. 'Didn't he go 'round de track in two-thuty-six an' er half?'

"'He did for a fact, Joseph; he did,' said I.

"'Den what's wrong?' he demanded.

"Nothing, Joseph; absolutely nothing,' I answered. 'Only this happens to be a half-mile track!'

"The two colored gentlemen fell down in the dust."

"Gimme my 'Seal,' Jim, quick; can't stop this trip."

One will go a long way out of the way to get

Seal of North Carolina

smoking tobacco. The old settlers and ranchmen know its good points and that nothing has ever been made that makes a better smoke.

The Original Plug Cut—
Always the same—
Mild and Cool.

Boxing and Physical Culture.

Professor Walter Watson, for many years boxing instructor of the Olympic Club, will give lessons in boxing and physical culture, privately or in classes. Professor Watson has an international reputation second to none, having taught pugilists of note in London, New York and San Francisco, among whom might be mentioned eleven winners of the amateur championship of England, numerous winners of prizes in the San Francisco Olympic Club, James J. Corbett, and many others. Lessons also given to pupils at their own residences. 417 Ellis street.

Poodle Dog Restaurant, southeast corner of Grant avenue and Bush street. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone 429. Blanco & Bruno, proprietors.

For those who appreciate Comfort and Attention

A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL

SAN FRANCISCO

M. B. HOOPER, MANAGER

Hotel Bella Vista

1101 Pine Street

THE SELECT FAMILY HOTEL OF SAN FRANCISCO

MRS. M. W. DENVER

Golden Eagle Hotel

Seventh and K Sts., Sacramento

First-class in every respect. All modern conveniences. Bus at every train. GRAY & TITUS, Props.

GOULD & CURRY SILVER MINING CO.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California, location of works Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 4th day of November 1898, an assessment (No. 85) of ten cents (10c.) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, Room No. 69, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 8th day of December, 1898, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday, the 29th day of December, 1898, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

ALFRED K. BURROW, Secretary.

Office, room No. 69, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

ESTATE OF MARIE BOGE, DECEASED.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Carl Boge, Administrator of the Estate of Marie Boge, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator, at the office of Gavin McNab, Esq., his attorney, room 47, seventh floor, Mills Building, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

CARL BOGE,
Administrator of the Estate of Marie Boge, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, November 21, 1898.

GAVIN McNAB, Attorney for Administrator.

Centennial Stable

Boarding and Livery

Carriages, Broughams, Victorias, etc. First-Class in every respect

1521-1523-1525 California Street
Bet. Polk and

Telephone East 378 M. CONLON, Proprietor

GREENBAUM'S

White and Dark Violet

The Most Fashionable Perfume
Possesses the Odor of Fresh Violets

128 POST ST UNDER BOHEMIAN CLUB

AMUSEMENTS

Pacific Coast Jockey Club

INGLESIDE TRACK

The Handsomest in America! The Pride of California!

Five or More Running Races Daily

December 12th to 26th

Trains leave Third-Street Station at 12:45 and 1:15 p.m. Round trip tickets, 25c.
Electric Cars on Missiou and Kearny streets every three minutes.

Admission, One Dollar

F. H. GREEN, Secretary. S. N. ANDROUS, President.

California Jockey Club

OAKLAND TRACK

Opening of Winter Meeting 1898-1899

Beginning Monday, November 28th, to Saturday, January 10th, inclusive

Racing Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Rain or Shine.
Races start at 2:15 sharp

Purchase tickets at Ferry Depot for Shell Mound. Special Boats leave at 12 00, 12 30, 1.00, 1.30, 2 00, 2 30 and 3.00 p.m., connecting with trains running direct to the track gate. Returning Special Trains leave track at 4.15, 4.45, and immediately after last race.

R. B. MILROY, Secretary. T. H. WILLIAMS JR., President.

GLEN PARK

THE MISSION ZOO

SENSATION OF THE AGE!
Daring, Dashing, Thrilling Feat
SUNDAY, Dec. 11th, at 1:30 p. m.
A LEAP FROM THE CLOUDS, 300 ft. into a net—By
PROF. WILLIS,
The Celebrated Net Diver

A LEAP FROM THE CLOUDS
300 FEET INTO A NET!

A Big Vaudeville Bill in FREE Amphitheater!

Admission 10c—No Further Charge—Children Under 5 Years Free.

Refreshments and Lunch in Cafe.

Take San Mateo Electric Cars. Valencia, Mission, Sutter transfer

Orpheum

Week commencing Monday, December 12th

George Fuller Golden, Monologuist — the Greatest of the Great
Three Merkell Sisters, European Acrobats
Julius P. Witmark, Famous Vocalist
Frank LaMondue, Comedy Acrobat
Violet Dale, Acrobatic Dancer
Camilla Urso, Violinis-te — Paul Batty's Bears
Arneseu. Equilibrist
Baker, Sellery & Bartlett, Comedians

Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c.

Tivoli Opera House

MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING, Proprietor and Manager

Last Nights of Edmond Rostand's Romantic Comedy, Cyrano de Bergerac
Commencing Monday, Dec. 12th—Every Evening
Saturday Matinee
Return to the Realms of Melody and Fun — Superb Production of Audran's Favorite Opera

THE MASCOT

Great Cast, Superb Scenery, and Correct Costumes

Next—Our Christmas Spectacle
THE YELLOW DWARF

Popular Prices : : 25 and 50 cts.
Matinee Reserved Seats 25c. Tele. Bush 9

Alcazar Theatre

FRED BELASCO, Lessee : MARK THALL, Manager
Telephone Main 254

Week of December 12th—A. M. Palmer's Greatest Success

ALABAMA

A Poetic Story of Southern Life

Elaborate Production! Unique Stage Settings!

Prices—15c., 25c., 35c., 50c.

In preparation—Hoyt's "A Midnight Bell"

Columbia Theatre

GOTTLOB, MARX & Co. : : Lessees and Managers

Beginning Next Monday, Dec. 12th
Evans & Hoey's Ever-Green Success—Hoyt's

A PARLOR MATCH

A Great Cast of Comedians!

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES in and for the Northern District of California.

IN THE MATTER OF S. A. EARLE and ROBERT BONNER, partners as Earle & Bonner, Bankrupts.

Take notice, that S. A. EARLE and ROBERT BONNER, partners as Earle & Bonner, bankrupts above named, have been duly adjudicated bankrupts under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, and that the first meeting of the creditors has been called to meet at the office of the undersigned, at room 185, Crocker Building, San Francisco, California, on Thursday the 22d day of December, 1898, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of proving their claims against the estate of said bankrupt; and that at the same time and place all creditors whose claims have been duly proven and allowed shall appoint one or three trustees of said estate.

Dated San Francisco, December 8, 1898.

MILTON J. GREEN, Referee in Bankruptcy
in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

THE THEATRES

Passing Comment on Contemporary Performances.

"Keeping up Appearances" is a most amusing introduction to "The Private Secretary" at the Alcazar. The estrangement of the Thorntons, the contretemps of her father's visit, and the reconciliation, are situations that furnish opportunities for a good deal of fun. Hastings, as Harry Thornton, the lawyer, Miss Lyons, as his jealous wife, Osbourne as Mr. Randolph, her father, and Curtain, as James, the butler, all deserve mention for their clever work.

"The Private Secretary" is one of those clean-cut farce comedies that are thoroughly enjoyable. The title role was played by Howard Scott in that inimitable manner of his which is so pleasing to Alcazar audiences. George Osbourne played Mr. Cattermole, the wealthy East Indian, and Ernest Hastings, as his scapegrace nephew, played him to perfection. Miss Gretchen Lyons acted Edith Marsland, Squire Marsland's daughter, with her usual care and spirit. It is a pleasure to remark upon the orchestral rendering of the music programme, notably Offenbach's "Orpheus" overture, C. H. Taylor's "March King" waltzes, and Sidney Jones' selections from "The Geisha."

* *

MUSIC

The third concert of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will be given at the Orpheum Music Hall, on Thursday afternoon next, beginning at 3:15 o'clock. The principal number on the new programme is Beethoven's great "Pastoral" symphony. In this work the master composer depicts the varied scenes of country life, and he has given the following indications of his meaning: First movement, the cheerful impressions excited on arriving in the country; second movement, by the brook; third movement, peasants' merry making; fourth movement, thunderstorm; fifth movement the shepherd's song of thanksgiving after the storm. In addition to the symphony the programme includes Schumann's celebrated "Genoveva" overture, a movement from Hoffmann's "Friethjof" symphony, an adagio from one of Haydn's string quartets, and a fantasie by Moussorgsky entitled "The nuit sur le monte chauve" (Walpurgisnacht), which will be heard for the first time in this city.

* *

The first coucert of the series to be given by Andrew Bogart this winter, took place at Sherman & Clay's Hall on last Saturday afternoon. Owing to the lack of advertising advantages, the attendance was small; but it was very enthusiastic. Mr. Bogart was in excellent voice and sang with rare expression and sweetness. Von Tielitz's "Eliland," a series of ten songs, gave him an opportunity of showing the range and power of his voice. His enunciation was admirable.

Miss Berglund assisted Mr. Bogart and sang very charmingly, indeed. She was repeatedly encored. The next concert takes place on Dec. 10th., which will be followed by the last of the series on Dec. 17th.

* *

DRAMATIC NOTES

After two weeks of serious drama the Tivoli returns on Monday evening to its legitimate sphere with a sumptuous revival of Audran's "Mascot." With the possible exception of "Pinafore" and the "Mikado," in no other play are music and comedy so happily blended. The plot is one of the cleverest productions of any French opera. Edwin Stevens will appear in his favorite role of Prince Lorenzo, Annie Myers will be Bettina, William Pruette plays Pippo the Shepherd, Elvia Crox Prince Frederic and Anna Lichter the Princess.

After one week of "The Mascot," the Tivoli will put on its holiday extravaganza, "The Yellow Dwarf." New ballets, marches and spectacular effects are to be introduced, with fresh faces among the figurantes. Miss Ida Wyatt, who has just returned from Europe, will have the direction of the ballet.

For the week commencing on Monday, the Alcazar will produce in spectacular form Augustus Thomas' famous dramatic representation of Southern life, "Alabama." The play will be remembered as a poetical story of the South, which, while it bases its plot upon matters of seriousness, ebbs and flows with an atmosphere of idyllic happiness. Hoyt's "A Midnight Bell" will be the holiday production.

The Orpheum has five new turns for next week: George Fuller Golden, the famous monologuist; the Three Merkell Sisters, acrobats, from Berlin; Frank La Mondue, a Chinese impersonator; and Violet Dale, a newcomer, whose specialty is acrobatic dances. Mme. Camilla Urso, Batty's Bears, and Arnesen are all that have been retained from this week's bill.

At the California Theatre, on Sunday evening, Daniel Sully, the famous Irish comedian, will open his fortnight's engagement here. This is Sully's first appearance in San Francisco at popular prices, and there is a warm welcome promised him. He plays his own new comedy-drama, "Uncle Bob," in which he is very well supported.

"A Parlor Match," which is billed for next week at the Columbia Theatre, is the largest farce-comedy production ever played in San Francisco. Every role is enacted by some well-known artist, and in addition there are a number of thoroughly up-to-date specialties, including Tom Brown, the "great American whistler," just returned from a three years' tour of Europe.

The pupils of the Solly Walter School of Illustration will hold an exhibition at the studio of the school at 26 O'Farrell street, on Friday, the 16th. Mr. and Mrs. Walter and the pupils of the school will receive their friends from 2 to 5 p. m. During the afternoon there will be singing by Miss Roper, Donald de V. Graham and Mrs. Robert Bien, and instrumental music by Mr. Stewart, Mr. Stark and Mr. Weiss.

Two American illustrators, strong in the element of comicality, have made Christmas books for the Scribners. Mr. E. W. Kemble has devoted himself to picturing the antics of "The Billy-Goat," and Mr. Oliver Herford has furnished drawings in illustration of "The Bashful Earthquake" and other fables and verses of his own.

The excellent pictures composing the page of "Scenes at Camp McKinley, Honolulu," which was published in The Wave of October 8th, were erroneously credited to Oscar F. Campbell. The photographs were really by another of our correspondents at Honolulu, F. E. McClure, of Company K, Second United States Volunteer Engineers.

Clarets and Sauternes

THE WINES SHIPPED BY

A. De LUZE & FILS

Bordeaux, France

Are, Without Exception, the Finest and Most Reliable Imported

CHARLES MEINECKE & CO.

AGENTS

314 Sacramento Street, San Francisco, Cal.

A pretty piece of furniture will use your Christmas money better than anything else you can buy.

There's a hint in the picture.

Dainty French reception chairs for the parlor — tapering legs, shapely backs, finished in Vernis Martin, with all the dazzling richness the color-schemers could command.

A bright bit of silk upholstered on the seat — and there you have it — even pretty enough for a Christmas gift!

The window is full of hints of Christmas — the store is full. We want you to see them. Come with your friends and stay an hour or so . . . .

California Furniture Company

(N. P. COLE & CO.)
117-123 Geary St.

Carpets
Rugs
Mattings

Dr. C W. Decker, Dentist, 806 Market Street

A SPECIAL OFFER

TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION

For twenty-five cents The Wave will be sent to any address in the United States, postage paid, for one month, as a trial subscription,

together with a handsome engraving in twelve colors, 18 by 24 inches, entitled "Looking Backward," by G. Costa. Cash and annexed coupon must accompany all orders.

TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION COUPON

The Wave, San Francisco:

Please send The Wave for one month and your engraving "Looking Backward."

Name.....

Address .....

....

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

In accordance with the terms and under the authority of a certain deed of trust, duly executed by Owen Kelly and Catharine Kelly (his wife), parties of the first part, to Arthur F. Bridge, party of the second part, and Frederick W. Bridge, party of the third part, dated March 10th, 1897 and recorded in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on March 13th, 1897, in Liber 1722 of Deeds at page 255, and in pursuance of a notice from the said Frederick W. Bridge (the bolder of the promissory note, to secure the payment of which the aforesaid deed of trust was executed) that default has been made in the payment of the principal sum and interest due under said note, and requesting and directing the undersigned, Arthur F. Bridge trustee, to sell the real estate described in said deed of trust to satisfy said indebtedness:

I Arthur F. Bridge, do hereby give notice, that on Tuesday, the twenty-ninth day of November, 1898, at twelve o clock noon of that day, and at the auction salesroom of G. H. Umbsen and Compny, 14 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco State of California, I will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash in gold coin of the United States, that certain piece or parcel of land, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Twentieth street, distant thereon twenty five (25) feet westerly from the southwesterly corner of Twentieth and Alabama streets, running thence westerly along said southerly line of Twentieth street fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles southerly one hundred and four (104) feet, and thence at right angles easterly fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles northerly one hundred and four (104) feet to the point of commencement. Being a subdivision of Mission Block No. 142. Together with the appurtenances.

Terms of Sale: Cash in gold coin of the United States; ten per cent payable on the fall of the hammer; balance on delivery of deed, and if not so paid, unless for want of title (ten days being allowed for search), then said ten per cent to be forfeited, and the sale to be void.

The said property is subject to a mortgage to the Hibernia Savings and Loan Society for the sum of one thousand dollars, and accrued interest, which is on record in Liber 1067 of Mortgages, at page 327, Records of the City and County of San Francisco, and the interest to be sold herein is the equity in said property over and above said mortgage.

ARTHUR F. BRIDGE, Trustee.

Haven & Haven, Attorneys for Trustee.

POSTPONEMENT OF ABOVE SALE.—Notice is hereby given that the foregoing sale has been postponed from Tuesday, the twenty-ninth day of November, 1898, at 12 o clock noon, to Monday, the nineteenth day of December, 1898, at 12 o'clock noon, at the same place as above specified, and under the same terms and conditions.

ARTHUR F. BRIDGE, Trustee.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, the famous orator, statesman, railroad president and millionaire, in an interview said of his recent visit to Del Monte: "I visted Monterey, and I call it the most beautiful place in the world. Monte Carlo cannot compare with it. Its seventeen mile-drive is unparalleled for fineness."

Specially reduced rates for the winter months of November, December, January and February, are offered, as follows:
Single room, with board for one person, by the month, $65. Double room, with board for one person, by the month, $70; two persons, $135.
Best room, with board for one person, by the month, $75; two persons, $145. Best room, with bath and board for one person, by the month, $80; two persons, $155
Small parlor suites, with board for one person, by the month, $80; two persons, $155. Daily and weekly rates remain as heretofore—from $3 to $5 per day

For further information, address **GEORGE SCHONEWALD, Manager**
Hotel Del Monte, Monterey, California.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway wharf San Francisco.
For Alaskan ports, 10 a.m. Dec. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, Jan. 1; change at Seattle.
For B. C. and Puget Sound ports 10 a.m. Dec. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, Jan. 1, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, 2 p.m. Dec. 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, Jan. 4, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a. m. Dec. 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 31, Jan. 4 and every fourth day thereafter.
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 a.m. Dec. 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, Jan. 2 and every fourth day thereafter.
For Mexican ports, 10 a. m. Dec. 15, Jan. 12, Feb. 9, March 9, April 6.
For further information, obtain folder.
The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing.

Ticket Office: 4 New Montgomery St (Palace Hotel)
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen. Agts.
No. 10 Market Street, - San Francisco, Cal.

California Limited
Santa Fe Route

Connecting Train Leaves San Francisco at 5 p. m.

Every Sunday, Tuesday, Friday

Arrives in Chicago at 9:52 a. m. the following Thursday, Saturday and Tuesday — Arriving in New York at 1:30 p. m. Friday, Sunday and Wednesday . . . . .

Dining Car, Buffet Car, Observation Car and Electric-Lighted Sleeping Cars.

TICKET OFFICES
628 MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO
1118 BROADWAY, OAKLAND

JNO. L. TRUSLOW, Gen. Agt. Passenger Dept. an Francisco, Cal.
JNO. J. BYRNE, Gen. Passenger Agt. Los Angeles, Cal.

"ALWAYS RIGHT ON TIME!"

UNION PACIFIC — THE OVERLAND ROUTE — WORLD'S PICTORIAL LINE.

The Finest and Fastest Train from California to the East
IS THE
Overland Limited
VIA
UNION PACIFIC

Leaves San Francisco DAILY at 6 00 p.m., running through to Chicago without change of cars.

EQUIPMENT—Pullman Double Drawing-Room Sleepers
Dining Cars
Composite Buffet Smoking and Library Cars
Reclining Chair Cars

Entire train vestibuled and lighted throughout by Pintsch Gas. Time, 3½ days, San Francisco to Chicago—*twelve hours quicker than all other lines*

Upholstered Pullman Tourist Sleepers are also carried on the "Overland Limited," daily San Francisco to Chicago, without change, thereby enabling passengers holding second class tickets to reach Chicago and all points at the same time as first class passengers. Steamship tickets to all points in Europe.

Tickets and sleeping car reservations at General Office, No. 1 Montgomery Street. Telephone Main 1930. D. W. HITCHCOCK, General Agent.

OCEANIC Steamship Company
Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S. S. "Australia," for **Honolulu only**, Wednesday, December 14th, at 2. p.m.
S. S. Moana, **for Australia**, Wednesday, Dec. 28th, at 10 p.m. Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.
Freight Office 327 Market St.
J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO General Agents

A Cigarette WITH YOUR **Monogram**
Costs no more, and is unique
Address Gross & Deutch, 5 Kearny Street, San Francisco
Or Pinkus Bros., Manufacturers, 50 New Street, New York

A. K. DAGGETT
Drawing of Deeds and all Legal Papers a specialty
NOTARY PUBLIC
14 Montgomery St., S. F
Telephone 305

TO CHICAGO IN 3 1-2 DAYS
TO NEW YORK IN 4 1-2 DAYS
VIA
Chicago Union Pacific
AND
Northwestern Line

Through Pullman and Tourist Sleeping Cars Daily. All meals served a la carte in Dining Car. For full information, address
R. R. RITCHIE,
General Agent Pacific Coast
No. 2 New Montgomery Street (Palace Hotel)
San Francisco, Cal.

Brushes For barbers, bakers, pancake bathhouses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candymakers, canners, dyers flour mills, foundries, laundries, paperhangers, printers painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners tailors, etc.
BUCHANAN BROS.
TEL. 8610 609 SACRAMENTO ST
BRUSH MANUFACTURERS

JOE POHEIM, THE TAILOR
Makes the best fitting clothes at 25 per cent less than any other house on the Pacific Coast. See Prices:

PANTS TO ORDER	SUITS TO ORDER
$3.50	$10.00
4.50	13.50
5.00	15.50
6.00	17.50
7.00	20.00
8.00	25.00
9.00	30.00

The firm of JOE POHEIM is the largest in the United States. Rules for self-measurement and samples of cloth sent free.
201 and 203 Montgomery St., cor. Bush.
844 & 846 Market St. 1110 & 1112 Market St.
SAN FRANCISCO.
465 Fourteenth St., Oakland. 603 & 605 K St., Sacramento.
143 South Spring St., Los Angeles.

BAJA CALIFORNIA
DAMIANA BITTERS
[illegible] physicians recommend [illegible] the greatest nerve tonic known [illegible] are not necessary [illegible] known on their merits.
NAHER, ALES & BRUNE Agents
323 325 Market St. S. F.

BONESTELL & CO.
Dealers in **PAPER**
Fine Coated Papers a Specialty
401-403 SANSOME ST
San Francisco Cal.

Blake, Moffitt & Towne
DEALERS IN
PAPER
55, 57, 59 and 61 First Street, San Francisco
Telephone Main 199

MRS. M. E. PERLEY MRS. S. V. CULP

DECORATIVE KERAMIC ART STUDIO

215 Post Street

All Branches of China Painting Taught
Morning Class: Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, from 9 a. m. to 12 m. Afternoon Class: Daily, from 1:30 to 4:30. Lessons $1 each. Private Lessons $1.50 each. TRY OUR ROMAN GOLD.
Telephone Grant 43

The Graphophone

When you get a talking machine, get one on which you can record as well as reproduce sound. The Graphophoue is the greatest aud best talkiug machine. Other so-called talking machines reproduce only records of cut-and-dried subjects made in laboratories. The Graphophone, besides affording marvelous entertainment by reproducing brilliantly and clearly the music of bands, orchestras, popular siugers, and all the great variety of records made for entertainment purposes, affords infinite personal delight through its power of instantly recording and reproducing at once, and as often as desired, songs sung to it, words spoken to it, or any sound.

Graphophones are sold for $10 and up
Write for Catalogue No. 75

Columbia Phonograph Co.
(DEPARTMENT 75)
723 Market Street, San Francisco
NEW YORK, PARIS, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, WASHINGTON, PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE, BUFFALO.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

A Positive Relief for Chapped Hands, Chafing, and all afflictions of the skin. "*A little higher in price, perhaps than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it.*" Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). *Sample free.*
GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

COTTON SAIL DUCKS
22-inch, in all numbers Medium, Soft and Hard
ALSO:
Awning, Wagon and Draper Ducks
From 28 inches wide
Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks
Manufactured by Murphy, Grant & Co.
Mount Vernon Company Pacific Coast
Baltimore Sole Agents

Beware of Imitations
This is a fac simile of the package
Genuine Diamond "L" Tea
Pure and Uncolored
GEO. A. MOORE & CO.
208 California St., S. F.
For sale by all grocers

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
25 CTS. 25 CTS.
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

Sheridan Knowles, the dramatist, was noted for his absence of mind. As he was walking down the Strand one day with a friend he stopped to greet a gentleman, who, however, received him very coldly. "Do you know," said he to Knowles, "that you owe me an apology?" "An apology! what for?" asked the dramatist. "For not keeping that dinner engagement you had with me last Thursday. I had a number of people to meet you, and you never came or even sent an explanation of your absence." "Oh, I'm so sorry," exclaimed Knowles, "I've such a memory that I forgot all about the affair; forgive me and invite me to another dinner." It was then arranged that he should dine with the gentleman on the following Wednesday, and in order to secure against the engagement being again forgotten he there and then recorded it in his diary. On rejoining his friend he told him the story of his lapse of memory. "Who is the gentleman?" asked the friend. "Well, I'm blest," cried Sheridan Knowles. "I have forgotten his name." "That's funny," said the friend, "but you can easily find it out by referring to the directory. You know his address, of course." "No, not even that," roared the unhappy dramatist.

The late Mr. Justice Keogh was in the latest years of his eventful career afflicted with failing memory. On the occasion of a "bar dinner" at his house he went upstairs to dress, but did not reappear. The company sat patiently for some time, till at length—just as their hunger was getting the better of their manners, and an emissary was despatched to hunt up the missing Judge—his lordship appeared and explained with many apologies that, imagining that he was retiring for the night, he had undressed and got into bed. After an hour's sleep he awoke, when it suddenly struck him that he had not yet dined, on which he hurried down to his guests. He once attended a representation of "Macbeth," in the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin. It will be remembered that the witches, in reply to the Thane's inquiry what they were doing, declared they were doing "a deed without a name." Catching the sound of the words, and no doubt imagining he was on the bench in the Four Courts Keogh explained, to the astonishment of the audience: "A deed without a name! Why, it's not worth sixpence!"

The gray old mountaineer asked me down to take dinner with him. He lived in a well-kept cabin with his daughter. After dinner we sat in the shade of a tree and he told me about himself. "Air you married?" he asked, after he had told me he was a widower. "No, but I hope to be some day," I answered, quite sincerely. "You ought to be; every man ought to be; a man that ain't ain't showin' a right feelin' to'rds what the Lord's done fer him; ther ain't nothin' on the face uv God's green earth that is a patchin' to a woman, I don't keer what kind she is." "You're hale and hearty yet," I said, "and I don't see why you don't take some of your own advice." "Don't crowd it, mister," he said, waving his hand as if warding off my attack. "I'm figgerin' on sever'l this very minute, and I ain't quite shore yit which one to pick. I've been married four times, and every time my notions uv women has got so much higher that I'll be derned ef I don't kinder look forrerd to losin' a wife jist fer the satisfaction uv gittin' another one."

"Home, Sweet Home" was sung first at the time when the Government attempted to harmonize the contending factions in the dispute on the Georgia-Tennessee boundary line. John Howard Payne was accused of inciting the dissatisfied Indians and half-breeds, and was arrested and carried to the council-house. An Indian, who committed suicide on the grave of his wife and child, was buried in the presence of a number of men, among whom was Payne. As the body of the Indian was lowered into the grave, Payne hummed to himself the song that has become so famous. General Bishop called the young man to him and said sternly: "Where did you learn that song?" "I wrote it myself," answered Payne. "Where did you get the tune?" "I composed that also." "Will you give me a copy of it?" "Certainly." "Well," said the old Indian fighter, "appearances may be against you, but a man who can write a song like that is no incendiary, and I am going to set you free."

There were two men in this town who swore off smoking, the breaker of the contract to pay the other for a ten-dollar hat. Finally one of them weakened. While he meditated over the matter, however, he thought out a scheme to save himself on the hat. He went to the hatter's and bought a ten-dollar hat and had it charged to the other fellow. Then he met his friend at the club, and, pointing to the hat, said: "See that hat, old boy? It is one I have just had charged to you on that swear-off contract." The other fellow cried out: "How in the dickens did you find out I had been smoking?" "Never mind," said the other. "A little bird told me."

A friend making a morning call upon Peter Burrowes, a celebrated Irish barrister, who was very absent-minded, found him shaving himself with his face to the wall, and asked why he chose so strange an attitude. The answer was, "To look in the glass." "Why, there is no glass there." "Bless me!" exclaimed Burrowes, "I did not notice that before." Then, ringing the bell, he called the servant and questioned him respecting the looking-glass which had been hanging on the wall. "Oh, sir," said the servant, "it was broken six weeks ago."

At a meeting of the Council of a North Lincolnshire town a question arose as to the advisability of consecrating a new portion of the cemetery. A member suggested that "it would be best to consecrate it, as he had had his back yard done with it and 'it wore well.'"

PALACE AND GRAND HOTELS

Now Under One Management

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1400 rooms — 900 with bath

Rooms, $1.00 and upward Room and Meals, $3.00 and upward

A beautifully illustrated book, containing floor plans and rate card can be had for the asking. JOHN C. KIRKPATRICK, Manager.

HOTEL WESTMINSTER

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLANS LOS ANGELES, CAL.

The Finest and Most Complete Hotel in the City. Everything New.
The Highest Standard of Perfection Maintained in all Departments.

F. O. JOHNSON, Proprietor.

Louis Roederer Champagne

HIGHEST GRADE IN THE WORLD

E. LA MONTAGNE & SONS
Sole Agents
45 Beaver St., New York

LOUIS ROEDERER UNITED STATES Champagne

Three kinds, all of equal excellence:
BRUT GOLD SEAL — A Perfectly Dry Wine
GRAND VIN SEC BROWN SEAL — The Perfection of a Dry Wine
CARTE BLANCHE WHITE SEAL — A Rich Wine

MACONDRAY & CO.
Sole Agents Pacific Coast
116 California Street

California State Exposition 1898

REPSOLD SELECT VINTAGE

First Prize and Premium Award, Repsold *Cognac*
First Prize and Premium Award, Repsold Select Vintage *Montecito*
First Prize and Premium Award, Repsold Select Vintage *Burgundy*
First Prize and Premium Award, Repsold Select Vintage *Gutedel*
Special Mention of Honor, Repsold Select Vintage *Sauternes.*
THIS BRAND OF WINE IS SOLD AT ALL FIRST CLASS HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS
Office, 416 Pine Street

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

400 GRADUATES SECURED POSITIONS IN PAST TWO YEARS
LOW RATES!
San Francisco Business College
Only Experienced Bookkeepers and Reporters Employed as Teachers. Send for Catalogue.
1236 MARKET STREET, S. F.

Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson's Academy
1427 Franklin St., near Post
Reopens August 1, 1898. English, French, German and Spanish Boarding and Day School. Begins with kindergarten and prepares for universities, business and society. Drawing and painting. Cultured home training. Excellent table. $30.00 per month. Music in all its branches, if desired, extra.

Lyceum Preparatory School
For the University, Law and Medical Colleges. Accredited with Stanford University and Cooper College. References—President Jordan or any Stanford Professor.
PHELAN BUILDING.

The Solly Walter School of Illustration
Evening Classes
Tuesdays and Thursdays
26 O'Farrell Street, San Francisco

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU
Main Office, 510 Montgomery St.
SAN FRANCISCO
Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper Information
Advance Reports on all Contract Work
Telephone Main 1042

HAWAIIAN ADVERTISERS

Hawaiian Trust and Investment Co., Ltd.
Paid Up Capital, $30,000
Makes a Specialty of Hawaiian Securities and Real Estate. Correspondence solicited.
G. R. CARTER, Manager
GEO. R. CARTER, Treasurer
References — Welch & Co., San Francisco; Bank of Hawaii, Honolulu

W. C. ACHI & CO.
Real Estate Brokers
We will buy or sell real estate in any part of the group. We will also buy or sell Stocks in any corporation in the Hawaiian Islands.
Office, 10 West King Street, Honolulu, H. I.

R. C. A. PETERSON
BROKER
FINANCIAL STOCKS AND BONDS
Opp. Bishop & Co. Bank
Honolulu, H. I.
Real Estate, Custom House, Notary Public

Catalogue Season
is now upon us, and our facilities for this class of work were never better than at present. Let us quote you prices. The Wave is a sample of our product . . . .
BROWN, MEESE & CRADDOCK
INCORPORATED
419 Sacramento Street
Telephone Main 550 SAN FRANCISCO

PATRICK & CO.
RUBBER STAMPS
STENCILS, SEALS, BRANDS, ETC.
318 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS
308-314 POST ST.
Warranted for Ten Years

Forty-eight Pages

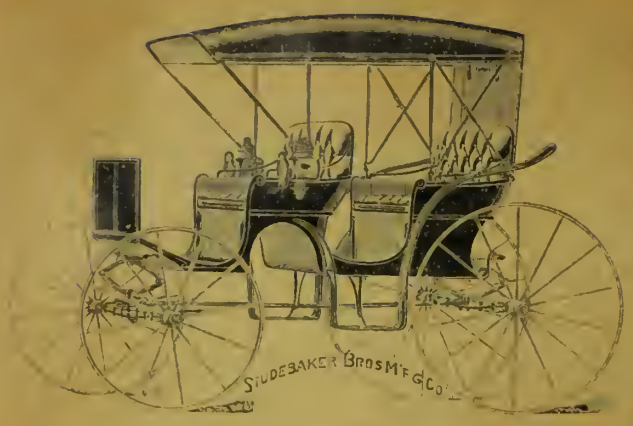
Price 25 cents

Christmas Number

THE WAVE

HAWAIIAN EDITION

PRESS OF BROWN, MEEBE & CRADDOCK 419 SACRAMENTO ST. S. F.



Studebaker Bros. Mfg. Co.

...SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
U. S. A.

The largest manufacturers in the United States of

Wagons
Carriages
Buggies

Landaus, Victorias and Sprinkling Wagons

FOR FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC TRADE

Factories at South Bend, Indiana, employ two thousand men and build annually seventy-five thousand complete vehicles.

More

Studebaker . . . . .
Sprinkling Wagons

in use than all other makes combined.

More and better

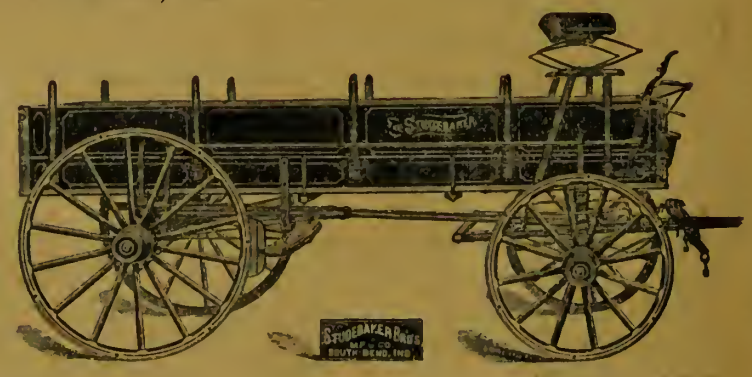
Studebaker Wagons

doing service to-day than ever before.

Studebaker Bros. Mfg. Co.

San Francisco, Cal.

Send for Our ....Catatogue and Price List



...THE FENCE THAT FENCES...

"American" { All Steel Woven Wire } Field Fence

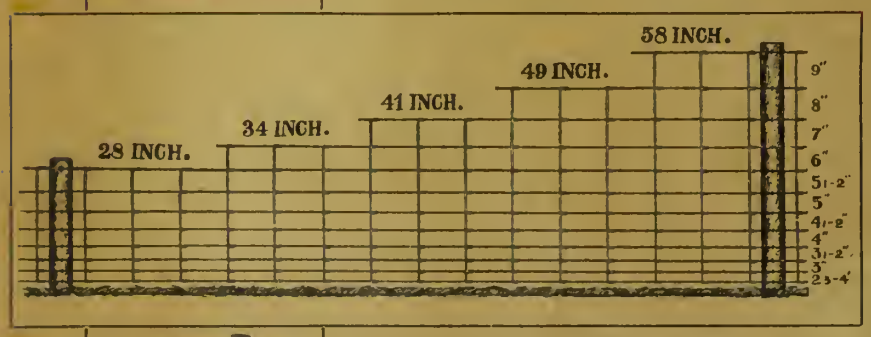
Every Rod of "AMERICAN" ... FENCE ... Fully Guaranteed

Large strong wires heavily galvanized

TENSION CURVE at every intersection of main strands and stay wires, provides for expansion and contraction

THE "AMERICAN" FENCE is made of Best Bessemer Steel Wire

Its thorough efficiency is proven under all conditions as a Safe and Sure fence to turn Cattle, Horses, Hogs and Pigs



Tension Curve and Joint

This Cut shows the height of Fences we make Either 12in. or 6in. stays

Investigate the merits of this Fence at our Agency in your city or town. If you can't find such, write us for Catalogue and we will see you are supplied

We are the Largest Manufacturers in the World of BARBED WIRE, WIRE NAILS, PLAIN and GALVANIZED WIRE. All kinds.

GEO. H. ISMON
Agent

American Steel & Wire Co.

225-227 Fremont St.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

These Houses

like all modern buildings are sheathed with

P. & B. Building Papers

Sold by all Dealers

Damp Proof
Dust Proof
Draught Proof

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

Paraffine Paint Co.

San Francisco

THE WAVE

HAWAIIAN AND CHRISTMAS NUMBER

December 17, 1898

By Oscar Maurer THE CITY OF THE GOLDEN GATE

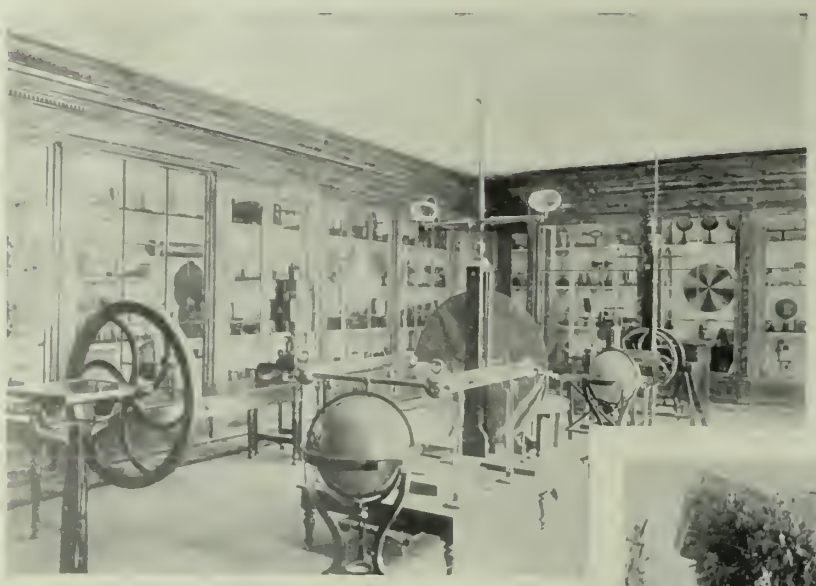
Devoted to an Exposition of the Resources and Characteristics of Uncle Sam's New Territory

Together with Stories and Pictures Appropriate to the Holiday Season

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.:
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE OF THE WAVE
24 Montgomery Street.

Santa Clara College

SANTA CLARA
CALIFORNIA



1. Physical Cabinet. 2. Library. 3. College Hall and Dormitory. 4. Scientific Building. 5. Inner Garden.

This institution was founded in 1851, and in 1852 was incorporated with the privileges of a University. It occupies six large buildings, with extensive shady playgrounds, covered gymnasiums, swimming pond, etc. It possesses a most complete Philosophical Apparatus and valuable collections of Mineralogy and Geology.

TERMS

(Payable semi-annually in advance)

Matriculation Fee (to be paid but once) **$15 00**

Board, Lodging, Tuition in all its branches, Washing and Mending of Linen, School Stationery, Medical Attendance and Medicine, Baths, etc., per season of five months, **$175 00**

For further particulars, apply to the President of Santa Clara College, or to St. Ignatius College, 214 Hayes street, San Francisco.

JOS. W. RIORDAN, Principal.

FRANK MALLOYE

McDEARMON & CO.

Agents for H. W. JOHNS CO.

Asbestos, Fire Felt, Sectional Boiler and Pipe Coverings

It is Fire Proof, Water Proof, Acid Proof, and the Best Coal Saver

Sectional
Asbestos-Magnesia
Boiler and Pipe
Coverings

Used extensively in U. S. Navy and Merchants Marine Service

Manufacturers of Fossil Meal and Asbestos Cement for Boilers, Drums, Heaters, etc.

Office, 422 Sacramento Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Telephone Main 1681 — Factory, Pacific and Davis Streets

Estimates and Samples furnished on application. Send for Circulars.

California Art Glass Bending and Cutting Works

Incorporated 1893.

103-105 Mission Street, Cor. Spear,
San Francisco, Cal.

Embossing, Staining, Beveling.

Wm. Schroeder,
President.

Telephone Main 868. — Gold Medal California Midwinter International Exposition 1894.

THE WAVE

Is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $5.00 per year. Sample copies free on application.

The trade is supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 342 Geary street; east of the Rocky Mountains by the American News Company, New York.

The Wave is kept on file and is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France; 31 Union Square, New York City; 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 206 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

For advertising rates and on all other matters pertaining to city business, address Trevor Corry, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Eastern representative, D. M. Foltz, 34 Park Row, New York.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 17, 1898

CONTENTS

Editorials	3	Island Products	22
"The Ambush of Young Days": a Story by P. W.	4–5	The Kamehameha Schools	23
Things and People	6	Factors and Figures of Honolulu Life	24–25
A Cavalier of San Rafael	7	Business Enterprises of Honolulu	26–28
Surf-Riding	8	Scenes Along the Route of the Oahu Railway Co.	29
Regenerating San Francisco: a Critique by Architectus	8	Hawaiian Hotel and Cottages	30
Christmas Festivities	8	Hawaiian Flower Girls	30
A Photographic Study by Arnold Genthe	9	A Coffee Plantation	32
"Where Gods can be Mistaken": a Story by Helen Bordeu	10	Prominent Hawaiians	34
The Hawaiian Islands: Their History, Climate, Resources and Development	11–14	Honolulu Business Blocks	36
An Interesting Institution	14	"The Insult of An Ancestry": a Story	38
Prominent Citizens of Honolulu	15	Notes and Comment	41
Law in Hawaii; by A. J. M. Robertson	16	Literary Review	42
The Annexation of Hawaii	17–19	Babblings of a Belle	43
Typical Hawaiian Views	20	London Letter	44
Some Private Residences	21	New York Letter	44
		"Wherein the Man was Weak" a Story	45
		The Theaters	46
		New Stories Re-Told	48

DESPERATE CONDITIONS IN THE MANILA HOSPITALS.

The medical department of the United States army is on the defensive. It has to explain charges of inefficiency and neglect. The nation demands to know why things are as they are; why men with typhoid fever and dysentery have had to subsist on army rations none too delicate or tempting to the vigorous. It is anxious to learn why men in hospital have had no nursing; why they are not properly bathed; why the drugs that they should receive are not supplied in quantity sufficient or in quality effective. These are but a few of the many grievances the public has against the United States Army medical corps, and but a few of the questions for which it is trying to find an answer.

In looking for this answer mistakes have been made. The fathers and mothers of the soldiers have taken up the fallacy that the responsibility rests on the volunteer medical officers. To have the blame for any and every error and idiocy of the campaign loaded onto the volunteers may please the regular army, but it is an obvious injustice. As a matter of fact, speaking from close observation while in Manila, the writer feels justified in asserting that the volunteer medical officers are in almost every case the superiors of the regulars holding equal rank. The incompetents were the high ranking doctors of the regular army, especially Dr. Lippincott, the medical director in Manila, who is absolutely inadequate to the responsibility his duties impose upon him. He is a man whose years weigh on him; his mind by virtue of its senility is incapable of grasping detail or of ordering others to its fulfillment. It is to such a one that we have entrusted the health of our men in a tropic climate where, if we would rout it, disease must be fought by vigorous modern methods, and only a young, vigorous man is adapted to the direction of such methods.

Even then, with such a man to guide it, the absolute inadequacy of the organization would prevent good work on the part of our medical department. It is to be deplored, but it is true that we take men to the Philippines and murder them. By the multiplication of gin shops and the lax discipline in vogue in Manila, men are tempted to drink and carouse, until their bodies are ideal receptacle for disease. Then when the disease does attack, private soldiers, detailed from the ranks, are expected to nurse them with skill and judgment. Our hospitals are short of doctors, so short indeed, that work as they may, and they do work like heroes, the handful of physicians available cannot begin to keep up with the demands upon them.

There was a man, a very sensible, well-informed man, too, a good type of regular army officer, who, when he heard statement's made of the army's inefficiency, declared that the thing could not be; that at the end of the Civil War our army Hospital Corps was a marvel to Europe, and that the present organization was identical, so the volunteer doctors must be to blame. His defence, which is the defence of all the regulars, is the strongest count in the indictment of the army organization. Medicine has made more radical departure in the thirty years since the Civil War than in the same number of centuries before. An organization designed to properly care for the sick by modern methods demands at least three times as many doctors as it did under the conditions of thirty years ago. This is being daily demonstrated at Manila, where the first and greatest need is for more doctors. Modern medicine has come, especially in such diseases as typhoid and dysentry, to regard skillful nursing as more than half the battle. The second great need at Manila is need of skillful nurses Modern medicine recognizes proper feeding and free bathing as primary essentials in the fight with disease. At our hospitals in Manila patients have been living on army rations, and the facilities for bathing the sick are nil.

If these things were occurring even during a campaign popular indignation should be aroused. We have held Manila since August, and yet we cannot feed or bathe our sick. A properly organized hospital commissariat is the third great need of our army Medical Department at Manila.

That there are too few doctors is the fault of niggardly legislation by Congress. No provision has been made in the army organization for general hospital physicians, for Ambulance Corps doctors, for the sanitary and health officers so necessary, especially at Manila. As a result, the regimental doctors have to be detailed from duty with their regiments for such work. The case of the Thirteenth Minnesota Regiment is illuminating. They were 1,200 men; they had three doctors—in the climate of the Philippines certainly not too many. On their arrival the major doctor was detailed chief operator of the Hospital, the captain doctor was detailed to the Ambulance Corps, the junior was left in charge of 1,200 men. He was responsible for their health. To him was given the impossible task of nipping in the bud, what sickuess might appear among the 1,200 and it was his duty to send the seriously ill to the hospital early enough in their disease that treatment might be effective. It was a task no man could perform. As a result, men sickened in quarters and were not taken to hospital uutil almost dying, and the poor young doctor himself broke down completely under the strain. These men were victims to the army's organization.

The army makes no provision for nurses. Unlike the English army hospital staff, there is no special sick commissary. Lack of nurses and improper food, then, can be charged to inadequate organization, but the lack of bathing facilities for the sick can be charged only to the incompetency of the medical director. To him and to General Otis is to be charged what death and discomfort have resulted from their vindictive crusade against the Red Cross, whose work they both have hampered in every possible way. A gratitude beyond expression is due the Red Cross Society from the fathers and mothers of the land, for the great good it has accomplished in the face of discouragement and even petty persecution from Colonel Lippincott and General Otis.

There is no reason why so many of our men should be ill. That is Otis' fault. The laxity of his discipline and the unlicensed sale of liquor within his jurisdiction are the causes. Once men are sick, it is difficult under the clumsy, outgrown organization of the medical department to treat them successfully, but even with this outgrown, clumsy organization, a wise doctor could keep the sick tolerably comfortable. Lippincott never can. We are losing on an average more than a man a day in Manila. Such loss is nothing short of crime. If we would bring our army back, Otis and Lippincott must go. The one is merely inadequate; the other is both incompetent and senile.

THE FIGHT AGAINST GRANT.

The glorious traditions of the past cannot long maintain the weekly "once edited by Pixley." Of all the twaddling nonsense-mongers the *Argonaut*—once permeated by the spirit of manliness—is now the worst. It imagines it is "in" the senatorial fight and is really shaping public sentiment. That journal fondly believed it was defeating Senator Perkins a few years ago. It then wanted a "multiplicity" of senatorial candidates, so that the Legislature might have a "wider field from which to select the Senator." The *Argonaut* knew then as it knows now that it was simply seeking to assist the political corruptionists. Mr. Hart of the *Argonaut* doesn't fancy Mr. Grant for Senator, because he is a "carpet bagger." We believe Mr. Grant first located here some nine years ago. He has large interests in the State, mining and agricultural; he has some business blocks, and in the county of his home is regarded as an enterprising and worthy Californian. He is the choice of the South and is a man of high ability. However, the *Argonaut's* own twaddle is scarcely worth notice, and outside its editorial rooms is not taken seriously. That journal has, or pretends to have, a correspondent who does need rebuking. Under the signature of "Anti Free Silver" the *Argonaut* man says:

> Can the great State of California afford to elect a United States Senator whose past record is tinged with the free-silver sentiment, and can we, at this late day, when the free-silver craze is on its last legs, stultify ourselves by having a representative in the Senate who preached that heresy, and who two years ago joined the Populists, and who over his own signature at that time advocated the free coinage of silver? This is the record of U. S. Grant, Jr., an aspirant to the senatorial office. ANTI FREE SILVER.

This is a lie pure and simple. It is not a mistake, but a lie. U. S. Grant, Jr., did *not* join the Populists, he did *not* over his own signature advocate the free coinage of silver, and the "Record of U. S. Grant, Jr.," as set forth by the *Argonaut's* correspondent, is simply and plainly a lie.

Everyone who knows the *Argonaut* of to-day knows why it opposes Mr Grant. Without a retainer it would become an opponent of even the Republican party itself. The weekly in question was opposed to Senator Perkins, and so assisted his election.

The *Morning Call* another political blunderer that opposed Perkins and now opposes Grant. So now the enemies of Senator Perkins have become convinced that the defeat of Mr. Grant would be a blow at Senator Perkins, and make his defeat easier four years hence. The *Call* has ever been opposed to our present Senator virulently and maliciously opposed to him and this explains its present attitude.

The Santa Rosa *Republican* says:

> Grant's chances are brightening The *Call* has come out in a bitter attack upon him.

The Alameda *Journal* is taking the same turn, and says:

> Grant's chances for the senatorship continues to improve daily. The "Invincible Hoodoo" came out yesterday in a vile attack on him in its news columns and follows it up today with a like attack editorially, or more properly "idiotorially. Judging from the past success of the Hoodoo in electing candidates by opposing them and making a dirty fight against them, nothing can now defeat the present object of its puny wrath.

The *Call* is a pitiful political pettifogger It came out against Mr. Gage early in the campaign, and belabored Pardee, the only candidate who had strength enough to beat him. It is anxious to beat Burns for the Senate with some unknown man who has not a single vote to-day or a shred of organization, and rather than run the risk of helping Senator Perkins, it abuses the only candidate who can lay claim to an organized fight, the only candidate with a definite following.

As we pointed out a few weeks ago, the *Call* is pursuing the same weak tactics to defeat Grant that were pursued to defeat Senator Perkins. A few years ago "Perkins was defeated"; "His managers were blundering"; "His followers were breaking away"; "He was not a popular man," with all the various etcetras. But Senator Perkins' supporters understood the animus behind these attacks and were not affected in the least. Such will be the history of the present campaigu.

AN INSINCERE CONTENTION

There is a good deal of talk among the opponents of Mr. U. S. Grant that is calculated and intended to provoke a quarrel between Governor-elect Gage and the San Diego candidate for Senator. As the Governor-elect has stated in a Los Angeles paper that he has not had a formal interview with any journal in the State on the Senatorial question, it is but fair to assume that he has not given voice to the foolish charges which have been exploited by the *Call* and other equally stupid papers.

The *Call* claims that because San Diego County cast a larger vote for the Legislative ticket than for the gubernatorial candidate, it offers evidence that the head of the ticket was knifed in the interests of Mr. Grant. The logic of this assumption is badly strained, yet, accepting the facts stated as the warrant for the conclusion, let us see who else knifed the Governor. In Placer County, which Gage carried by 408 votes, the candidate for Lieutenant Governor, Jake Neff, had 1,255 plurality. The Democratic candidate carried El Dorado County by 83 votes, but the Republican Neff had a plurality of 175. Gage carried Nevada County by 606, and Neff by 1,391. In San Francisco Gage had 3,586 plurality, but Root, candidate for Clerk of the Supreme Court, had 9,131 In Sonoma Colgan, candidate for Controller, exceeded Gage's plurality by 1,461 votes. In San Bernardino Truman Reeves, for State Treasurer, scored 1,050 more votes than the Governor's plurality. In Fresno, which Maguire carried by 607 plurality, the Republican candidate for Superintendent of Schools had 637 plurality In Alameda County, Congressman Metcalf had a majority of 5,754, against Gage's 3,772; and in Los Angeles, the home county of the gubernatorial candidate, it seems that Waters for Congress exceeded Gage's vote by 686, and that the majority of the Republican candidates for the Assembly was actually 1,432 votes greater than that of Gage.

Now the basis for the assertion of treachery against U. S. Grant is that in San Diego County Nutt, the candidate for State Senator, had 935 votes more than Gage. Nutt enjoys considerable personal popularity—is a favorite son of his county, in fact, just as Neff is of the mountain counties, as Colgan is of Sonoma and Truman Reeves of San Bernardino. It is as reasonable to explain Neff's pluralities in Placer, El Dorado and Nevada on the basis of a trade as to say that Nutt's majority in San Diego represents votes traded against the Governor. Or did Metcalf enter into an arrangement with the Democrats of Alameda to the disadvantage of Gage? Certainly he has a considerably higher vote. How preposterous the assertion sounds when it is fairly considered.

The accusations against Grant are not sincere. They are merely the cloak of antagonisms founded on jealousy and other selfish and interested motives. The purity and integrity of Mr. Grant's character and his unimpeachable record make it obligatory upon his opponents to have recourse to their imaginations for facts against him, and this contention of treachery is but an instance or the poverty of their minds. Doubtless they will lie more daringly later when the San Diegan's strength is realized.

The Ambush of Young Days.

Far away from the big whirlpools of the world, in a little settlement on the hot, dry plains of the San Joaquin Valley, young Lewis Gordon was going—so people said—to the devil.

Everybody in the neighborhood agreed on that; asserting it, or merely admitting it, according to the degree of coolness which had arisen between the speaker and the culprit. By the neighborhood I mean, of course, the conservative farmers who drove two, four and eight miles to church on Sunday, and worked from 4 a. m. to 9 p. m. all the other days of their monotonous lives; for whenever any respecta ble person spoke of the neighborhood it was understood that he omitted the Mexicans, half-breeds, gamblers and barkeepers in the little cluster of shanties which was town to them, and Healey's Station to the rest of the world.

It was not that Lew Gordon was drinking or throwing his money away—far from it. The Gordon ranch was in better condition than two years ago when Pete, the elder brother, died. The horses and cows were fatter and the sheep more numerous; everything, in fact, was more prosperous except the house, which had a shut-up, lonesome look. A Chinese cook does not go far toward making a home. It never occurred to the neighbors that Lew Gordon had found this out since his mother's death, nor did they realize that their festivities—consisting of abortive attempts at dancing parties in one class, and candy pulls or kissing games in the other—might be unattractive to a young man, who in a different environment would have distinguished himself as a carpet knight of unimpeachable tact and distinction.

Candy pulls and kissing games among girls who were neither dainty nor especially kissable were not even considered by young Gordon, and the more conventional little gatherings, where the five or six "stuck-up" girls met and danced with three or four men of their class, seemed to him piteous and unendurable. The droning of the melodion or the clattering old piano which furnished music on these occasions was, to say the least, uninspiring to one who had swung to the throb of intoxicating Spanish waltzes played by dusky fingers that loved every inch of their guitar strings. Of course, these fandangoes were sordid enough in a way, but they were the real thing so far as they went. There was but little suggestion (for a boy who knew nothing about gilded vice) of the inadequacy and poverty which characterized the other diversions offered him.

The only thing the neighborhood did consider was, that every Sunday, while they were holding service in the schoolhouse, young Gordon rode by on his way to town, where he played billiards, hobnobbed with barkeepers, and, sometimes, even hitched his horse in front of Jose Ormachea's shanty.

Jose Ormachea was a "greaser." Being one, he worked as little as possible, but in summer he sometimes sheared sheep, raked hay and sewed up grain sacks. He had various sporadic occupations, and was a great deal away from home, but it was said that, nevertheless, a man was always to be found in his shanty, for Jose had a pretty daughter.

In reality he had two, but people were apt to forget Mercy, the plain one. Both these girls had been to the district school, where Mercy had plodded quietly over her lessons while Pepita cast sheep's eyes at the boys and stared impertinently at their sisters.

At thirteen Pepita, according to Mexican notions, was a a full-grown woman; so her mother, a fat creature who sat all day in a big chair and rocked languidly, decided that there had been enough of the district school. If Mercy, who looked fifty, and yet only five, wanted to keep on it did not matter, that is, if she did the work too.

For eighteen months past poor little weazened Mercy had struggled, practically alone, with the housework and still kept up an intermittent attendance at school. The American girls treated her with more affability, now that Pepita was no longer there to irritate them, and one of them, Essie Taylor, had sometimes even supplemented Mercy's meager luncheon with cake or jam from her own basket.

One bright Saturday morning in May, Mercy, the perspiration standing in beads on her face, was ironing in the room which served the Ormachea family for kitchen, dining-room and parlor, when a call from Pepita brought her to the narrow piazza in front of the house.

In the hammock, swung low on this piazza under the Madeira vines, Pepita was nearly always seen in the summer time. It was here that Mercy found her swaying to and fro, one pretty red-stockined ankle sufficiently exposed, when at every third swing she lazily kicked the wall to keep the hammock in motion.

"See!" she said in their mongrel Spanish, with a wave of her graceful arm toward the station-house where a young girl sat on horseback. "Is not that the ugly little gringo who used to make Lewis Gordon carry her books from school?"

"It's Essie Taylor, if that's who you mean," returned Mercy, shortly; you see, she remembered the jam.

Pepita raised herself on her elbow. "She has changed—a little. But," she added with more animation, "I ask you, is it possible that my pretty Lewis can love that? So skinny! Oh!"

"She can ride and she is so—so—" Mercy hunted for the right word.

"So—so. Oh, Dios! You simpleton!" shrieked Pepita, "and you think men love for that! Besides," dropping calmly back in her hammock, "he loves me—my pretty Lewis." She pronounced it Lew-ece, with a dainty drawl.

"Is he coming to-night?" asked Mercy, burying her face in the vines' thick juicy leaves.

"Of course he is coming to-night, stupid," Pepita yawned and then went on, "I have promised him ten dances and Lorenzo has threatened to kill him, so of course he comes."

Mercy faced about abruptly.

"Pepita," she exclaimed, "you wouldn't be so wicked!"

"I am not wicked. No," she added, calmly; but men are very funny. Bringas is funny, even Lewis is funny, and Lorenzo! Oh, Dios! Lorenzo is the funniest of all!"

She laughed delightedly while Mercy looked at her in pale-faced silence.

Both the girls were so absorbed that neither noticed a man who approached the house from the side, until a voice said behind them in gutteral, angry tones, "So I am funniest of all, am I, Senorita Ormachea?"

Mercy turned with a start. It was Lorenzo, the half-breed.

Pepita fled into the house, dropping a slattern's slipper as she ran, having no mind to face an angry man while she wore a soiled calico Mother Hubbard.

She need not have feared, for she was poignantly seductive even in that shapeless garment, which shrouded supple waist and sweetly rounded hips, but revealed her pretty feet and a neck that invited caresses as it rose round and erect from the dingy rolling collar. Neither could it hide her brown eyes. which shown like great jewels under the shadows of her dense black hair, nor her mouth, crimson and pouting as if freshly kissed.

Mercy's lips were a pale, grayish pink, her eyes dull like agates, her skin brown instead of polished ivory—what power had one so plain to placate an angry man?

"For the Virgin's sake, don't do anything foolish, Lorenzo," she was saying, when, after a few moments, Pepita reappeared. She wore a white wrapper this time, with a red geranium aglow in her hair.

Lorenzo shook of Mercy's alarmed hand. "I! Oh, I have nothining against him," replied he, fixing his fierce eyes on Pepita. "If I had, I would not waste the night fighting, when there are so many pretty senoritas in town for the fandango." Here he twirled his mustache with the air of a conqueror.

"What did you mean, then, by saying that Lewis Gordon had better look out to-night?" asked Mercy.

"Have I not said that the brave, the very brave Lorenzo think to *keel* my pretty Lew-ece," interrupted Pepita, with mocking eyes and a melodramatic clutch at an imagiuary dagger.

She spoke in English to remind Lorenzo that he was not altogether her countryman.

Lorenzo laughed, with what he meant for an easy air.

"Did I so?" he remarked in Spanish. "Maybe, for I can remember nothing since the beautiful Senorita Juanita arrived."

"He turned to Mercy: "It was Injun Bill I meant—I don't know of anyone else who thinks Gordon worth killing."

"Gordon was not to blame in that row," said Mercy; "Indian Bill was drunk and hacked the sheep he was shearing so that Gordon had to pack him and his gang off."

Pepita unfurled her great fan with a turn of her wrist and looked over at Lorenzo, her eyes brilliant, spiteful.

"Onless he ees drunk, Injun Beel is much afraid of Lewece—so are some other peoples," she said demurely.

The veins on Lorenzo's copper-colored forehead swelled, but he kept up his assumption of indifference.

"Injun Bill isn't afraid of anybody to-day. He's as full as a tick. I hope you will find plenty to fill your Gringo's place to-night, Senorita Ormachea," he added, almost suavely, as he walked away.

"The man is mad—quite mad," said Pepita with judicial calmness, speaking in her native tongue, as she dropped into the hammock and closed her eyes.

When, at a touch on her arm, she opened them a few minutes later, her sister stood over her.

"Pepita," Mercy asked, "whose pistols are those in there?" She nodded toward the house. "If they are Lewis', he ought to have them to-night."

"He will have them to-night. I wish you would not disturb me for nothing, Mercy." Pepita felt cross, she wanted her nap.

"Nothing!" Mercy's voice was indignant. "Why, it may be a matter of life or death to Lewis."

Pepita opened her eyes wide and looked intently at her sister's anxious face.

"You care, too!" she said with the insolent amazement which a pretty woman always feels when she discovers that ugly and old women sometimes dream of love.

"I care enough to want him to be armed when he leaves home to-night," Mercy muttered with frowning brows.

"He has no other pistols, and I don't suppose he'll carry his rifle." Pepita's voice showed less anxiety than when she inquired a few hours ago if her green muslin had washed well.

Suddenly Mercy dropped into a chair as if overcome. "If Lorenzo did anything it would be from behind," she said; "pistols would do no good unless Lewis is warned."

"Suppose you warn him, then." Evidently Pepita was in a mocking mood.

"If I only could," thought Mercy; "if I only could."

All at once she started to her feet with a light in her eyes. "I'll tell Essie Taylor!" she said.

"The skinny little Gringo! Why, I'd rather let Lewis take his chances than have her warn him," Pepita exclaimed. "Besides, the Taylor ranch is almost as far off as the Gordon's."

Mercy said nothing, and Pepita, supposing the subject exhausted, turned her face to the wall and went to sleep.

Half an hour later a little weazened figure could have been seen crossing the field south of the Gerard place, which was only three-quarters of a mile from town. Mercy knew Essie Taylor was spending the night there, for she had heard the invitation given and accepted the day before at school. She trusted to luck for a chance to speak to Essie, and kept saying to herself as she trudged along: "I will ask if my brother Pedro has got back yet—they will think I have a message."

Mercy meekly approached the house from the stable. As she walked slowly up the path, she cast sharp glances about the yard, hoping to see some of the Gerard children. At last, just as she paused discouraged, she caught sight, through the eucalyptus trees, of a straw hat.

It was Essie Taylor, bending over the verbena bed. She rose, with a few bunches of the red blossoms in her hands, and smiled as Mercy drew near.

"I reckon you've come to see your brother," she said kindly, as Mercy seemed too embarrassed to speak. "He'll be in pretty soon. Wouldn't you like to have some of these?" and she thrust half of her flowers into Mercy's nervous hands.

"I mus' tell you," said Mercy, coming so close that Essie caught dubious kitchen odors, "that some of those sheep-shearers mooch want to kill Lewis Gordon to-night."

Essie drew back a little.

"Oh, I reckon that Lewis can stand off half a dozen of that gang—if he's got his gun along," she added lightly.

"But he hasn't," gasped the embarrassed Mercy; "it's in Pepita's room—both of them."

The instant the words passed her lips she regretted them, for Essie turned and looked steadily at her with haughty eyes that boded ill for Mercy's mission.

"Well, I don't doubt but he'll come back for them," Essie said finally, with angry scorn in her heart for the man who could leave his gun around—"at a Greaser's too."

"That's jus' it," said Mercy eagerly. "Mr. Gordon is coming in to-night for the fand—the pistols, you know—and I'm afraid he will never, never get here. Injun Bill is crazy drunk, and Lorenzo is so jealous of Pepita—Dios!"

"What are you telling me all this for?" asked Essie, angrily. "What business is it of mine?"

"Nothing, nothing at all," said Mercy softly, "only Mr. Gordon he likes you so ver mooch, I think perhaps you ride back on your beautiful hoss and say to him—Stop!" A flourish here of Mercy's little rough hand.

"Why don't you, or your sister, say to him—'Stop'?" asked Essie, amused in spite of herself at the girl's melodramatic gesture and pause.

"Because," said Mercy, "we have no pretty hoss; besides, Pepita she wants him to come to the Fandago to-night, even if he do get a hole here." Mercy tapped Essie just under the shoulder blade very significantly.

The latter studied the tip of her shoe closely for a minute and Mercy forced herself to wait in silence, though she glanced anxiously at the sinking sun.

Finally the white girl lifted her head. "But I came to stay all night," she said, doubt in her eyes.

"I tink I hear that your Madre is ver lil," volunteered Mercy with a grin.

Essie frowned.

"Who'll do the lying?" she asked after a bit.

"Me," said Mercy, cheerfully.

Essie turned toward the stables.

"I'll get my mare out; you go tell them at the house that I left in a hurry—the sun's almost down."

Reluctantly she pulled the mare away from the manger, forced the bit between unwilling teeth and flung the saddle on a back still damp from that afternoon's ride.

"I wish I had not raced you to-day, Polly; everybody but the Gerards admit you can beat their black, anyhow," said Essie.

As they clattered by the gate, she saw Mercy slowly climbing the kitchen steps. Evidently the little Mexican thought it wiser for Essie to escape all questions.

The Taylor ranch lay eight miles on the other side of town; the Gordon's five miles further. About thirteen miles altogether, with a good road and an hour to do it in. "I can do it," thought Essie. She knew Lewis Gordon did not often leave his place until after half-past seven, unless he went in the morning. The Taylor house was only a quarter of a mile from the main road, which everyone took when they went to town, and though Lewis passed oftener after dark than at any other time, Essie could tell from the patter of the horse's feet on the hard road whether he rode the pie-ball, the big sorrel or the little bay. Many an evening she had sat upon the front porch and listened for the sound of his horse's hoofs, the hoof beats that generally passed by now and died away in the distance.

Essie pulled her mare in as soon as they were out of call; there was no hurry, and the child—shy because of her errand—did not want to pass through the town until it was quite dark. Suddenly she thought of the pistols and gave Polly her head again—it might take time to get them, and if she did not reach Dry Creek before Lewis did she would be too late. It was the only spot along the road where anyone could lie in ambush. It was only last year that Stingy White had been "roped" (caught in one or more lassoes) there and dragged for a mile by two masked men.

It did take time to get the pistol; more than there was to spare; for Essie rapped several times with the but end of her cowhide on the piazza of Hosea's shanty before anyone came.

At last Mrs. Hosea appeared, wiping her fat mouth on her fat arm.

"Mr. Gordon left his pistols here," Essie explained quickly. "I want them."

Mrs. Hosea merely grunted and stared—"like a stuck pig," the girl thought, reiterating her wish aloud.

Still Mr. Hosea stared. "Good Lord, is the woman dumb?" Essie was saying impatiently, when lo! Mrs. Hosea turned her ponderous body toward the door.

"Pepita! Pepita!" she called.

At the third shout Pepita emerged, half-dressed.

Had she, peeping through the shuttrrs, heard and seen their visitor, or was it merely an ever-present desire to parade her charms unveiled? Who can tell? I only know she looked enchantingly lovely as she stood there, holding a lamp high over her head.

From a low chemise her shoulders rose warm and smooth against the dense background of her thick black hair; in her eyes, luminous with the triumph of beauty, and across her mutinous red lips, the lamplight streamed.

"What does the fool want?" the red lips asked in Spanish.

"Something about Mr. Gordon; perhaps you will understand," replied Pepita's mother, lumbering off.

For a moment the two young women faced each other in silence, and the heart of the pale little girl in the saddle grew sick as she saw the other's beauty.

It was Pepita who spoke first.

"Do you tink to spend the night here?—So." She spoke in her best English, screwing her radiant face into an insolent caricature of Essie's troubled countenance.

"I want Mr. Gordon's pistols," said Essie, struggling with the tremor in her voice.

"Too bad," returned Pepita, airily; "but Lew-ece he so especial for his peestol. Besides, he come to-night hisself," she wound up in triumph.

"Look here," said Essie, "I'm going to meet Mr. Gordan and I've got to take him his gun; if you don't get it I will."

"O-h! You meet Lew-ece! But suppose I want very mooch to give the peestol to Lew-ece with my own hands?" drawled Pepita, enjoying her enemy's annoyance.

Essie's only answer was to force Polly up on the low piazza and knock loudly on the door. "Jose! Jose!" she cried fiercely.

* * * * * * *

A quarter after seven saw Essie on the road. Around her waist were buckled the pistols, and on her left shoulder she carried a light shotgun borrowed from the station agent. "Brother Bill wants it," she had explained, and now she was in terror lest she meet this same Brother Bill, who was down on Lewis for very mixed reasons, in which both Essie and Pepita figured. The game little mare she rode, though very tired, took a steady gallop when Essie gave her her

head, and soon the last yelp of the last shanty's cur died away in the distance.

There was no moon yet, but the stars were bright. On each side of her the vast plains stretched away in the darkness, mysterious and silent. Ahead, the road gleamed gray for a few yards, then blurred and went out. There were no sounds except the thud of Polly's hoofs and the burrowing owl's melancholy hoot. Now far away, now so near that Essie started and Polly broke her stride, the dismal birds wailed ominously. "No hope, no hope," they seemed to say to the troubled child—she was little more.

Once a coyote crossed the road and looked after her with hollow, wolfish eyes; once she paused to breathe her mare, but nothing else broke the strained tension of her mind until she reached the avenue of eucalipti that led to her father's house.

Here Polly pulled hard and sighed heavily, when her head was turned away, but she still galloped on, though doggedly, uncomprehendingly. An emanation of fatigue and disapproval came from her which took the heart out of her rider. The girl ached for the mare, and tears came; only the vision of dark faces lurking in the elder on the creek enabled her to press on, for she knew well that when Polly slackened it was not the spirit which was lacking. Suddenly she pulled up, slipped off, ungirthed and flung the heavy side-saddle on the ground. "It'll be a little less for you to carrp, my dear old girl."

She stood the gun up against the fence, mounted, picked it up, and was off with her knees hugging the mare's sides. How good it was to feel the rippling muscles so close to her own skin. It put new hope into her, though Lewis had probably already started and the creek was still four miles away; their momentary division of feeling vanished and the gallant little mare struck out cheerily.

Fifteen minutes later Essie's heart began to thump heavily, as the elders on the creek slowly changed from a low, dark line, broken in the middle where the road crossed, to blurred but individual clumps.

She stopped an instant to listen and consider. No souud of hoof beats on the road yet. Lewis was either a mile away or else—without doubt whoever was waiting in the creek bottom had already heard or felt her mare's galloping feet; therefore to leave the road and cross further down, as she longed to, would excite suspicion. There was nothing for it but to keep straight on. Of course, they mlght notice her skirts, but she would probably pass for one of the Wolf girls who lived across the creek. She thauked heaven that Polly was dark, with no distinguishing marks—except for a horseman. There was a bare chance for Lewis to pass unrecognized if he rode his bay; but even a Chinaman would know the sorrel with his peculiarly blazed face, light tail and white legs—the Pinto was almost as bad.

The rode began to slope down now, and she could have touched the elders on either side with her whip. Polly slackened as she felt the sand giving under her feet, but when Essie flicked her in the flank, cowboy fashion, she dashed forward and soon cleared the hundred yards of creek bottom, heavy as it was with loose sand.

As she passed the cluster of elders and sunflowers that had sprung up on what had once been a little islaud in the middle of the creek, Polly pricked up her ears and swerved aside. Essie turned her face neither to the right nor the left, but she too heard the swish of disturbed branches, and a little further off the thick, blubbering snort of a browsiug horse. "They're there," she said to herself, with a second and last cut of the whip.

Three-quarters of a mile further on, young Gordon, riding the sorrel and leading the bay, who needed uew shoes, saw a horse coming toward him with lagging step and head carried low; atop was a small dark figure, and when they met a high, nervous voice cried out: "Stop, Lewis; it's me."

Gordon pulled up with a jerk that sent the sorrel almost on his haunches. "Hello!" the young man exclaimed, as he drew close to the now motionless horse and rider.

"Why, Essie!" he added, "Is it you?"

It may have been the contrast between her own drooping mare and the vigorous, exuberant animal he rode; it may have been that she would have liked more pleasuae and less surprise in the boy's light-hearted greeting—or was it a lingering vision of Pepita? Who shall say? Not the poor tired child herself, who was conscious only of a let-down feeling, a sense of belittlement and failure. When she spoke it was in a hard, dull voice that contrasted strongly with the timid, anxious pipe of the moment before:

"I've brought you your pistols, Lew Gordon," she said: "and I want to tell you that some of your girl's greaser friends are laying for you in the creek yonder."

"The devil! Essie, are you sure?"

"If I wa'n't, do you think I'd be here? Here, hold this gun," handing it to him and unbuckling the pistol belt around her waist. "They're all right—loaded up to the last hole," she added; "I looked before I left town."

"I'm mighty obliged to you, Essie," wondering how she got the pistols. "I guess you're about the only real friend I've got in the world. Why, you are on Polly," he exclaimed, fondling the marc's nose; "she must be dead beat to stand as quietly as this." Something told him that he must not dwell too much on what this proud little woman had done for him.

"I'm glad I got here in time, but Polly did it," said Essie. "You won't go to town to-night, will you, Lew?" A note of entreaty crept into her voice.

"Essie, I'd do anything—anything for you," replied Gordon, "but you don't want me to act the coward, do you?" He tried to take her hand in his, but failed; the two horses he was holding pulled and turned so restlessly.

"It's not what I want you're thinking of? It's that Greaser girl who would like to see you fighting over her!" exclaimed Essie.

"I'm not going to fight about any girl," retorted Lewis. "It's those sheep-shearers, I bet, that have got it in for me."

"Mercy said that Lorenzo Agarro——"

"Mercy," interrupted Lewis, "is a mighty smart girl; a lot smarter than her sister; but she don't know everything."

"Well," said Essie, "what are you going to do?"

"I calculate," replied Gordon, "to keep right along the road to town."

"Gim'me my gun, then," replied the girl, "and come ahead." She turned Polly's nose up the road.

Gordon laid his hand on the mare's bit. "I'd like to have your company, Essie, first rate, but you can't come. "Why, honey," he added, "what would I do—or say to your mother—if you got hurt?" He caught her hand this time and held it tight. Polly turned her head back and sniffed inquiringly; a big, hot, bitterly-regretted tear rolled from Essie's cheek and fell somewhere in the darkness. How could she know that it splashed on the boy's broad hand and stirred every atom of tenderness in him.

"Now, listen to me, little girl," he said; "you've done enough for to-uight, aud so has Polly. You must get home faster thau she can carry you, so I'm going to turn her loose—she'll follow all right—and put you on my bay; then you can outrun anything in Fresno County."

"What'll you do?" asked Essie.

"Not any ruuning, you can just bet your bottom dollar on that," replied Gordan.

He was about to shift his saddle from the sorrel to the bay for Essie to ride, when suddenly the girl cried out: "Lew," she said, "stop; where's that scarecrow?"

"The one you helped me make?" he asked. "Why, it's over there by the strawstack; I don't believe it'll ever fall to pieces; it's back is as stiff as ever."

Essie threw herself off Polly's back, laughed and cavorted like a child in her glee.

"Lew," she said, finally, "I'll go straight home if you'll do just one thing I ask you to."

"I'll do it—if it takes in the creek road," replied Gordan, mystified.

"It does, it does," she answered, laughing. "The road and the Greasers, too."

A few minutes later the pair separated, Essie making diagonally for the creek, Gordan keeping straight ahead. He rode the white-faced sorrel, and in front of him, wearing his hat and coat, sat the scarecrow, bound securely in the saddle with a lariat, it's legs tied under the horse's belly. With the hat pulled low over its face it looked in the starlight astonishingly like Gordan himself, for its foundation was a pair of his overalls and oue of his bluejean blouses, sewed together in Essie's most thorough manner.

"Won't I feel like a fool if there is nobody there," thought Gordan as he galloped on. Then he remembered Pepita's inflaming glances, his owu insolent assurance and Lorenzo's black face. There was no doubt that trouble would come soon—if not that night, then some other time. He hoped it would be immediately, for "Then I can shake the whole gaug of cutthroats, and to-morrow—" Ah, yes, not now or to-night, but "to-morrow."

The whole success of Essie's scheme depeuded, he knew, on the position of the enemy. If they lay in the bushes on his side of the creek the scarecrow would serve merely as a bulwark, but if they lay—as she believed—in the middle or on the other side, then "Hell! but won't I blow holes through them."

He reached the cluster of elders on the south side of the slough without heariug a sound except the creaking of his saddle and the sorrel's springing step. Without drawing rein, he slipped lightly to the ground, gave the horse a sharp cut with his quirt, drew still deeper into the shadow and waited, breathless, pistol in hand. Left alone, the scarecrow leaned back a little and strained at the reins, which were slipped through its knotted sleeves, but the spirited animal it bestrode rushed on at full run, swept past the dark island in the ceuter of the slough, faltered a little as if bewildered, and then plunged forward wildly, for a riata had settled about his inert rider's waist, while on the right a masked man spraug out of the elder aud leveled his pistol. The horse reared aud lunged forward violently, the riata tightened, a pistol went off, and then the scarecrow's body and legs parted forever.

Cursing, the man with the gun sought cover, his right arm hanging limp by his side; the lariat-thrower dug his spurs into his horse, grabbed his pistol, and two bullets crossed; one swished harmlessly through the elders, the other went home in the flying Mexican's body.

"Damn you," shouted Lewis, as he fired again, "damn you; I'll blow you into Hell!"

Dominated by that beastial instinct which hurries us on to chase and trample whatever flies before us, Lewis, drawing his other pistol and dropping the half empty one, rushed from the sheltering elders and gave chase just as some light clouds wiiich had dimmed the rising moon slipped from her face. Suddenly he heard a horse trampling behind him, then the swish of a lariat, and as he turned a rope caught him around the waist, pinning his left arm to his side, and he was jerked violently to the ground and dragged rapidly through the *filaree*.

It was Indian Bill who had gotten so drunk, and hence playful with his guns, that it seemed wisest to deprive him of fire-arms and leave him in the rear to hold one of the horses. A very little whisky affected this gentleman's legs, love and vocabulary, but it was doubtful if there was enough in the couutry to make him fall off his horse—however erratically he might guide him—or lose all of his skill with a riata.

As his face swept the short grass, Gordon thought his time had come. He fired twice, dropped his pistol, caught the rope in his right haud so it loosened a little about his body, and freed his left at the expense of a little skin. Then he reached for his knife. All at once—in the midst of the drunken Indiau's whoops and the approaching shouts of the man who first attacked him—there rang out a shrill girlish yell, a shotgun went off—both barrels—there were oaths, a pistol shot, and simultaneously the dreadful scream of a wounded horse.

"It's Essie, by God!" said Gordon, as he hacked savagely at the rope, missing it once, striking it twice. The next instant he was running as fast as his bruised legs would carry him toward his gun, the creek bottom and Essie.

The nozzle of his pistol shone bright in the moonlight, where he had dropped it some hundred yards to the east of the road. As he stooped to pick it up, a ball cut the dirt up just under his face, and a minute or two later a horse, carrying two men, burst out of the thicket beyond the road and made off toward the west and the now distant Indian.

Gordon sent a bullet after them and then slid down the creek bank—it was steep just there—and hurried along, guided by the wounded horse's groans. As he struggled to run faster and his feet sank in the soft, loose sand, he felt as if he were in one of those terrible nightmares where the ground under us turns to mysterious darksome quicksand and every support we clutch at evades our trembling outstretched fingers.

"Essie! Essie!" he cried, peering into the shadows. There was no answer; only the groans of the horse and the muffled twittering of some little birds startled from their sleep. The dying horse lifted his head and whimmed feebly as Gordon passed. A glance had been enough, it was his bay. "The best horse in Fresno County Damn those Greasers; they ought to swing for this—they will if she's—Essie! Essie!" he called aloud.

Quiet footsteps sounded behind him, he swung around, his pistol ready—it was Polly. She swerved aside distrustfully as she passed—breaking into a slow trot—but brought up abruptly, with a start, a few yards further on and sniffed at a dark object in the shadow of the elders.

Gordon ran forward; Polly laid back her ears and shifted her heels toward him meaningly, but when he spoke she thought better of it and permitted him to approach.

He lifted the little figure into the moonlight and laid his head against her breast in an agony of dread that had never before visited him, even in his dreams. He chafed the poor rough little hands; he tried to brush the sand off the pale face and out of the fine, soft hair, with a feeling in his heart that all Pepita's glowing beauty had never aroused. "There's nobody like her—nobody in the whole world. Essie, Essie, my honey, don't die; I want yer so," his heart and dry lips cried.

Polly suipped inquiringly, with pendulous upper lip, at the haud he was chafing. As long as he lives Lewis Gordon will remember that moment and that damp, warm touch, for Esther opened her eyes and in them he saw young love, the love which a woman has but once, together with ignorand the wild freshness of childhood. Even when his love for Essie is merely a memory and his boyhood a dreaui, the touch of a horse's wet lips will bring back the sandy bottom, the moonlight, Esther's teuder eyest aud her voice saying: "I had to come back, Lew, I just had to." P. W.

There is a very scanty distribution of tin ore, the tin fields of the world having an area of between twelve and thirteen thousaud square miles only. There are seven tin districts in Europe, producing about 8,300 tons yearly, the Cornish mines yielding same 8,000 tons of this. Asia has two tin areas—Hunan, in China, estimated to produce 2500 tons, and the "Straits Settlements" and adjacent principalities yielding 58,000 yearly — the richest yield in the world. Africa has no known tin mine; North America has no paying mine, though South Dakota and California have made some movement in that direction; then there is South America, with one limited tin mine (Bolivia and Peru) yielding less than 4,000 tons a year, and Australasia furuishes about 8,000 tons a year.

A German paper estimates that over 18,000 horses are slaughtered for food in German cities.

SURF CANOEING OFF DIAMOND HEAD

From "Hawaii Nei," by Mabel Craft.

THINGS AND PEOPLE

The plot thickens to appoint William Carey Jones President of the State University. Such a selection will condemn the collegiate institution of California to hopeless mediocrity. The equipmeut essential to the post, Professor Jones signally lacks. He is inadequate, mentally and physically. His prestige in the institution is not intellectual, because there are a dozen better men in the faculty than he, but is based on a connection by marriage with the family of Mrs. Phebe Hearst. Prior to the announcement of the Hearst collegiate competition Professor Jones was but an humble member of the Berkeley body politic. To-day his identity looms out portentously, smothering the ineffectual fires of men more able but less happily backed. I am told a combinatiou has been formed in the Board of Regents to advance the claims of Jones The excuse of his candidacy is that half the universities of the country are looking for prideutial timber aud that this is an inauspicious moment for California to find a man. "Appoint Jones," say his devotees, "and when a Jordan or a Gilman comes along he will step down." What a self-sacrificing President he would be under the circumstances. I venture to predict that, once in, dynamite alone will shift him. These gentlemen overlook the existence of Professor Moses, who, if a successor to Dr. Kellogg is to be appointed from the faculty, is certainly the man for the place. He has many enemies, and is hardly of a diplomatic turn, but at least his mental stature is of the proper average and he may mature into another Jordau. It should be remembered that the prominence of the President of the University at Palo Alto has been won since his departure from Indiana. That the Regents will find a ready-made President for this vacancy is most improbable. They must select a man of lesser degree, gifted with executive talent, and let him work out his own and the University's salvation. If Professor Moses is favored he may develop to fit the role, but Professor Jones cannot. I am not here specially advocating the claims of Professor Moses, though I believe him the man of the future, but as a friend of the University I cannot without protest, witness the success of a cabal to intrigue into so important a role so impossible a candidate as Jones. Nor would I for worlds be construed as reflecting on Professor Jones iu his private capacity. He has few enemies and enjoys considerable popularity, but becomes a subject for editorial discussion through ill-regulated ambition.

***

Curious things happen every day. Truth, iudeed, is stranger than fiction. Suppose it should be told you casually that it was the amusemeut of a certaiu citizen of Sau Francisco to flog his girl every evening with a leather thong, and that her cries resounded through the neighborhood—what would you, the average citizen, say to the man or womau who told you such a tale? The first thought would be: "The brute; why does not some one tell the police?" the secoud, "Can it be that you listened to these cries and failed to interfere?" In Berkeley recently, a maiden of fifteen, Lillian Brandes, was fouud hanging by the ueck in her father's house. The father, a special policeman employed by the State University, declared she had committed suicide. Her body was covered with black bruises and the physician called discovered death was due to a blow on the head, not to strangulatiou. The consequence was the arrest of Brandes for the murder of his daughter, and the trial discloses the familiarity of the ueighborhood with the monster's treatment of his daughter. Testimouy is in showing that both men and women of Berkeley knew of this unfortunate child's beatings, knew that it was the pastime of this Quilp to lash and torture her well-nigh every night. Yet not one of them interfered or complained to the authorities. Societies for the suppression of cruelty abound in Oakland, and yet here in the midst of an intellectual and humanitarian center, a girl is flogged to death by a devil. And no man or woman had the manliness or the womanliness to cry stop. Shame on theu. We all hold up our hands in horror over the cruelty of this brute Brandes, but is it not a creditable assumption that he is a mad man? Then, is not the resposubility for Lilian Brandes' death on the callous hearts of these citizens and citizenesses of Berkeley, who listened indifferent to her shrieks, who heard unmoved the blow of the thong on her poor, tender limbs?

***

The advent of Madame Barrios in San Francisco will certaiuly evoke memories of the other lady of that name who so loug starred it in New York. Behind that system there were millions indeed, whereas it is said the widow of the late President of Guatemala has but $500,000 left out of her husband's fortune. Finances in Guateuiala have been bad of late, however, due iu a great degree to political couvulsions. The circumstances of Reyna Barrios' taking off were hardly calculated to make easy the settlement of his estate, and it seems there have beeu many sacrifices to enable the retirement of his widow. Complications of an unpleasant character arose in regard to certain illegitimate children of Barrios, whose constaucy was by no means a jewel. Claims there were by the dozeu, which required a stroug haud to withstand. However, Madame Barrios is out of the reach of revolutions. and is to be cougratulated on arriving in a land which enjoys the blessings of law aud order. She proposes buying a home and will hereafter be a resident of San Francisco. She is a hospitable and generous woman, who loves to entertain.

***

Later decisions seem to have established the validity of the A. B. Bowers dredger patent, and the persevering old gentleman who has so seduously pressed his claim through decades of litigatiou may now lie back and enjoy the fruits of his labors. All efforts to dislodge him, or to prove the existence of the idea prior to the taking out of his initial patents, have failed, and Judge Morrow, in his decision, speaks of the inventor as "the pioneer in the art of dredging." Eventually an immense fortune must be Bowers', for his rights entitle him now to exclusive benefits, and he can exact what terms he pleases from his rivals. At present he is in Europe, but will return to San Francisco ere long. He is a kindly and generous man is this prince of dredging, a bachelor, his quiet and unassuming manner hiding an extraordinary pertinacity of purpose. In his career he has had many vicissitudes. Time and again the battle seemed won when something occurred to postpone the fruition of his hopes. Money to carry on the expeusive fight has been supplied from various sources, and inevitably repaid, for Bowers has never forgotten his friends, and has conferred many favors on the people who stood by him in the early stages of his protracted contest.

***

The plan of government projected by the Hawaiian Commissiou for the Hawaiian Island is apparently not to be accepted without protest by Congress. The affairs of the new territory will inevitably be before the country for some time to come, and the couditions prevailing there must continue to be of deep importance. A vivid idea of the Hawaii of to-day may be gathered from a perusal of *Hawaii Nei* (Wm. Doxey & Co.), by Mabel C. Craft. Miss Craft was sent to the Islands in the interest of the San Francisco *Chronicle* and New York *Sun*, to report the ceremonies of the flag raising, and her letters proved genuinely readable. In her book she records frcely her impressions, and in a lively and vigorous fashion tells about the life and society of Hawaii, its government, history and institutions. It is an exceedingly readable volume, full of information and observation, boldly condematory of certain phases of existence there, of the coutract labor system among others, and affords au impression of the country and its community that no other book I know of attempts to convey. As to the accuracy of Miss Craft's judgments or conclusions I am an uninstructed witness, but I don't doubt her expressions will arouse plenty of controversy in the Islands. It may be said of the author's ability to glean facts that she is one of the best as well as one of the most industrious reporters in San Francisco journalism. As a specimen of bookmaking the publisher deserves compliment. No house in the country could have turned out a a better volume, while the illustrations are really admirably printed.

***

The Bohemian Club collection, in the perspective of an amiable critic, was an excellent one in its entirety; but, for the sake of a proper balance it would have been better if there had been more figure compositious in the catalogue. There was a surprising, almost an entire abseuce of figure composition; which is an argument that our artists are not in Art entirely for their health—politely: for Art's sake—and are satisfied to turn out stuff that will sell, rather than devote themselves to more ambitious subjects, for glory. The excuse has been offered for this state of things: the dearth of desirable models. It may be admitted that the native model is a rarity, and even those that are to be had are not much good for artistic purposes; because our California youug women, if you will notice, are molded in curves more or less ample, while the men of us run to length and leanness; but that is no acceptable excuse, because an artist who is an artist, does not require a model, like a mere student, for his detail work. No, either our artists lack skill in draughtsmanship, or they are drifting iuto impressionism where any old daub will do, sans drawing or not, or they are lazy, or they really are—sad day for art—having a struggle to keep the pot a-boiling. It is the misfortune of the artists, too, that the quarters of the Bohemian Club were not arranged for exhibition purposes. The light iu the rooms in which the pictures are hung was not at all what it should be. In cousequence of the innumerable cross lights and reflectious, many of the canvasses were almost entirely obscured. Somebody interested ought to suggest the advisability of holding the next exhibition in a room equipped with proper facilities for such purposes.

***

The distribution of prizes in an art competition is usually surprising, especially in the vision of the artists on the list, who cannot see any reasou on God's green earth why the other fellow got it. But it is the uiau whose knowledge of the technique aud style of the competitors was derived from his catalogue, and who was really guided by the manner in which the pictures variously appealed to his senses, who is sure to be staggered by the choice of the committee. After I had made up my unprofessioual mind that Mr. H. J. Bruer's huge California landscape could uot trot in the same class with certain other canvases—needless to mention them for quite a schedule of reasons—the art committee forthwith awards him the $100 prize offered by the Bohemian Club for the best picture in their exhibition of paintings. Bruer is a good artist, his work is always well and conscientiously doue, nobody grudges him the hundred, but, in the language of the other half, "there were others" in the Bohemian exhibition.

***

It rasps upon the sensibilities, this spreading out the love-letters of the Browniugs before a gaping world. And it is uot a profanity, since it is done with Mr. Browning's consent. "There they are," said he, when hale and strong and in his right mind; "do with them as you please when I aui dead and gone." And now that he has gone, the love-letters have beeu removed from the inlaid box iuto which they had been laid away in neat chronological packets, each letter numbered serially. It is hard to reconcile this appearance with the Brownings, whose writings we have been coached to think, understandingly or not, to contain the very refinement of delicate sentiment and "subtle soulfullness." The late Mrs. Pixley, wife of the late editor of the *Argonaut*, was not a poetess of passion, but yet she was so sensitive to the sentiments of love that she insisted upon the old home being torn down after her death so that strangers could never desecrate its sacreduess. There was the excuse of art for the publication of the *Sonnets From the Portuguese*—if we are to believe the story, carefully fostered by her publishers, that they were Mrs. Browning's spontaneous love-sougs—but this business of the love-letters can have no other incentive than a mercenary or a more contemptible one. Anyway, it is in execrably bad taste; and is not eveu good policy, because who will want to read the Browniug books with their presumably penny-a-line heart-beats. There is plenty of true and modest sentiment in rougher, but honest, poetry. It is in the man's "Sordello" that we are told that "Love is whole And true . . . . most sure Of its own truth at least; nor may endure A crowd to see its face."

***

When the California Dry Dock Company met the Government's proposition to establish a naval coaling station in the bay by an offer of Mission Rock for a quarter of a million, it was rather surprised to receive notice from th Federal Land Commissioner that, on reviewing the com pany's abstract of title, he could find nothing to show tha the United States had ever parted with its title to th island, and that there was every evidence that the Roc was, technically speaking, vacant and subject to reservatio by the Government. There is no record to show tha either the State, the city, or the California Dry Dock Company has ever claimed the Rock proper. The company has used it simply as a base for extending upon the surrounding tide-lands. The fourteen one-hundredths of an acre which coustitutes Mission Rock proper is not submerged land, and therefore has always been part of the Federal domain. The rock is, however, surrounded by a tract of tide-lands, containing thirteen and one-third acres, which were claimed to be within the State's domain and were conveyed by the State in 1868 to H. B. Tichener, who sold them for $125,000, in 1883, to the California Dry Dock Company, which has occupied the entire tract ever since with its extensive docks and warehouses. But here arises the question: If the State can dispose of the tide-lands of Mission Rock, why not of the tide-lands of the other Governuient reservations in and around San Francisco Bay? Evidently there is a misunderstanding about Mission Rock. It would seem that if the United States owus the Rock—and nobody denies its title—it owns the Rock's tide-lands, just as it owns similar tide-lands of Alcatraz, Yerba Buena, or Mare Islands. If the United States disposses the Dry Company without a fair indemnity, that corporation can have recourse upon the State of California, which originally conveyed the lands, and whose title the Dry Dock Company now holds.

***

Amoug the well informed the impression prevails that Governor Budd intends appointing Judge Wallace to the vacancy on the Superior Bench in San Francisco created by the death of Judge Borden. Considering his comments ou the ingratitude of a community that had failed to reelect one who had so sedulously kept his ear to the ground for its whims, I am surprised that Judge Wallace should accept the Gubernatorial bounty. In the event of his selection, however, I trust the Judge will remember the opposition of the Bar to his candidacy, earned by his peremptory and unceremonious treatment of lawyers who had to try cases before him, and relieve in the future that disaffection. In brain power, few men in the country equal this jurist, and it must be evident, even to him, that personal reasons are the basis of most of these latter-day antagonisms. Other things being equal, Wallace should be the most sought after judge on the bench. Apropos of his defeat, his friends attribute it to the habit which is growing here of "plumping" for some favorite son or other. Instead of voting for four judges, as is proper, thousauds of people now vote for but one, which of course couuts against the others. A plan may be advanced to put an end to this custom during the coming session of the Legislature, though it is hard to see how it may be accomplished.

***

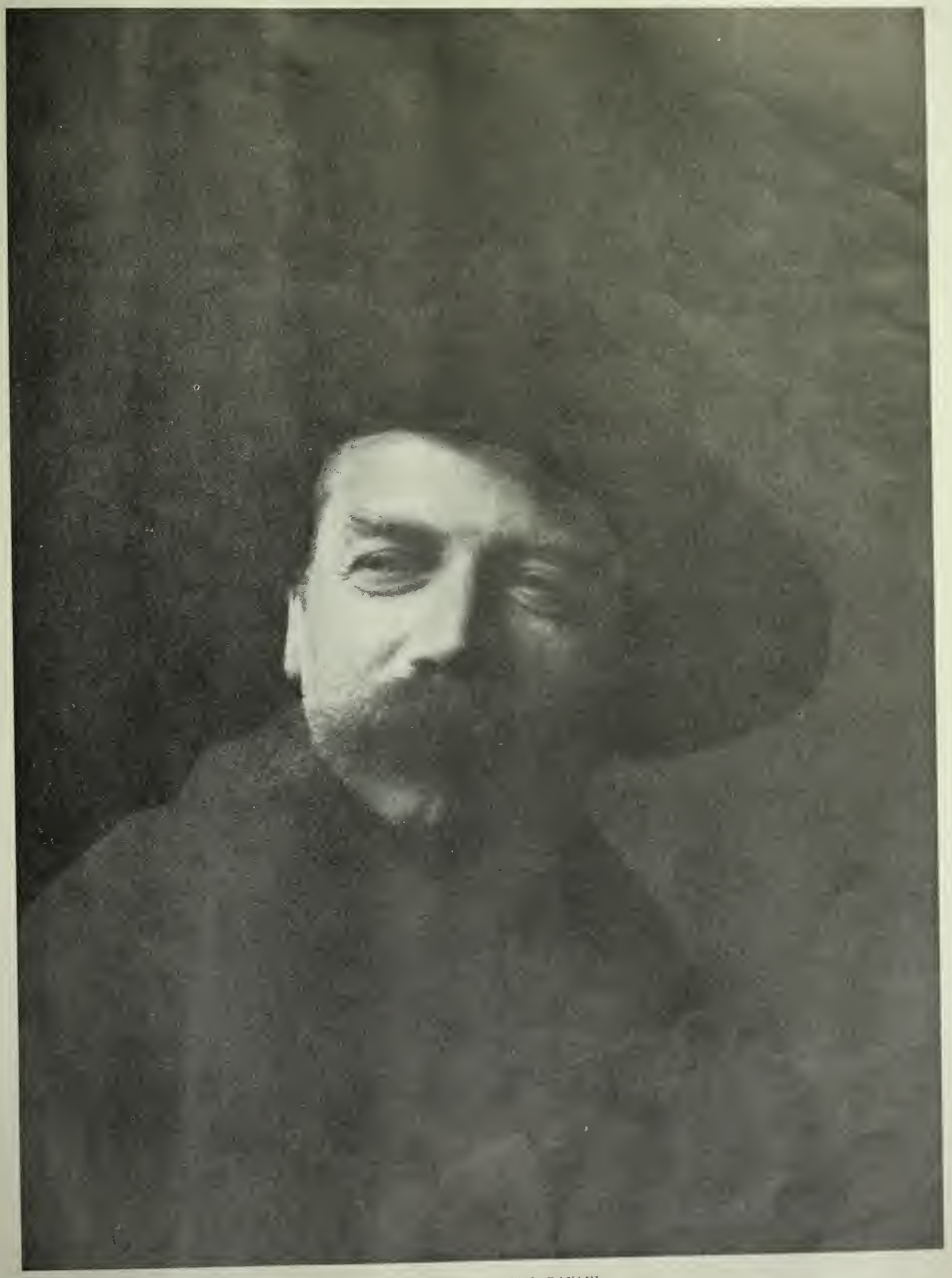
The prophetic vision of mine, which I had in these paragraphs a few weeks ago, describing the partition of this planet by an Anglo-American coalition, was also seen, only a fortnight since aud as far away as Paris, by no less a person than Edmond Harancourt, who wrote out his dream for the *Gaulois* newspaper. This is a gratifying coincidence. We shall not have to quibble with a people unprepared. M. Harancourt's article was a bitter and ironically sarcastic arraignment of the "Anglo-Saxon instinct to own the world." He sees, for an instauce of the details, the hand of Britain keeping alive the Dreyfus affair, the Fashoda affair, and the Paris strikes, which all threaten civil war or a fight with the island mastiff. He draws atteution to it that all these things are happening in the autumn, when Russia cannot cross the snow-bound Indian passes or navigate the northern seas. Now, in winter, when Russia is isolated and cannot iuterfere, Britaiu would like to crush the French fleets; then in the spring put an end to the Russian fleets, and theu at leisure finish up the German navy and clean out the Mediterraneau; thus to conquer final dominion on the sea, which, in this commercial age, means the domiuion of the world. "Ou one side of the map America," writes the Frenchman, "on the other England; let the rest be suppressed! Thus the two children of the Auglo-Saxon race are dividing the earth between them." I accept M. Harancourt's amendment; let us take the earth. It is ours by right, both of might aud the survival of the fittest. Let American expausion be on lines of longitude, as I suggested. America from Alaska to Tierra del Fuego; Britain from Greenland to Australia; on the North Pole the Stars and Stripes, on the South Pole the Union Jack! Pretty, isn't it; and why not? The only person a man can be in perfect accord with is himself; the only people that can exist harmoniously on this earth is the Anglo-American race. When the world is ours, theu the millenium.

BOSWELL JR.

The chief city of Hawaii is Honolulu on the Island of Oahu. It has a population of about thirty thousand, and is in appearance a well-built American town. The business blocks are substantial three-story stone structures, the type of the architecture generally American; this is especially the case with the public buildings.

The other towns of the Islands are small and most of them are populated by natives, while others are merely clusters of plantation buildings with the factories in the center. There is one at the military reservation of Pearl Harbor called Pearl City, which is flourishing and growing. It is on the line of the Oahu Railroad, which makes nearly a belt around the Island Wailuku, at the western terminus of the Kahului Railroad on Maui, is a center of three sugar plantations and is a growing place.

The leper settlement on Molokai comprises another community of about 1,000 persons, of whom 700 are patients and 300 are attendants and friends of the sick. The hospitals are maintained by the government at an annual cost of $100,000. Visitors are not allowed at the settlement without a permit, though it is now generally recognized that the disease is not contageous. The trouble seems to be disappearing in the Islands, as the number of cases are reduced year by year. The Island itself does not contain much cultivatable land, being mostly high and rocky.



A Photographic Study by Arnold Genthe

A CAVALIER OF SAN RAFAEL

SURF-RIDING

A Vivid Description of the National Pastime of Hawaii.

Surf riding is one of the great sports of all the South Sea islands. The natives are experts, both with boards aud in canoes. White men become expert with canoes, but rarely with boards. The canoes are dug out of big logs. They are very deep and narrow and seats are stepped near the gunwale, so that they would tip over at a glance if it were not for the enormous outriggers they carry. Across the gunwales are lashed two short sticks, one fore and one aft, which extend about eight feet out on the port side and curve down into the water, where they are fastened to a four-inch log of an extremely buoyant native wood. Getting swamped is mighty dangerous business, for the surf booms in so rapidly and heavily that it is an impossibility to bail out the canoe and it must be taken to the beach, a task of great proportions in a heavy sea and one that demands that the men with the canoe shall be good swimmers. The canoes rarely upset, but unless a comber is handled well it is likely to break over the craft and fill it with water, and theu there is trouble.

The canoe is manned usually by two husky Kanakas, who can fairly smell a big breaker long before it lifts its head above the sea. Some white men born in Honolulu are nearly as expert as the Kanakas. I went out with Billy Diuond, who has spent nearly his whole life in Honolulu, and as Tao-hai, one of his Kanakas, says, is a "ver good man." We paddled along the beach to a place where the surf was running high—about as it booms in along the Jersey coast under a fresh breeze, then out to sea until we were beyond the line of the breakers. There we lay, watching the sea, which was so quiet that I could hardly distinguish the long, regular heave of the Pacific swell. The whole outfit of us were in bathing suits, with pajama coats to prevent the suu from burning, and a conglomeratiou of skull caps, toques and straw hats for head gear. The Kanakas wore bright yellow sweaters and gaudy bandana handkerchiefs tied on their heads as turbans. The canoes were bright yellow, the color of the sweaters, trimmed with a black line at the gunwales. The day was bright and fair, with the usual storm over Punchbowl, the mountain back of Honolulu, and little clouds breakiug away from it occasionally and drifting down toward Diamond Head.

Suddenly Dimond begau to shout to his two men in Kanaka. Instantly a feeling of wild confusion and excitement pervaded the canoe. The Kanakas drove home the broad paddles and shouted in the Hawaiian language. Straight toward shore we drove the big canoe, almost lifting it out of the water. The long, broad-bladed paddles whipped through the water, and the shouting was like that when the cowboys repulse the Indians at a Buffalo Bill performance.

All abreast, the four canoes shot in toward the beach. The paddles ripped the clear blue water. The spray dashed over the bows. Everybody yelled. No one looked behind, but all knew that the big, rolling sea was overtaking us. If we did not have sufficient way on the canoe the comber would go by us and we should be left the objects of derision of all the yelling crews that caught us. How we yelled a mixture of Kanaka and English, everybody shouting at full lung-power, the Kanaka exclamations coming with sharp, explosive force that contrasted with the slower English, like the crack of six-pounders with the roar of guns! On we go, and there's hardly time to notice that we are just a little ahead of the other three canoes when "There she comes!" shouts Dimond. There is a sudden lifting of the stern of the canoe, an instaut response in the yells of the crew, a lightning increase in speed, and we've caught the roller. The others have caught it also, and all four abreast we dash ahead. Now paddles are at rest, and down the inshore side of the roller we slide, always just ahead of and just under the curling crest that breaks into foam almost under the sharp stern of the canoe. The speed is tremendous. It seems as if we were outrunning the Empire State express. Lucanias and great Kaisers never dreamed of such speed. From the sharp cutwater of the canoe the foam flies in two lines back up to the crest of the roller. The spray dashes over us in streams. And all the time everybody yells. It is like the performance of au amateur fire department trying to scare out a fire by noise. Half a mile to the beach, but there is hardly time to catch sight of that gorgeous rainbow under the black cloud that hangs over Dimond Head, we are in so quickly.

The beach is now twenty yards away. Down goes Dimond's paddle to port, hard held against the rushing sea. Off to port we swing and slide to the beach in line, in half a foot of water. Skillfully managed were the other canoes also. At the instant that we swung to port they swung to starboard, and now all head back toward the reef where the breakers start, we are standing up in the canoes, drenched with the salt spray, but yelling like Indians with the pure joy of it. A sport for kings, but one that few kings know, and most of these the world regards uncivilized. De Quincey found the glory of motion on top of a six-horse coach. Others have caught the same spiritual intoxication iu the wild, free, forward sweep of a fast locomotive. De Quincey mused from the top of his coach that the heart of mau was the all-compelling power of his glory. It is the heart of nature that knows the surf and drives the surf-rider's canoe.

Out beyond the reef again, waiting for another swell! Down through the glass-clear water we see the coral growing at the bottom. Over the big Kanaka goes, over, yellow sweater, red bandana and all. The little column of bubbles that followed his descent has all disappeared, and down at the bottom we see him tugging at a coral bunch. Presently up he comes with a beautiful great piece of coral, and a broad smile on his face. He is about to dive again when Dimond shouts to him in apparent excitement. A seaward look shows no appearance of a swell to me, but in climbs the Kanaka with all haste, aud at the paddles we go, might and main. The other canoes lying further inshore take the warning and dart away. We are going now at racing speed and just in time. The swell behind us has developed into a giant. Just as it begins we catch it and away we swash for the beach. It is the first race over again, but this fellow is bigger. The bow of the canoe dips under water. Instant shouts from Dimond and the Kanakas and all three paddles are jammed into the water, holding hard, to stop the tremendous headway. The moment's check serves the purpose. The long stem of the canoe rides on top again, and on we go.

Now we are shown a trick that requires consummate skill and judgment. Mr. Dimond drives down his paddle broad across the course. Sharp off to port swings the canoe on the very top of the giant roller. The foam breaks all about us and gallons of it come aboard. The Kanakas laugh and shout, but the passengers hold their breath. The outrigger rides free of the water and we are broad away on top of the wave, rolling beachward beam on. Still Dimond holds his paddle hard to port. Presently the canoe answers. The outrigger drops into the sea again, the roller passes out from under us and leaves us headed out to sea.

"That is what we would have to do," he said qnietly, "if we saw a swamped cauoe just ahead of us."—*Oscar F. Davis in New York Sun.*

REGENERATING SAN FRANCISCO

An Architect's Views on the Artistic Inspiration of California.

[The discussion that has been evoked by the announcement of a plan to re decorate San Francisco may be said to have cleared the air architecturally. A number of prominent men have expressed sentiments in reference to the plan and its possibilities. Of especial interest in this connection is the following contribution from a well-known architect, who, after some years of successful labor in the Calfornia vineyard, has now wandered far afield. With no admiring eye does he regard the spectacle of our wooden palaces and his explanation of cause and effect, while not flattering, must be taken as the expression of a ripe experience.]

Architecture has always been the truest expression of a people's character, and in its remains we are able to read "as tho' writ in a book" the story of a people. Architecture reflects credit (or discredit) as surely as do children the virtues as well as the eccentricities and vagaries of their parents. In contemplating the constructions of a city of the far west one is forced to hesitate before expressing an opinion, as much as one would hesitate in judging what our national policy would be one thousand years hence; and particularly is this true of San Francisco, which has not yet had the time necessary to emerge from the status of a supply station for a great mining camp; and it is the more difficult for one who has enjoyed the bountiful patronage and hospitality of a people unique beyond compare in the world's history.

To understand the art and architecture of your city you have but to think for a moment of its very recent foundation *and the founders*. Consider for a moment the men who first mortgaged this modern garden of Eden, and if this cannot explain the wherefore of its art and architecture, then nothing can. Architecture has always been and ever will be, *of the people*, and the professional man is solely a means for the expression of their good *(or bad)* taste.

Judge, then, the impossibility of criticizing the architecture of California, when you know the founders and the moving spirits of your State to-day! These are the *real* creators and dictators of its art, as was Pericles in the best age of Greek art.

The people in Italy and in Greece are decadent—are living in a wilderuess of decay—and the beautiful things we travel so far to study and admire are the works of an entirely different people from those we see to day. So we in California are living in a wilderness (primeval)—not a wilderness of decay, but a wilderness of God's bountiful blessings, of wealth, pride and bad taste, but withal a wilderness of progress and advancement. Really the progress of California is marvelous and unprecedented considering its youth aud the circumstances of its settlement.

The efforts of a few of the younger artists have been heroic in tryiug to convice the housebuilders that *brains* might enter as essentially into the matter of constructiou as bricks and mortar and joists, and their pioneer efforts will surely leave their impress. But time is essential, with all that passing centuries implies, before we can hope that the improvement will be a matter of serious public sentimeut.

One thing to be thankful for is that most of the "beautiful mansions" (and other buildings in your promising city) will pass away swiftly and in short order, for their construction render them quite as ephemeral as the lives of their builders. (The Colton house seems to be one of those queer freaks of good taste that happen occasionally, and can be regarded with one or two others as happy mistakes).

In a climate so nearly like Southern Italy and Greece, all the refinements of architecture that are impracticable in the more rigorous climates of the Eastern and Northern States, are feasible, and with the bright suulight and blue sky (far more beautiful than in any other civilized country) I doubt not but that of all the States California offers the best opportunity for the development of architecture, for it requires but a very slight idea of the art to understand how far the absence of snow and intense cold and their destructive effects goes to assist the production of beautiful architecture, and how far a blue sky and brilliant sunlight go to enhance the beauty of good buildings, for good buildings are entirely a matter of common sense, proportiou and *light* and *shade*.

But the Reaper will have to do his work well, and many, many times over, before we can hope to produce (as a people) the beautiful and true in architecture.

Siucerely yours,

Florence, Nov, 10, 1898. ARCHITECTUS.

An American syndicate has secured the building of the southern portion of the Grand Trunk line from north to south of the Chinese Empire — that is to say, the sections connecting Canton and Hankow. This line will pass through the proviuces of Kwang-tung, Hunan, and Hupeh. Those whose opinion is worth recording declare that this line will be a commercial success. The route throughout presents no very serious engineering obstacles, and the construction of this line will do much to open this part of the Empire. The approximate length of the route is 861 miles.

Observations made at the Massachusetts Agricultural Experiment Station show that 80 per cent of the food of the ungainly and repulsive-looking toad is made up of iusects injurious to agriculture. The toad is an especial enemy of the army worm, the cutworm, and greenhouse pests generally, aud does a lot of good in its modest way.

CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES

Their Ancient Significance and How We Celebrate Them To-day.

When the time comes round a Christmas box they bear,
And one day makes them rich for all the year.

Thus sang the poet in the good old days of Merry England, never thinking that it would ever be parodied.

When the time comei round a laden wagon out they send,
And for a year they groan and toil,
That day's extravagance to mend.

Since the heathen Roman feast of Saturn commemorating peace and prosperity was turned into a celebration of the birth of Christ by the tactful Bishops of Rome, it has been annually observed in all Christendom. It was in England that the Christmas tree struck its deepest root, and there Christmas is celebrated to-day with more enthusiasm than anywhere else.

The yule log was burned in the olden time and the mistletoe was cut by the Druids, with solemn ceremony, amid feasting and rejoicing throughout Britain. The Christmas of Dickens, and the old English celebration of the feast, as described by Washington Irving in the *Sketch Book*, tell us of the times that were. Feasting is characteristic of the celebration in England. The Italians have the proverb, "He has more business than the English ovens at Christmas." But the celebration now has lost most of its primitive boisterousness, and family reunions and evergreen trimmings are about all that remain of it, the various rough merriments which formerly marked the festival being discontinued in these days of prim propriety.

It used to be that the Christmas celebration, now universal in this country, was confined to the South and the West wherever the Virginian social influence had spread itself. In Virginia, the leading Southern colony, the Church of England, which observed the church festivals, was the dominant religious body. New England, which was the model for most of the social customs of the North, was dominated by the dissenting religious sects and among them the festival days of the year were discarded as savoring of superstition. In the middle belt of States, New York, settled by the Dutch, celebrated the feast of St. Nicholas on the first of January, and their Santa Claus, the pet name for St. Nick, is the gift of the Dutchmen to young America. Our custom of New Year's calls was borrowed from the Hollanders and their descendants. If the Cavalier Virginians had their Christmas, the Puritan New Englanders had their Thanksgiving, but, now that the sectional lines have vanished, Christmas is being celebrated in every nook and corner of the land to-day, and likewise is Thanksgiving a national holiday.

It is indicative of the modern tendency to extremes, that the pleasant old custom of generosity to the poor, and of giving little remembrances and gifts on Christ's birthday is so much overdone that the celebration of Christmas has come to be with most of the population, especially in cities, a season of rather forced merriment, and of much real secret uneasiness; a day full of selfishness, of disappointments and heartburnings. For many a day, after the coming and going of Christmas, young men and old men will feel in empty pockets in vain for needed sheckels, which have otherwise been spent in the senseless extravagance now almost compulsory at Christmas time. The excesses of present-giving are all well enough for rich people, but there are few, except the poor, who sit down in joyous comfort by their firesides on Christmas night. The poor have no shams to keep up, lucky people. "A healthy beggar is happier than an ailing king." It is the great prententious middle-class that suffers.

This year's Christmas season opens brightly and happily with us. The rains have pelted the earth with drops of silver, which Nature's alchemy will turn into the harvest season's gold, and the country people are glad. The atmosphere of the city has been similarly lightened and the streets are alive with bright-eyed shoppers preparing for the advent of Santa Claus. The children are full of the eagerness of his coming. The old gentleman has obligingly established warerooms and agencies all over the town where the youngsters may go and pick out what they desire from their white-whiskered patron with the nose like a cherry. There is an extraordinary variety of new toys this year, a very great many of them practical and useful things designed to be instructive as well as pleasurable.

The boys can't get enough of the military toys which are all the rage. They demand battleships, and neighborhood youngsters fight out the Santiago campaign with their combined armies and fleets. The good old sled full of dolls and wagons and horses and so on has been sent by Santa Claus as usual, and new games by the dozen, most of them of an instructive character, are in all the stores. The eager joy of the children is reflected in the faces of their elders. In all the rest of Christendom, as with us here, there is hope for a Merry Christmas, and then, a Happy New Year.

The subjects of the Mikado are great readers. They read everythiug — history, novels, magazines, and newspapers. The last-mentioned are innumerable, and of magazines there are also quite a host. Many of these are after the style of the *Strand*, containing miscellaneous articles dealing with various topics of current interest, biographical sketches, short stories, interviews, etc., and many of them are illustrated, some of them having wonderful frontispieces. In price they vary from about 2 to 12 cents per month. The Japanese newspapers are thoroughly up to date with their news, several of them receiving all Reuter's principal telegrams daily.

The excavations of the home of Gautama Buddha have brought to light buildings more ancient than any yet found in India. Kapilavastu was long and eagerly sought for in vain. It was destroyed in Gautama's own lifetime, and was a mass of ruins when it was visited by a distinguished party of Chinese pilgrims in 410 A. D. Kapilavastu was the capital of a small Raja, whose son Gautama was. The actual birthplace of the latter is known as the Lumbini Garden, marked by a column erected in the third century by the Emperor Asoka, which is also being excavated. A tumulus which was found contained no less a relic than the bones of the Buddha himself.

From a photo by Arnold Genthe.

"Where Gods Can Be Mistaken."

BY HELEN BORDEN.

"She swears, that's what she does," said a young man who carried the very latest thing in high-hats. "She'll tell you so herself,—that is, if you ever meet her again," he added, looking with wonder and distrust at the Poet's trousers.

The Poet did not notice; he was gazing out the Club window with abstraeted eyes. "Webb, isn't that fellow a liar?" he asked the silent smoker beside him after the owner of the silk hat had taken himself and his air of affluence off.

"N—o, I'm not prepared to state that Billy never lies, but he did'nt this time. I did not care to open your innocent eyes, Philip, while he was around,—he's such a babbler,—but there is not a shadow of doubt about it, Miss Handy does swear whenever she gets angry—which is pretty often. I know, because she swore at me—once. You have heard how her father, old Johnny, used to take off his coat when there was any damming to be done? Well, she is a chip off the old block. Its a thousand pities; she's a stunning girl."

"I thought she was the real thing," said the dejected poet,—"She's got the nicest kind of a voice."

"That's nothing; I tell you, old boy, you ought to stop driving a pen for a while and study people,—women anyway. You think every woman you see is an Angel if she has a pair of soft eyes,—regular ass about them; not but that anybody's liable to be sold sometimes," he added, in a more tolerant tone. "Did I ever tell you about the girl who lives in the flat over us? It's a good one on me."

It struck the Poet that if it was a good joke, Webb did not quite appreciate it; he said nothing, however, and his friend went on.

"I saw her the first day we fellows moved in; she was leaning out of a window and scratching around in a box of plants with a hat pin. She wore some kind of a fluffy white thing and drew back when I stared at her, but not before I had seen the prettiest throat any eyes in the—at least they were very pretty."

"The next day she was ringing her bell when I came up the steps and got a look square into her eyes; awfully honest proud eyes they are too, and as clear as a child's. As I stooped to place my new latch key my head came near enough to her for me to catch a faint smell of violets, for her dress brushed my foot as she stepped into her door. Isn't it queer the magnetism some women have? I had not lost any sleep over her before, but, after that, whenever I struck a bunch of violets, her face and that sweet smell would come up in me;—the flower venders around Lotta's fountain gave me a regular vertigo of her."

"That corner and Chinatown are the two smelliest places in town," said Philip, as Webb paused to look pensive. Friendship demanded that he say something.

"I found out what her name was," Webb went on; hat she lived with her mother and an old aunt; that she s well connected, but not in society; too poor, I guess, ugh Todd Marvin is her half brother."

"By the way," interrupted Philip, "what time are we here tonight?"

"At 7:30," said Webb. "It was after I heard of this tionship that Mrs. Marvin began to appreciate me. e ought to have,—I danced three times running with her and took her in to supper the same night. Satety Smith told me that Marvin's father had two sets of children. She'll very likely turn me down though, now she has drawn a poet into her eddy."

From your description I don't believe Mrs. Mavin will care much for poetry; not mine, anyway," Philip remarked.

"Women who dont like poetry are often fond of poets," replied Webb with a grin. "As I was saying," he began again, "I was plotting to be introduced when— Don't you want a drink? I'm dry."

"I always need a drink when I think of that morning anyway."

"It was Sunday," he went on; "I was smoking near the window. Like her's, my windows were up, though it was chilly, for I liked to hear her in the room overhead, moving around (dusting, I imagine) and whistling softly. Good Lord," Webb said, breaking off abruptly, "what pretty fancies I made to myself about that girl,— almost as poetical as your stuff, old fellow."

Philip looked doubtful in spite of himself and Webb sighed heavily. "This is the end," he continued, "I heard a door open, a short indistinguishable conversation between the girl and her mother, or somebody, and then my love,—my pure eyed Goddess approached the open window swearing,—Yes, by George, swearing at every step like the driver of a twelve mule team. 'Blankety blank you,' she said, 'You old ——' 'You darned pig.' The most horrible foolish stuff. He rvoice usually so pleasant and clear was discordant with rage. If there had not been an intonation about it unmistakably her's I would have thought some drunken crook had gotten in her room. It was awful. I shut my windows down gently and lit out for Oakland; I wanted to be by myself. It cost me a falsehood and six dollars worth of flowers to escape dinner that night at Mrs. Marvin's, where I was to meet her. It had not been so easy to manage either, without exciting jeal—— suspicions; for Mrs. Marvin is down on her half sister-in-law."

"It is not astonishing," said Philip.

"You see," added Webb, who was sufficiently wordly to think his flight needed explanation,—it seemed natural enough to the poet,—"I felt I could not meet her for I had been tremendously taken with the girl; had given myself away, in fact. She knew that our meeting so often on the steps and in the cars was not pure accident. I'd have felt foolish; besides, it was better not to know her; she's right over me,—propinquity is the devil,—I might forget if I knew her, and think of being tied to a woman with a vocabulary like that! That's all," concluded he, tossing the end of his cigar in the ash tray. "What's the matter with a walk up Market street? It's about time for the five o'clock parade."

* * * * * * * * * *

When Annabel Marvin discussed herself, of which she was remarkably fond, she liked to produce the impression that she was a very clever woman, full of sentiment, refinement, and the deepest emotions. I sometimes fancy that she even believed this without doubt she (the most indirect and admiration hungry of women) considered herself chaste and pellucid in her method of attracting men, and indifferent to their attitude. As she was emphatic on these points a great many persons agreed with her,—it was unwise not to do so,—but as a matter of fact she was merely a shrewd shallow voluptuary of tepid affections and a more than doubtful artlessness. Possessing some beauty and a conspicuous thirst for the opposite sex, she was accepted with equanimity by men,—her husband exeepted,—but her only female intimates were socially inferior. The small dinner to which Harry Webb had been ordered to bring the poet was given solely with a view to reinforcing the little court so necessary to her happiness, and—so prone to dwindle.

She had intended Philip for the place at her right hand,—Webb's description had been interesting,—but his old dress coat, simple manners and cool eyes made her suddenly decide in favor of Bobby who hated "young things" and gave lovely suppers after the theater at "The Colts" and that queer Spaghetti's. "I'll send the poet in with Elsie; they'll suit; neither of them know anybody," their hostess had thought.

She rather regretted her decision later on when she saw frank interest and admiration in the brilliant eyes Philip turned toward his companion, whose ordinarily too serious face was then glowing and dimpling; transformed by the warmth of homage and appreciation.

It was not yet too late to give him a chance, Annabel considered; besides the evening was not wasted. Bobby had risen to her bait nicely and had asked her to arrange a theater party for Thursday. Elsie would not be asked to that.

And Philip? The world had suddenly become a very livable and interesting place to him. Even the pretentious dinner, with its fussy entrees and elided roast, seemed delightful. How kind, he thought, in Mrs. Marvin to ask him and let him sit by this lovely young girl; why did the other men look so bored? Didn't they feel it was good to be alive too? Perhaps they envied him. He looked attentively at the pretty pink ear beside him, in its nest of polished gleaming hair, and wondered why the color rose on Elsie's creamy cheeks as he gazed. He did not know that women have eyes in the back of their heads for such warm glances.

What a pretty fashion it was; these long sashes. One had floated across his knee when Elsie pulled her skirts out of the butler's way, and he had gone to some pains not to disturb it.

The girl's frank eyes had grown very shy before the ladies left the table. For at least a half an hour she had been as alive to the poet's every expression and movement as a sentitized plate is to the light. Joy that had more than a touch of alarm in it filled her, as she felt, rather than saw, how his whole strong symmetrical body turned toward her. A flood of tenderness that was nearly maternal had submerged all less noble emotions when she noticed Philip's hand steal again and again toward the ribbon on his knee. It had seemed to her so child-like and somehow pathetic.

Webb, with his still smile and surfeited eyes seemed a very worlding by contrast when he was presented later on in the evening. Her glances strayed over his shoulder to the distant room where Annabel was showing Philip "A queer lamp I have in my Turkish corner." There was always something strange or new in that secluded corner to show interesting young men.

It was late that night when Webb finally succeeded in dragging his friend away. When they stepped out into the damp street Philip was conscious of a slight chill in the atmosphere which was not altogether due to the fog.

"I think I'll take this car," Webb said, when they reached the corner and saw a light bearing steadily down on them from the hill above. "Why don't you take the California street with me? It carries you nearer your place," asked the surprised poet.

He had intended to find out from Webb just how soon it was permissable to pay a dinner call, but the man seemed to be trying to get rid of him. "I'll ask their day, anyway," he thought.

"I say, Webb," he began, "Mrs. Marvin looks very young to have a grown up daughter."

Webb lit his cigar with great care; "Miss Marvin is not Mrs. Marvin's daughter," he said, with cruel distinctness as he boarded the car. "She is the girl who lives in the flat over me."

He did not think it necessary to add that he had won an invitation to call there the next night; there was'nt time anyway, he explained to himself.

* * * * * * * * * *

Philip found himself with Annabel Marvin very often that week. Thursday brought him an invitation over her name to join Bobby's theater party. He went, and gathered the impression that Mrs. Marvin expected him to call very soon and thought him a most gifted young man.

Friday he called on her. When he left the house he found himself somehow or other engaged for two evenings in the next week.

Sunday, just as he left his rooms, he met Mrs. Marvin, coming from church, she said, which without doubt must have been the case, though I can think of no Catolic Church (she was of this faith) in, what was then, t poet's neighborhood. This fact, however, did not suggest itself to Philip's mind as he walked to Annabe rustling petticoats and was carried off by her to a lun which they ate without assistance from Mr. Marvin.

Her dining-room held such pleasant memories that quite often list the thread of his hostesses remarks. N that it mattered much, so long as he looked intereste even the poet had discovered this. "She's kind, though he thought, "It's awfully nice in her to be so kind to me Annabel's own private particular den, the Turkish Co ner, began to have a very familiar look to him in t days that followed. Strange to say, he never met Web on any of them; he began to have an idea that Webb w avoiding him.

In the middle of the third week of his friendship wit Annabel Marvin he found an opportunity to speak of h sister-in-law. "Wasn't she eccentric?" "No, she was n remarkable in any way," Mrs. Marvin thought.

"I've heard that her—well, her vocabulary, is rath —er, unusual," ventured the poet.

What did he mean? Something unflattering, she kne —he need not deny it, "For to tell the truth," Annab added, "Elsie and I are not very—congenial."

Imploring absolute secrecy and feeling like a cad, b determined to know the truth, Philip mumbled ou Webb's story.

Annabel laughed, and laughed again in spite of her e forts to look decorously shocked. She did not know—(careful pause here)—Webb was certainly a reliable au thority—girls did do those things now-a-days—There wa Miss Handy—he had heard of her? Elsie's father wa without doubt a very profane old man; he was a pioneer all pioneers swore and carried a gun—.

"She does not want to admit it outright—the goo soul," thought the poet.

As he said good-bye Philip held Annabel's hand warm ly and begged her, with confiding glances that woul have made Webb laugh, to take him to call on her sister in-law; he "wanted to study up the type," he added, a Mrs. Marvin's eyes demurred and seemed to ask a rea son.

An hour was set, ten days off, for the call. When i came the poet was handed a note which testified to Annabel's inability to go out, in pathetic terms.

He did not call again,—which was rather base of him,— until a heavily perfumed letter arrived setting another somewhat distant date for their call, and reproaching him for his neglect.

Slowly the lagging days passed away, assisted it must be confessed by Annabel, and at last Philip found himself in the sunny satisfied looking room where Elsie Marvin received her friends.

Though he had understood that she was to be warned of their visit, she was evidently surprised. The poet, who was growing wise, felt that the surprise was genuine, i slightly exaggerated, for she wore a most unbecoming gown and her hair was—as he phrased it—packed up. Elsie received him, however, with a courteous affability and an expression of calm indifference, which so disconcerted him, as he contrasted it with the vivid expressive face in his memory, that he sat almost silent while Mrs. and Miss Marvin floated over the Merrimac, exhausted the latest style in skirts and trifled with Camp Merritt.

The conversation was beginning to languish when Annabel said "What have you been doing to yourself, Elsie, you are looking so remarkably well today?"

The words had hardly passed her smiling lips when a pleasant voice from the hall remarked with a gay chuckle, "That's a whopper! Oh, what a whopper!"

The smile faded away, but politeness (or was it something else?) kept Annabel from hearing this very—as Philip thought—apt reply.

"You know," turning toward him with a coquettish glance, "No one ever thinks it, but Elsie and I are about the same age—"

"That's a lie, that's a lie," said the voice again, this time so full and clear that the poet who sat with his back to the doorway started and involuntarily turned around in his chair. "Was Elsie a ventriloquist?", flashed through his mind.

In the hall a tiny Japanese man was trotting along, holding a large shrouded something carefully in his hands.

"It's only Babette," said Elsie with a repressed smile that made two unparalleled dimples.

"Peter," she added, don't leave Babette in the hall; it's too cold; bring her here."

The little Jap put his bundle on the floor and shot off two jerky bows.

"Your honorable Aunt, she say—'Remove from my hear this bird whose much swear cause her to waste the excellent sleep of her make."

"Damn you," came from the cage. "Get out of here you—you blankety blank pig!"

Peter backed hurriedly out of the room, got off two more jerky bows and disappeared.

"The Japanese have such charming manners," began Annabel, whose color had risen, "Oh, shut up you fool," muttered Babette in a bored genteel voice.

"She does'nt like being put out of the sunshine," apologized Elsie as she removed the black cloud from the cage and revealed a particularly ugly parrot.

"Babette was for years my brother Todd's pet, but when the baby began to talk he sent her back to us," continued Elsie, turning toward the poet.

"Your parrot has an unusually sweet voice, but I can't say much for her conversation," said Philip.

Elsie raised merry eyes to his. "The conversation is Todd's, the voice is meant to be mine; is'nt it Annabel?"

"I don't notice much resemblance,"—Annabel's face was frigid.

"Oh, but there is," Philip broke in; "It's remarkable."

"It ought to be," Elsie commented. Todd spent months trying to teach her. Don't you remember how amused you used to be, Annabel, to hear him talking to Babette in what you called my 'prisms and prunes, nim-

(Concluded on page 38.)

THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

Their History, Climate, Resources, and Development.

BY JOHN E. BENNETT.

Since the Hawaiian Islands have become part and parcel of the United States, there has been manifested in them by the people of our country an interest and a curiosity natural to the contemplation of a new possession. Now for the first time in the history of a republic upon a wide scale the hand of that republic has closed upon tropical areas. Its arms today extend from temperate into frigid and into torrid zones. The polar bear and the bird of paradise are alike inhabitants of its dominions. Surely, if greatness can be encompassed through magnitude of empire the United States may properly assert its title thereto. The danger is that in our thirst for eminence through scope of land we shall forget the truth that men not miles make nations glorious and that to raise the low and so exalt the high must be the end to which the republic shall turn its thoughts, if the republic is to endure.

The reasons, however, for the annexation of Hawaii appear to have been overwhelming. Twenty years of free trade with the Islands had Americanized them, and made them all but in name parts of the American Commonwealth. The controlling spirit of their population and of their institutions was American. The native race had subsided in the measure of strength beside the aliens. Hordes from the Orient and from the fringes of European civilization had entered the country, yet the American spirit held sway, enlarged, developed and was not lowered thereby. Hawaii may, without the name and without allegiance to the sovereignty of the United States, have gone on forever being an American colony but for the circumstance of its indefensibility among the nations as an independency. Without ability to maintain navies or arms of effective strength, and populated by an heterogeneous mass, aggressive, liable to become turbulent, largely citizens of foreign nations, the island government was at all times liable to be advised of a demand for indemnity by some foreign man-of-war sent thither to assert and collect it, the demand too being made exorbitant with a view to ultimate territorial concessions as a part of the terms of settlement.

With such a menace to the safety of those upon the islands and to the security of their properties, development of the natural resources, trade, and all of the arts of peace and also comprising the raison d'etre of governments, were hindered. In this condition Hawaii stretched her arms to the United States and was received into the family of states.

The Islands of Hawaii are eleven in number and varied in size, graduating from mere uninhabited rocks with names like Lehua, Molokini and Kaula on to the following:

Kahoolawe	63 square miles.
Niihau	97 square miles.
Lanai	150 square miles.
Molokai	270 square miles.
Kanai	590 square miles.
Oahu	600 square miles.
Maui	760 square miles.
Hawaii	4210 square miles.

comprising a total of 6,740 square miles. Only the last four of the islands, however, are undergoing commercial development; in the others native Hawaiians still roam often unadorned by other integumen than those of nature.

The islands trend northerly and westerly, commencing with the largest, Hawaii, in the south and coming to end with Niihau, the smallest in the west. Upon the chart they appear between the 19th and 23d lines of north latitude and from the 155th to 161st meridians of longitude west from Greenwich. The distance from San Francisco is 2,100 miles, from Auckland, 3,810; Sidney, 4,484 miles; Hongkong, 4,803 miles.

Geographically the islands are volcanic. There is little doubt that they have been erupted from the ocean's floor through the earth's dynamic forces. The agencies which have created the belt of volcanoes encircling the Pacific from Peru to the Aleutian Islands, Kamchatka, Japan, the Philippines, New Guinea and New Zealand, the vents appearing always close to the ocean, have placed the Hawaiis in the center of, or at the hub of the vast circumference. The weight of the ocean, says geology, breaking through the thin crust of the earth, carried water into the great cosmos furnace; this generated steam and steam forced upward the materials which formed the islands. The theory would seem to be correct, for craters extinct, with evidences of their past action, appear on most of the islands, while on Hawaii burns the marvelous lake of Kilauea, a standing evidence of those forces which have evoked such world wonders in this broad and fluid plain of the Pacific.

The appearance of all the islands from the sea is dark and mountainous. Their elevations range to nearly 14,000 feet, such being the eminence of Mount (or Mauna) Kea on Hawaii, while a little distance off on the same island is Loa, but a few feet less in height. The interior of the largest of the islands is exceedingly diversified. Broken by vast dikes whose sides are furrowed by ravines cut by the running waters of rains, terraces mounting up to sublime altitudes, table lands with precipitous sides and broad plains at the foot of hills, the entire meshed with a tropical tangle impenetrable in places where not artificially cleared, such are the characteristics of the surface of the larger islands.

To the difference in the ages of the several islands much of this remarkable variety of physical aspect is due. Those earliest of creation like Oahu, show the peculiar forms fashioned by the erosive action of water from both sea and clouds. The rugged, cliffy coasts on the weather sides abound in caves worn by the workings of the waves while on other sides the volcanic ash and tuia dust have been carried down to form ruins of swamp lands. Here the caldera of an extinct volcano appears; seven or more miles across, its vast floor 2,500 feet beneath the tops of the vertical walls upon which you stand, the floor itself a great pavement of lava nineteen square miles in area broken by deep crevasses, ornamented by serpentine sweeps and twists of molten matter, cooled and hardened, and by stalagnites of the substance spurted up from vents and stilled there to heights of 300 feet.

On Hawaii the eminences are of recent island building activities. The lava flows are of late cooling or are not yet cooled. Wide rivers of the melted rock have chilled and stilled in their fluid course covering areas miles wide, thousands of feet in depth and leaving surfaces strangely corrugated and configured. On these sweeps of clinker there are no trees, no vegetation; no streams traverse them, nothing of promise relieves the eye, all is a wierd expanse of ridged slag and distorted forms, vitreous, scoriated, over many parts of which not even a goat could pass, a hideous desert of spines and spikes, petrified jets, bowlders, lumps and pot holes.

And yet this molten stone is the substance from which is made the most fruitful soil. Much of it is exceedingly light because readily aereated, oxidized, weathers easily, crumbles, decomposes and forms land. The winds sprinkle it with seeds which grow into vegetation; this, decaying, forms a rich mold with which the larger parts of the Islands are spread. Indeed, in some districts the true arable soil of the island lies under a foot of lava which must be broken through or stirred up before the useful land is reached. This loam will lie to a depth of three feet and will be found recumbent on a bed of lava.

CLIMATE

Though in the Tropics the Temperature is Normal.

Upon the whole the climate of the Islands is rather dry. This statement may be surprising to some who have fancied it to be of that humidity common to most tropical countries, but the fact is that on the leaward, or westerly and southerly sides of the islands the land, save for cocoanut groves and algaroba trees, is brown and desert-like. On approaching upon a steamer one is struck by this appearance of barrenness. Sugar cane grows in all this district but it must be irrigated, and lack of irrigation has kept back many a plantation from development.

On the westerly and northerly sides, however, there is excess of moisture. The Islands lie on the northern edge of the tropics and are brushed by the northeast trades. These winds are cool and not heavily charged with moisture; but when they strike the mountain rises of the Islands the same phenomenon recurs that is constantly happening on the coast of Washington and British Columbia: The atmosphere is forced up the sides of the mountains, is carried into the region of cold here contraction ensues, condensation follows, and the water contents of the winds are precipitated. When the wind flies over the mountains it is dry air containing little moisture.

Thus at Hilo the rainfall has been as great as 200 inches in a year; and in the upper Nuuanu Valley near the Pali twelve inches in a month have been deposited. This generous precipitation has produced heavy growths upon the exposed areas, but the vegetation diminishes in strength and profusion as the leaward side is approached..

At Kapiolani Park, six miles from the upper Nuuanu Valley the rainfall has measured less than half an inch in the same month when it was falling to the extent of twelve inches in the Nuuanu. More remarkable still are those local climates caused by the presence of the mountains and their interposition to the trades. In northern Hawaii, for instance, is a broad plateau with an elevation of about three thousand feet. It is flanked by Mauna Kea and the Kohla Mountain, which deflect and compress into the plains the winds which drive against them. Across this level stretch the winds draw and swirl with terrific force, carrying rains which move with them, in a horizontal direction. Yet while the storms are raging upon this plain, the weather a few miles distant on a lower grade will be soft and warm with but the gentlest sea breeze blowing.

There are upon the lea sides miles of coasts which are heavy with angular rocks of lava. These stones are void of vegetation, bare and cheerless. They act, however, as a peculiar conductor of moisture to the lands farther up the slope of the island. Under the high hot sun they become greatly heated; thereby they heat the air which rests upon them and which accordingly rises; the hotter the stones become the more rapid is the rise of air above them; this movement draws in the cooler moisture-laden air from the ocean; it is carried up the side of the island, becomes cooled by the higher areas of the atmosphere, spreads fog clouds and causes showers so that the coffee plantations, the groves of oranges, fields of corn and sweet potatoes, with which the leaward slopes of the Islands are robed, are through a most curious cause, furnished with abundant moisture.

The southern sides of the Islands are called the Kona districts from "kona" meaning "to draw," such being the character of the winds from the south and west, according to the ideas of the natives. During the winter these winds come more or less periodically, increasing to storms often of violence. These are called Kona storms and are tropical in their nature; the air becomes sultry and exceedingly humid. During these visitations there is deposited in the Kona belt, which is devoted largely to the raising of coffee, about sixty inches of rain. Around Honolulu, on the south side of Oahu, sixty per cent of the days in the year are rainy. Typhoons, hurricanes, or other destructive storms do not come to the Islands and thunder storms are unusual. Hail storms happen occasionally, especially in the vicinity of the mountains. The natives call the hail stones "thunder berries," and it is related that some years ago there was such a storm near Hilo which left the ground so covered with this "fruit" that the people filled barrels with them and feasted upon ices.

To the trade winds is due the marvelously equable climate of the Islands. They are cool, pleasant winds, agreeable in strength and they blow steadily from one direction. From 225 to 301 days in the year, with an average of about 258 days, these winds endure. They are least in number in the fall and greatest in the spring and summer. It is owing to them that Hawaii, though within the tropics, has not a tropical climate.

The temperature of the Islands at ordinary levels ranges between 89 and 54 degrees. The average summer heat is 86 degrees and the average winter cold about 64 degrees. The maximum daily range of the thermometer throughout the year is 22 degrees, as small a variation probably, as is displayed by any locality on the globe and in striking contrast to many of the thickly settled parts of the United States where the mercury is near the freezing point at daybreak and at noon even a coat is uncomfortable.

In short, Hawaii is an agreeable climate to live in. Hot at high noon sometimes but always cool and pleasant at night. The early white settlers used to copy the fashions of the tropics in the matter of attire; they wore nankeen breeches, Panama hats and carried umbrellas, but these were soon laid aside as being needless, and the ordinary American habit of spring or summer is worn. It was discovered that while in most tropical countries, as in India, the white man could work only with his brain, that in these Islands he could work with his hands even in the heat of the day and could soon bring himself to suffer no inconvenience therefrom.

POPULATION AND LABOR

Rather a Serious Problem in Our New Possession.

The population of Hawaii is exceedingly cosmopolitan. Those of the Hawaiian race do not comprise over one-third of the entire number of people, or 35,000 in all, while the total aggregate is 107,000. Of these 10,000 are partly of Hawaiian blood. China has contributed 15,000, Japan 24,000, Portugal 9,000, while but 14,000 are natives of the United States or Europe. These latter, however, own the bulk of the property upon the Islands and are the controlling commercial spirits.

For a long time development of the industries of Hawaii, particularly of the sugar industry, was hampered and withheld through lack of labor. The native Hawaiians, while making excellent teamsters and laborers in occupations of like diversion, did not fill the requirements of plantation toilers. They were too stolid and slow and otherwise indisposed. Most of them preferred their wild haunts and semi-savagery with its ease and idleness to broiling under the fierce sun in the service of an employer. This latter demanded a people whom long living under conditions enforcing industry had made eager to work and who were sufficiently imbued with the sweets of civilization to have developed an acquisitive appreciation of the employer's dollar.

Accordingly, the reservoirs of cheap labor of the Orient and of the oppressed and backward nations of Europe were applied to. Inducements of employment at wages superior to those paid in their own countries were made, and people from China, Japan and Portugal began to pour into the Hawaiian kingdom. The government itself under stress of need of laborers on part of the industries of the Islands, established an immigration bureau to assist the incoming of those too poor otherwise to reach the Islands. Money was advanced by the government to pay the cost of transporting such persons to their new destination, they being obligated to return the money so expended for them following their arrival. In the decade between the years 1878-88, the Hawaiian government spent in such importation $1,019,000. This great sum was supplemented by amounts advanced by employers to the extent of $1,000,000. As a result of this expenditure $18,400 were brought into the country. In 1888 the government ceased providing money for this purpose and since then such advances have been made solely by the employers of labor. From 3,000 to 5,000 persons per year, or in all perhaps 40,000 people have been by them introduced into the Islands during the last decade.

Coming in this way, obligated to repay by their labor subsequent to their arrival, the costs of their passage, the penal contract labor system grew into existence. It seemed not more than fair that in their dealings with a people who might have little regard for an obligation, who would repudiate such shortly after they were put to work, and whom being without property it would be fruitless to proceed against in civil actions, that there should be

some process by which such a crowd should be compelled to fulfill the undertaking which they had contracted to perform. For this reason the laws enforcing contracts to labor with penal pains were inaugurated. If a laborer deserted his employer before his period of service had expired, he might be pursued as a fugitive, brought back and punished. The system was framed as nearly as possible after that of the American shipping laws and with much the same causes for its use. The money paid was upon an advance note common in the employment of sailors, and if the employes ran away after receiving their money, the employer had much the same power over them as a master of a ship over his employes on his vessel.

No attempt is made by the employers of Hawaii to defend this system. They did not hope to continue it any longer than the exigencies of the situation required. The proposition that it could have in any way been extended to the United States is absurd. Recognizing the non-conformity of the system with the principles and policies common in the United States they did not feel aggrieved when they were required to give it up. The planters very much desired that white farmers from the United States should come to the Islands and undertake the work upon such of the plantations as are suited to their employment; and within the past few months a colony of twelve persons have left Modesta bound for the Islands to engage in a system of co-operative planting. If this innovation shall succeed it is believed it will contribute at least a circumstance toward the solution of what is now one of the most pressing problems upon Hawaii.

Japanese are paid $15 per month and board themselves, though on all plantations there are barracks provided for their shelter. Chinese generally get $17, as they are more reliable and steady, less disposed to quarrel with their employers or to form themselves into cliques and combines and cause trouble. Portuguese and Germans get $20 per month, and many of this latter class have little plantations of their own and work for others only once in a while to secure cash money to aid them in developing their own farms. Notwithstanding all the laborers there are on the Islands, the question of gathering the coffee crop, especially that of hundreds of thousands of new trees which are every year coming into bearing is getting to be a serious one. To pick, pulp, dry, hull, polish, and grade this crop, many hands are needed which are not required throughout the balance of the year. How to procure labor to meet this exigency is now the subject upon which many minds are working in Hawaii. One coffee planter has set out a tract to cacao which ripens in the spring in order to have sufficient labor on his place the year round to attend his coffee harvesting. Another ingenious gentleman, Mr. J. M. Horner of Hamakua, thinks he can induce the natives to take a hand in the work during the busy season. He proposes to attract them out of their sloth by appealing to their love of music, feasting, and goodfellowship, since they have no particular regard for money. He will give laulas during the time and invite the natives upon condition that they pick during the day a certain number of pounds of berries for which a certain price will be paid. In the evening there will be banqueting, dancing, and merrymaking. As the picking season varies according to elevations it is thought the same crowd of Kanakas might have a sort of merry-go-round for a month or so by moving from place to place.

SUGAR

History and Development of the Great Industry of the Islands.

Ever since the forests of sandal wood fell before the axes of Kamehameha the Great and were thence shipped off to China at $10 per picul (133 1-3 pounds) the chief industry of the Islands has been the production of sugar. It is their most important product today because the coffee industry, which has of late come to menace its supremacy, has not yet sufficiently developed to assert itself as the chief output.

There are now over fifty sugar plantations on the Islands. The number is not greatly increasing, as the tendency is to enlarge those in existence rather than to create new ones. Thus in 1894 there were forty-seven plantations farming 23,500 acres, while in 1898 there are but few more concerns in the business, but the acreage grown to sugar is 40,000 or nearly double that of four years ago. Many of these companies are capitalized for large sums. The Waialu Plantation at Oahu is stocked for $3,000,000; Ewa, on the same island has $3,000,000 worth of shares; the Pioneer Mill Company, Maui, has $1,350,000; the Honokoa Sugar Company, Hawaii, $1,000,000, and so on. The annual outputs of these concerns run from 7,000 to 40,000 tons of sugar.

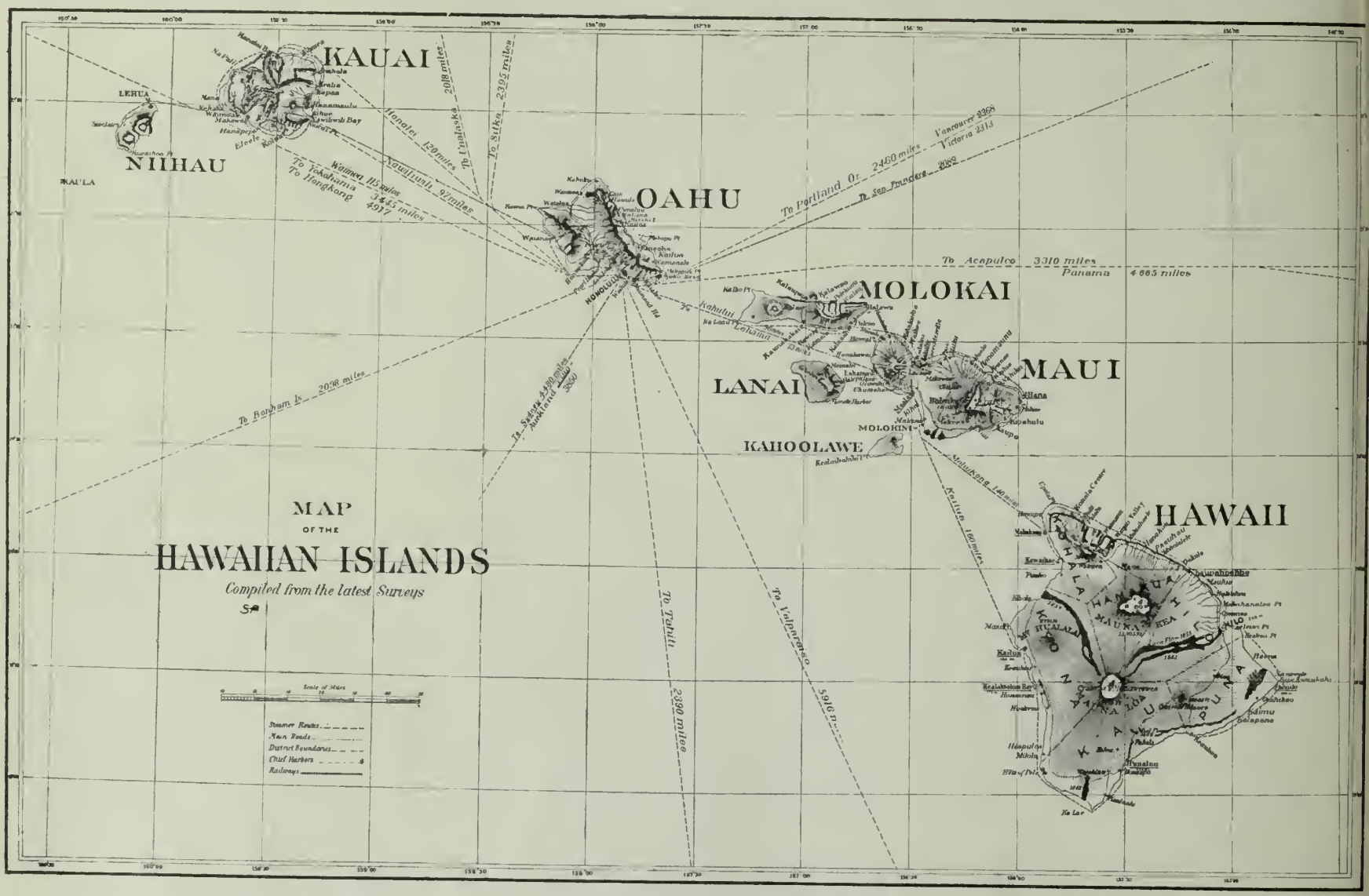
The conditions prevailing in the sugar industry appear to make it unprofitable for the business to be conducted upon a small scale. It does not present a field for a poor man. For sugar to be produced to advantage one must have not only an extent of land upon which to grow the cane, but he must have a mill in which to grind it and machinery with which to reduce the juice to sugar. It does not pay to grow cane and sell it to the mill of some one else. Experience has also shown that the larger the mill the less the cost of the finished substance. Accordingly all progress is in the direction of size. One wishing to invest in Hawaiian sugar growing is more likely to buy stock in some existing concern than to start a new and small plantation. Consequently many persons in the Islands own sugar stock. No kind of property more commonly represents the savings of the people than these certificates; and the dividends paid by these companies are surprising to those unfamiliar with the profits of this industry. The '98 crop of the Honokoa Sugar Company, being about 6,000 tons, enabled that concern to pay 35 per cent upon the face value of its stock. The Pioneer Mill Company the same year paid 40 per cent, while other companies showed like favorable returns.

The cane lands of Hawaii lie low. They comprise a belt extending around the Islands, starting at the level of the sea and reaching up the slopes to an elevation of about 2,000 feet, which is about the highest line at which cane can be grown. Some years ago it was believed that the lands susceptible of growing cane had all been brought into use and that those lands remaining unused within the climate and altitudes suited to producing the juicy stalk were for other reasons unfitted thereto. Chief among these latter reasons was the great condition of aridity. Some places, too, the soil was thin and the land was rocky. Recent developments, however, have brushed aside many of these obstacles and brought thousands of acres of land into cultivation which were at one time thought wholly unavailable. Engineers have demonstrated that the whole of the cane belt is underlaid with abundant potable water and artesian bores, supplemented by elaborate storage reservoirs, have solved the problem of moisture. Rocky lands have been cleared, and even soil has been spread upon areas where previously soil was scant. Chemistry has assisted enormously in the advancement of the industry. It has been applied both in the extraction of the juice and working it through the various processes to the unrefined sugar stage and it has also aided greatly in getting the land into condition proper for the growth of the cane, through pointing out first what elements are needed in the constitution to bring cane to its fullest development.

About twelve years ago, when the diffusion process was introduced into the Islands, it was thought that a great era had come to the sugar industry and that by the use of this method of juice extraction a considerable percentage of the cost of working the cane would be saved. Results, however, do not appear to have borne out these hopes and the cause of the failure to realize them upon as large a scale as was anticipated lies in the scarcity of fuel and the cost of heat necessary to be used in operating the diffusion batteries. With diffusion the cane is sliced up and placed into the several tanks with warm water; the saccharine contents of the cane are thus dissolved out by the water; the residue is a mere wet pulp and waste. When the cane is ground by a mill the begasse is dry and combustible and is used as fuel to run the works. The movement seems to be towards larger mills, rather than an extension of the diffusion method.

There are many varieties of sugar cane growing in the Islands and four or five are known to be indigenous. The Koea, a greenish white cane, the Ainakea, a ribbon cane, green and purple; the Papaa, red or purple, and the Palani, a dark red; the Paaole, a green striped and yellow variegated stalk which does not flower and can therefore be planted and milled at any season is also claimed to be native stock, though this is doubted. These canes in the old Hawaiian days used to grow wild and Mr. H. P. Baldwin mentions that in 1837 his brother D. D. Baldwin saw cane growing white on the edge of the woods of Huna on Maui Island at an elevation of 2,000 feet. It was also growing in healthy abundance in the valleys and on the flats. The natives ate it as food, but attempted no other uses of it except to employ it as an offering to some strange Polynesian gods.

The cane most commonly sown, however, is the Lahaina, imported in 1855 from Tahiti. It has long, straight



MAP OF THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

ves of light color and is juicy and rich in sucrose. It covered at the base with an armor of prickles which ends it against rats and borers; these latter are also re- ed by the hardness of its wood, a quality which makes bamboo valuable and important from the fuel stand- nt.

The present sugar industry in the Islands is the result the Reciprocity Treaty with the United States obtained 1876. Prior to that time, though, the annual exports l grown from 2,600 tons in 1863 to 13,000 tons in the aty year, yet the business was in a precarious and un- e condition, and its continuance upon any considerable nmercial plane under the arrangements which then sted might have been doubted. The first impulse it eived was through the prevalence of the Civil War in United States. The price of sugar then arose to ten nts per pound in kegs. Immediately prior to this lies formative period of the sugar industry of the Islands. 1851 the first centrifugal drying machine was intro- ced. Eight years later steam displaced animal and ter power at the mills, and in 1861 vacuum pans were st employed. Farther back than 1850 and all is rude d barbaric; the mills were grass sheds and had wooden llers. They were run by bullocks; the pans were try ts from whaling vessels; the juice was boiled to a thick rup which was turned into coolers to grain; the mass s next transferred to mats from which the molasses was ained. Under such difficulties but little sugar was made, d much of the cane reduction was for the purpose of taining molasses rather than sugar.

From the date of the Reciprocity Treaty, however, the awaiian sugar industry began to boom. The position the Islands made the United States, and particularly e Pacific Coast, almost the only market for the product. ipment to Europe was cut off by the nearness to the ter continent of Cuba and other competing sugar pro- icing areas. China had her own sugar lands and he- les, being a country of low civilization, consumed far ss sugar per capita of population than was the case with e United States.

The high tariffs charged by the United States upon im- rted sugar very largely shut out the Hawaiian article. d the business in the Islands was in an exceedingly de- essed state. Not being able to sell their product to us, ey were accordingly unable to buy our products from , so the trade between the Islands and the main land as trifling. With the establishment, however, of free ade, disguised under the name of "reciprocity," the en- e condition changed. Farmers and capitalists from the nited States went to the Islands, laid off new plantations. id became sugar planters. Imports arose at a rate of om $500,000 to $1,000,000 per year. In 1894 the yield of gar was 57,000 tons and since then it has greatly im- roved. The future of the sugar industry of the Islands full of promise. The local consumption is increasing normously with the rapid rise of population, and as the eople of the United States enlarge in prosperity, the per pita of sugar consumption here will increase. Candies d cakes, puddings and pies, the foods into which sugar nters as a constituent are not the diet of the poor, but the moderately well to do; and just as the extent of e consumption of soap determines the scale of civiliza- on of a nation, so the ratio of consumption of sugar in- cates the degree of national prosperity; for sugar and its anufactures are luxuries which people will deny them- lves if oppressed, but in which, if they can freely ex- hange their labor, they will abundantly indulge.

COFFEE

The Plant Grows Wild in the Mountains — A Great Industry.

While the starting and elaboration of sugar plantations s not inviting to the industrious poor because of the large mounts of capital required, yet the growing of coffee is specially a poor man's chance and occupation. Coffee is core of a temperate plant than cane, which is tropical in its nature. The zone of coffee on the Islands begins at height about where the belt of sugar ends. At an altitude of say, fifteen hundred feet the coffee orchards start and extend up to 2,600 feet. If planted lower than this, much of the nutrition of the plant is expended in the forma- ion of wood and not of berries which bear more numer- ously and larger on higher ground. The warmer climate on the law lands also exposes the bushes to blight.

The coffee plant, like the sugar cane, grows wild upon the Islands, and even now considerable coffee of an in- erior sort is gathered by the natives from these wild and untended trees and sold in local markets. It does not appear, however, that coffee ever found favor as a bev- erage with the earlier natives, or that the value of the shrub was in any way recognized. It was for a long time thought that only the Kona district of the Islands was suited to the growth of coffee and the area of this was not over 50,000 acres. Development and experiment, how- ever, have determined that coffee will grow as well on the windward as on the leaward side of the Islands, where- fore the area of coffee lands has been increased to about 200,000 acres, or a belt 160 miles long and 2 1-2 miles wide. Of this some 50,000 acres are now under cultivation. Upon this land there are 222 plantations, 193 of which are on the Island of Hawaii.

The land within this area is of three grades, namely aa aa, composed of small fragments of porous rock inter- mixed with rich coil; this is the best coffee land and can generally be found bearing wild guava or other trees. This land costs from $20 to $50 per acre to clear. Some planters cut down everything upon the land and leave it lying to rot; others clean off all growths and burn them. The expense of planting the land is greater where the vegetation is left to form compost. The second grade land is composed of large bowlders and clinkers without any visible soil, but which contains soil beneath the loosely lying rock. The third class land is slate rock, broken by numerous fissues affording some chance for trees to grow in such crevices, but the roots are hemmed in by hard walls and drainage being prevented by the solid rock be- neath the soil will hold water and rot the roots. This class of land is to be avoided. It can generally be detected by the fact that it bears rank Hilo grass and no trees.

The soil, however, being determined upon, the next task is planting the trees. These are grown from seed in a nursery where they have been carefully shaded during garmination an dthe earlier stages of growth. Purchased in the market they cost $5 per 1,000. Holes two feet in diameter and two feet deep are dug in the ground six fee: apart and left open for a month in order that the soil be- neath might become thoroughly areated. Then the top soil is thrown in and the trees put in place. This is an exceedingly delicate operation, for the coffee plant, as has been said, is an aristocrat in the vegetable kingdom and must be handled tenderly. It is moved with a trans planter which takes up the roots along with a core of earth. Great care must be used not to bend over or double the ends of the roots, especially of the tap root, a hold thread leading directly down from the stem of the tree If this root is turned the tree will not thrive. If the roots, either tap or lateral, project beyond the earth core they are cut off and thus planted straight. The hole is then topped with the soil which was taken from the bottom of the hole. This transplanting must occur during the rainy season in order that the trees may be started with abun- dant moisture and may not have the sun upon them until they are growing vigorously. When they are thus rooted the tree will grow in all but arid districts without being shaded by taller trees, though it was for a long time thought that such was necessary, so that many of the or- chards contain the kukui tree, which has no other office than to stand as an arbor above the coffees. Indeed this question of shade is one of the very mooted points now uppermost in the laying out of plantations. Authorities differ; but the best opinion seems to be that where the land grown to Ohia trees is to be cleared, it is better to leave at least eight trees to the acre for shade. There is no diversity of opinion upon the subject of leaving stand ing trees for windbreaks where the orchards might be ex- posed to winds, for they are the element most destructive to coffee raising and must be amply guarded against

Following the planting, care must be taken to keep down weeds. The aa land, which is most generally used, is covered with a dense undergrowth of ferns and vines and these do not distribute seed; but shortly following the clearing and planting pernicious weeds will appear and these will seed in thirty days if allowed to grow. They will soon ruin an orchard if not exterminated.

The tree will bear a crop the third year after planting Meanwhile garden truck may be raised between the rows and the planter may thereby earn a living while his cof- fee estate is coming into a condition of profit. There is always a market in the towns on the Islands for garden produce and the farmer's surplus, after provisioning his own family, can be readily disposed of. The trees are topped during the third year and are kept at a height of from five to si xfeet. This is done because of convenience in picking, and the bearing qualities of the tree are not impaired by the pruning.

About one pound of coffee is gathered from each tree as the maiden crop. The limbs on the bush grow directly opposite each other and in pairs. In fact the dual system appears to run all over the tree for the berry yields two seeds and each seed has two convolutions; the limbs ap- pear in pairs, and all the smaller limbs which grow upon the larger limbs, whether as primaries, secondaries, or tertiaries are paired. The berries grow in clusters of about twenty in each bunch and from ten to fifteen bunches on a branch. At three years there are twenty-four branches on a tree. It requires five pounds, or from nine hundred to twelve hundred berries, according to the ele- vation at which they are grown, to make a pound of cleaned coffee. At four years the trees will bear from two to six pounds of dried coffee and the plantation then be- gins to pay an income. The berries are picked in the fall of the year. The harvesting presents a busy and most in- teresting sight. The pulp is separated by machinery whereupon the two grains are found to be enclosed within a skin; this is called "coffee in the parchment" and is often sold in that form. The hulling is another process after which the grains are dried and polished.

The Hawaiian government bulletin upon coffee places the cost of bringing an acre of trees to the third year at $235. Planters generally reckon this outlay at $250 per acre, allowing $10 per acre for one hundred acres of land bought from the government and the purchase of 65,000 plants, allowing also $1,200 for manager's salary, $600 for the construction of his home and $350 for laborers' quart- ers and water tank, $300 for fencing and the hire of six Japanese at $15 per month, besides $500 for the purchase of tools and the starting of a nursery. This expert finds that one could meet these costs, clear and plant fifty acres of land in one year for $7,000. The next year he would set out 25 more acres at a cost of $3,080, which would make his total investment $10,035. The third year he would erect a pulping shed and drying house costing $500; a pulper with engine and boiler, $500. He would pick 20,- 000 pounds of coffee this year which cost him in extra help four cents per pound to pick and one cent per pound to hull, polish and grade, in all $5,070. Against this, how- ever, he would have a set-off of $3,600 for the sale of 20,- 000 pounds of coffee. Thence on his expenses increase, but his income also enhances. The fourth year he picks 60,000 pounds of coffee which he sells at $10,800. His ex- penses for that year being $6,220. The fifth year his crop would be 85,000 pounds, bringing $15,300 or $7,025 in ex- cess of expenses for the year. The sixth year his yield is placed at 100,000 pounds, selling for $18,000. The seventh year it is 125,000 pounds, worth $22,500. His excess of in- come that year over expense aggregates $11,600 and his excess over the total outlay for the seven years is $21,775. Thus if he borrowed the $15,000 with which he started without interest, he would have, at the end of seven years, returned this money, had a salary of $1,200 per year dur- ing the whole period—if he had been his own manager— have his plantation and all his improvements free of debt and $21,775 to his credit in bank besides. From thence on his income would be from $10,000 to $12,000 per year from 100 acres of coffee trees, and as the trees bear for forty years he might be said to have quite an agreeable outlook. This is inviting indeed, but Consul-General William Hay- wood points out that the price of coffee might not always remain at 18 cents and that every drop of one cent per pound in the selling price would take $1,200 off of the in- come of the planter. Still with all it may be said that barring the interference of combines, trusts, protective laws or other artificial agencies for increasing the prices of commodities, the production of coffee will always yield as much profit as the production of sugar.

The market for Hawaiian, or as it is commonly called Kona coffee, will never fail, for the reason that it is one of the highest grade coffees grown. It is greatly superior to the coffees of South and Central America and equals if not excels the Mochas and Javas; its delightful aroma and delicate flavor will maintain its price. Such is the opin- ion of an expert coffee buyer of New York, who after examining some of the best Hawaiian coffee, recently said that it would bring 22 cents per pound delivered in that city.

A FERTILE REGION

The Varied Products of Hawaii — Land Laws of the Territory.

The Hawaiias are among the most marvelous agricul tural regions of the world. Not only does a prodigious number of products of the vegetable kingdom grow there prolifically, but a surprising array of them will return to their producers high prices for the labor and use of the capital employed in their production. Two crops of corn are grown yearly on the same land upon which coffee trees are progressing toward the bearing stage and Con- sul-General Haywood states that one orchardist confessed to him that he grew $100 worth of corn per acre from be- tween the rows of one year old trees. The great cereal of Hawaii is rice. This is grown on marsh lands and is pe- culiarly the employment of the Asiatics. It yields two crops a year and is a highly profitable product. On up- lands or dry lands rice is also grown successfully, having but lately been introduced into the Islands. It is being commonly sown by the coffee planters to produce rice for their laborers who live most entirely upon this grain, which is often inconvenient to procure owing to the isola tion of many of such estates.

Several plants promising great commercial importance are grown in abundance. Among these are the fibre plants of which Ramie is chief. With the decorticating machine, lately invented and which is said to be a success, it will doubtless come into the market as a regular mate- rial for fabrication. The plant will yield from four to six crops per year. Fabrics made of its fibre bear a close resemblance to silk and the threads may properly be called vegetable silk; it is soft, warm, and glossy. Enor- mous fortunes await the growers and manufacturers of this plant in the near future. Among other fibre plants which grow upon the Islands the hemps are important. Th Sisal hemp flourishes upon lands too dry for any other cul tivation. Many thousands of these plants are now being farmed in the Islands. The bow string hemp requires a rich, damp soil. It is the most valued of all the leaf fibre plants, and offers a great field for industry.

Tea grows abundantly upon the Islands, but it will probably never be cultivated commercially because of the number of other products which will pay higher prices for labor. Still many plantations have little plots of tea which they harvest and cure for their own consumption. Cocoa the fruit from which chocolate is made, bears well in the humid districts and is being quite extensively planted.

All of the vegetables common to the temperate lati tudes grow in astonishing profusion. Feeding corn and sweet corn, Irish and sweet potatoes, cabbages and cauli flower, tomatoes, beans, radishes, etc., the small berries black, raspberry, gooseberry, strawberry and others, the large fruits alligator pears, peaches, oranges, lemons limes besides many delicious fruits whose very names are strange to Americans. The guava from which the most delici us of jellies is made, grows wild in abundance; the bread fruit is a most appreciated food; the mango bears enor- mous crops of the most luscious succulence. The poha grows wild profusely and is grateful for a little cultiva- tion; it makes an excellent jam or jelly. The papai is a tree which fruits in nine months from the seed and yields annually. It bears a small melon rich in sugar. It is greedily consumed by chickens and hogs and is especially fattening. When green it exudes a milky juice and pos- sesses the peculiar property of rendering tough meat ten- der when boiled with it. The taro is a most valuable food plant. It grows under water and resembles the beet. It must be cooked as soon as pulled for it rapidly decays after maturity. Its top, if cut off and planted, will grow new roots or if they are boiled are scarcely detectable from spinach. The taro has always been the principal food of the Hawaiians. They boil it, pound it for an hour, then call the pulp paiai; this, when diluted with water and allowed to ferment forms poi. It is the most nutritious vegetable known and is exceedingly digestible, patients being able to assimilate it whose stomachs reject even milk. Several attempts have been made to manufac ture it into flour for hospital uses, the last one I believe, being successful.

The cassava furnishes the staple food of the people of Brazil. Thrust a little stick cut from the plant into the ground and in ten months there is a crop of tubers be- neath it. Its meal makes a better bread than wheat. There are two kinds of cassava, the sweet and the bitter, the latter containing an acid principle which is dissi- pated by boiling. The sweet variety is greedily eaten all the year round; while the tropical grass is sweet and of the tubers will dig them themselves and leave the ground in condition for replanting. Pumpkins and squashes grow to enormous size and yield immense quan- tities of food for cows and pigs.

The great fruits, pineapple and banana are destined to

foster an extensive commerce. This is already manifest. Last year 100,000 bunches of bananas were shipped from the Islands, while the pineapple output is about $20,000 per annum. Both of these exports have been the growth of the past five years.

LAND LAWS.

In a country of such vast agricultural richness the system of land ownership, of first importance everywhere, is essentially the chief concern of the masses of the people. The area of land being very limited, its productive possibilities enormously high, one of the earliest manifestations following the appearance of Americans upon the Islands was the booming of lands on the market and speculation in land values. The result of this, had it been permitted to continue, would have been to drive the price of land and the rent of land so high that there would have been nothing left for the man who worked upon the soil. The land speculator would have taken it all, great as it was. This would have snuffed out production upon the soil; the boom then bursting there would have followed an era of commercial depression and hard times.

For the specific purpose of preventing speculation in land values and making the soil accessible to the smaller farmer, as well as for the purpose of discouraging large holdings of land, the statutes of 1895 were passed. They establish a competition with the land speculator by throwing on the market 1,782,500 acres of government land of all classes from town lots and wharf sites and landings through the various grades of agricultural and forest lands.

The first and most important feature of the law is that providing the Homestead Lease system; under this any person over the age of eighteen years may procure eight acres of first class or sixteen acres of second class agricultural land, thirty acres or sixty acres of first or second class pasture land, or forty-five acres of pastural-agricultural land, or one acre of rice land, upon a mere application and on payment of $2. His lease runs for a thousand years provided he shall maintain a home upon it and cultivate it. He pays only the taxes upon it and the land is his in as perfect form as any fee simple parchment could give it him. This is practically the same system now in operation in northern New Zealand. Under it there can be no tramps nor hard times so long as the Hawaiian government has lands for disposition in such a manner; for it makes the opportunities which the land holds accessible to labor, the lack of which, experience has shown us, is the primary cause of the scourge of hard times.

The second feature of the land act provides the Right of Purchase Leases. This gives the right to take much larger quantities of the several characters of land, starting with 100 acres of first class agricultural land and so on, under a twenty-year lease, with the privilege of the lessee of purchasing at the end of three years if he has three-fourths of the land under cultivation. He must pay an annual rental of eight per centum upon the appraised value of the land and must cultivate it.

The third form of the system is the "Cash Freehold Lots." These are sold at auction, and the purchaser, who must possess the same qualifications as applicants under the other heads—namely, he must not own any land in the Islands, and both husband and wife cannot apply—may pay all or one-fourth of the purchase price in cash and the balance in annual installment bearing six per cent interest.

If this system could be extended to all the land within the Islands, with perhaps the government treating all land under the plan devised by the first head, excepting as to quantities, so one's energies and capacities would not be limited by the limited scope of the land to which he is allowed access, if this were possible of being done, the Hawaiias would shortly be the paradise of prosperity as well as the Paradise of the Pacific, and they may even be so yet, for their legislation has unquestionably gone a long way towards the solution of the land question .

EDUCATION

Splendid School System in Operation Throughout the Territory.

Popular education has received the most careful thought of the people of Hawaii. The earliest missionaries of the island were teachers, and interest in this work, started then, has gone on developing ever since. The schools are largely public, and attendance upon them is compulsory and free. The law requires that all children between the ages of six and fifteen shall attend school regularly unless sick, and no exception is made on account of race, condition or color.

The schools are of two kinds—public and independent—the latter being private enterprises at which tuition is charged. A person wishing to open a school must apply for permission therefor in writing, furnish evidence of moral character and scholarship and have the petition signed by a number of those whose children are expected to attend the school.

At one time there were schools in which the teaching was conducted in the Hawaiian language; also those in which the English language was the medium of instruction. Lately, however, the last of the native schools has passed away, and, save a few Chinese schools, English is the tongue wholly taught.

The attendance since 1876 has been increasing at the rate of 3,000 for each decade and in 1898 was 14,286. Of these about 7,900 were either full or part Hawaiians, while the white children numbered only 1059. There are 125 government schools including the High School, Normal School, and Reformatory School. These are taught by 289 teachers, of whom forty per cent are Hawaiians, thirty-seven per cent Americans and seventeen per cent British. Forty-three per cent of the total corps are males and fifty-seven per cent are females. Their monthly salaries aggregate about $15,000. The cost of conducting the schools is $227,665 per annum. Of this sum about $20,000 are spent for the erection of cottages for teachers who are thus furnished with apartments free of rent. This may seem queer to a teacher in the United States, but the provision is necessary inasmuch as it often occurs that in the neighborhoods of the school there is not a single house of a character such as a refined man or woman would occupy, the dwellings all being native huts. Accordingly, in order to induce instructors to go off into the wilds and teach, adequate dwelling accommodations have been afforded them.

The Honolulu High School was organized in 1895 and occupies the costly structure built for the private residence of the late Princess Ruth, sister of Kamehameha V. The Normal School is conducted in the same building, has two teachers and an attendance of fifty. The independent schools are sixty-two in number and have an enrollment of 3,426. Chief among these is the Oahu College near Honolulu, started by the missionaries in 1841 as a school for their children. The building is of stone, costing $76,000 and it has an endownment of $285,000. Many of the schools of this class are sectarian. By a constitutional provision, however, the government is prohibited from giving any aid to sectarian schools. The entire educational system of the Islands is under the supervision of the Minister of Public Instruction who has associated with him six Commissioners, who together comprise the Board of Education.

ANNEXATION.

On August 12, 1898, Admiral Miller, in the presence of the population of Honolulu and of the regiments of soldiers who had attended his thither, raised the American flag over the Hawaiian Islands. Thereupon closed a long chapter of royalist rule and republican government, starting away in the misty days when the Polynesian savages moved from New Zealand and the Easter Island, navigated the Pacific in their canoes and landed on the basaltic rocks of the Hawaiias. Thence up through the tragic period of tribal wars, the establishment of the barbaric feudal system, the conquests of Kamehameha and his long strong reign, the Spanish discovery of the Islands

THE HON. MRS. BERNICE PAUAHI BISHOP

by Juan Gaëtano in 1555, the Anglo-Saxon landing through Cook in 1778, all the incidents and features and episodes of the history of the dusky people. All this was sealed with the smoke of the saluting guns when the brilliant banner of the Great Republic, glorious in the bright sunshine, ran up to the truck of the pole before the state-house and there remained. It waves there in graceful folds like soft alohas, insignia of security and peace, emblematic of promise and a future rich with fruit. And why not? With a soil incomparably productive beneath a climate influencing cornucopian yields; with a people industrious, wishing only opportunity to labor with its rightful compensatory incentives; intelligent, as manifested by their schools; a people of ideals and instincts; why should not the banner of freedom wave over them as a dispensation and a blessing, appropriately there, come in its proper time to its proper place? Not tribute to a new sovereignty does the ascendency of that flag mean; not subjection to a distant power; no, not that; only a seal and an assurance that the people of Hawaii may proceed in their way of happiness, defended in the possession of their just rights and protected in their enjoyment of a true independence.

AN INTERESTING INSTITUTION

The Kamehameha Manual Training School and Its Foundation.

By the will of Hon. Bernice Pauahi Bishop, who died October 16, 1884, landed estates to the value of $400,000, yielding an income of $10,000, were placed in charge of five trustees, for the establishment and support of two schools, one for boys, one for girls. The Trustees met and organized April 9, 1885. Hon. C. R. Bishop was chosen President; Hon. S. M. Damon, Treasurer; Mr. C. M. Cooke, Secretary. These officers were to constitute the Finance Committee: the President, with the two other Trustees, Rev. C. M. Hyde, D. D., and Hon. W. O. Smith, constituted the Educational Committee. The boy's school was located at Palama August 20, 1886. Rev. W. B. Oleson, Principal of the Hilo Boys' Boarding School was chosen Principal of the Kamehameha Manual Training School for Boys, and a course of study for 3 years adopted March 25, 1887. The dining hall and two dormitories were completed in season to open the School October 20, 1887, with 50 pupils. Two other dormitories have since been built so that 126 pupils can be accommodated. One more dormitory is contemplated, so that a total of 200 pupils may be lodged and instructed. It is not probable that provision will be made for any large rnumber.

By the terms of Mrs. Bishop's will, the Trustees are to "provide first and chiefly a good education in the common English branches, and also instruction in morals and in such useful knowledge as may tend to make good and industrious men and women, and I desire instruction in the high branches to be subsidiary to the foregoing objects." The Trustees are directed, also, to "devote a portion of each year's income to the support and education of orphans and others in indigent circumstances, giving the preference to Hawaiians of pure or part aboriginal blood." In carrying out the provision of the will, the Trustees have opened the school thus far only the Hawaiians, believing such to be the intention of the benevolent founder; but the terms of the will do not exclude other nationalities from the enjoyment of its privileges, if Hawaiians do not chose to avail themselves of the advantages offered to them.

The land set apart for the uses of the school is at the terminus of the street railway at Palama. That enclosed for the boys' school comprises 82 acres, and lies on the northern side of King street. That set apart for the girls' school is at the southern side of King street, and comprises 30 acres. Situated on a gentle slope overlooking the harbor and city of Honolulu, fanned by the cool breezes from Kalihi Valley the location cannot be excelled for healthfulness, picturesqueness, or adaptability to the general purpose of the school. An artesian well furnishes an unlimited supply of purest water.

The various workshops are located near the lower entrance. The first building on the left of the driveway is the Tailor's shop and Printing office. These are well equipped with the latest appliances for the best and most thorough instruction. Next beyond is the Machine Shop, attached to which are the Blacksmith Shop, and rooms for Wood-turning and for Pattern-making. A large boiler and an engine of 20 horse power, not only furnishes the power for various lathes, planers, bellows, but also for the pump that fills the tanks holding 25,000 gallons, and for the dynamo that supplies electric light to all the premises. Two large swimming tanks furnish abundant opportunity for maintaining perfect cleanliness of body, so necessary for the perfect working of the human organism. The building, farthest from the driveway is the Carpenters' and Joiners' shop, with benches for 24 pupils. On the northern side of the driveway are arranged the dormitories and dining hall (between the residences of instructors with families.) The rooms in the dormitories are 18 by 12 feet, and are furnished with iron bedsteads and other accessories. The dining hall is built in the form of a cross, the long arm being 80 by 30 feet, and the short ones 25 by 30 feet, and will amply accommodate 200 people at 20 tables. A passage way connects with the stone kitchen, and a commodious store room. The dormitories are arranged around a court in which is a large laundry and other smaller outbuildings. The Principal's residence is at the upper end of the driveway, a roomy and tasteful two-story building.

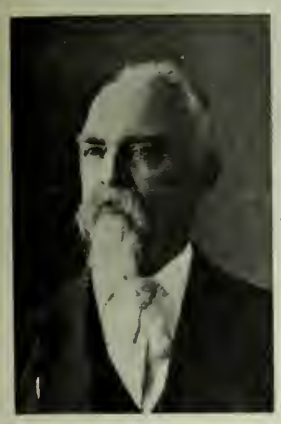
Back of this residence is the Gymnasium. Parallel with the Principal's house and facing the city is the Museum, of massive architecture, of two stories built of vesicular gray basalt, quarried on the place. It has a frontage of about ninety feet with a depth of thirty-five feet, and to this has recently been added on the rear an annex of very nearly the same dimensions. Beyond this, at an angle, facing the upper entrance is the Bishop Hall, for recitation, offices, and assembly room. The assembly hall, in the second story is about sixty-five feet by forty. Below this are two large recitation rooms, and in a wing of nearly the same dimensions as the main building, are four more recitation rooms. A well furnished library and reading room occupy the room over the entrance, at the right hand of which, in the lower room of a lofty tower, is the Principal's office.

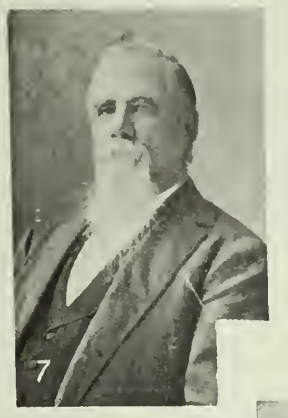
Beyond Bishop Hall towards the upper entrance is the residence of the assistant teachers. Near the upper entrance is the building for the Preparatory School, accommodating sixty boys from seven to twelve years of age. The total length of the building is 108 feet and the two ends are 60 feet in depth. The central portion of the building is 32 feet in depth; the two ends 24 feet in width. There are two dormitories in the upper stories of the two ends. In the central portion are the Principal's rooms below, and the teacher's bedrooms above. Back of the main building is a large tank and beyond it cottages for the employes and various outbuildings.

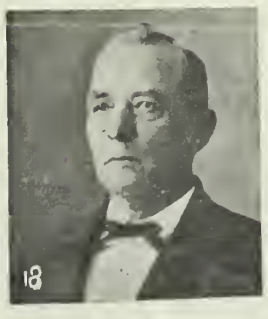
A school monthly "Handicraft" is published regularly. (on the last page of which is the list of teachers and general statements as to requirements for admission and the course of study pursued.)

The Annual Report of the Trustees which Mrs. Bishop's will required to be made to the Chief Justice showed for 1893 an available revenue of $62,008.55. The disbursements on account of the boys' school were $33,545.15. The Museum, Bishop Hall and the Preparatory School have all been erected by Hon. C. R. Bishop, no part of the cost being born by the Trustees. Additional landed estates have been also given by him to the Trustees; and recently securities amounting to $30,000 have also been received from this generous benefactor, the income to be applied to the maintenance and extension of the Museum.

REV. C. M. HYDE D. D.







1. F. A. Schaefer. 2. W. W. Hall. 3. A. Brown 4. W. L. Wilcox. 5. B. F. Dillingham. 6. J. F. Hackfeldt. 7. W. C. Wilder. 8. H. P. Wichman. 9. W. W. Dimond. 10. J. H. Hunt. 11. Chester A. Doyle.
12. E. W. Jordan. 13. Dr. John S. McGrew, "Father of Annexation." 14. J. B. Atherton. 15. R. W. McChesney. 16. Charles Ferguson. 17. John Cassidy Supt of Telephone System.
18. John Nott. 19. J. S. Walker. 20. John Phillips. 21. J. M. Monsarrat. 22. Robt. Halstead. 23. Jas. G. Spencer. 24. W. F. Allen. W. H. Cummings.

PROMINENT CITIZENS OF HONOLULU

LAW IN HAWAII

Characteristics of Legal Procedure in the Islands.

BY A. J. M. ROBERTSON.

THE COURTS.

Constitutional government in the Hawaiian Islands dates from the year 1840, prior to which time the King was the source of all power and he exercised all authority except such as he may have delega ed to his various chiefs who, under him, governed in the different districts into which the country w a s subdivided. A sort of fe dal system prevailed.

A. J. M. ROBERTSON

The constitution of 1840 established the executive, legislative and judiciary, as the three departments of governmen , but they were r made independe t and distinct. The King was the Chief Justice and an absolute veto on legislation was reserved to the King and Premier. The judiciary was reorganized in 1847 as an independent branch of the government, and the Supreme Court was then given the power to pass upon the constitutionality of laws. Various changes were made in the judicial system from time to time up to 1892 when the present system was established. There are now three grades of courts, viz: One Supreme Court, five Circuit Courts and twenty-nine District Courts. The District Courts have jurisdiction of minor civil causes and misdemeanors, and bind over for trial in the Circuit Courts persons charged with felony. The Circuit Courts are nisi prius courts and hold regular terms for the trial of law cases, while between terms the Circuit Judges hear equity, admiralty, probate and bankruptcy at chambers. Divorce cases are tried in term time by the Judges without a jury. The jurisdiction of the Supreme Court is almost entirely appellate. The present system works smoothly and is well adapted to the needs and convenience of the community.

COMMON LAW.

At the time of the reorganization of the courts in 1892 the "common law of England as ascertained by English and American decisions" was declared to be the common law of the Hawaiian Islands, except as otherwise expressly provided by the constitution or laws, or fixed by judicial precedent or established by national usage.

Previously the courts were free to adopt in any given case the principles of either the common law of England or the Roman law as seemed the better adapted to a just decision of the question presented. In the case of Kake vs. Horton decided in 1860, the question was raised whether a woman could maintain an action on the case and recover damages for the killing of her husband. On behalf of the defendant it was contended that the action could not be maintained because it would not lie at common law, also that the situation here was analogous to that of the British Colonies in North America prior to the Revolution and that the common law was in force here. But the Court held otherwise, saying "We do not regard the common law of England as being in force here eo nomine and as a whole. Its principles and provisions are in force so far as they have been expressly or by necessary implication incorporated into our laws by enactment of the Legislature, or have been adopted by the rulings of the courts of record, or have become a part of the common law of this kingdom by universal usage, but no further." Thirty years later the Supreme Court felt obliged again to depart from the rules of the common law, in the case of Thurston vs. Allen, where the question presented was whether or not the time honored rule in Shelley's case was in force in this country. The Court was strongly but unsuccessfully urged to hold in the affirmative. The court, per Judd, C. J., said, "We and our predecessors on this bench have felt free to examine into the reasoning of every principle of the common law as it has been presented to us for adoption from time to time. We were much impressed with the statement made at the argument by Mr. Peterson, of counsel for the plaintiffs, that of the nine hundred reported cases of this court in only about nine cases, or one per cent, has this court departed from the common law on the point under consideration. When we have followed and adopted the common law we have felt that its reasoning was sound and just, and its principles adapted to our circumstances. When we have felt otherwise we have not hesitated to reject it."

In the absence of a code, and owing to the fact that there had been very little legislation on matters of substantive law, it was feared by some that the adoption of the common law by statute would lead to unforseen and unhappy consequences. Many questions were brought to life which but for that provision of the statute could fairly be considered at rest. Do fees tail exist here now by virtue of the adoption of the common law? Is the word "heirs" necessary in a devise to give an estate in fee? May the assignee of the reversion re-enter and take possession for breach of condition by a tenant? And others. The last two of these questions have since been answered and settled, the former in the negative and the other in the affirmative. The Court has given a very liberal construction to the provision in regard to the variation of the rules of the common law by "national usage." And several recent decisions of the Supreme Court have demonstrated that there is little chance of the court's finding any obsolete and inconvenient rule of the common law to be in force.

JURY SYSTEM.

Our jury system is peculiar. The petit jury, consists of twelve men, and the usual rules as to competency, bias, interest and preadjudication apply, but in all cases, criminal as well as civil, a verdict may be rendered if nine of the twelve jurors agree. The jury are the exclusive judges of the facts but must take the law as given by the court, though counsel are permitted to argue to them upon the law as well as the facts.

In civil cases if both parties are foreigners the jury is composed entirel yof foreigners, or if both parties are native Hawaiians the jury is composed of Hawaiians. If one party is a foreigner and the other a native the jury is composed of six foreigners and six natives. In criminal cases, the jury is composed of Hawaiians or foreigners as the defendant on trial happens to be a native or foreigner.

Persons born in this country of foreign parentage are classed as foreigners. Our jury panels, both Hawaiian and foreign, are always composed of the best available material.

It is to be hoped that the annexation of this country to the United States will not result in a change being made requiring unanimous verdicts. Experience has shown that under our system the guilty very seldom escape punishment by reason of a disagreement, while on the other hand there is little or no danger of an innocent person being convicted through the agreement of nine jurors.

CRIMINAL LAW.

We have no grand jury. A person arrested and charged with an indictable offence is examined in the District Court. There he meets the witnesses against him, may cross-examine them, and produce testimony in his own behalf as in a regular trial. If the Magistrate finds probable cause to believe that a jury would convict he commits the accused for trial in the Circuit Court. The Attorney General then prepares and presents an indictment which is submitted to the Circuit Judge who examines the record and evidence taken in the court below and unless he finds that there is no evidence of the commission of an offence of which the accused may be convicted under the indictment he finds "a true bill" and so certifies on the indictment. The case is then placed upon the calendar of causes for trial. Defendants may except in capital cases, waive a trial by jury. The administration of our penal laws and the prosecution and trial of criminal cases is carried on in this country as fairly and honestly as anywhere. Judge Lynch has had no occasion to visit us. The jury is quick to convict when the evidence warrants it and acquittals take place mostly in cases of misdemeanor, such as selling spirituous liquor without license, opium and gambling cases where informers are employed; and, to the credit of the jurors, it may be said that informers' testimony is regarded with suspicion and readily disbelieved.

The Supreme Court in reviewing criminal cases is conservative in the extreme and new trials are granted only where substantial error has occurred. If the point urged as a ground for a reversal is one on which other courts have differed it is safe to say that our court will follow the view which will support the conviction. The court is pleased to call anything less than a serious mistake or irregularity, "harmless error."

CONSTITUTIONAL LAW.

Since the courts of record were given the power to pass upon the constitutionality of statutes a variety of constitutional questions have been adjudicated. As our laws are always enacted by the Legislature in both the Hawaiian and English languages, in duplicate as it were, the point was early raised, in case of conflict between the two versions which should prevail, and it was held that the former should. This rule was afterwards changed by statute, making the English version the standard.

One of the first statutes to be attacked was one which prohibited the sale of intoxicating liquor to natives. It was argued to be class legislation and to interfere with the inalienable rights secured to the individual by the constitution. As the attack was made by a foreigner who had sold liquor to a native, and not a native who wanted to buy liquor, and as the prohibition of selling applied to every one, the argument did not strike the court very forcibly. The statute was upheld.

In 1874 the Legislature passed a law providing that "no marriage of a Hawaiian woman with a Chinaman shall be invalid by reason of a previous marriage of such Chinaman in China; provided that such marriage shall have been unknown to such Hawaiian woman at the time of her marriage.". A woman brought suit to annul her marriage with a Chinaman on the ground that he had a wife living in China at the time he married her here. The court held that the statute was class legislation, and was "contrary to public policy and sound morality" and in conflict with the Constitution.

A statute prohibiting the washing of clothes for hire within certain limits of the town of Honolulu, was, upon being attacked by the Chinese laundrymen, held to not deprive persons of their liberty or property without due process of law, nor to otherwise conflict with the Constitution.

A case is now pending in the Supreme Court to test the validity of a statute making it a misdemeanor for any person to eject water or other fluid from the mouth upon any clothing in preparing the same for ironing or pressing.

The Legislature passed another law, aimed at the Chinese, providing that no license to sell imported merchandise should be issued except upon the express condition that the licensee should keep full and correct books of account in the English, Hawaiian or some European language. This act was held to be contrary to the provisions of the Constitution which secure to all persons the enjoyment of life and liberty and the right of acquiring, possessing and protecting property, and could not be sustained as an exercise of the police power.

A statute enacted in 1850, providing for the penal enforcement of contracts to labor for terms not exceeding five years was assailed in the case of Hilo Sugar Co. vs. Mioshi, it being there claimed, on behalf of a Japanese laborer, that the statute violated Article II of the Constitution which provided that "Involuntary servitude, except for crime is forever prohibited in this Kingdom. Whenever a slave shall enter Hawaiian Territory he shall be free." The Court said that "A fair and honest contract to work for another, willingly and freely made with a knowledge of the circumstances, cannot be said to have created a condition of involuntary servitude." And in construing the provision of the Constitution stress was laid upon the fact that the penal contract system antedated the Constitution of 1852, 1864 and that of 1887 then in force.

In evidence of our being thoroughly up to date, we also have had our "Income Tax Cases" wherein the Supreme Court, by a majority of one, declared the income tax law of 1896 invalid because it made an exemption of two thousand dollars ($2,000) out of all incomes not exceeding four thousand dollars ($4,000) whereas no exemption was allowed from incomes above that amount. The Court holding that taxation must be equal and proportional whereas this tax was not.

REAL PROPERTY.

Title to land in this country may originate from one of these sources; a deed from the King prior to the "mahale" (division) of 1845; a government grant; or an "award" of the land commission, confirmed and completed by a patent from the government.

Prior to 1845 the title to the soil of these islands was vested in the King, though the chiefs who had the control of large tracts of land under their King and to whom they rendered tribute in personal services and a share of the produce, supposed that they also had a certain interest in the land. Finally the King, Kamehameha III, agreed that he would formally recognize the rights or claims of the chiefs and provide for their acquiring the legal title to their respective lands on condition that they, on their part, should recognize the rights and claims of the common people, who, under the chiefs performed the actual work of cultivation. It was also arranged that certain lands be reserved for the King and also for the government. A board of commissioners was thereupon provided for and appointed to receive applications for awards from the chiefs and people who had claims to assert. These commissioners visited the different islands of the group, heard testimony in regard to the claims filed, and caused surveys to be made of the lands claimed and in all, granted upwards of ten thousand awards. These awards were of a title less than fee simple and capable of being converted into fee simple upon payment to the government of a sum equal to one-third of the unimproved value of the land, whereupon a patent should issue to the awardee.

Since the completion of the work of the land commission the government has sold a large proportion of its lands and conveyed the same by grants. The records of the land commission are preserved in the Register Office where are also recorded all conveyances required by law to be placed of record.

The period of limitation within which actions to recover land may be brought is twenty years, though by a statute which takes effect on the first day of January next, the period is reduced to ten years.

The many errors made in the original surveys of the lands awarded by the land commission and the dying off of many of the awardees of the lands intestate and whose estates have never been probated, have paved the way for much litigation. Protracted trials of ejectment cases are quite common.

LITIGATION.

Our litigation is, for the most part, of a petty character. Suits involving heavy interests are rare. This is but natural, considering the isolated situation of the country and the fact that a large percentage of a total population of 110,000 souls is composed of impecunious plantation laborers having little or no property interests or business relations.

And although a lawyer of average ability can obtain a fair living here yet the opportunities of acquiring wealth or obtaining fame in the practice of his profession are very few. What effect annexation will have upon our judicial system and the character of litigation remains to be seen.

Firing One Hundred Guns When the News of Annexation Arrived

Old Glory at the Peak

THE ANNEXATION OF HAWAII

Photos by Davey

MINISTER SEWALL PRESENTING THE OFFICIAL ACT OF ANNEXATION TO PRESIDENT DOLE

Residence of Mr. B. F. Dillingham

Library of Mr. B. F. Dillingham, where the Hawaiian Commision held their first meeting

Lanai, Residence of Mr. Dillingham

Residence and Garden of Mr. J. B. Atherton

TYPICAL HAWAIIAN HOMES

AN INFORMAL SESSION OF THE HAWAIIAN ANNEXATION COMMISSION AT HONOLULU

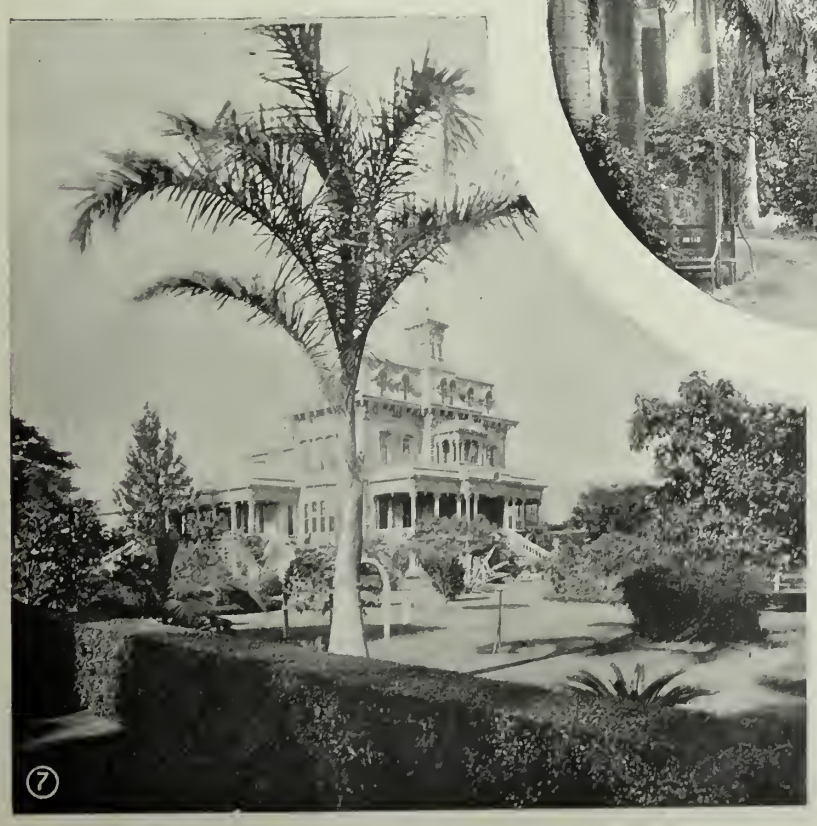
DINNER GIVEN BY PRINCESS KAIULANI IN HONOR OF THE ANNEXATION COMMISSIONERS

Photos by Davey

1. Twin Falls. 2. Captain Cook's Monument. 3. Pond Lillies and Cocoanut Grove, 4. Native GrassHut. 5. Arch Rock, Oneinea. 6. A Residence Street. 7. Top of Pali Road. 8. A Banyan Tree. 9. Pali Road.

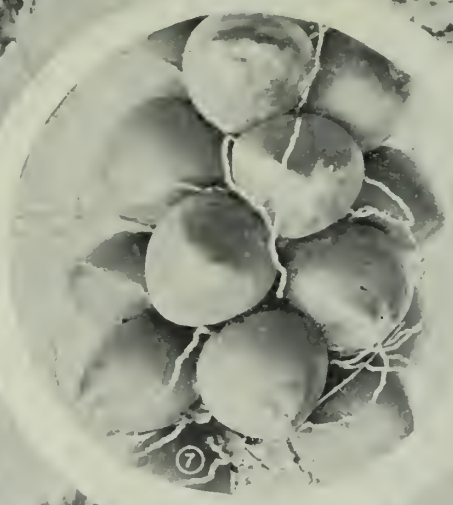
BITS OF HAWAIIAN SCENERY

Photos by B. Bertram



1. William H. Hoogs. 2. E. S. Cunha. 3. A Typical Front Garden. 4. Stable and Grounds of W. G. Irwin. 5. Cecil Brown. 6. Royal Palm Driveway of F. A. Schaefer. 7. Former Residence of C. R. Bishop—now the High School. 8. Princess Kaiulani.

SOME PRIVATE RESIDENCES OF HONOLULU

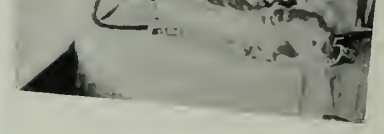


1 Pineapple Ranch. 2. Loading Sugar-Cane on Cars. 5. Branch of Mangoes. 4. Tara Root, from which "Poi" is Made. 5. Ploughing Rice Field with Oxen. 6. Branch of Tamarinds. 7. Cluster of Cocoanuts. 8. Bread-Fruit. 9. Coccanut Grove. 10. Taro Patch.

HAWAIIAN PRODUCTS

1. Interior Jordan's Dry Goods Store—Art Room, Second Floor. 2. Interior Jordan's Dry Goods Store—Main floor. 3. The Love Block. 4. Interior Furniture Store of H. H. Wililams (Love Block). 5. Undertaking Parlors of H. H. Williams (Love Block).

HONOLULU BUSINESS HOUSES



1. Pacific Cycle Co. (T. V. King, Manager) B. F. Ehlers Building. 2. B. F. Ehlers & Co's Dry Goods Store. 3. B. F. Ehlers Building 4. Interior of John Holt's Hardware Store.
5. Interior of Metropolitan Meat Co. (G. J. Waller, Manager) 6. Hackfeld & Co's Building. 7. Retail Department Benson, Smith & Co., Druggists.
8. Interior of Jewelry Store of H. F. Wichman.

COMMERCIAL ENTERPRISES OF HONOLULU

SCENES ALONG THE ROUTE OF THE OAHU RAILWAY COMPANY

The only first-class hotel in Honolulu

HAWAIIAN HOTEL AND COTTAGES
P. M. Lucas, Manager

Seaside Annex, Waikiki Beach

HAWAIIAN FLOWER GIRLS

1. Main Office. 2. Salesroom. 3. Cellar.

W. C. Peacock & Co.

(LIMITED)

Importers of Fine Wines and Liquors

McINERNY BLOCK MERCHANT STREET

HONOLULU

P. O. Box 428. Both Telephones 46. A. B. C. Code.

Pantheon Saloon

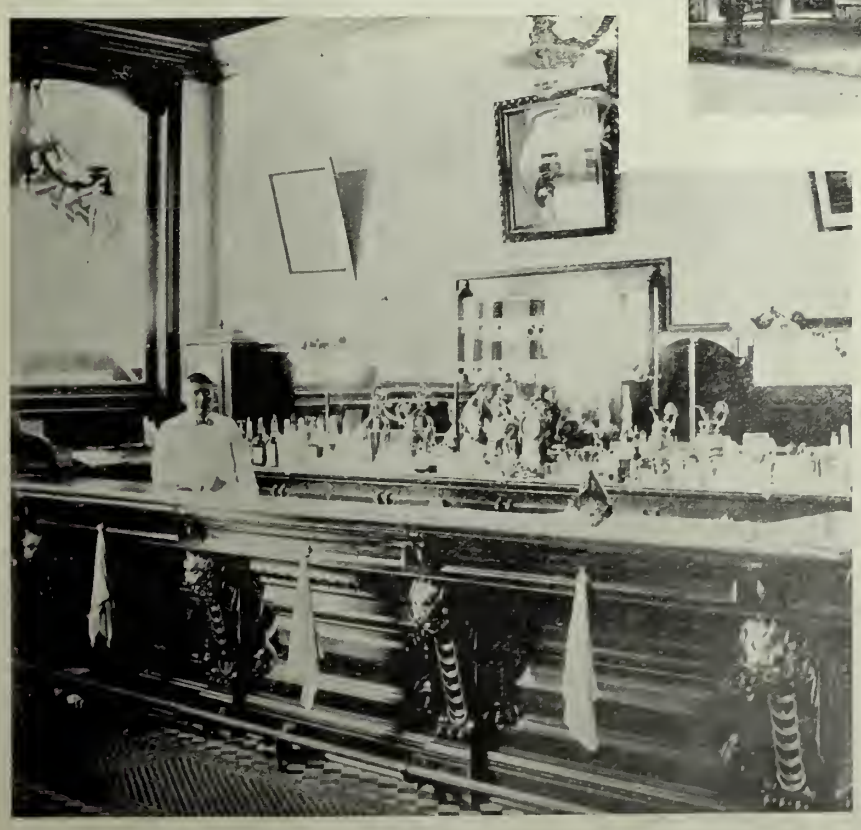
Cor. Hotel and Fort Streets

HONOLULU

Agent for the Celebrated Enterprise Beer

JAMES DODD, Proprietor

1. Exterior View. 2. Main Saloon and Bar. 3. Reading-Room;



1. A Virgin Forest. 2. Clearing Away Preparatory to Planting. 3. Group of Laborers. 4. Six Months After Planting. 5. Superintendent's House. 6. In Blossom at Eighteen Months. 7. Traveler's Tree.

A COFFEE PLANTATION

E. O. HALL & SON

AGENTS

HONOLULU, H. I.

The Best for Family Use!

USE ONLY

WELLINGTON

COAL

For Sale by all Reliable Dealers

Jackson's Kapa Soda.

Jackson's Kapa Soda.

Jackson's Kapa Soda.

Jackson's Kapa Soda.

DEUTZ & GELDERMANN'S

(AY FRANCE)

CHARLES MEINECKE & CO., Sole Agts., 314 Sacramento St

We buy all kinds of Hawaiian Stamps

STAMPS

BOUGHT, SOLD AND EXCHANGED

Buying list, showing prices paid for Hawaiian stamps, sent for a 5-cent stamp
OUR PRICE LIST OF SETS is post free for the asking

United States Omaha issue, fine and unused, complete set, $4.25; face value, $3.50.

United States Columbian issue, fine and unused, complete set, $19.00; face value, $16.34.

Address **MAKINS & CO.**

506 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

PROMINENT HAWAIIANS

Brief Biographical Sketches of Some Leading Citizens.

One of the best known men from Nihau to Hawaii, in the Sandwich Islands, is Mr. Chester A. Doyle, the official Japanese Interpreter of the Juidiciary Department, Vidocq for the Bureau of Police and Customs Department. Chester A. Doyle was horn in Charlestown, Mass., in 1872, and moved with his parents to Japan when but four months old. His father, John Doyle, then being Chief Engineer in the U. S. Navy, which position he resigned to accept a similar one with the Japanese Government. Chester's earliest lispings were in the Japanese language, and he now speaks fluently eight different dialects. The family resided in Yokohoma until the snbject of this article reached the age of nine years, when they returned to East Oakland, California, Chester attending the Christian Brothers hoarding school. Leaving there, through his thorough knowledge of the Japanese language, he was made Japanese Passenger Agent of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy R. R. Later on he occupied a similar position with the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway Co. and the Wabash, at the same time acting as passenger agent for the Oregon Development Co.'s line of steamers to Portland, and also filling the position of Japanese Interpreter for the U. S. Federal Courts, Custom House and Immigration Department. In 1891 he imported a number of Japanese lahorers for railroad work, but was stopped by the Government, as it was violating the contract labor laws.

With a grip sack and a full line of pluck and energy, he started for the Paradise of the Pacific, landing at Hilo, and secured employment from E. G. Hitchcock, who was at that time Sheriff of Hawaii. After the overthrow of the monarchy, Mr. Hitchcock was appointed Marshal, taking Doyle as his trusted agent and detective with nim. Mr. Doyle he-

CHESTER A. DOYLE
(as a Vidocq)

came quite prominent during the revolution of 1895, owing to the fact of his being in close touch with the Royalist party. He attended all their secret meetings up to the time of his informing the Marshal of their proceedings, acting in capacity as a detective, for which he showed great ability, being instrumental in convicting three Japanese, who were punished with death. In cases of arson he was rewarded by the Plantation Agencies for securing the evidence and putting in jail for twenty years a most notorious Japanese fire-bug. In order to get the required evidence it was necessary to go to jail with the principal Japanese and his accomplice, which he did, and succeeded in convicting both.

He has lately received distinction in securing the conviction of Ed Aldrich, one of the sharpest criminals who ever came to the Hawaiian Islands. Aldrich made and floated counterfeits of the Hawaiian Treasury Department of different denominations from $5 to $100. It was the first time that anything of this sort had been attempted, and occasioned considerable consternation among the banks and business houses of the Hawaiian Islands. He has developed such a faculty for delving into mysteries and bringing them to a focus that he is practically at the head of the detective department of the Islands. The accompanying picture was taken after Mr. Doyle's return from working on a plantation as an overseer, in order to secure evidence to convict a certain Japanese who had murdered the interpreter on the Spreckelsville plantation.

Mr. Doyle was commissioned Official Japanese Interpreter under the Monarchy of Queen Liliuokalani, the Provisional Government and the Republic of Hawaii. He has the confidence of the Bar, and the implicit confidence of Marshal Brown and Collector-General of Customs McStocker. He is a member of the California Commandery of the military order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, and also of a number of fraternal and social organizations.

John Phillips.

One of the most popular and best-known business men of Honolulu is John Phillips. Born in Ayrshire, Scotland, in 1842, he was reared and educated there, remaining until 1873, when he went to Canada, working at his trade of plumbing. In 1875 he went to San Francisco, where he became the head plumber at the Baldwin Hotel. In 1881 he arrived in Honolulu, where he has since resided, conducting the largest plumbing business on the Islands. Mr. Phillips was a member of the House of Nobles under the monarchy, and is at present a member of the Council of State under the new Republic. He has always taken a deep interest in the Masonic order, heing Past Master and Past High Priest of Honolulu Chapter No 1, the first Masonic lodge of the Hawaiian Islands. He is also a member of Knights Templar, Honolulu Commandery.

Hall & Son.

Mr. E. O. Hall started his business in 1852 at the same stand he now occupies, cor. Fort and King streets, when Honolulu was in its infancy. In 1865 W. W. Hall, the son, was admitted into the firm, and the style of the hnsiness was then E. O. Hall & Son. The business was incorporated in 1883 and W. W. Hall was elected president, and has occupied that position ever since. He entered the business as clerk in 1859. He was born in Honolulu and was educated at the Royal School and Balu College, and left Honolulu for a trip to the United States and Europe in 1864. Edwin Oscar White, a nephew of Mr. Hall, is secretary and treasurer of the corporation, and has been connected with the business over fifteen years. The firm buy all their goods direct from the factories, and also act as agents for the Washburn, Moen Co.

Charles Ferguson.

Mr. Ferguson is a native of Sligo, Ireland, born in 1852, remaining there until 1871, when he came to the United States and followed a seafaring life for six years, coming to the Hawaiian Islands in 1879, and has remained there ever since, becoming connected with the Wialuka and the Pia plantations. Resigning from these, he entered the employ of Senator H. P. Baldwin, for whom he worked over six years. He has been connected with the Ewa plantation for the past eight years, being the head. Luna—the manager—leaving the Ewa to take charge of a plantation at Spreckelsville, has shown his appreciation of his abilities by giving him a better position at the new plantation.

M. W. McChesney & Sons.

This firm was established in 1880 by Mr. M. W. McChesney, and was carried on by him until his demise in 1890, when his eldest son, Mr. R. W. McChesney, succeeded to the business, taking in his two sons, J. M. and F. W., who conduct the business at the Islands, Mr. R. W. McChesney attending to the purchasing in San Francisco. This firm is the principal wholesale dealer in groceries and provisions on the Islands, and they are also interested in coffee plantations. They confine their business to the Pacific Coast entirely.

A MODEL HOTEL

The Occidental a Quiet House of Peculiar Excellence.

There are no words to accurately convey the impression made upon the stayer by the Occidental Hotel. It is a most central house; it contains every modern appointment and improvement; it has an enormous transient patronage, yet it has a quiet, home-like air and a tone of old-fashioned gentility. Because the large majority of people appreciate such a living-place and seek for it, the Occidental is one of the most prosperous hotels in the world, being filled continually by a long list of permament guests of the best quality, and by the best of the "floating population." The Occidental is a sort of headquarters for army and navy people. Its solidity and comfort appeals to those who have had a wide experience in the matter of hotel accomodations. It is a rendezvous for the appreciative English traveler, and the largest part of the city's Australian and colonial visitors put up at this house while in town for a long stay, or while going through. The names of well-to-do people from out of town ebb and flow on the pages of the Occidental register.

Major Hooper is the genius of this hotel and his management is conceded to be unsurpassed. His efforts have made the Occidental grow old gracefully, charming and delightful in its maturity. He sees to it that each and every guest receives all the little attentions that go to make life pleasant. The individual comfort of each guest is looked after with a care one rarely receives outside of one's own home. The sanitation of the building is perfect. Even in the smaller rooms there are stationary washstands with the modern open plumbing. Each room has telephonic communication with the office. The cuisine and service are of notable excellence. The whole house is pleasant, attractive and comfortable.

Boxing and Physical Culture.

Professor Walter Watson, for many years boxing instructor of the Olympic Club, will give lessons in hoxing and physical culture, privately or in classes. Professor Watson has an international reputation second to none, having taught pugilists of note in London, New York and San Francisco, among whom might be mentioned eleven winners of the amateur championship of England, numerous winners of prizes in the San Francisco Olympic Club, James J. Corhett, and many others. Lessons also given to pupils at their own residences. 417 Ellis street.

There is a fine display of holiday attractions at the art rooms of the P. Rossi Company at 117 Sutter street. Italian and French antique, renaissance and modern furniture, hangings and bric-a-brac, and rare furnishings in the colonial style.

ART CALENDARS,
LEATHER GOODS
AND OTHER
Christmas Gifts
AT CROCKER'S.
227-229 POST ST. 215-219 BUSH ST.

ELECTRIC..
Supplies
Construction
Repairs
CALIFORNIA
ELECTRICAL WORKS
409 MARKET STREET

The Oahu Lumber and Building Co., Ltd.
LEE CHU, President and Manager
Lumber Merchants, Contractors and Builders.
Houses Built on the Installment Plan.
Dealers in all kinds of Building Materials
Office and Yard, Leleo, King St., near R. R. Depot
Plauing Mills, King and Betbel Sts.. Honolulu, H. I.
Tels. 53 and 838. P. O. Box 367.

Centennial Stable
Boarding and Livery
Carriages, Broughams, Victorias, etc. First-Class in every respect
1521-1523-1525 California Street
Bet. Polk and
Telephone East 378 M. CONLON, Proprietor

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON
Phone Main 5178
Sutter Street Hammam
TURKISH AND RUSSIAN BATHS
415 Sutter Street, between Stockton and Powell
Open Day and Night for Gentlemen
For Ladies, from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

MEXICAN LINEN DRAWN
Also Haud-made Mexican Silver and Leather Work
Australian Opa s and Arizona Rubies
at Mexican Prices
114 Stockton Street, bet. Geary and O'Farrell

For those who appreciate Comfort and Attention
A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED
OCCIDENTAL HOTEL
SAN FRANCISCO
WM. B. HOOPER MANAGER

Hotel Bella Vista
1101 Pine Street
THE SELECT FAMILY HOTEL OF SAN FRANCISCO
MRS. M. W. DENVER

Golden Eagle Hotel
Seventh and K Sts., Sacramento
First-class in every respect. All modern conveniences. Bus at every train. GRAY & TITUS, Props.

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

In accordance witb the terms and under the authority of a certain deed of trust, duly executed by Owen Kelly and Catharine Kelly (his wife), parties of the first part, to Arthur F. Bridge, party of the second part, and Frederick W. Bridge, party of the third part, dated March 10th, 1897, and recorded in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on March 13th, 1897, in Liber 1722 of Deeds at page 255, and in pursuance of a notice from the said Frederick W. Bridge (the holder of the promissory note, to secure the payment of which the aforesaid deed of trust was executed) that default has been made in the payment of the principal sum and interest due under said note, and requesting and directing the undersigned, Arthur F. Bridge trustee, to sell the real estate described in said deed of trust to satisfy said indebtedness:

I Arthur F. Bridge, do hereby give notice, that on Tuesday, the twenty-ninth day of November, 1898, at twelve o clock noon of that day, and at the auction salesroom of G. H. Umbsen and Compruy, 14 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, I will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash in gold coin of the United States, that certain piece or parcel of land, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the souther'y line of Twentieth street, distant thereon twenty-five (25) feet westerly from the southwesterly corner of Twentieth and Alabama streets, running thence westerly along said southerly line of Twentieth street fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles southerly one hundred and four (104) feet, and tbence at right angles easterly fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles northerly one hundred and four (104) feet to the point of commencement. Being a subdivision of Mission Block No. 142. Together with the appurtenances.

Terms of Sale: Cash in gold coin of the United States; ten per cent payable on the fall of the hammer; balance on delivery of deed, and if not so paid, unless for want of title (ten days being allowed for search), then said ten per cent to be forfeited, and the sale to be void.

The said property is subject to a mortgage to tbe Hibernia Savings and Loan Society for the sum of one thousand dollars, and accrued interest, which is on record in Liber 1067 of Mortgages, at page 327, Records of the City and County of San Francisco, and the interest to be sold herein is the equity in said property over and above said mortgage.

ARTHUR F. BRIDGE, Trustee.
Haven & Haven, Attorneys for Trustee.

POSTPONEMENT OF ABOVE SALE.—Notice is hereby given that the foregoing sale has been postponed from Tuesday, the twenty-ninth day of November, 1898, at 12 o'clock noon, to Monday, tbe nineteenth day of December, 1898, at 12 o'clock noon, at the same place as above specified, and under tbe same terms and conditions.

ARTHUR F. BRIDGE, Trustee.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES in and for the Northern District of California.

IN THE MATTER OF ARNOLD POLLAK, Bankrupt.

Take notice, that ARNOLD POLLAK, bankrupt above named, has been duly adjudicated a bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, and that the first meeting of the creditors has been called to meet at the office of the undersigned, at room 185, Crocker Building, San Francisco, California, on Friday the 23d day of December, 1898, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of proving their claims against the estate of said bankrupt; and that at the same time and place all creditors whose claims have been duly proven and allowed shall appoint one or three trustees of said estate.

Dated San Francisco, December 9, 1898.

MILTON J. GREEN,
Referee in Bankruptcy
in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

ESTATE OF MARIE BOGE, DECEASED:

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Carl Boge, Administrator of the Estate of Marie Boge, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after tbe first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at the office of Gavin McNab, Esq., his attorney, room 47, seventh floor, Mills Building, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

CARL BOGE,
Administrator of the Estate of Marie Boge, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, November 21, 1898.

GAVIN MCNAB, Attorney for Administrator.

THE LATEST STYLES IN
CHOICE WOOLENS
H. S. BRIDGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors
622 Market St. (up stairs) opp. Palace Hote
Bicycle and Golf Suits

Enterprise Brewing Co.

2015-2023 FOLSOM STREET
TELEPHONE MISSION 152
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., U. S. A.

MAGNIFICENT PLANT WHERE THE ENTERPRISE BREWING CO. PRODUCES ITS CELEBRATED

Original Extra Pale, Culmbacher, Pilsener, Standard and Bohemian Lager Beer, Steam Beer and Porter

---

FIRE PROOF

Funds Over $53,000,000.00 Surplus, $15,000,000.00

Invested in United States, $7,000,000.00

ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY

PACIFIC DEPARTMENT

Royal Insurance Building, Pine and Sansome Streets

SAN FRANCISCO

ROLLA V. WATT, MANAGER

JNO. R. HILLMAN, City Manager

THE J. D. MAXWELL CO., Branch Agency

JNO. S. WALKER, General Agent, Honolulu, H. I.

Honolulu, Oahu, H. I. Hilo, Hawaii, H. I.

Bruce Waring & Co.

Offices—Progress Block
HONOLULU

DEALERS IN LANDS

Investment Brokers
Fire Insurance Agents

Syndicates and investors will do well to correspond.

We own and control large tracts; also some of the choicest business and residence properties.

We are prepared to construct busiuess blocks and guarantee return to investors.

REFERENCES { Bishop & Co., Bankers / Claus Spreckels & Co. / Bank of Hawaii } Honolulu

---

Hawaiian Trust and Investment Co., Ltd.

Paid Up Capital, $30,000

Makes a Specialty of Hawaiian Securities and Real Estate. Correspondeuce solicited.

G. R. CARTER, Manager
GEO. R. CARTER, Treasurer

References — Welch & Co., San Francisco; Bank of Hawaii, Honolulu

---

W. C. ACHI & CO.

Real Estate Brokers

We will buy or sell real estate iu any part of the group. We will also buy or sell Stocks in auy corporation in the Hawaiian Islands.

Office, 10 West King Street, Honolulu, H. I.

R. C. A. PETERSON

BROKER

FINANCIAL Opp. Bishop & Co. Bank
STOCKS AND BONDS Honolulu, H. I.

Real Estate, Custom House, Notary Public

Pacific Cycle and Manufacturing Co., Ltd.

T. V. KING, Manager

BICYCLES for Rent or Sale

Dealers in All Kinds of Sporting Goods
Bicycle Repairiug in All Its Brauches
All Kinds of Electro Plating. Metal Signs Made to Order. Gun and Locksmith Work.
Ehlers Bldg., Fort St., Honolulu Telephone 325

We want to buy

HAWAIIAN STAMPS

of all kinds

Get our prices before selling elsewhere. We must have the stamps for exchange purposes, and will pay more than any other dealer in the world.

If you are a collector

Send for a copy of our 1898 Price List of over oue thousand sets and packets. Or let us send you an assortment of our unsurpased approval sheets at 50 per cent commission. We can please you as to quality and price. Correspondence solicited.

The W. H. Hollis Stamp Co.

INCORPORATED

Importers of and Dealers in United States and Foreign Stamps for Collections Albums, Catalogues and Supplies

105 O'Farrell St., San Francisco

Guaranteed to Kill!

THE B. B. EXTERMINATOR

Positively kills the **Hawaiian Japanese Beetle**, Bedbugs, Moths, Ants, Roaches, etc. Price—8 oz. can 60c.; 1-lb. can. $1.00; special 6-lb. can $3.60. Mailed upon receipt of price by the

San Francisco Exterminating Co.

GEO. A. BARBER CO.

Pacific Coast Agents **1511 Market Street**

Agents Wauted

Office Telephone 846 Res. and Night Call 849

H. H. WILLIAMS

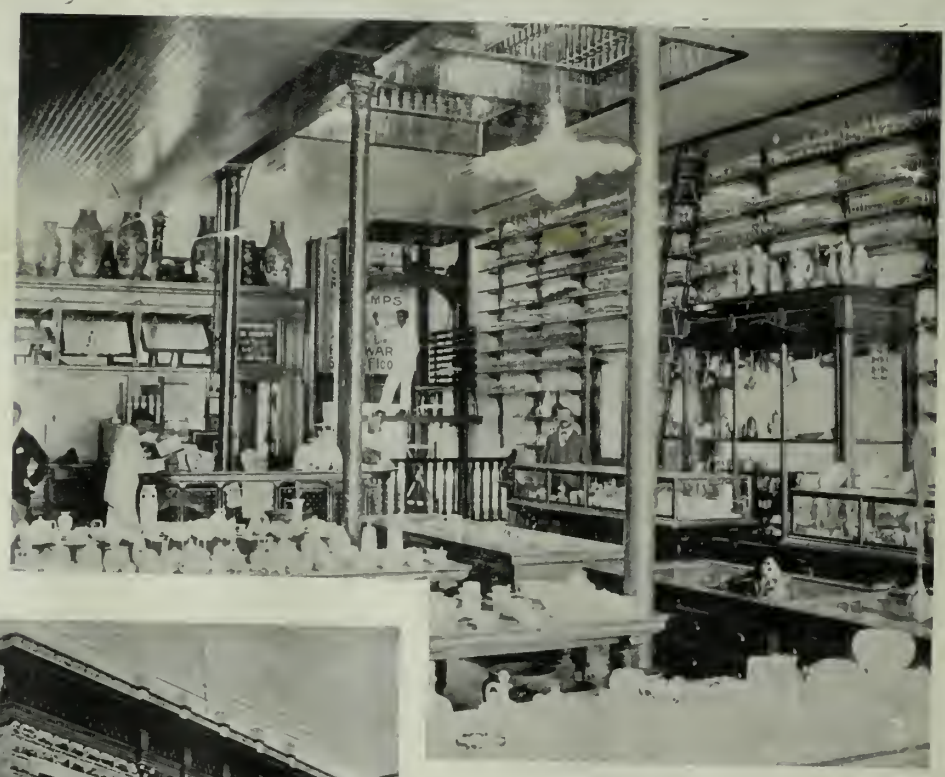
MANAGER

CITY FURNITURE STORE

Dealer iu all descriptions of Furniture and Upholstery Goods

PRACTICAL UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER

Love Bldg., 534-536 Fort St., Honolulu



1. Club Stables. 2. Progress Block (Bruce, Waring & Co., owners) Headquarters of U. S. Army Officers. 3. Interior W. W. Dimond & Co's Crockery and Hardware Store, Von Holt Building.
4. Von Holt Block. 5. Inter-Island Steam Navigation Building. 6. Main Office Inter-Island Steam Navigation Co. 7. Private Office Inter-Island Steam Navigation Co.

HONOLULU BUSINESS BLOCKS

CALIFORNIA

Beet Sugar & Refining Co.

REFINERY AT
CROCKETT,
Carquinez Strait
CAL.

Office and Salesroom at
204 CALIFORNIA STREET
SAN FRANCISCO
CAL.

Refiners of CANE SUGAR

And Manufacturers of BEET SUGAR *from BEETS produced in this State*

All Sugar in packages branded "PURE CANE SUGAR" guaranteed as such.

Beet Sugars have our "Crockett" Brand.

E. F. GAMBS'
Popular Dime Sets of Stamps

10 Argentine	7 Cape of Good Hope	8 Honduras	20 Sweden
6 Barbados	10 Chili	13 Japan	30 United States
15 Barvaria	10 Costa Rica	18 Mexican	20 U. S. Envelopes (cut square)
20 Belgium	10 Cuba	5 New Foundland	
7 Bolivia	18 Denmark	10 New South Wales	7 U. S. Columbian
7 Bosnia	10 Dutch Indies	17 Romania	15 U. S. Document
10 Brazil	9 Egypt	7 San Salvador	10 Venezuela
15 Bulgaria	13 Finland	20 Spain	12 Victoria
12 Canada	8 Guatemala	6 Straits Settlemts'	

Only One Dime each. These 34 sets consisting of 415 different stamps will be sent registered and post-paid to any part of the world for $3.00

100 different U. S., no Locals, Revenues or Telegraph stamps. Worth at leas $6.00, sent post-paid for $1.00.

Auy quantity of Hawaian Stamps wanted, for cash or exchange.

A few responsible agents wanted also. Commercial or Bank references.

E. F. GAMBS,
P. O. Box 2631, San Francisco, Cal.

Stamps Exchanged! Stamps Exchanged!

This is an advertisement inserted for our mutual benefit. Its success depends probably upon your answering it. Can you not send me an approval lot of Hawaii, used or unused in exchange?

Exchange will be sent in whatever line of stamps you are mostly interested in. Address,

W. F. GREANY,
827 Brannan Street,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Postage or Fiscal.

TUBBS CORDAGE CO.

ESTABLISHED IN 1856.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Cordage and Binder Twine

Of Every Description

Office, 607-613 Front Street
Factory, Kentucky Street, bet. 22d and 23d

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

R. J. TAUSSIG
AD. EISENBACH

JOHN J. CARROLL
HUGO A. TAUSSIG

LOUIS TAUSSIG & CO.

WHOLESALE

Liquor Dealers

And Proprietors of the

WHITE ELM DISTILLING CO.
COVINGTON, KY.

Office in Cincinnati, 15 Sycamore St.
Office in New York, 79 Barclay St.

26 and 28 Main Street
SAN FRANCISCO

Telephone Drumm 101

Pure California Wines and Brandies.

iny piminy voice.' Todd could imitate anybody, even——"

"I'm sure he never taught that odious parrot all she knows Elsie," interrupted Annabel, looking so annoyed that Elsie stared.

"Oh, no," she said, "Babette used to belong to a sailor, but Todd barbed the arrow. It used to startle me to hear my own voice, in the next room to myself, talking like an intemperate Kentucky Colonel, but I hardly notice it now. Must you go?

"I'm sorry mother is'nt in, Annabel; we are at home Wednesdays and Sundays," she added, to the poet as he took her little hand in his.

Annabel tried to chatter as usual, but Philip was very silent as they walked toward her home.

"Good-bye," he said at the door. His gravity was enormous.

Annabel lifted her eyebrows,—"Are'n't you coming in?" she asked. "Thank you, no."

There was an air of finality about the young man which the experienced woman understood at once.

"You are—foolish—I can't be expected to remember absolutely all my husband's pranks, can I?"

Philip turned away almost before the door closed behind her; "I thought she was so frank and kind—I'm an ass," he said to himself.

* * * * * * * * * *

"Can you ever forgive me for believing it?" asked the poet about a month later.

The girl laughed as she chanted:

"Where Gods can be mistaken,
Mere poets must be more;
Bad poets must be more."

"I must teach Babette that," she added.

"Poor old Webb," remarked the young man, after a not unimproved silence, "If he had not mixed you and Babette up he would have had three months' start of me and who knows——"

"I do," said Elsie.

The Insult of an Ancestry.

By Henry Spofford Canfield.

Charles Hornung was a Southerner born, but not a Texan. Between him and the people he found himself among there lay as wide diversity as two types may show. His eyes had first seen the Carolina rice fields, and the spirit that grew with his growth was indicative of the strains of his blood. The rusty swords of his father and his grandfather, and his great-grandfather's father, hung above the wide fireplace in the hall. Sweet-faced ancestresses looked down from the walls of every chamber. Old writings had come to him and he treasured them, for they told him that his race had been a true race through many dead years, before the foam of the western Atlantic had wet the prow of the vessel that bore the first of his name to America. The few negroes about the place, when it went to another, called him "Marse Charlie," and the old horse that had borne the elder Hornung through years of civil strife, tenderly cared for and not bestridden, had died the day before he set his face to the west.

His boyhood passed amid scenes of what he was taught to believe had once been grandeur. The low-lying fields, the acres of swamp, the groves of frondage had all been his and were his no longer, but he still had left a chivalric reverence for women, a pity for all that was weak, and a tender admiration for the lovely. He had also an implicit belief in the departed glories of his tribe and land, a distaste for that which was new and uncouth, a high regard for himself and a want of understanding of the needs and possible productions of strange environments—not a man, you would say, to readily adapt himself to changed conditions, and certainly not one to make himself warm in the hearts of strangers.

He was young and clean-limbed, of the swarthy lean type that carries a suggestion of quietude and reserved strength. A fine of some extravagance, and but little good to himself, had brought him to Texas to recuperate health and strength. He nursed the delusion that he was consumptive, and a railway prospectus caught him.

When he saw Centralia it seemed inviting enough. The houses were white-painted, the window blinds all green and the roofs all a dark red. Most of the buildings had been designed by a traveling architect, with a taste for whisky and the visions it begets. It was a jolly looking place, with a bacchanalian air about the cocked, jostling roofs and the merry little windows. Standing upon his hotel piazza, looking down the only street and noting the confused tangle of corners, gables, roofs, chimneys and eaves, Hornung thought of the tremens, and the small houses in the ardent sun danced fantastically before his eyes.

Its people were all from other states, men who had come to look at the country and stayed. They spoke with a Northern accent; while the women, with the aid of certain colored plates, imitated the latest Northern fashions. It was a thriving community, and the natives who lived on the ranches round about looked and listened wonderingly at its ceaseless activity and gabble. It had not learned to rest, and would not until the third generation. The social features of the town were remarkable for one thing only—the almost utter exclusion of native attractions. At the frequent teas or at the whirling dissipation of the monthly dance in the courthouse, few Texan faces were seen and few Texan topics tapised. Those of this transplanted society who alluded to the quiet people, whose money they got, did so in a despairing way as of a race that needed elevation, but whom it was too much trouble to elevate.

They had no attractions for Hornung. They were money-grubbers and gossipers—things he detested; and they were Northerners—things he detested more. Having no respect for his pedigree, declining utterly to be impressed by it, they were frankly anxious as to his dollars. Ascertaining that he was a Southerner, and that various members of his family had fallen in Southern armies, they elected to talk war to him, expansively condemn slavery and point out the mistakes of Lee. The man was slumberously nery under a repressed manner, and when he had been dragged into argument and exhausted his presumably weak lungs in denunciation of Federal policy, was treated with amused pity and left with the knowledge that he had made a fool of himself.

He bought him a ranch. It was not an expensive affair, as southwestern ranches go—twenty thousand acres or so—not likely to gain him or lose him much. He knew nothing of cattle-breeding, but was willing to learn. He was willing, too, to go back to the open country he had always loved, and anxious to escape from the oppressive flavor of the county town. It was quiet out there, and the green hills rose around his home in an endless succession of verdant upheavals. It was early summer in the season of his purchase, and there were flowers on them and waving leaves along an arroyo that trenched his possessions and went dry in the torrid summer. He had paid for it as "permanent water." He found joy in the sweep over the prairies, in tthe long chase of the antelope, with the green grass swishing his horse's hoofs and the soft wind humming in his ears. He grew contented and his old-fashioned fancies were jostled out of his head by contact with the rude active life around him. He learned something every day—learned, though he did not know it, to be a better integral of the human whole. He became patient in speech and noted for kindness to his men and beasts. So much will constant contact with Mother Nature do. There was an indefinable charm in his gentleness, and, though astonished, his rough riders liked the smooth polish of his tones. Having been used to the cattle baron or his immediate underling, they would have gone far and fared hard for him. The pleasant way of making a request of an ordinary command made them think better of themselves.

"He's th'owed away in this country," said Peter, one of the cooks. "He oughter go back home and marry rich." Paul and John, the other cooks, agreed with him—and it may be said here that Hornung did marry rich.

He had ridden far one day and stopped to rest upon the banks of Arroyo Peña, lying straight on the green grass, with the leaves of the cottonwoods mimicking rain over his head. The wonderful Texan sky was of a deep, painful blue, and white flecks sailed across it, speckled here and there by black dots of wings of the slow-moving vultures. The breeze bore healing for sick frame or mind. Resinous odors were blown from the pine belt fifty miles to the east, and all around was a warm suggestion of growing. With his cheek upon the soft carpet of earth, Hornung heard the beat of rapidly advancing hoofs. He could mark the distinct strokes and judge by their increasing strength the rate at which the rider was coming. He had learned something of the craft of the prairies, and was aware that the horse was of the pony order and ridden probably by a light weight. He miscalculated, however, the swiftness of the advance. He had determined to rise and look at the flying figure as it passed, when horse and rider appeared upon the slope not fifty feet above, and, in the impetus of descent, came straight upon him. He had just time to straighten into rigidity and mentally bury himself in the earth, when a foam-flecked body shot over him in a mighty leap, and above it was the pale, scared face of a girl. They struck the shallow waters of the creek with a giant splash, the water flew high into the air a million diamonds, and the panting pony reeled and fell upon his knees on the opposite bank. With a strenuous tug of the rein and a backward sway of the body, the rider picked up her fallen carrier, then turned and looked at the young man lying pale, but smiling slightly.

"Did I hurt you?" she asked, shortly. "What are you doin' lyin' around in the road? Seems to me you've got mighty little to do!"

"I wouldn't murder a man and then insult a corpse if I were you," said Hornung, aggressively. "I'm not in the road; there's no road here; and I make a business of lying around."

The girl's large blue eyes looked at him curiously, and the rich color came back slowly to her white cheeks. She was clad in an impossible costume of blue calico and red bonnet. Her hands, brown and ungloved, rested lightly on the pommel of the saddle, which he now saw was the ordinary immense Texas affair, intended only for cow-hunting males. One stirrup had been removed, and the other, slightly long for her, dangled against her small, heavily-shod foot. She was young and robust, wth clear skin and lovely mouth and teeth. Under her closely fitting gown the muscles of her rounded arm showed firm, and she sat in her uncouth saddle with a skill acquired in early childhood. The red bonnet, a queerly-shaped affair, with splinters in it like a corset's, was blown back and hung flapping by a moist green ribbon. Her reddish hair curled massively over a low, broad forehead, and it, too, was damp.

"What's your name?" she said.

"Charles Hornung," he answered, quietly.

"I might 've known it. You're the man who runs the new-tangled ranch and thinks a greaser's better than a white man. You shore don't belong here."

"Admitted," said Hornung, cordially. "Where do you belong, and what's your name?"

"Melinda Rouse," she responded, seeing nothing strange in his manner or questions. "I b'long on this side the 'royo; you b'long on that. That's how we never crost before."

"Well," said Hornung, rising and looking about for his horse, which had nibbled its way to the summit of the ridge and showed outlined against the sky, "we'll cross again some time soon. I'm coming to see you. How far down the creek do you live, and how shall I find my way?"

"Mr. Hornung," said the girl, looking at him straight and soberly from under her level brows, "don't you do it. You don't b'long down there; you're not wanted down there; and don't you come."

She wheeled her pony and clattered up the hill. Reaching the hill she swayed slightly as she turned and looked down at him, standing silent and watching her ascent. The sharp line of land flashed up behind her and she was gone.

Hornung rode thoughtfully homeward. The mellowness had gone from the air and the sun was harsh and glaring. When the line riders came in at night, reeking and dusty, a few inquiries extracted all they knew of Melinda Rouse—which was little or nothing.

But on the subjects of "old man" Rouse, Jeff Rouse, his son, José Arrivas, a "half-Mexikin, half-coyote," as they expressed him, who lived in the house and was supposed to be an accepted suitor, they were eloquent. "A d—d set of thieves and cut-throats," said Chick Haralson, himself a partially reformed cattle-lifter and speaking by the card. "Men who stole for a living and murdered for fun. The terror of peaceable stock-raisers; the nightmares of officers; people who lived in the 'brush' because they could not live on the prairie; who checked the development of the country and kept decent men out of it; a God-forsaken set who out to be run out of a country intended for white men. D—n 'em again!" And so said they all of them.

Here was an opportunity Hornung had wished; a chance to rub against a new phase of life in the Southwest; an invigorant warranted to neutralize any amount of ennui. He would ride down the creek in the morning.

Then Haralson turned to him and, in Melinda's words and with a look singularly like that she had worn, said "Don't?" His hearer was young and not to be scared of his purpose, albeit he had not an idea of what he should do when he got there. He laughed at Chick and told him his head was thick with last week's Centralia whiskey, looked to his horse with unusual care and went to bed filled with a feeling of pleasurable excitement.

* * * * * * *

It was noontide, and the sun was hid behind a thick layer of cloud. The character of the country was changed, and instead of shining free and open in its green, was choked in a tremendous undergrowth of chaparral and cactus. Every growing thing had its thorn, with a sack of poison in the tiny point. The soil was dark and musty, for around the tangled roots it had lain for years and seen no sunlight. The horse plodded along with nose near knee, and no life in it. The warm saddle creaked with the movement and a strange, disagreeable smell rose from the leather and mingled with the dank odors of the undergrowth. The path, not more than fifteen inches wide, turned and twisted like a snake.

It made one abrupt curve around the end of a big mesquite which had fallen near its edge, and Hornung, looking up, saw straight ahead a small cabin, with Melinda standing in the door. The rude roof of water-grass was gray with many storms and blistering suns, and the interior behind the girl was an inky black. In the half-tone atmosphere she seemed a beautiful setting in a frame of ebony. He dismounted and approached her with deference, hat in hand.

"I told you I was coming," he said.

The girl returned his mild gaze steadily. Then her eyes shifted, and she glanced anxiously over the surrounding bushes as she picked nervously at her dress.

"I knew you would," she answered. "There was bad luck in your face an' bad luck in our crossin'. It was meant for me to do you harm, an' it's comin'."

"Say, rather," said Hornung, "it was meant for me to do you good, and I have come."

"Go away!" she exclaimed, rapidly. "There's your horse! There's your road! Why did you come? For God's sake, go?"

To Hornung's face the blood was coming. It beat in his temples. His eyes were blazing, his lips quivered, and his throat was hot and dry. He saw only the pale face before him. He seized the hand which hung loosely by her side, and bent until his mouth touched her cheek.

"Not unless you go with me!" he said, hoarsely.

She started as if struck, and looked at him white and bold. "I'm a poor girl, but honest. You don't mean me fair. I don't know your city ways. You are too good, an' not good enough for me. Leave before it's too late."

"You do me wrong!" said the man, passionately. "By God! You do me wrong! I love you! You rode over me—was it yesterday or a week ago? I will lie down and let you ride over me forever if you will come!"

She gazed at him a little space, then saying, "Wait for me!" turned into the hut. A moment later she reappeared, bearing the bonnet. Under it Hornung thought he had never seen a woman look so coy and fair. She walked rapidly to a dense grove of small trees near the house and plunged into them. When he saw her again she was mounted and coming toward him. With a smile of contentment he threw himself into the saddle. "You lead, I follow," he whispered.

With the word her fiery mustang reared straight in air, and with a bound was off, disdaining the path, speeding, as the crow flies, straight through the brush. Hornung saw the mighty leaps of her horse, saw her sway and turn under the overhanging branches, saw the upstretched fingers of the thorny shrubs catch at her skirt and tear it; felt the hot air strike his face like the blow from a whip, felt the delirium of the motion in every nerve; loved her power, her daring, her skill, her sacrifice for him, and for once in his life was happy. He did not think of his pedigree, of the traditions of his house, of his cultured kin, of his own future, of the suitability or unsuitability of his mate. The world held only the fleeing woman before him. It is possible, though, that stirring in him then and spurring him on was the blood of some border ancestor who, in the long-dead centuries, had ridden such a ride with a stolen maiden.

The pace was telling, and the breathing of the brutes was short and loud. The girl rose in her saddle, and with a magnificent sweep of the arm pointed ahead through the interlocking branches to a faint streak of light that came through.

"The prairie!" she laughed back to him.

They stopped at the open, and while Hornung dismounted to tighten the girths on the trembling horses, she glanced shyly on him and then away.

"I'm comin' with you," she said, shame-facedly, "because I like you, an' they say you're a good man. The life at home was too hard to bear: I heard nothin' all day but swearin' and keerd-playin'. I've got no mother. I know nothin' an', same time, I know heaps more'n they wanted me to. You won't be too hard on me, will you? I—I can't even write my name!"

Said Hornung, as he looked up at her and wiped the perspiration from his eyes: "I will make a woman of you."

It was evening when the ranch was reached, and the line-riders, vaqueros and cooks crowded around in wonderment. The girl sat quiet with a pleased smile as one by one the men came awkwardly forward—in rustling leggings and with knees wide apart, to shake hands. She was smiling still when Hornung stood beside her and said:

"Boys, Miss Rouse is a brave woman. She is going to be my wife and will boss us all. Chick, saddle two fresh horses. A preacher is wanted."

[From *A Maid of the Frontier*, by Henry Spofford Canfield. Rand, McNally & Co., publishers.]

Photos by C. N. Ravlin

SCENES AT WING'S RECENT RECORD TRIAL

See page 44

1. The record-breaker ready for the start. 2. One of the triplets ready for the push-off. 3. "Bully" does his cake-walk. 4. The crowd. 5. Where the pace-makers lined up. 6. F. Ed. Juth, who regulated the speed. 7. Waiting for the tardy ones. 8. An interested spectator. 9. William Loos, manager of the cycle department, White Sewing Machiue Company. 10. Hardy Downing and "Zimmy" McFarland. 11. Wing meditates. 12. The Garden City triplet pacing Wing for the first lap; photo taken when riders were going at a 1:45 clip. 13. Grouped for a snapshot. 14. Wing finishing his remarkable ride, after covering nearly 29 miles within the hour. 15. Charles Albert Adams and Tony Delmas. 16. The officials: the three in front are F. G. Montealege on the left, J. A. Desemone in the centre, and Bunt Smith next; in the rear, starting from the left, is H. L. Tanner, E. S. Reader, W. D. Wells, and H. D. Hadenfeldt.

WING RODE AN 1899 MODEL WHITE RACER — **Dealers for the Hawaiian Islands: Messrs. H. HACKFELDT & CO. Ltd., Honolulu**

Hawaiian Fertilizing Company

MANUFACTURERS, IMPORTERS
AND DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF

CHEMICAL MANURES

Always on Hand in Quantities to Suit

Raw Bone Meal, Raw and Dissolved Guano, Double Superphosphates, Sulphate of Potash and Kanit, Nitrate of Soda and Sulphate of Ammonia, Fish Guano, Ground Lime Stone, Stable Manure, etc.

Special : Fertilizers : for : Special : Crops
MADE TO ORDER

We furnish and guarantee all that any other companies do. Our goods are equal to any made at home or abroad in quality, color and fineness.

Estimates on large orders or bids for same furnished on application.

A. F. COOKE Proprietor and Manager
HONOLULU, H. I.

C. J. McCARTHY
PROPRIETOR

Criterion Saloon

Fort, above Hotel Street
HONOLULU

Headquarters for all interested in Field and Aquatic Sports

STRICTLY HIGH-CLASS
WINES, LIQUORS
CORDIALS, BEERS, ETC.

Uusurpassed in all its appointments
Card and Reading-Room attached

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, the famous orator, statesman, railroad president and millionaire, in an interview said of his recent visit to Del Monte: "I visted Monterey, and I call it the most beautiful place in the world. Monte Carlo cannot compare with it. Its seventeen mile-drive is unparalleled for fineness."

Specially reduced rates for the winter months of November, December, January and February, are offered, as follows:
Single room, with board for one person, by the month, $65. Double room, with board for one person, by the month, $70; two persons, $135.
Best room, with board for one person, by the month, $75; two persons, $145. Best room, with bath and board for one person, by the month, $80; two persons, $155
Small parlor suites, with board for one person, by the month, $80; two persons, $155. Daily and weekly rates remain as heretofore—from $3 to $5 per day

For further information, address **GEORGE SCHONEWALD, Manager**
Hotel Del Monte, Monterey, California.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway wharf San Francisco.
For Alaskan ports, 10 a.m. Dec. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, Jan. 1; change at Seattle.
For B. C. and Puget Sound ports 10 a. m. Dec. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, Jan. 1, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Eureka, Humholdt Bay, 2 p.m. Dec. 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, Jan. 4, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a. m. Dec. 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 31, Jan. 4 and every fourth day thereafter.
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barhara, Port Los Angeles, and Redoudo (Los Angeles), 11 a.m. Dec. 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, Jan. 2 and every fourth day thereafter.
For Mexican ports, 10 a. m. Dec. 15, Jan. 12, Feh. 9, March 9, April 6.
For further information, ohtain folder.
The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing.

Ticket Office: 4 New Montgomery St (Palace Hotel)
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen. Agts.
No. 10 Market Street, - San Francisco, Cal.

California Limited
Santa Fe Route

Connecting Train Leaves San Francisco at 5 p. m.

Every Sunday, Tuesday, Friday

Arrives in Chicago at 9:52 a. m. the following Thursday, Saturday and Tuesday — Arriving in New York at 1:30 p. m. Friday, Sunday and Wednesday . . . . .

Dining Car, Buffet Car, Observation Car and Electric-Lighted Sleeping Cars.

TICKET OFFICES
628 MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO
1118 BROADWAY, OAKLAND

JNO. L. TRUSLOW, Gen. Agt. Passenger Dept., San Francisco, Cal.
JNO. J. BYRNE, Gen. Passenger Agt. Los Angeles, Cal.

"ALWAYS RIGHT ON TIME!"

UNION PACIFIC — THE OVERLAND ROUTE — WORLD'S PICTORIAL LINE.

The Finest and Fastest Train from California to the East
IS THE
Overland Limited
VIA
UNION PACIFIC

Leaves San Francisco DAILY at 6 00 p.m., running through to Chicago without change of cars.

EQUIPMENT—Pullman Double Drawing-Room Sleepers
Dining Cars
Composite Buffet Smoking and Library Cars
Reclining Chair Cars

Entire train vestibuled and lighted throughout by Pintsch Gas. Time, 3½ days, San Francisco to Chicago—*twelve hours quicker than all other lines*

Upholstered Pullman Tourist Sleepers are also carried on the "Overland Limited," daily. San Francisco to Chicago, without cange, thereby enahling passengers holding second class tickets to reach Chicago and all points at the same time as first class passengers. Steamship tickets to all points in Europe.

Tickets and sleeping car reservations at General Office, No. 1 Montgomery Street. Telephone Main 1930. D. W. HITCHCOCK, General Agent.

OCEANIC Steamship Company

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S. S. "Australia," for **Honolulu only**, Wednesday, December 14th, at 2. p.m.
S. S. Moana, **for Australia**, Wednesday, Dec. 28th, at 10 p.m. Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.
Freight Office 327 Market St.
J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO General Agents

A Cigarette WITH YOUR Monogram

Costs no more, and is unique

Address **Gross & Deutch, 5 Kearny Street, San Francisco**
Or **Pinkus Bros., Manufacturers, 50 New Street, New York**

A. K. DAGGETT

Drawing or Deeds and all Legal Papers a specialty
NOTARY PUBLIC
14 Montgomery St., S. F
Telephone 305

TO CHICAGO IN 3 1-2 DAYS
TO NEW YORK IN 4 1-2 DAYS
VIA
Chicago Union Pacific
AND
Northwestern Line

Through Pullman and Tourist Sleeping Cars Daily. All meals served a la carte in Diuing Car. For full information, address
R. R. RITCHIE,
General Agent Pacific Coast
No. 2 New Montgomery Street (Palace Hotel)
San Francisco, Cal.

Brushes

For barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bath houses, billiard tables, brewers, book binders, candymakers, canners, dyers flour mills, foundries, laundries, paperhangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

BUCHANAN BROS.
TEL. 5610 609 SACRAMENTO ST
BRUSH MANUFACTURERS

JOE POHEIM, THE TAILOR

Makes the best fitting clothes at 25 per cent less than any other house on the Pacific Coast. See Prices:

PANTS TO ORDER	SUITS TO ORDER
$3.50	$10.00
4.50	13.50
5.00	15.50
6.00	17.50
7.00	20.00
8.00	25.00
9.00	30.00

The firm of JOE POHEIM is the largest in the United States. Rules for self-measurement and samples of cloth sent free.
201 and 203 Montgomery St., cor. Bush.
844 & 846 Market St. 1110 & 1112 Market St.
SAN FRANCISCO.
435 Fourteenth St., Oakland. 603 & 605 K St., Sacramento.
143 South Spring St., Los Angeles.

BAJA CALIFORNIA
DAMIANA BITTERS

"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. (Send for Circular.)
NABER, ALFS & BRUNE, Agents
323-325 Market St., S. F

BONESTELL & CO.

Dealers in **PAPER**
Fine Coated Papers a Specialty
401-403 SANSOME ST.,
San Francisco, Cal.

Blake, Moffitt & Towne

DEALERS IN
PAPER
55, 57, 59 and 61 First Street, San Francisco
Telephone Main 199

NOTES AND COMMENT

An Ideal Eating-House.

A people's civilization may be measured at its dining-table, says the tavern philosopher. There were palatial feasting halls in ancient Thebes, there were pleasure houses for Semiramis in the hanging gardens of Babylon, Rome had her magnificent baths. Europe to-day has its famous cafes, and America has its equally noted resorts like the Cafe Zinkand, the latest and most magnificent realization of the modern cafe to be seen in all America. It is the crystallization of the ideas and plans of Charles A. Zinkand, the very king among caterers, who perfected them during years of practical experience, and after a year of study at home and in Europe.

The Cafe Zinkand occupies the ground and basement floors of the fine new Spreckels Building on Market street, facing the Fountain of the Californian and across from Mason street. That should be description enough of its exterior attractiveness. Within it is simply a

CHARLES A. ZINKAND

dream of tasteful elegance and artistic beauty which must be seen to be appreciated. The general restaurant, the grill-room, the ladies' dining-room, the banqueting, billiard and club rooms, and the bar, are incomparable wonders.

There is no confusion at the Zinkand. The visitor is courteously received, the attendants are prompt, polite and quiet. It is a place where a gentleman may take his family or go alone and enjoy himself. It is the favorite resort of theatre-goers, and after the play there is always a brilliant assemblage of San Francisco's best society at the Cafe Zinkand. The most luxurious or the very simplest diner can be satisfied there, and the prices throughout are so reasonable that a salaried man may dine like a millionaire.

The Valley of the Kaweah.

The soil and climate of the Tulare country have been famous ever since the day on which Captain Vise and his hardy adventurers camped under the great oaks where the courthouse of Tulare now stands. Visalia was for many years the sole shipping center of this large and fertile region, until Kings County was organized, and now Visalia and Hanford have a generous and mutually beneficial rivalry in the distribution of the enormous production of their surrounding plantations and ranches. More than ten thousand carloads of grain, fruit, live stock, dairy stuff and lumber are shipped annually from the Tulare basin, and the output is increasing every year, as the country becomes more thoroughly under cultivation and increases in population.

The great ranches of the Kings County country in the San Joaquin Valley have been known since the early days for their live stock and dairy products and grain output. The fruit plantation is a comparatively late development. The fruits mostly cultivated are prunes, peaches, apricots, nectarines, pears, plums, apples, raisin grapes and citrus fruits. The prune is planted here with the most astonishing results. So fertile is the soil and favorable the climate, that crops of prunes are obtained from the trees at three and four years old, fully as large as in other parts of the State at six and seven years. Kings County has a soil particularly rich and productive, and has exceptional climatic advantages.

Among the old settlers and large landowners of Tulare and Kings counties is Mr. E. Jacobs, who has been one of the principal human factors in the advancement of a region already so blessed by Providence that it only needed the intelligence of man to improve it. Much of the prosperity of Tulare and Kings counties is due to this enterprising gentleman's intelligent handling of large real estate interests, and his efforts to introduce permanent settlers. Mr. Jacobs is one of the men to whom California is much indebted for her great development, and Tulare and Kings counties are to be congratulated on the fact that he has such large interests there.

The Lyceum School.

Many young men and women, candidates for admission to any of the universities or colleges, otherwise well qualified, often fail to pass satisfactory examinations owing to a lack of proper coaching or training, and in many instances much valuable time is lost thereby. For the benefit of such candidates, Prof. L. H. Grau, Ph. D., has established The Lyceum, where students are qualified for entering either the University of California, Stanford, Harvard or Yale, the Hastings College of Law, colleges of Medicine, Pharmacy or Dentistry, as well as for Teachers, Civil Service and Revenue Cutter examinations.

The instruction, largely, individual or in small classes, is given by able instructors of large experience and abreast of the latest and best educational methods. Candidates who have completed a full course of study in the various subjects for entrance requirements, and who, in the opinion of the Principal and his assistants, are able to pass satisfactory examinations, are specially recommended and are admiited to Stanford University, Cooper Medical College, College of Denistry, University of California, etc., without passing the entrance examinations. The school is on the fifth floor of the Phelan Building, rooms 333-335. References, President D. S. Jordan, or any Stanford Professor.

W. J. Biggy.

The existence of disorder is no argument that order is not the rule; even so, the irruptive disease of political corruption should not be named a constitutional or organic malady in the body politic. The weight of the impetus of the swing of the pendulum in this city from the wrongful rule of the bosses toward the rightful rule of the people was indicated by the movement which won for us the new charter. The motive power behind that movement was contained in a number of the best men in San Francisco. One of these men was Senator William J. Biggy, whom Mayor Phelan appointed during the reform movement to manage the delicate and important office of Registrar. In that office, Mr. Biggy maintained the high standard of honesty and efficiency which he held to during his incumbency of the Senatorship. He returned from Sacramento with a fine record and unimpaired reputation, having worn his toga without a

W. J BIGGY

suspicion of dishonor having been cast upon it. Senator Biggy built up his large business interests from a poor beginning, and has a wide experience and plenty of good sense to make him a practical man of affairs. His is the type of man that is needed in municipal politics, and the people of San Francisco will do well to remember him as a man to be trusted and relied upon in the battles of the future.

William H. Cummings.

Honolulu is noted for its fine streets and driveways, and it is due to the untiring diligence and attention devoted to them by Mr. Cummings, who has been Superintendent of Public Highways for the past six years, the result of his labors receiving a proper appreciation not only by visitors to the islands, but also by the citizens of Honolulu, shown by his being reappointed at the exiration of each term. The main driveways are macadamized with crushed volcanic rock, making a smooth, compact surface, easy for horses and pleasant for riders. Mr. Cummings utilizes the labor of over one hundred prisoners for outside highways, while paid workmen work on the streets in the city proper. Mr. Cummings is a native of the Islands, and was for several years overseer for several large sugar plantations.

J. S. Walker.

On matters pertaining to insurance, either life or fire, Mr. Walker is considered one of the best informed on the Islands, having been in the business for a number of years. He represents, as general agent for the Hawaiian Islands, the Royal Insurance Company, the Alliance Insurance Company, Alliance Marine and General Assurance Company, Sun Insurance Company of San Francisco, Wilhelma of Madgeburg Insurance Co., Northwestern Mutual Life Isurance Co. Mr. Walker is an attorney of no mean ability, being attorney and agent for the well-known firm of Greig & Bicknell, owners of the Fanning and Washington Islands. Mr. Walker is a native son of the Hawaiian Islands, and his father, Mr. J. S. Walker, was one of the most prominent and influential men of the Islands.

HOTEL PLEASANTON

Sutter and Jones Streets
SAN FRANCISCO
CAL.

The leading family and tourist hotel in San Fraucisco. Situated in a pleasant part of the city, near the theatres, churches and principal stores. Two lines of cable-cars pass the door — Sutter-Street line direct from the Ferries. Recently thoroughly renovated; all the latest modern improvements; sanitary plumbing; porcelain bath-tubs. Sunny and elegantly furnished rooms, single or en suite, with or without private bath. The excellence of the cuisine and service are leading features, and there is an atmosphere of home comfort rarely met with in a hotel.

Rates for board and room, $2.00 to $3 50 per day. Special terms by the week and month.

O. M. BRENNAN, Proprietor.

"THE LITTLE MINISTER"

MAUDE ADAMS EDITION

A sumptuous new illustrated edition, with thirty-two full-page pictures of Miss Adams and her company illustrating the principal scenes in the story. In luxurious binding of white vellum, elaborately stamped in gold, size 6½x9½, four hundred pages, each copy sealed and enclosed in a box. Price $2.50. Sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of price. Illustrated catalogue sent on application.

R. H. RUSSELL West 29th St. NEW YORK

Germea for Breakfast

A SPECIAL OFFER

TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION

For twenty-five cents The Wave will be sent to any address in the United States, postage paid, for one month, as a trial subscription,

together with a handsome engraving in twelve colors, 18 by 24 inches, entitled "Looking Backward," by G. Cosia. Cash and annexed coupon must accompany all orders.

TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION COUPON

The Wave, San Francisco:

Please send The Wave for one month and your engraving "Looking Backward."

Name.....

Address .....

....

GREENBAUM'S

White and Dark Violet

The Most Fashionable Perfume
Possesses the Odor of Fresh Violets

128 POST ST. UNDER BOHEMIAN CLUB

The Royal is the highest grade baking powder known. Actual tests show it goes one-third further than any other brand.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

LITERARY COMPETITIONS

Together With Passages About Some New Books.

Attention is again directed to the subject of story competition by the appearance of Christmas *Life*. Its leading tale is the prize winner in the competition instituted early in the year. A hundred dollars was offered for the best thousand-word story, and we were told that for months it rained MSS. in *Life's* office. In the concourse of fiction thus evolved surely a masterpiece or so should have been discovered. Pearls there may have been in the heap, but "Our James" is by no means precious. It is not without merit, however, being an amusing conceit rather neatly turned, but commendation dare go no further. In contrast with certain other tales *Life* has had this '98 it must hide a diminished head. For instance, I should not dream of comparing it favorably with "My Lady of the Veil" or "A Recapitulation," in previous issues, for both were of more skillful design and happier inspiration. The experience of *Life* duplicates that of other magazines, and proves once again that competitions are not productive of *chef d'œuvres*. Such literary enterprises may, indeed develop new talent, but story telling is as much a matter of practice as of capacity. It is conceivable that the first story of a genius would be printable, but genius is rare. The most available material for the magazine is the work of men and women who have striven and attained proficiency, who supplement talent with training. However admirable for fiction the individual experience of a writer may be, his matter will not take shape until through repeated experiments he develops a style of his own.

The truth of all this is again borne out in the *Century's* University competition, the prizes in which were all won by women. It is conceivable that the individual tastes of the editors had something to do with the results, for the successful tale is of a type especially popular with certain literary pilots—the locality character story, which is supplied in charming abundance by our Sarah Orme Jewetts, Mary Tracy Earles or Miss Murfrees. The ragouts of these ladies are often skillfully prepared, and, avoiding the great problems, are calculated to bring no blush to the cheek of innocence. The recipe is a spice of action to a plentitude of dialogue, a group of characters with well-marked traits, environment in quantity; add sentiment as the mass simmers, and you have a tale that any monthly will accept.

At the best, competitions stock up editorial larders with new material. But one tale may win the prize, it is true, though a hundred are accepted for publication. A trick of taste will often determine in cases where four or five tales are of equal merit. The winner has the prize, but instances are few in which such success has meant a career.

Another new man has begun a career in the literary field. This is Neil Munro, and his book, *John Splendid* (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is a striking story, suggestive of a talent far beyond the average. A grasp and vigor of style and a strong character sense are the important factors in the equipment of Neil Munro. A knowledge and love of the country and the skill to realize and deliniate those eccentricities and gifts which make the picturesque value of the Highlanders, are also his. Something of the value of *John Splendid* may be guaged by the estimate of a *Saturday Review* critic, who compares it with *Kidnapped*. The difference, however, is that between disciplined talent and free power. There is something marvelously vivid about the fabric of Stevenson's masterpiece as it arises in the memory. Something more than grasp and comprehension of language is there—the skill of realistic portrayal. So much there is that is archaic in Munro's style that the phrases fail to project the image. Mayhap in Lorn the terms may be familiar, but to the average reader of English the descriptive interludes, for all their poetic value, are a fourth jargon. In the finest passages words occur for which definition must be looked up in a glossary. For instance: "A scent of wet birk was in the air. The river, hurrying through glossy levels, glucked and clattered and plopped most gaily, and bubble chased bubble as if all were in a haste to reach Lochow of the bosky isles and holy" Again there is discussion of the lost battle of Inverlochy between Splendid and Elrigmome, the former attributing the blame to the Lowland troops who had participated. Another of the party phrases it thus:

"Cheap trash of penny-land men from Lochow-side were put on the right of gentlemen cadets of Castle and Loch Finne-side Lairds!"

"Penny-land here, penny-land there they were closer in blood on Black Duncan than any of your shore-side protans, who may be gentrice by sheepskin right, but never by the glaive."

"So the two would be off again into the tanglements of Highland pedigree."

And so on. Yet the defects of Monro are smothered by his qualities. Real men are Splendid and Master Gordon, and MacCailen the Marquis of Argile. Their talk is worthy of their character, being full flavored with the eccentricities of each. The scenes in which Splendid and the Marquis debate are admirable. Rarely indeed is it given a writer to differentiate so admirably the phases of courage and cowardice as is done with MacCailen. But here is a passage from a bout which Splendid (McIvar) and Elrigmome have with John MacDonald, one of the famous Highland bards, who introduces himself:

"'I'm Keppoch's bard, and I've no doubt you've heard many of my songs. I'm namely in the world for the best songs wit ever strung together. Are you for War? I can stir you with a stave to set your sinews straining. Are you for the music of the wood? The thrush itself would be jealous of my note. Are you for the ditty of the lover? Here's the songster to break hearts. Since the start of time there have been 'prantices at my trade: I have challenged North and East, South, and the isle-flecked sea, and they cry me back their master.'

"M'Ivar put a toe on one of mine, and said he, 'Am n't I the unlucky man, for I never heard of you.'

"'Tut, tut,' cried the bard in a fret, 'perhaps you think so much in Argile of your hedge-chanters that you give the lark of the air no ear.'

"'We have so many poets between Knapdale and Cruachan,' said John, 'that the business is fallen out of repute, and men brag when they can make an honest living at prose.'"

. . . . . .

"'Come, come,' he went on, 'will you dare tell me that the sheiling singers on Loch Finneside have never heard my 'Harp of the Trees?' If there's a finer song of its kind in all Albainn I've yet to learn it.'

"If I heard it,' said John, 'I've forgotten it.'

"'Name of God!' cried the bard in amaze, you couldn't; it goes so,' and he hummed the tune that every one in Argile and the West had been singing some years before.

. . . . . .

"'No doubt,' said he, 'they are esteemed in the glens of Keppoch, but Argile is fairly happy without them: Do you do anything else for a living but string rhymes?'

"'The bard was in a sweat of vexation. 'I've wandered far,' said he, 'and you beat all I met in a multitude of people. Do you think the stringing of rhymes so easy that a man should be digging and toiling in the field and the wood between his *duans*?'

"'I think,' said Splendid (and it was the only time a note of earnestness was in his utterance)—'I think his songs would be all the better for some such manly interregnum. You sing of battle; have you felt the blood rush behind the eyes and the void of courageous alarm at the pit of the stomach? You hum of grief; have you known the horror of a desolate home? Love—Sir, you are young, young——'

"'Thanks be with you,' said the bard, 'your last word gives me the clue to my answer to your first. I have neither fought nor sorrowed in the actual fact; but I have loved, not a maid (perhaps), nor in errant freaks of the mind, but a something unnameable and remote, with a bounteous overflowing of the spirit. And that way I learned the splendor of war as I sat by the fire; and the widows of my fancy wring my heart with a sorrow as deep as the ruined homes your clan have made in my country could confer.'

"I'm afraid I but half comprehended his meaning, but the rapture of his eye affected me like the glisk of the sun. He was a plain, gawky, nervous man, very freckled at the hands, and as poor a leg in the kilt as well could be. He was fronting us with the unspoken superiority of the flower on its own midden, but he had a most heartsome and invigorating glow.

"John Lom, John Lom!' I cried, 'I heard a soldier sing your songs in the ship *Archangel of Leith* that took us to Elsinore.'"

The Sign of the Lark

JUST PUBLISHED

HAWAII NEI

By MABEL CLARE CRAFT

A delightful volume of sketches of our new possessions, with numerous original illustrations, and several interesting political chapters. It is suitable for a Christmas gift. Crown 8vo., $1.50. For sale by all booksellers.

PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM DOXEY

At the Sign of the Lark, Under Palace Hotel, San Francisco

Metropolitan Meat Company.

What Armour & Co. are in the dressed-meat line in the Mississippi Valley and Miller & Lux on the Pacific Coast, the Metropolitan Meat Company is in the Hawaiian Islands. Its pre-eminence is due to the application of the principles which have made these firms successful, meeting conditions in the best possible way, serving the interests of both producer and consumer, and conducting business on a comprehensive plan. By its system of organization and co-operation among the stockraisers, it provides a steady market for the producer and assures the consumer of a steady supply of well-fattened, carefully handled dressed meat. Its cold storage facilities are such that even in the tropical climate of the islands meat is kept several days before being put on the block.

The firm includes most of the principal cattle growers of the islands. It collects accurate information on the livestock supply,

THE REPUBLIC BLOCK
The First Republic Established in Hawaii
E. S. Cunha, owner

which is at the service of all stockraisers, whether members of the firm or not, so that stock is never sent to a glutted market. At the same time it assures the company of a constant and adequate supply, enabling it to grade meat thoroughly on the basis of quality.

The company was organized about ten years ago and has had for its manager ever since Gilbert J. Waller, who had been a dealer in meats for about six years before his connection with the company. It has large slaughter-houses at Iwilei, where all meat is inspected by a Government official.

The firm does both a wholesale and a retail business in dressed meats, and is extensively engaged in curing hams and bacon. It manufactures all kinds of sausages, both fresh and smoked, and it tries lard and tallow. For many of its provision products it has acquired a reputation which makes its brand an acknowledged guarantee of excellence. It is also the largest and most extensive dealer in hides in the islands.

Because of the scope and extent of its business the company is enabled to practice all those economies of production which come from following everything to its by-products, and thus benefits both producer and consumer.

An illustration of the retail department is shown on page 28 of this issue.

John T. Dare.

John T. Dare, the present United States Appraiser for the port of San Francisco, was formerly Attorney-General of the Hawaiian

JOHN T. DARE

kingdom under King Kalakaua. Mr. Dare is one of the few men on whom the King conferred letters of denisition, conferring upon him all the rights of citizenship of the Hawaiian kingdom without abjuration of allegiance to the United States. There, as well as here, Mr. Dare has made many friends by his affable courteousness and prompt attention to business. In assuming his new duties Mr. Dare has shown brilliant judgment in his appointments and in the settlment of disputed claims.

Or. C. W. Decker, Dentist. 806 Market Street

The People's ...Choice

of a fine, old mellow Scotch Whiskey, unequaled for delicacy and bouquet is

JOHN DEWAR & SON'S.

It is supplied by royal warrant to Her Majesty Queen Victoria and the Royal Family.

Pacific Coast Agents,

Sherwood & Sherwood,

Portland, Los Angeles, San Francisco.

About Photography.

There is as much taste and skill required as in the finest art of portraiture, in *fin de siecle*, up-to-date photography, to secure artistic and pleasing pictures. It is in his manipulation of background and light and shade effects that the successful modern photographer excels. Some of the daintiest photographs to be seen on the Coast are on exhibition at the Imperial Gallery, at 724 Market street. They illustrate this principle precisely. The high-grade photographic work of Coover & Rasmussen is growing into greater favor every day. It is exceptionally artistic, and by their own improved methods these progressive gentlemen can get very superior results.

Their copyrighted minatype portrait, for instance, which they only very recently introduced, is one of the cleverest discoveries in photographic portraiture. It is an exact reproduction of the delightful old ivory miniature, itself being, in effect, a miniature done in water-colors. The Imperial minatype has been the success of the season in the photographic world. Go down and have a look at them and have the process explained to you. Nothing could be more acceptable as a holiday gift than the minatype.

Honolulu's leading photographers, Mr. Frank Davey and Mr. James T. Williams, furnished the photographs from which were made the engravings for the illustrations in the Hawaiian Edition of The Wave. As may be seen, the excellence of their work has contributed not a little to the attractiveness of our holiday number.

KAHN BROS.

INCORPORATED

HATTERS

No. 1108 Market Street, above Mason

LATEST STYLES
LOWEST PRICES

THE GREAT LEADER ...OF CHAMPAGNES!

G. H. Mumm & Co's EXTRA DRY

While words tell, statistics prove. The importation of G. H. MUMM & CO'S EXTRA DRY in 1897, aggregating 72,775 cases, or 42,293 cases more than of any other braud, is certainly the most striking evideuce of the great popularity of this famous brand of champagne, aud particular attention is called to the fine quallty, purity, and natural dryness of the wine now coming to this market.

Used at almost all notable banquets, balls, weddings, etc.

Holiday Gifts

For Men

DRESS SUITS
TUXEDOS
OVERCOATS
MACKINTOSHES
UMBRELLAS
SMOKING JACKETS
MORNING GOWNS
BATH ROBES
DRESS SUIT CASES
VALISES
NECKWEAR
SILVER BUCKLE SUSPENDERS
SHIRTS AND
FURNISHING GOODS
GENERALLY
GLOVE ORDERS
HAT ORDERS

For Boys

SUITS
OVERCOATS
MACKINTOSHES
HATS
FURNISHING GOODS, ETC.

For Children

MIDDY SUITS
SAILOR SUITS
REEFERS
OVERCOATS
ULSTERS
SWEATERS
FURNISHING GOODS, ETC.

ROOS BROS.

27-37 KEARNY ST.

Moët & Chandon

Largest and Oldest Champagne House in the World

White Seal (Grande Cuvee) is unsurpassed in quality, dryness and flavor.—New York Times.

From Nature's Laboratory

California Cream of Lemon is a toilet preparation made entirely from the soluble substance of the whole lemon. The lemon is a natural skin food, cleanser and beautifier. Used in the bath, **Cream of Lemon** cleanses the skin quickly and thoroughly, and gives it a delightful clearness, velvety softness and suppleness. A natural skin-builder, it restores faded complexions, cures pimples and all other skin blemishes, prevents and cures tan and sunburn, as well as chapped lips and hands. Used after shaving it immediately allays all irritation of the skin, prevents roughness and disease, and obviates the possibility of catching cold.

It retails at 15 cents. Ask your druggist for it. If he will not supply you, send 20 cents and we will send a three-ounce collapsible tube of Cream of Lemon prepaid to any address in the United States

CALIFORNIA CREAM OF LEMON CO., Inc.
San Diego, Cal

Most druggists sell it—all druggists should

RESIDENCE OF ROBERT HALSTEAD, HONOLULU

RESIDENCE OF T. MAY, HONOLULU

BABBLINGS OF A BELLE

Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

Well, Diary dear, things are pursuing the even tenor of their ways, but as Christmas approaches the list of events visibly decreases. I wonder have religious scruples any bearing on the matter. I know Aunt Syhil never gives any formal entertainments in Advent, but I have always thought that, in her case a mere excuse for parsimoniousness. She is aggressively ritualistic, you know, and goes in for all sorts of peculiar customs. I don't see how she manages to remember the multitudinous feasts and fasts and their omissions and commissions. It must be a terrible burden on the mind. I know I am young, and yet I have to keep an engagement book ever beside me or I should forget the most important events; and Papa says that, for a girl, I am quite intelligent.

Thus far this has been a very one-sided winter; the entertainments have been given by one clique and the others are all completely out of it. Then there are no really important functions on the tapis. I don't hear of any hint of affairs such as we had during the past season—no Borel or De Guigne ball, no cotillion nor dinner dance like the Morgan's and Whittier's gave a year ago; no Murphy masquerade. We are satiated and saturated with teas. I go hither and thither in an endless pursuit of fresh varieties of teas and find the most attractive merely a repetition of last week's boredom. I am beginning to adopt a plan that I hear is quite the proper thing among some of our cliques, viz., never to go to a tea unless I am asked to receive. But that will not answer with some of the matrons who absolutely refuse to invite to their small and exclusive affairs those who do not put in an appearance at their crushes.

The engagement of Bert Dibblee and Miss Rodgers is at last announced, after I had simply exhausted myself waiting for it. Really, Diary, I do not know when a secret was so hard to keep, for both the young people gave the lie to my best constructed efforts at fibbing. They looked, seemed and acted engaged. I do not mean by that that they went in for any feats of *twosing;* quite the contrary; but there was the confidence that to the uninitiated suggests indifference, but merely signifies certainty when one is in the know. The engagement was announced in the East at Miss Rodgers' home. So now the two Dibblee boys are off the lists, or, perhaps, it would be better to say, among the mortgaged. A man is not literally shelved until matrimony has caused a foreclosure. Pretty Marguerite Jolliffe is also engaged to Dr. Herbert Moffitt. She is so graceful, and though not so handsome as Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, has a more delicate type of beauty. Dr. Moffitt is said to be one of the cleverest young men in the profession and has a brilliant future, so I hear. I believe the engagement was not to have been announced until Lent, but a few intimate friends were told, and as each friend had probably another confidante, it is not surprising that the news spread. There are two more engagements that I am aching to announce, but I can't, Diary dear, simply. It is a great pity, as they are *tremendously* interesting, and one at least will prove a surprise. I wish I could get rid of my honor for an hour or so and could tell you about them.

The assembly took place on Friday evening and was, in some respects, a great success. In point of numbers, however, one could hardly call it so, for there were not fifty couples. I can't explain why there was such a frost, because it was a splendid dance. There was a capital supper; champagne in quantity; the floor excellent, and the men the nicest in town. We had all the more fun and had loads of room to dance. A number of last year's buds were absent, and some of the most attractive. The country set were also conspicuous by their absence, and some of those whom we young people are wont to regard as the Atlases of these affairs. Before going Mrs. Samuel Knight gave a dinner to some dozen of us, as did Fred Greenwood. I was asked to both, but went to the Greenwoods. Jane is my latest crush. You know, I am always *epris*e with some older girl or matron, and at present it is Jane Greenwood. She looked ever so sweet and graceful. Who were the belles? Well, I can't say any of the season's debutantes. No; Lillie Follis carried off the honors, I think, in an exquisite gown of turquoise blue, with bunches of violets on the skirt and waist. Bernie Drown also looked well in white satin and pearls. Bernie is particularly attractive just now, for she has a new brother from Yale, and really, Diary dear, a nice brother, and more especially a fascinating one, is a great boon to a girl. The hall was charmingly decorated in blue, with banks of white chrysanthemums all round the room. I had a fine time and was more popular than ever, if that be a possibility. The next German, which is to be the fancy dress affair, is to be led by Mr. Greenway alone. I can't imagine why he has not invited me to assist him.

On Saturday I took in Maud Mullin's tea, which was quite a pretty affair. On Tuesday I went to a girl's tea at Mary Eyre's in the hope of seeing dear Airy. He came in, in time to walk home with me, so I naturally had a pleasant afternoon. All the Menlo Park crowd was there. On Wedesday to the exhibition of antique brasses at the Town and Country Club. The exhibition was excellent. I saw some fine old candlesticks that Noah would not have snuffed at, as well as some neat vases and things. I always wish I was an involuntary but clever kleptomaniac when I go to these exhibitions; it would be so easy to get choice specimens then, would it not? The punch was great, Diary dear; awfully well made. I must get the recipe. It was like all very excellent punch—stronger than one suspected; but I enjoyed it nevertheless. Everybody was there, the original members, belonging to the old Southern set for the most part, and a new crowd. In spite of the moistness of the atmosphere the rooms were simply overcrowded, The gowns were not so elaborate as usual, but everyone feared the rain; at least, such was my supposition.

On Thursday night I went to a charming little dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Spreckels to their two daughters. The decorations were so pretty and the menu capital. Carrie Taylor and Gus, Olive and Harry Holbrook, Therese Morgan, Mr. Sheldon, Ben Holliday and Mac Robbins were there. We had so much fun. Harry Holbrook is positively beaming since his election, and anticipates running the school board. He is reading up volumes on school management, and told me a lot about it. You would imagine my sympathies would be with the pupils, but, Diary dear, it is the teachers I pity. I wish I could remember some of his theories. I had them all pat on Friday morning and told papa about them. He smiled and mumbled something about the illusions and enthusiasms of youth. There is one thing though, that if Harry be not reduced to the proportions of a skeleton before he gets through there is nothing in overwork. By the way, he is to lead the next Fortnightly.

On Friday Mrs. Mark Gerstle gives a tea and the Hopkinses a dinner. On Saturday Mrs. W. H. Mills gives a tea, as does Jessie Fillmore, the latter in honor of Miss Wells.

On Monday Mr. and Mrs. Fillmore and Miss Fillmore give a dinner. I believe that the budget is now complete, Diary dear, and if the news be not exciting, I am not to blame, I can assure you. Adieu. Your own

MISS CRICKET.

Mrs. Horatio Cook announces the marriage of her daughter, Miss Ethel Cook, to Mr. Stirling Postley. The ceremony took place in Belvedere November 30th. Mr. and Mrs. Postley will leave on the steamship *City of Peking* for China and Japan, where they expect to remain for several months.

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St. stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch

America's Greatest Hotel.

The event of the hotel world in San Francisco in '98 was the union of the Palace and Grand Hotels. Throughout the country the Palace is known as the premier caravansary of the Pacific Coast, while the expert opinion of visitors from distant climes point it out as one of the best hotels in the world. The Grand, located across the street from the Palace, is one of the old-time hotels of San Francisco. Its central position has always insured it a large business, and it is the favorite stopping place of the country merchant or farmer whose business takes them to San Francisco for a brief stay. While there never has been any real opposition between the institutions, for both are owned by the Sharon estate, it has long been felt that better results would be obtained by uniting them under one management. In control of the Palace is Mr. J. C. Kirkpatrick, one of the most competent executives in the country, and to him the control of both institutions was assigned. The Palace and Grand are now to all intents and purposes one hotel. The latter has been renovated throughout, its furniture renewed, its well-remembered office reconstructed beyond all likeness to its former style. Altogether the caravansary has been changed around thoroughly in every way that trained intelligence could suggest to enhance the comfort of its guests. The advantage to the Palace is that it makes available a large number of rooms, which in the event of an overflow of patronage would come in very useful, and it opens to the patrons of the Grand Hotel the innumerable advantages of service and accommodation which are provided at the Palace for its own guests.

During the twelve months that have just passed there has been no loss of prestige by our greatest caravansary. The Palace is virtually the center of the life of San Francisco. Its cafe and grill rooms are admittedly the best restaurants in the West, and are perhaps the only place where a stranger may see gathered the smart people of the State. The ladies' grill is the favorite meeting place of fashionables from the suburbs, and especially of a Saturday. You may see gathered there the celebrities from Menlo, San Mateo and San Rafael in their best bibs and tuckers. The society columns are always telling us that such and such an affair took place at the ladies' grill, and indeed it is the scene of innumerable parties every week. Some of the swellest balls ever given on the Coast have been held in the Maple Room on the south side of the caravansary, which is quite the most convenient apartment in town for social affairs. As for the grill room proper, more prominent men dine there every day than you could find at the Pacific-Union and Bohemian Clubs combined. It is headquarters for political leaders, racehorse owners and prominent merchants, who can be seen there in bevies at lunch every noon, and who congregate after dinner in the charming smoking room, which is one of the features of the hotel. Truly the Palace is the capitol of San Francisco.

A Valuable Acquisition from Italy.

A valuable and recent acquisition to the art collections of San Francisco is the Italian marble, "The Little Economist." It represents a handsome youngster sitting on a chair contemplating his little hoard of pennies. It is a rare piece of small art and was brought to this country by Mr. F. W. Dohrmann on his return from his recent trip through Germany, France and Italy. Many new and beautiful art conceptions in marble are in view in the art rooms of Nathan, Dohrmann & Co. They afford an opportunity for the selection of a really beautiful Christmas gift.

WHAT HOLDS THE BOOK?

Explanation: Our "Individual Book Rest" lightly supports book, and adjustable to give correct focus. Prevents injury to eyes, relieves the arms, improves the nerves, expands the chest. Worn sitting, reclining, or attached to table. Prevents stooped position, curved spine, or contracted chest. Physicians and the college presidents of the four largest institutions on the coast recommend it to students. Price very low for Xmas. Free Booklet is interesting and explains all. THE WILSON CO., San Jose, Cal

LONDON

London, Nov. 26th.—Although it is nearly a month before the day of days, the spirit of Christmas seems omnipresent and ubiquitous. The busy army of shoppers may be seen haunting the stores, seeking some gorgeous or trifling remembrance of the happy Christmastide. The great trade in England is in Christmas cards. I am glad this fashion has not invaded the shores of the United States, or, at least, not to any arppeciable extent. Christmas cards, to me, are the most useless and meaningless message of glad tidings. A letter or note of greeting is infinitely more welcome, or even the least expensive floral offering. I never know what to do with Christmas cards. Some people make hideous tables of them, others paste them into scrap-books and forget the name of the donor, and a third send them to their distant friends on the next Christmas.

Of the more expensive gifts, the new fad of sending a pretty opera wrap, lace scarf or fascinator, some pretty ornament for the hair, or some fur boa or cape is much more sensible than the custom of sending jewelry, so much in vogue a year or so past. Jewelry is always quite expensive, and the fashion so constantly changes that people are always having the setting altered or selling their ornaments. You would be surprised to know how many jewelers there are who make a special branch of their business buying in second-hand jewels. Few people understand or realize how great a difference the setting of a gem makes, but the French jewelers even spend time and trouble in mounting paste in the most exquisite and delicate fashion. Some women prefer to design their own jewels, the Queen's daughters being especially clever in getting up original schemes of setting stones. The Marchioness of Lowe and Princess Henry of Battenberg spend considerable time at this kind of work, and Princess Henry herself designed the bracelet offered by the Household of Buckingham Palace on the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee.

I was amazed to find on visiting the shops everywhere, how many of the toys were imported—how few home-made. The dolls bore the stamp *made in Germany*, except some of the more expensive bisque ones, which hailed from France. All, or nearly all, of the mechanical toys come from France, the simple and less expensive kind from Germany and Switzerland. I don't think, however, that "Santa Claus" is nearly so extravagant in his gifts here as in America, and not half so many people have Christmas trees.

The weather is exceedingly cold just now, and the velvet blouse has, one might say, become a uniform. Everyone wears one of these most rich and comfortable-looking garments. Last season they were of a contrasting color to the skirt, this time they match it exactly. A tailor gown now has the lining quite separate from the skirt and a little shorter; this makes it a much easier matter to lift up the skirt so one need not bother about the lining.

I wonder if you have anything like the Cold Storage Branch of the Pall Mall Safe Deposit and Forwarding Company. It is a sort of ice cure for the moth bacilli. All the rich ladies, besides sending their valuables to these safe deposits, also send their sables and feathers. These are placed in cold storage, and some "dead cure" being applied the moths are killed off and the furs retain their beauty. You have no idea what a benefit this is, for in England the moth is ubiquitous, and it seems almost impossible to keep your furs free from its ravages.

I went to the Spanish Bazaar the other day at the Devonshire House, one of the most beautiful houses in London, and was greatly interested in the beautiful things they had for sale. The ladies of the Spanish Embassy have been untiring in their efforts to make the affair a success. On the day of my visit there was so great a crush that I was hardly able to see the pretty things. The different continental Catholic royalties have all sent some valuable gift. The Pope sent an exceedingly fine cameo; the Empress Eugenie sent a number of fans; the aunts of the young Queen of Spain, handsome old lace; ex-Queen Isabella, an old crystal box with cover of solid gold.

There are several weddings in prospect, chiefly interesting because the grooms distinguished themselves during the late war. The most important of these is that of Lord Tullibardine, heir of the Duke of Athole, and Miss Katherine Marjorie Ramsey. Lord Tullibardine is very much liked. I wonder if you remember his accident at the time of the Duke of York's wedding. He was part of the escort and was riding a very handsome beast of uncertain temper. The firing of cannons annoyed the animal and he kicked and jibbed until he finally lost his balance, unseating and falling on Lord Tullibardine. It was six or eight months before the victim was able to get about. I quite admire Lord Tullibardine, as he is tall, fair and good-looking—a typical Saxon. Another wedding, which occurred about a fortnight ago, is that of Major Lawrie. He is a Scotchman, and a believer in the good luck which it is said attends those to whom spiders attach themselves. The particular spider that is regarded by Major Lawrie as his mascot took up its quarters in his pith helmet, and was at the famous fight at Omdurman, where the Major commanded a battery. Both emerged unharmed, and the Major packed his helmet and spider and set out for home. He expected to find a corpse on his arrival in England, but instead of that finds two spiders. He then resigned his helmet to his many legged friends and gave spiders to his bride and bridesmaids on his wedding day. The bride's was a very stunning affair in diamonds and sapphires, and the bridesmaids smaller but of similar design.

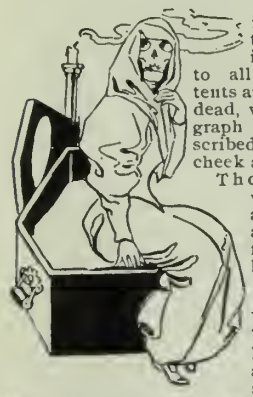
The Druce case is still occupying a good deal of attention, and has been through many phases. It appears that Mrs. Druce, the petitioner, has always been engaged in litigation off and on for the past sixteen years regarding the estate of her late husband Walter, who was the son of T. C. Druce, whom she claimed was one and the same as the late Duke of Portland. Finally she took the definite step of appealing to the Home Secretary to have the alleged grave of the defunct T. C. Druce opened, for she said that Druce had been seen alive again and again after his supposed burial. She brought the usual number of witnesses to prove her case. Since then there has been ever so much legal business—restraints and counter restraints, issuances of faculties, and more restraints. However, the case has now been gone into, and Sir Francis Jeune said that the coffin should be opened. The opponents of Mrs. Druce contest this right, and now the Chancellor has to decide whether the vault shall be opened or not. After that the Portland side of the case will come up, and more complications are expected.

The fame of Tod Sloane is still a byword in England, and I hear that Lord William Beresford paid $25,000 for the right to the refusal of Sloane's services for next season, a period of six months. Sloane's daily mail was decidedly interesting and of wonderful variety—ran from missives from old jockeys asking him for $1,500 to start a public house, to broken down sports, Members of Parliament, noblemen, charwomen, and even bishops. Some want hard cash, others merely ask for a little advice. Then there are are threatening letters warning him that if he returns his life will pay the forfeit. Tod answers most of the letters and very kindly. Everyone regards him as an honest little chap, who rides not with his body but with his brains.

The Dreyfus cause has gained two notable recruits, the Empress Eugenie and her nephew Prince Victor. The Empress has been carefully studying the case, and expresses her conviction that Dreyfus is innocent. Prince Victor says he is also in favor of a revision of the case, and has broken off with some of his followers who were strong adherents of the anti-Dreyfus party.

A word about fashions ere I close. Moderation seems to be the keynote of the essentially smart, both in London and Paris. The skirts are trimmed, to be sure, but are not bedecked, as one would judge from some of the fashion plates. The skirts are tight, exceedingly smooth over the hips and fall in straight lines; touch the ground, but do not trail to any noticeable degree. The coats reach to the waist, Eton fashion, or with basque or spade-shaped fronts. Cashmere is worn more than it has been in years, and is elaborately embroidered or appliqued.

Fur plays an important part in the decoration of the ball dress, but should never be of the dark varieties, sable and white and grey furs being the only suitable accompaniments to a light frock. Nothing is too costly for ballroom wear, and even debutantes appear at informal dances in gorgeous brocades trimmed with berthas or overskirts of Brussels or d'Alencon point lace. The tiara, which was formerly cousidered only suitable to the married woman, is now seen on the heads of belles of a single season. Many of the jewelers have arranged circlets to which an old fashioned diamond necklace can be fitted at a moment's notice. Gold and silver bukles are worn with every kind of evening dress, but unless the wearer possess Cinderella's feet she will do well to eschew anything that will attract attention to them. KATRIONA.



Think of living a year or two after one is dead; dead to all practical intents and purposes,—dead, with the autograph of death inscribed on brow and cheek and lip.

Thousands of women live for a year or two after all helpfulness and happiness have gone out of their lives. When a woman becomes hopelessly helpless and unhappy she is practically dead. The young woman to whom the future is a dreary waste, the young wife who is a helpless, nervous invalid, the mother whose babes are a burden instead of a blessing,—all these, unless they take the right measures to recover their health, are better dead than living. In the majority of cases these ghosts of women owe their condition to weakness and disease of the distinctly feminine organism. Frequently they have been deceived by the incorrect diagnosis of some obscure physician and do not understand the true nature of their trouble. It only costs a two-cent postage stamp for a woman to write and describe her condition to Dr. R. V. Pierce, an eminent and skilful specialist, for thirty years chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute of Buffalo, N. Y. He will answer letters from ailing women without charge. He is the discoverer of Dr Pierce's Favorite Prescription, the greatest of all known medicines for women. It acts directly on the delicate organs concerned in maternity and makes them strong, healthy and vigorous. It banishes the indispositions of the anxious period and makes baby's coming easy and almost painless. It cures all disorders and displacements and checks exhausting drains.

"Previous to motherhood my wife was very sick," writes Dennis H. Conuelly, Esq., of Clear Water, Wright Co., Minn. "Two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription made her well and strong."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure biliousness and constipation. One a dose. They never gripe.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes, Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

NEW YORK

New York, Dec. 8th.—Thus far, the season of opera has been a succession of triumphs for Mr. Grau, and it looks as if nothing but "an act of God or the Queen's enemies" could keep the ghost from walking, fat-fed and regularly, at the Metropolitan. The fashionables fill their boxes and stalls every night, and the curious herd jostles the musical devotes in the pit, the one crowd all eyes for the "Horseshoe," the other all ears for the stage. The Horseshoe, as ever, gives entertainment to the greater number. There is an old saying that woman is best dressed when she is least dressed, and by that standard, these opera-loving ladies are about as fetchingly gowned as the law allows. The dress line is truly rather low this season—it reminds me of the very latest fad among the beauties of the Four Hundred.

It is this, that a wedding will be unlucky unless all the bridesmaids wear "anklets" during the ceremony. Whatever an anklet is, whether it is of ribbon, or gold, or just air, the superstition is strong enough, I have been told, to have caused Miss Helen Gallatin to bestow "yellow anklets" upon each of her bridesmaids. Yellow! Isn't blue the traditional bridal color "to make your husband true"? It is the correct thing to keep one's bridesmaids in a pleasurable state of excitement. Miss Gallatin has made each of her maids a present of one of the new amethyst bracelets, and yesterday she gave them a luncheon. They cut a cake, but I have not heard which one found the ring and learned that she should be the next to marry.

There are some interesting matrimonial affairs being talked about. The marriage of Mrs. Samuel Colgate and the Earl of Strafford came a little bit more suddenly than was generally anticipated. They were wedded on Tuesday at the bride's sister's house in town. The engagement of this couple was reported from England several months ago, but up to the last Mrs. Colgate's widowly modesty impelled her to deny that the Earl was more than a friend. The Earl passed Thanksgiving with his *fiance* at her country home "Uplands," on the Hudson, and attended church with her on that day. Since then they have been in town. I saw them at the Horse Show, and again on the opening night of the opera. Last Saturday night the two were the guests of honor at a dinner given by Mrs. Astor at her Fifth Avenue residence. The Earl and Countess of Strafford will return to England after a short trip to Washington.

This noble gentleman of England is doubtless duly sensible of the beauty and accomplishments of his bride, but I have seen even Englishmen play the role of lover better. There is nothing much of the *grand seigneur* about the Earl. One feels more like addressing him merely as plain Mr. Byng. He is a solid British widower with a substantial, ready-made family of four children. His two boys died, most regrettably, before they had reached twenty-five years. One of his daughters, the Hon. Mary Byng, who was lady-in-waiting to the Queen, was married last spring to the Count de Mauny Talrande. The other daughter is the wife of Viscount Somerton. His Lordship of Strafford is quite wealthy; so is Mrs. Colgate, her defunct liege having left her a round ten million in soap and bank stock. She can match his girls with an olive branch of her own in the charming, twenty-year-old Miss Adela.

Miss Mabel Hayden's marriage to Mr. Calvin Burr on Wednesday last, at her parents' residence on West Fifty-ninth street, was a "Christmas wedding" in every appearance. The wedding was held in a temporary chancel of Christmas trees and holly, which had been built up at one end of the long drawing-room, with an aisle of satin ribbons leading to it. Damrosch's orchestra played for the occasion, while the tenor soloist of All Angels' Church sang selections from the oratorio of "Ruth and Naomi." The surpliced choir of the church preceded the bridal party, singing the wedding march from "Lohengrin." To further emphasize the Christmas idea, the bridesmaids were dressed in a combination of red with green. The Haydens have large interests in California, I was told, and many friends in San Francisco and Oakland, and the young people are going out there to spend their honeymoon.

A general holiday appearance is being taken on all over town, hastened, no doubt, by the early fall of snow. But there is a week of general gayety between now and the time when people begin having their own particular family parties and reunions. The end of the Christmas holidays will find everybody back and eager for the winter's enjoyments. By the indications since Opera night of teas, parties and balls, the new year will be very merrily begun indeed. MANHATTAN.

How's This?

We offer one hundred dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last fifteen years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo.
Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Insist Upon Having Your Ticket to New York Boston, or Other Eastern Cities

Read over the Nickel Plate (N. Y. C. & St. L. R. R.), the popular low-rate short line. Quick time, unexcelled accommodations, and no extra fares charged. Jay W. Adams, Pacific Coast Passenger Agent, 37 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal.

There's a richness about a library table that raises it above the everyday furniture and makes it an especially proper Christmas gift

The many, many styles we show, big and little, will be helpful to you in finding the one that is "just right"—which a Christmas gift must be.

And while talking of libraries: you mustn't forget those arm chairs and rockers with tapestry panels on the back. It's a happy idea—entirely new. For gifts they're simply ideal.

Open Evenings.

California Furniture Company

(N. P. COLE & CO.)
117-123 Geary St.

Carpets
Rugs
Mattings

The "White" is King.

San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 10, 1898.

TO OUR VALUED DEALERS AND FRIENDS:

We are pleased to announce to you the fact that the 1899 White bicycle, thus early in the season, has proven itself the fastest wheel ever built.

On Sunday, December 4th, J. E. Wing of San Jose, ou au 1899 White, broke the world's record, held by John S. Johnson, for ¼ mile, making the time 24 seconds the former record heing 24 2-5 seconds. On the same day, in addition to the above, Wing broke the following Pacific Coast track records: The ½ mile, time 52 2-5 seconds (within less than a second of the world's record); the ⅔ mile, time 1:11 3-5, former record 1:12 1-5; this was also within 2 seconds of the world's record.

On Sunday, Novemher 13th, Eddie Kragness of San Francisco rode a 20-lb. 1899 White Racer, and hroke the American Standard Course record for 50 miles, over the official course of the C. A. C. C., making the 50 miles over a rough road in the remarkable time of 2:13:20. He also hroke the Pacific Coast record for 25 miles, riding the distance in 1:6:12 3-5, proving the 1899 White bicycle to he not ouly the fastest, but heyond all doubt the strongest wheel ever huilt, for the weight.

J. E. Wing, at San Jose, on November 13th, broke the American Standard Course record for 5 miles, covering the distance iu 11:42. On November 20th he lowered all cycle track records from 2 to 28 miles, inclusive, as well as the hour record, on the track of the Garden City Wheelmen at San Jose. Four to six minutes were clipped off every coast record from 5 miles up. The Coast hour record was heaten more than 2 miles, Wing making 28 miles 1089 yards in the hour. His time was as follows:

1 mile.....1:56 5 miles.....10:55 15 miles.....31:17 3-5
2 miles.....3:51 10 miles.....20:42 20 miles.....41:57 3-5
25 miles.....52:30 3-5

In this one ride, Wing broke twenty-nine records.

We are proud of the achievements, the heautiful lines, the elegant finish and the popularity of our 1899 wheel. We have already received on the Coast three carloads of 1899 wheels, over two carloads of which have heen shipped out to our customers, and we have several more cars on the way. We feel that you, as one of our friends aud customers, will rejoice with us in the splendid outlook for the White for 1899, and if you are not now one of our customers, we trust you will lose no time in hecoming one, as we have a numher of points where we are not represeuted, aud are daily closing contracts in territory where the White has not heretofore heen known. Our record for last year was an unprecedented one, as the 1898 White was, beyoud question, the wheel of the season.

With best wishes for a successful season, we remain, Yours very truly,

WHITE SEWING MACHINE COMPANY,
C. A. Hawkius, Manager.

Dealers for the Hawaiian Islands, Messrs. H Hackfeldt & Co., Ltd, Honolulu, H. I.

SPECIAL EXHIBITION...

Oil and Water Color Paintings

ADMISSION FREE

John F. Kennedy's Art Gallery

19 and 21 Post Street

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO

Capital and Surplus . Six Million Dollars

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON.....Second Assistant Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

CORRESPONDENTS

New York..... { Messrs. Laidlaw & Co. / The Bank of New York, N B. A.
Baltimore.....The National Exchange Bank
Boston.....The Tremont National Bank
Chicago..... { Illinois Trust and Savings Bank / Union National Bank
Philadelphia.....Philadelphia National Bank
St. Louis.....Boatmen's Bank
Virginia City, Nev...Agency of the Bank of California
London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
Paris.....Messrs. De Rothschild Freres
Berlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft
China, Japan and East Indies.....Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China
Australia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California St., S. F.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....$2,135,820 60
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash..... 1,000,000 00
Deposits June 30, 1898.....26,486,987 06

OFFICERS

President, B. A. BECKER
First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER
Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN
Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT
Assistant Cashier, WM. HERRMANN
Secretary, GEORGE TOURNY
Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann, Ign. Stein hart, N. Van Bergen, E. Rhote, H. B. Russ, D. N. Walter and N. Ohlandt.
Attorney - W. S. Goodfellow

San Francisco Savings Union

532 CALIFORNIA ST.

Deposits July 1, 1898.....$23,356,130
Paid Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Reserve Fund..... 182,009
Contingent Fund..... 435,515

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

DIRECTORS

George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, George Tasheira, E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate, and Farms and Farming Lands in the country.
Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.
No charge is made for pass book or entrance fee.
Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco

33 POST STREET

Below Kearny Mechanics' Institute Buildin

Guaranteed Capital, $1,000,000
Paid Up Capital, $300,000

JAMES D. PHELAN, President
S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-President
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier
C. B. HOBSON, Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS—James D. Phelan, S. G. Murphy, John A. Hooper, James Moffitt, C. G. Hooker, Frank J. Sullivan, L. P. Drexler, Robt. McElroy, Jos. D. Grant.
Interest paid on deposits.
Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks.
When opening accounts, send signature.

CONNECTICUT

FIRE INS. CO.

OF HARTFORD

Assets. $3,300,000. BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.
COLIN M. BOYD,
Agent for San Francisco
411 California Street

Thuringia Insurance Co.

OF ERFURT, GERMANY

Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248

PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT
204-208 Sansome Street, San Francisco
VOSS, CONRAD & CO,, General Managers

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL Building and Loan Ass'n of California

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and Gen. Manager.
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

FRANKLIN K. LANE G. WHITFIELD LANE

LANE & LANE

Attorneys and Counselors

Removed to
1409-1413-1413 Claus Spreckels Building

Wherein the Man Was Weak.

Willoughby's cronies, the Material Young Physician and the Student of Occult Sciences, burn many a cigar in discussing his strange affair with Miss Hardisty and the unmentionable other one. "A conflict of the Physical with the Spiritual, and of the Mental with both—a most interesting case," so they are agreed. For Willoughby had steeped his normally buoyant spirit in the apathetic philosophy of certain ancients, and in the pessimistic disenchantment of certain moderns, and the result was that his mind was constantly occupied by a highly-refined melancholy, and checked by a continual anticipation of the uselessness of further effort. He was the last man, it seemed, who could be stirred by a mere emotion. Yet from all this Her coming aroused him. Yes, the personality of a mere girl caused the overthrow of his whole citadel of philosophy and "brought him down," as the Stoic phrased it, "from the heights of almost Divinity to the vulgar level of his common humanity."

Yes, when he met Her, both radiant in the raw salt air of the beach, and smiled into her bright smiling eyes; and afterward, as they walked together through the mountain woods, and once later when they sailed their little boat safely home through a stormy sea; the fierce, sweet unreasonableness of his heart overwhelmed the subtlest logic of his brain, and he knew that he loved her with all his soul.

Then he learned, with a passionate rebelliousness which he strove hard to control, that she had no love to give him. "We are hardly acquainted;" and friendship was all she could have for any man.

"It is So-and-So," they told him.

So Willoughby ground his soul between his teeth and cast it out of him, or thought he did, and stored his yacht for a voyage around the world; nor received the letters of endearment that were sent for him to Honolulu, but sailed through to Manila without so much as showing himself to his friends on the island. Probably because he did not want Her to hear of the Parisian baroness whom he had met at the hotel, who was going out to Tonkin, and whom he had invited along at the last moment; who showed her teeth at his desperate love-making, and wondered as she returned his caresses what sort of a girl it was that had thrown him over. The chaplain of his State regiment married them in the Governor-General's palace, and they took the return steamer for San Francisco bound for Paris—*vive la bagatelle!*

And She, loving no one else at all, learned to love him, and wrote to him to come back to her; and was overjoyed to read in a press dispatch that among the passengers on board the *Hongkong*, homeward bound, was John R. Willoughby.

"He received my letters. He is hurrying back to me."

She went down to the dock, all a-tremble with her love, to welcome him home to her and to go to her home in his true heart. She saw him appear, handsome and strong, and admired his gallantry as he laughingly handed a smiling, foreign-looking lady down the gangway. Now she must surprise him, and in the tenderness of her welcome warm away the coldness of their parting. She saw him standing there through eyes that made no note of others near. She slipped her arms around him gently. "Jack, my darling," she whispered; "I am so happy now."

"Why, Miss Hardisty!" he cried, catching her by the shoulders; and then, harshly, "What do you mean?"

"What *does* this mean?" cried the foreign-looking lady, her hardening eyes glancing from one to the other.

"Didn't you get my letters at Honolulu, Jack? I wrote that I *did* love you, and for you to come home. And haven't you come to me now?" She was hurt and puzzled, and there was a sharp heaviness at her heart which had got into her voice.

The foreign-looking lady laughed in a low voice, merrily: "So this is the other one;" she smiled at her husband.

"Who is this woman?" asked the girl, hoarsely, turning from her to her lover.

"Mary, my darling Mary, too late on earth!" The man had taken her to his heart and was staring at his companion. "That woman—that—she is my wife—and you—" He sank faintly to his knees; he clutched at his breast. "My God!" he cried, and fell upon his face by the body of the girl whose soul and his had briefly met.

. . . . . .

"You see my papers are perfectly regular," remarked Mme. Willoughby to her late husband's senior attorney.

. . . . . .

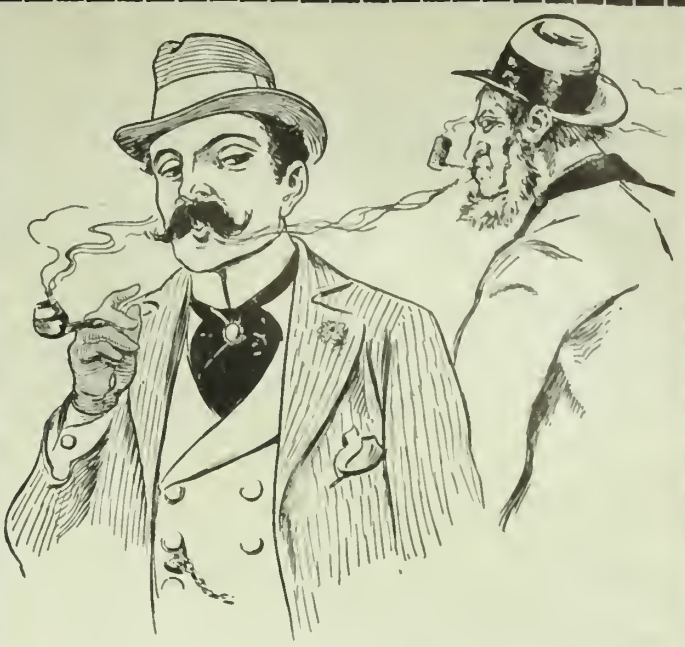
"Broken heart! nonsense," said the Material Young Physician to the Student, all comfortably composed at their club; "nothing but sclerosis of the valve segment, combined with a severe aneurism of the aorta. Makes these big beefy athletes as vulnerable as Achilles. Great emotion; rush of blood; your 'broken heart'; dead giant; very simple, you see."

"But it was really the mental emotion, after all," declared the Student. "Yet I am puzzled that a girl of such delicate perception should not have had a telepathetic intimation of what was going on. Surely Willoughby's mind was in a hell of a state all the time, and his subjective spirit must have sought hers continually."

"Oh, well," put in a Cynic, "the communication was swift enough when it came. And that dam'd Frenchwomon simply analyzed it as the shock to her vanity. Couldn't change her mental attitude quick enough. That's all love or anything else is. Change your opinion and pouf! the thing has another appearance."

"Poor girl!" said the Material Young Physician; "the shock caused a cerebral hemorrhage; small vein broke; very simple."

"You fellows will change that 'mental attitude' you talk about so glibly," remarked the quiet bachelor, with a sad smile, "when you come to learn and speak for yourselves the unwritten language of love." J. D. M.



"The dude is smokin' Seal of North Carolina, same as myself!"

All sorts and conditions of men smoke

Seal of North Carolina

in their pipes. The rich and the poor—the lawyer and the laborer—all like it—buy it and enjoy it. It has a remarkable record of excellence and esteem—won fairly by its unvarying good quality.

The Original Plug Cut—
Always the same—
Mild and Cool.

For health and strength: Damiana Bitters

Catalogue Season

is now upon us, and our facilities for this class of work were never better than at present. Let us quote you prices. The Wave is a sample of our product . . . .

BROWN, MEESE & CRADDOCK

INCORPORATED

419 Sacramento Street

Telephone Main 530 SAN FRANCISCO

VULCAN Ice Making and Refrigerating Machines

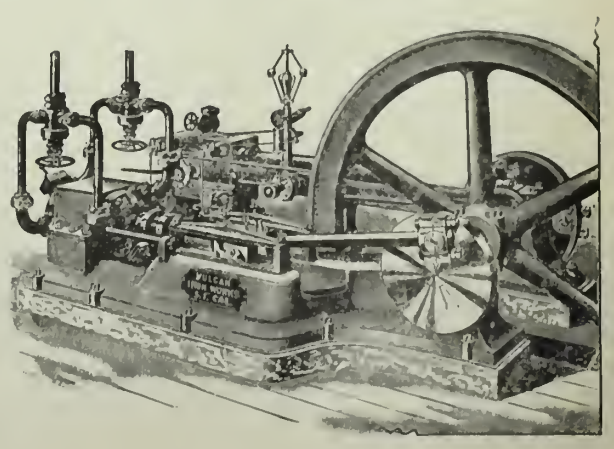
OF ANY DESIRED CAPACITY

ON THE SIMPLEST AND MOST ECONOMICAL SYSTEM

REFERENCES

75 MACHINES IN { California, Oregon, Washington, Arizona, New Mexico / British Columbia, Mexico, Central America, South America, Hawaii, Philippines

Pacific Mail S. S. Co. : : 13 machines
Pacific Coast S. S. Co. : : 4 machines
Oceanic S. S. Co. : : : : 1 machine



We carry in stock Ammonia Piping, Condenser Coils, Ammonia Fittings, Chapman Valves, Mineral Wool, Insulating Paper. Send for Catalogue

BUILT BY THE... VULCAN IRON WORKS SAN FRANCISCO CAL.

OPEN EVENINGS

Beautiful Christmas Presents!

PICTURES
STATUARY
ORNAMENTS
FINE CROCKERY
and GLASSWARE

S. & G. GUMP'S
ART STORE
113 Geary Street, S. F.

AMUSEMENTS

Pacific Coast Jockey Club

INGLESIDE TRACK

The Handsomest in America!
The Pride of California!

Five or More Running Races Daily

December 12th to 26th

Trains leave Third-Street Station at 12:45 and 1:15 p.m. Round trip tickets, 25c.
Electric Cars on Mission and Kearny streets every three minutes.

Admission, One Dollar

F. H. GREEN, Secretary — S. N. ANDROUS, President.

GLEN PARK
·THE MISSION ZOO·

Sunday, December 18, 1898

BALLOON RACE — Two Monster Balloons!

A SIGHT SELDOM TO BE WITNESSED — WOMAN — DARING AND CLEVER AERONAUTS

MLLE. ANITA VS. CHAS. CONLAN

FAMOUS LADY BALLOONIST — MAN — CHAMPION OF THE COAST

Madam Schell and Her Trained Lions
Grand Concert.
Admission 10c. Children under five years, free.
Take San Mateo Electric Cars — Valencia, Mission and Sutter Street Transfer

Orpheum

Week commencing Monday, December 19th

The Rappo Sisters, Russian Dancers
The Three Lukins, European Acrobats
George Fuller Golden, New Stories and Fun
Weston & Herbert, Musical Artists
Horace Goldin, Wizard and Illusionist
Julius P. Witmark in a New Repertoire
The Three Merkell Sisters, Equilibrists
Batty's Bears — La Mondue, the Mute Comedian

Christmas Matinee Monday, Dec 26th

Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c.

Tivoli Opera House

MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING, Proprietor and Manager

Last Nights of **The Mascot**
Monday, Dec. 19th—Our Holiday Spectacle—Geo. E. Lask's Spectacular Extraganza in three acts

THE YELLOW DWARF

Splendid Cast. Grand Ballets, Catchy Music Graceful Dances, Artistic Tableau March, etc.
Oscar L. Fest's Beauteous Transformation
THE FIVE SENSES

Popular Prices : : 25 and 50 cts.
Matinee Reserved Seats 25c. Tele. Bush 9

Alcazar Theatre

FRED BELASCO, Lessee : MARK THALL, Manager
Telephone Main 254

Week of December 19th

Another of Roland Reed's Successes

HUMBUG HUMBUG

A Sparkling Farce-Comedy of Hilarity

Usual Scale of Admission — 15c, 25c, 35c and 50c.

Holiday Week—"A Midnight Bell"

Columbia Theatre

GOTTLOB, MARX & CO. : : Lessees and Managers

Monday, Dec. 19th—Second and Last Week
Evans & Hoey's Ever-Green Success—Hoyt's

A PARLOR MATCH

With its Unlimited Array of Hits
Next—"Suwanee River"

THE THEATRES

Passing Comment on Contemporary Performances.

The Orpheum has entertained "Monologists," "Princes of Amusers," "World Renowned Comedians" and "Far-famed Entertainers," but in getting George Golden, "Casey's famous friend," they have secured the peer of wags, and he deserves his title. Mr. Golden is a very, very funny man, who uses his humor in a truly original and artistic manner. The beauty of his wit is its spontaneity. Young, slender and smiling is Julius P. Witmark, a thrush-throated lad, who warbles sentimental ditties of the home and fireside variety in a sweet, pleasing tenor. Julius really sings well, and his voice and actions are capably trained. His popularity asserted itsely on the opening night of his engagement, when he was fairly buried in flowers. Mme. Urso plays her violin with all the dignity of her years, and demonstrates fully the fact that she is still an artist. Of course, there are others, some of whom are very good, including four trick bears, the two largest being almost as intelligent as dogs.

* *

Wm. Pruette astounds the Tivoli audience with the proportions of his figure; fairly bringing it down when Bettina (Annie Meyers) sings "When I behold your majestic form" in "The Mascot." But Pruette also delights the house with the rendition of his part of Pippo, the captivating shepard. Stevens as Lorenzo XVII, Prince of Piombino, very naively tells Bettina — who says, though consenting to marry him, that she cannot love him—that it will not matter, as he won't be home much. Stevens struggles gallantly with his French and shows some sign of having met Alexander Harrison by the nonchalant way he pronounces at least one line: *In fra dig*—a pet expression of Harrison's. "The Mascot" is enough of a novelty to interest Tivoli audiences as much as usual.

* *

DRAMATIC NOTES

"A Parlor Match" begins its second week at the Columbia on Monday evening.

Following "A Parlor Match" at the Columbia, "Suwanee River" will be produced.

At the Alcazar "Humbug," a farce-comedy by Roland Reed, succeeds "Alabama." "Humbug" is a rattling farce, and should show the clever company at its best.

The Columbia Theater is to have the attractions destined for the defunct Baldwin, and the shows which otherwise would be on at the Powell street playhouse will be seen at the California. "The Man From Mexico" is the first of the series, and will be followed by Frank Daniels and his comic opera troupe.

St. Alban's Episcopal Mission Sunday-school will hold its fortieth anniversary and annual benefit for the Mission at Golden Gate Hall, on Friday evening, December 23d. All children are invited to come in free, and Santa Claus will give something to each one. There is to be an entertainment, and dancing will conclude the affair.

Another of the delightful Musical Evenings, under the direction of Mr. Willard J. Batchelder, was held at Byron Mauzy Hall on last Thursday evening. Among the participants were the Columbia Quartette, Mrs. Florence Harris-Gorton, Mrs. Ida Lee-Davis, Mr. Harry Porter, Miss Rose Broderick, Miss Annie Beaton, Mr. Edgar Hobart and Mr. Hugh Callendar.

There will be four new acts at the Orpheum next week. The Rappo Sisters from Russia, character dancers; the Three Lukins, European acrobats; George Fuller Golden in a new set of jokes; Weston and Herbert, musical artists, and Horace Goldin, an illusionist. Julius P. Whitmark, Frank La Mondue, the three Merkell Sisters and Paul Batty's acrobatic bears complete the bill.

The Tivoli Opera House will present as its annual holiday spectacle, on Monday evening, George E. Lask's brilliant extravaganza, "The Yellow Dwarf," which will be given with one of the most magnificent scenic displays ever seen in this city, including gorgeous costumes, brilliant light effects, grand ballets under the direction of Miss Ida Wyatt, catchy music, marvellous mechanisms and Oscar L. Fest's beautiful transformation called "The Five Senses." The entire strength of the company, with several additions, will appear in the cast. An enlarged chorus and augmented orchestra will also assist. The ballets and a grand tableau march will be the features of the production.

During the next few weeks, while our store is being remodeled, we will offer the greatest bargains in pianos and musical merchandise. Call and get our prices- The Zeno Mauvais Music Co., 769 Market street.

For the Holidays.

Artistic and inexpensive gifts. Calendars and California views. B. D. Chilson, 14 Post street.

Poodle Dog Restaurant, southeast corner of Grant avenue and Bush street. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone 429. Blanco & Bruno, proprietors.

Clothing, curtains, blankets, etc., cleaned or dyed. Pacific Cleaning and Dyeing Works, 353-357 Tehama street. Telephohe South 40. J. Spaulding & Co.

Dr. G. A. Danziger, Dentist, 22 Geary street

WE MANUFACTURE

All Kinds of Rubber Goods

GOODYEAR RUBBER COMPANY

R. H. PEASE, Vice-Pres. and Manager

573, 575, 577 and 579 Market Street, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

California Fertilizer Works

Office, 543 Clay Street SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Complete Fertilizers, Pure Bone Meal, Etc.

Dealers in Fertilizers and Materials of all kinds

Have constantly on hand Potash Salts of all kinds—Muriate of Potash, Sulphate of Potash, Double Manual Salt, Koinit, Sulphate of Ammonia, Filtrate of Soda, Fish Guano, Dry Ground Blood, etc., etc.

We use only the best material in the manufacture of our fertilizers, and guarantee satisfaction.

C. BREWER & CO., Agents, HONOLULU, H. I.

The FINEST STOCK of FURNITURE

EVER DISPLAYED IN HONOLULU

Our Christmas Goods now on exhibition. Special and New Designs, suitable for any taste. A new invoice of Roll-Top Desks . . . . .

UPHOLSTERINC IN ALL ITS BRANCHES

PORTER FURNITURE COMPANY

Waverley Block, Bethel and Hotel Streets, HONOLULU, H. I.

WATERHOUSE & CO'S CROCKERY DEPARTMENT, WAVERLEY BLOCK

WAVERLEY BLOCK

CLAUS SPRECKELS & CO'S BANK

OFFICE OF W. G. IRWIN & CO.

EXTERIOR OF J. EMMELUTH & CO'S HARDWARE STORE

INTERIOR OF J. EMMELUTH & CO'S STORE

PROMINENT INSTITUTIONS OF HONOLULU

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

400 GRADUATES SECURED POSITIONS IN PAST TWO YEARS

LOW RATES!

San Francisco Business College

Only Experienced Bookkeepers and Reporters Employed as Teachers. Send for Catalogue.

1236 MARKET STREET, S. F.

Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson's Academy

1427 Franklin St., near Post

Reopens August 1, 1898. English, French, German and Spanish Boarding and Day School. Begins with kindergarten and prepares for universities, business and society. Drawing and painting. Cultured home training. Excellent table. $30.00 per month. Music in all its branches, if desired, extra

Lyceum Preparatory School

For the University, Law and Medical Colleges. Accredited with Stanford University and Cooper College. References—President Jordan or any Stanford Professor.

PHELAN BUILDING.

Mr. Francis Stuart Teacher of Singing

San Francisco from September 15th to May 1st
London, England, May 15th to September 1st

1615 Jackson St., near Polk

MISS SELMA WIETZ

Former pupil of Mme. Rosewald

Beginners in Vocalization
Mondays and Wednesdays

2004 Broadway, San Francisco

Ball-Room and Fancy Dancing

PROF. FARRELL'S DANCING SCHOOL

Cotillion Hall, 1310 Polk St.
Classes Monday and Wednesday Evenings.
Juvenile Class Saturdays at 2 p.m.
HALL TO RENT FOR BALLS, PARTIES, ETC.

The Solly Walter School of Illustration

Evening Classes
Tuesdays and Thursdays
26 O'Farrell Street, San Francisco

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

A Positive Relief for **Chapped Hands, Chafing,** and all afflictions of the skin. "*A little higher in price, perhaps than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it.*" Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). *Sample free.*
GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

On the night of the Pennsylvania game, a little crowd of Harvard men went to one of the Boston hotels and were celebrating the victory in the usual way. In the midst of the festivities one of the Harvard students became infatuated with a gorgeous white waistcoat which was worn by one of the colored waiters. He called the man and said to him: "I want buy that waistcoat!" "What you want of that that west, boss?" said the man. "I just want to buy it. What will you take for it?" After a good deal of guffawing and some hesitation, the colored man allowed that he would take five dollars for it. "Done," said the Harvard man, and he pulled out a five-dollar bill and gave it to the negro, who began to pull off the waistcoat. "Oh, you needn't do that," said the student. "I don't want you to give it to me—I just wanted to feel that I owned that waistcoat." The negro went off to wait on his own table, when the student called to him: "Come here!" "What you want, boss?" The student called the darky up close, dipped his fingers into a plate of cranberry sauce, and with them proceeded to mark a big red "H" exactly on the middle of the front of the white waistcoat—his waistcoat!

A nutmeg Yankee, who was selling Bibles in the "Black Belt" of Alabama, was struck one day with a million-dollar idea. It struck him so hard and suddenly that he dropped his "Guide to Wealth" and ran a dead heat with Time to the telegraph office. A few weeks later a carload of Bibles, great and small, arrived from Connecticut chaperoned by a cheap artist. Within another week the "Belt" began to be stirred up, within a month it was agog and "keen" for the new Bibles. Camp meetings had sprung up; there was glory in the sky. Another carload arrived. A rueful rival agent went out from Birmingham to investigate. He looked once at the new book and they gently led him away. The new Bible was liberally illustrated: an indigo Adam and a dusky Eve, colored angels, black and tan apostles, kinky-wooled cherubim gazed solemnly out from its varicolored pages.

When F. Hopkinson Smith was in Omaha not long ago, one of the well-known social clubs of the city tendered him a banquet, and, naturally, called on him for a few remarks after dinner. In the course of his speech he quoted from the Rubaiyat the quatrain:

> A book of verses nnderneath the bough,
> A jug of wine, a loaf of bread, and thou
> Beside me singing in the wilderness—
> O wilderness were paradise enow.

After most of the guests were gone home, a wealthy pork-packer approached the author and asked him if the lines were from one of his own poems. "Oh, no," answered Mr. Smith, "they are from Omar Khayyam." "I guess you're wrong," was the reply; "I don't pretend to know much about literature, but I'll bet you the drinks there is no such paper as the *Omaha Khayyam*."

There was strict prohibition in the Northwest Territory when a gentleman from Winnepeg was dining one night with Sir Wilfred Lawson, the Lieutenant-Governor. In the middle of the dinner, to the surprise of his guest, Sir Wilfred produced from a cupboard a large, handsomely bound book labeled "Holy Bible" in gilt letters. "Grace during instead of before meat," thought the guest; "a queer notion, but we're in prairie wilds." And yet the grave and reverend Governor was unscrewing a little cap carefully concealed in the cover of the Bible, and—yes! out flowed whisky in abundance. The Bible, in fact, was hollow, and lined with tin. It had been captured that day from an enterprising bookseller, whose trade was advancing by leaps and bounds.

Lieutenant Hobson had no intention of taking part in Philadelphia's Peace Jubilee, but nevertheless he was on hand and received a most flattering ovation. The morning before the Jubilee ceremonies Hobson entered Secretary Long's office as the latter was leaving for Philadelphia. "Mr. Secretary, I've come to talk over plans for raising the *Cristobal Colon*," said Hobson. "We havn't time for that," said the Secretary, "and I don't want you to worry yourself over that matter now. The people of Philadelphia want to see you at their Peace Jubilee. I'm going over there this morning, so' you'd better come along." "Well," said Hobson, "I suppose that orders are orders," and he went.

An army officer, just returned from the Philippines, says that the young fellows who smelt powder at Manila for the first time were at times a trifle unsteady—which is not surprising. "However," said the old Indian fighter, "I only remember one case of actual flight, and when I think of it I can scarcely refrain from laughing. In the very thick of a hotly-contested engagement one of my own men threw down his rifle and bolted. 'Here, you coward,' I roared after him, 'what are you running for?' Without so much as a glance over his shoulder, the fellow replied: 'Because I'm in a desprit hurry an' I can't fly.'"

During his recent visit to Chicago, Mr. Zangwill, critic and novelist, was entertained by a literary club. One woman, who probably had never heard of the distinguished guest before, plied him with all manner of questions, to the exclusion of other people who were trying to get in a word. "What is your Christian name, Mr. Zangwill?" the inquisitive member finally asked. "I have no Christian name," was the cool reply. "My given name is Israel." And during the laugh which followed Zangwill escaped her.

Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, when practicing at the bar, had occasion to defend a Scotsman for murder. A long and eloquent fight was in vain: sentence of death was passed. Then began the condemned Scotsman to abuse his counsel. "I ha' nae got justice the day," he declared. "Possibly not; but you'll get it in a fortnight," was the crushing reply.

PALACE AND GRAND HOTELS

Now Under One Management

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1400 rooms—900 with bath

Rooms, $1.00 and upward Room and Meals, $3.00 and upward

A beautifully illustrated book, containing floor plans and rate card can be had for the asking. JOHN C. KIRKPATRICK, Manager.

HOTEL WESTMINSTER

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLANS LOS ANGELES, CAL.

The Finest and Most Complete Hotel in the City. Everything New.
The Highest Standard of Perfection Maintained in all Departments.

F. O. JOHNSON, Proprietor.

Louis Roederer Champagne

HIGHEST GRADE IN THE WORLD

E. LA MONTAGNE & SONS
Sole Agents
45 Beaver St., New York

Three kinds, all of equal excellence:
BRUT GOLD SEAL — A Perfectly Dry Wine
GRAND VIN SEC BROWN SEAL — The Perfection of a Dry Wine
CARTE BLANCHE WHITE SEAL — A Rich Wine

MACONDRAY & CO.
Sole Agents Pacific Coast
116 California Street

California State Exposition 1898

REPSOLD SELECT VINTAGE

First Prize and Premium Award, Repsold *Cognac*
First Prize and Premium Award, Repsold Select Vintage *Montecito*
First Prize and Premium Award, Repsold Select Vintage *Burgundy*
First Prize and Premium Award, Repsold Select Vintage *Gutedel*
Special Mention of Honor, Repsold Select Vintage *Sauternes*.

THIS BRAND OF WINE IS SOLD AT ALL FIRST CLASS HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS

Office, 416 Pine Street

Money to Loan

LARGE SUMS AVAILABLE for investment on mortgage of real estate (city and country) at exceptionally low rates of interest for a fixed term or redeemable by installments.

EXISTING MORTGAGES PAID OFF. Special terms quoted for loans on life policies, interests under wills, and second mortgages.

ALL PERSONS DESIRING ASSISTANCE TO PURCHASE farms, orchards, hotel businesses, etc., should apply to us. Promissory notes discounted, and all financial business discounted. If your bank refuses you an overdraft, or creditors are pressing, call on or write us.

R. GOULD & CO.
131 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Beware of Imitations
This is a fac simile of the package
Genuine Diamond "L" Tea
Pure and Uncolored
GEO. A. MOORE & CO.
208 California St., S. F.
For sale by all grocers

ONE POUND FINEST JAPAN TOUNG HYSON L

COTTON SAIL DUCKS

22-inch, in all numbers. Medium, Soft and Hard
ALSO
Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks
From 30 to 120 inches wide
Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks
Mannfactured by Mount Vernon Company Baltimore
Murphy, Grant & Co. Pacific Coast Sole Agents

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

Main Office, 510 Montgomery St.
SAN FRANCISCO
Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper Information
Advance Reports on all Contract Work
Telephone Main 1042

PATRICK & CO.
RUBBER STAMPS
STENCILS, SEALS, BRANDS, ETC.
318 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

The Graphophone

When you get a talking machine, get one on which you can record as well as reproduce sound.
The Graphophone is the greatest and best talking machine. Other so-called talking machines reproduce only records of cut-and-dried subjects made in laboratories. The Graphophone, besides affording marvelous entertainment by reproducing brilliantly and clearly the music of bands, orchestras, popular singers, and all the great variety of records made for entertainment purposes, affords infinite personal delight through its power of instantly recording and reproducing at once, and as often as desired, songs sung to it, words spoken to it, or any sound.

Graphophones are sold for $10 and up
Write for Catalogue No. 75

Columbia Phonograph Co.
(DEPARTMENT 75)
723 Market Street, San Francisco

NEW YORK, PARIS, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, WASHINGTON, PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE, BUFFALO.

MRS. M. E. PERLEY MRS. S. V. CULP

DECORATIVE KERAMIC ART STUDIO

215 Post Street

All Branches of China Painting Taught
Morning Class: Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, from 9 a. m. to 12 m. Afternoon Class: Daily, from 1:30 to 4:30. Lessons $1 each. Private Lessons $1.50 each. TRY OUR ROMAN GOLD.
Telephone Grant 43

SOHMER PIANOS *ARE THE BEST*
BYRON MAUZY
308-314 Post Street

ISAIAS W. HELLMAN, PRESIDENT
JOHN F. BIGELOW, VICE-PRESIDENT

D. B. DAVIDSON, CASHIER
GEO. GRANT, ASSISTANT CASHIER

The Nevada National Bank of San Francisco

Capital Paid Up, - - $3,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits, 750,000.00

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENTS: AMERICAN EXCHANGE NATIONAL BANK, IMORTERS' AND TRADERS' NATIONAL BANK
LONDON BANKERS . . . UNION BANK OF LONDON, LIMITED
PARIS BANKERS . . . CREDIT LYONNAIS

LETTERS OF CREDIT ISSUED. AVAILABLE IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD

DIRECTORS

JOHN W. MACKAY, ROBERT WATT, JAMES L. FLOOD, LEVI STRAUSS, LEWIS GERSTLE, ISAIAS W. HELLMAN, JOHN F. BIGELOW, HENRY F. ALLEN, D. N. WALTER, C. DEGUIGNE, H. L. DODGE

...The Anglo-Californian Bank...

(LIMITED)

London Office, ... 3 Angel Court
San Francisco Office, ... N. E. Corner Sansome and Pine Streets

Authorized Capital Stock.....$6,000,000 Paid in.....$1,500,000
Subscribed..... 3,000,000 Surplus..... 700,000
Remainder Subject to Call

DIRECTORS IN LONDON

RIGHT HON. H. H. FOWLER, M. P. JOSEPH SEBAG J. SIMON E. H. LUSHINGTON ISAAC SELIGMAN J. SIMON, Managing Director, London

BILLS OF EXCHANGE, COMMERCIAL AND TRAVELERS' LETTERS OF CREDIT Issued, Collections Made, and Stocks, Bonds and Bullion Bought and Sold on most Favorable Terms.

MANAGERS IN SAN FRANCISCO

IGNATZ STEINHART P. N. LILIENTHAL A. L. SELIGMAN, Assistant Cashier

Statement of Condition

At Close of Business, July 30, 1898

ASSETS

Loans	$ 9,565,076.19
Bonds, Stocks and Warrants	1,139,894.77
Real Estate	1,329,146.07
Furniture and Fixtures	16,845.29
Miscellaneons Assets	9,550.81
Due from Banks and Bankers	395,145.04
Cash	3,426,507.62
	$15,882,165.79

LIABILITIES

Capital, paid up	$ 500,000.00
Surplus	5,750,000.00
Undivided Profits	818,065.32
Deposits, Banks and Bankers	2,082,766.78
Deposits, Individual	6,731,333.69
	$15,882,165.79

ESTABLISHED 1852

WELLS, FARGO & CO., BANK

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Cash Capital, $6,250,000.00

JOHN J. VALENTINE .. .. President
HOMER S. KING .. .. Manager
H. WADSWORTH .. .. Cashier
F. L. LIPMAN .. .. .. Assistant Cashier
H. L. MILLER .. .. .. Second Assistant Cashier

BRANCHES

NEW YORK — H. B. PARSONS, Cashier
SALT LAKE — J. E. DOOLY, Cashier
PORTLAND, OR. — R. M. DOOLY, Cashier

LONDON BANKERS
Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie & Co.

A General Banking Business Transacted,

Domestic and Foreign Exchange Bought and Sold

Travelers' and Commercial Credits Issued available in all parts of the world

Bullion and Mexican Dollars Bought and Sold

Collections Made promptly and economically

Accounts Received on Favorable Terms

Correspondents in Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America, Australia, Oceanica

Special Attention Given Mercantile Accounts

The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society

INCORPORATED 12th OF APRIL, 1859

Office: Corner of McAllister and Jones Streets, San Francisco

The objects for which this Association is formed are, that by its operations the depositor thereof may be able to find a

Secure and Profitable Investment for Small Savings

and that borrowers may have an opportunity of obtaining from it the use of a moderate capital on giving good and sufficient security for the use of the same.

President, JAMES R. KELLY — Secretary and Treasurer, ROBERT J. TOBIN — Attorney, ALFRED J. TOBIN

Any person can become a depositor of this Society on subscribing to the By-Laws. Deposits can be made from One Dollar upwards.
Loans made on security of Real Estate within the City and County.

UNION GAS ENGINE CO.

LAUNCH "AUGUSTA"

Property of Hon. F. J. Moritt, Oakland. Length, 38½ ft.; beam, 7½ ft.; 30-horsepower "UNION" Gasoline Engine; speed, 11½ miles per hour

OFFICE

300 Howard St.,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Gas and Gasoline Engines

MARINE AND STATIONARY

GASOLINE ENGINES..

for

Pumping Water

for

Irrigation

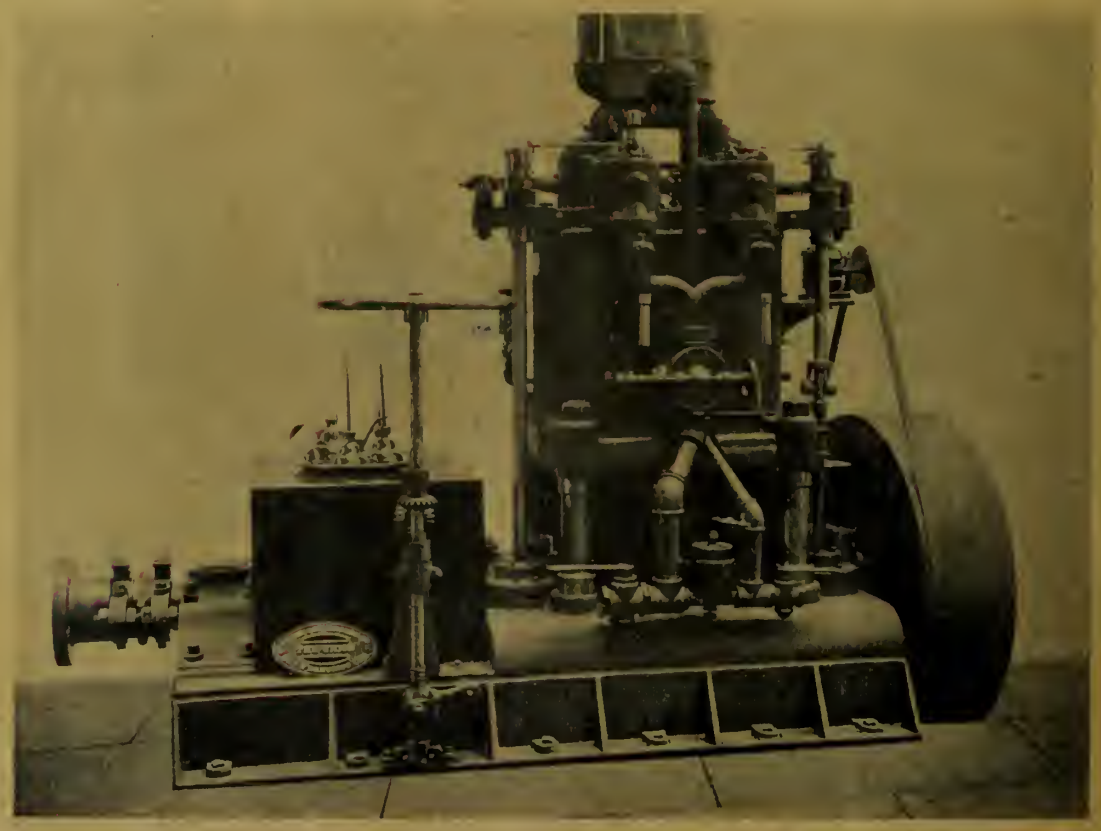
and for

Running Dynamos

and

Machinery

of all kinds



30 H.-P. UNION ENGINE

With patented reversing gear, governor, controller, adjustable electrodes and ball thrust bearings
Floor space, 82-in. long, 42-in. wide, including fly wheel

"UNION"

The above shows the latest "UNION" Gasoline Engine for Stationary Service

Marine Engines

using Gasoline, Naphtha, Benzine, Kerosene, or Distillate from 2-horse-power to . 200-horse-power . for Launches and for Auxiliary power . . . . . .

SEND FOR CATALOGUE STATING REQUIREMENTS

STATE LIBRARY

THE WAVE

VOL. XVIII. No. 27 SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 31, 1898 PRICE 10 CENTS

METHOD OF LOADING LUMBER SCHOONERS ON THE MENDOCINO COAST

THE WAVE

Is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $5.00 per year. Sample copies free on application.

The trade is supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 342 Geary street; east of the Rocky Mountains by the American News Company, New York.

The Wave is kept on file and is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France; 31 Union Square, New York City; 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 206 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

For advertising rates and on all other matters pertaining to city business, address Trevor Corry, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Eastern representative, D. M. Foltz, 34 Park Row, New York.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 31, 1898

CONTENTS

Editorials	2
Things and People: by Boswell Jr.	3
Sembrich's Triumph; by Lesley Martin	4
"Davy's Christmas"; a Story by Annie Trumbull Slawsou	5
Kang-Yu-Wei's Downfall; by Archevrale	5
Christmas Day in San Francisco	6
Spanish as It is Spoken	7
Mouson's Paris Speech	7
Don Carlos' Pretensions	7
Types of Mexicau Architecture	8
Some New Views of Manila	9
Literary Review	10
Babblings of a Belle	11
London Letter	12
The World of Ideas	13
The Theatres	14
New Stories Re-Told	16

GOVERNOR GAGE'S OPPORTUNITY.

The question which engages the minds of the thoughtful and intelligent citizens of California is, will Governor Gage be equal to his opportunity? Such a chance for notability and popular estimation is his as no other Governor has had in decades past. A Republican, elected by a large majority, with his party overwhelmingly in control of the Legislature, his political career opeus under the best possible auspices. It is in his power to command the favor and honor of California, or, as Markham did, to be returned to his Southern home, disgraced and despised of men.

Under the Constitution, the power of the Governor of California for good or evil, is great. Through his appointive privileges he controls the institutions of the State. He is the guardian of our material and moral interests, the real custodian of the treasury. He may minimize the burden of taxation and neutralize the worst jobs of a corrupt Legislature. His high place gives him the right to voice and direction in every public movement, and, correctly inspired, he might lead California to the commission of high enterprises and comuand as great prestige as that to which Governor Pingree has attained in Michigan. Or Governor Gage may place his patronage at the disposal of a band of corrupt politicians, who would use his administratiou to pay their political debts or to consolidate their own ascendancy. At the dictation of so-called leaders he may confer salary and office on their camp-followers; he may prostitute his high place under the mistaken impression that concessions couciliate adverse forces; he may so demean himself as to make California a by-word among the States, as she was when Markham ruled at Sacramento.

Governor Gage is a successful lawyer, a mau of good ability and considerable virility of character. He has been among the prominent members of the Los Angeles bar, and has never failed to show courage and capacity in the direction of his life and affairs. To assnme that on being entrusted with high office he will reverse his record is an unwarrantable presumption. To suggest that he would surrender his patronage to a tricky gang of intriguants as capital for vote bartering is to do him a wicked injustice. We are satisfied there is nothing in the Governor's record on which to base such unholy suspicions. Doubtless he recognizes an indebtedness in certain quarters, but he knows full well that in the execution of his duties the people of California look at him and not behind him, and that political gratitude is not a valid excuse for betrayal of a trust. The 140,000 odd citizens who cast their ballots for Henry S. Gage voted for the man in person and not for the manipulators who, for their own purposes, assisted in nominating him. We believe the new Governor to be penetrated with a strong sense of the honor of the post to which he has been elected, and we believe he will so demean himself as absolutely to command a renomination four years hence. The force and intelligence to take advantage of his great opportunity are possessed by Governor Gage, and we look confidently to him for the ablest and cleanest administration the State has ever had. He has declared his independence like a stalwart, and we believe he will make it evident, ere the first month of his term be passed, that he is no man's man, or tool or chattel.

Through the daily press the public has been thoroughly apprised of the conspiracy entered iuto by certaiu prominent politicians for the avowed purpose of electing Colouel Dan Burns to the United States Senate. Whatever chance there may have been to consummate this design, the events of the past few weeks have effectively frustrated it. Colonel Burns has neither declared or deuied his candidacy, but he knows he has not got and cannot obtain votes to elect him. In no contingency can he win the prize, and no one is better aware of the fact than the Colouel himself. Why then does he still permit his agents to barter and trade and intrigue with members of the Legislature, soliciting their interest on his behalf, when his candidacy is hopeless? Burns is a practical politician and tranquilly recognizes defeat when he meets it. The suspicion grows that he cherishes auother design, and that his purpose is to spring ou the State, at the eleveuth hour, another candidate—a man who will be amenable to his influence, who will, in fact, be a pawn in the Colonel's political game and enable him, as his ambition prompts, to control the Federal patronage of California. He calculates, doubtless, that the main fire of the press being directed at himself, it would be easy, under its cover, to present a new uame, to whom his strength might be transferred. The Legislature being in session and the election in progress, opposition to his nominee could not be crystallized soon enough to be effective. The design is worthy of its projector, aud it would be be well for the members of the Legislature to beware of all such juggling. The people of California do not want Burns as their representative, nor do they desire that any minion or creature of his making be elected Senator at his dictation. We do not credit Burns with half the strength his followers have claimed, and we do not believe, in the present condition of the fight, that even so subtle a device wonld be effective. But it will be tried. Debarred himself, Burns will lend every energy to name the Senator, and he must not be allowed to do so.

THE PROOF OF FIREPROOF STRUCTURES.

The late great fire in New York has proved prolific of instruction in fireproof construction to architects the world over. In the parlance of the building world, certain structures are denominated fireproof, having complied with prescribed conditions in the matter of frame and material. Built of steel and masoury, with cement floors and steel lathing for partitions, the presumptiou has been that they defied attack from the destructive element. On this basis low rates have been granted by the insurauce companies and high rents paid by tenants. Municipal ordiuances euforced in minor structures have been suspended in these—indeed, the expense of fireproofing has proved a benefit through the immunities it commands. Put to the test' however, as in the case of the Home Insurance building, it was amply proved that something more is necessary ere fireproofing be really preventive of fire. There are in San Francisco, in Portland, and in Seattle, a number of tall structures of the fireproof types. In so far as we know they are safe from all blazes within, but how would they withstand such an assault of flame as that to which the Home Insurauce building in New York was subjected; would not the result duplicate that disaster? Pacific Coast fire departments are no better equipped than those of New York to fight flames high above the street level. However skillful the San Francisco organization and its able direction was was shown in the late Baldwin Hotel fire, what chance for Market street would there have been if, on that eventful night, a high wind had fanned the flames against the surrounding structures?

The modern fireproof structure is vulnerable first through its windows, and then through it wooden floors, doors and fittiugs. Wooden window frames ignite quickly enough and the flame is surely carried by carpeting to the flooring, thence through door-frames to corridors. The rest is easy, for the open elevator shaft furnishes a chimney, which hastens to full speed the work of destruction. It is essential then that steel sashes aud frames be substituted for the wooden settings of windows, and that the apartures be filled with wire glass, the utility of which has been tested in recent conflagrations. A cement cap properly covered with carpet liniug makes a fairly comfortable floor, and sheet steel doors are now manufactured at a reasonable charge and of artistic design. As far as possible, wood must be eliminated. The experience of the navy in our late war showed the danger of wood in warships. Let there be the minimum of wood iu all tall buildings.

UNCONDITIONAL IMMIGRATION.

The action of Cougress in rejecting the Lodge Immigration bill is an extraordinary circumstance considering the endorsement of the principle of exclusion in the Republican National platform. This measure, which provided for the rejection of immigrants unable to read and write in some language, unless they were the children or parents of qualified immigrants, passed the Senate at the last session. It had the support of the labor unions and was drafted in conformity with the immigratiou plauk in the Republican platform, yet out of 207 Republicans in the House, only 92 voted in its favor, and out of 150 Democrats, only 8 came to their support, while 32 Republicans joined with 71 Democrats to kill the bill. The opposing vote came from the West and South, while New Englaud was a unit in favor of the measure. There was no debate, but the forces which led to the rejection of the measure are stated by the *Outlook* to have been:

"(1) The desire for immigrauts to develop our natural resources; (2) the generous belief that we have no right to exclude; (3) the desire for cheap labor; (4) the opposition of the Catholic Church and the brewing interests to a measure which would restrict the power of the one and the patronage of the other."

Some years ago Chinese immigration was shut off by Congress, and while the Pacific Coast has suffered severely from the lack of cheap labor in its manufacturing and agricultural interests, the principle of excluding the invading Mongolian horde seems to have commended itself to the nation. The question is, however, if the Huns and Slavs and low Italians, who have formed the body of all late additions to our population, are not as objectionable as the Chinese and Japanese, whom we have already disbarred? Indeed they are really more dangerous, as they exercise all the privileges of citizenship which are denied to the Mongolians. It would seem, under the circumstances, as though the Republican party had openly relinquished the task of conditioning or excluding immigration.

CONGRESS AND THE ARMY.

Unexpected opposition has been developed to the measures introduced in Congress for increasing the army. The policy of maintaining a permanent force of 100,000 men does not commeud itself to the judgment of certain Senators, who urge it is against the historic policy of the country. The armed occupation of Cuba and the Philippines, these contestants declare, will be only temporary, and no necessity exists to charge the country with such an expensive luxury as a great standing army. In this view, it is said that the Democrats, Populists and Silver men unite, and they will join to prevent the passage of any of the three measures now before Congress.

The advocates of this important undertaking are now endeavoring to combine the best features of the several bills, and it is probable a compromise measure will yet be drafted to fit the requirements of the country. If the experiences of our late war taught anything, it is the inadequacy of the average volunteer and the inability of an army of 25,000 men to successfully defend a nation of 70 millions spread over a vast expanse of territory. Now the area of the United States has been vastly increased, and with it our exposure to hostile attack. The country seems committed to the policy of expansion, and it is essential that we are equipped to meet the conditions among which imperialism will plunge us. Having burst over old boundaries, we will continually be encountering new problems, and the immunity from foreign aggression which the nation has so long enjoyed can no longer be calculated upon. We shall figure in the Oriental complication by reason of our position in the Philippines, and war is a possible contingency there within the decade. We have begun to compete for the world's trade; to meet France and Germany and England on equal terms, frequeutly excelling them in their own fields. Such achievements are not attaiued without friction, for prosperity breeds envy. Our next adversary will be a more daugerous antagonist than bankrupt Spain and the war will not be an uninterrupted series of victories. A startling demonstration of the failure of our present system has been made to the world. May Congress appreciate the lesson.

The plan to divide Alaska for governmental purposes iuto several districts or territories does not seem practicable at present when the population is shifting and its permanency may yet be considered among the uncertainties. The situation could, it seems, be materially improved by the removal of the capital from Sitka to some city more centrally situated—some city, for instauce, on the trunk lines of Alaskan travel, like Juneau or Skagway. The changing of the capital would be approved by probably every Alaskan outside of Sitka. The citizens of Juneau, Skagway and other trade centers complaiu that they must lose at least a week going to and from the old capital. This loss of time and cost in high fares and living expenses is burdensome. Litigants and their attorneys are particularly aggrieved about it. Governor Brady, I understand, does not favor the removal of the capital. But he does favor the calling of a territorial couventiou for the purpose of petitioning Congress for a new code of laws suitable to the people aud conditions in the Alaska of to-day. This, to many, is a much more important matter than the capital question, and it should be attended to at once. The territory is floundering along under the laws of the State of Oregon, code of 1894, "where they do not conflict with the Federal statutes." This system is productive of situations that would put barbarism to blush. Many Californians, and millions of San Francisco capital, are interested in Alaskan trade and development, and our Congressional delegation should cooperate with the representatives of the other Pacific Coast States iu acting for the best interests of the territory.

THINGS AND PEOPLE

Hobson made a written statement at the Bohemian Club, n the day of his departure for Manila, which was con- ined in these three telegraphic sentences: "Reports tterly exaggerated. Pure patriotic enthusiasm on part of thers. My own course entirely impelled by my tenets of elicacy and gallantry. R. P. Hobson." This might be onstrued into an argument that the ladies of San Fran- isco and Denver are not as patriotic as the ladies of Kansas ity and Chicago, but we know better. And why quibble? Hobson came and was seen and he conquered. That the osculatory" part of the triumph given him by the Ameri- in people was no fault of his was shown in his manly bearing ere where the women were of too dignified a mold to sail him with hysterical demonstrations of their enthusi- sm—for the Stars and Stripes. There were tender femi- ine eyes to mutely worship the hero, from the hour of his rrival until the *Gaelic* took him through the Gate, but ere were two or three men glad to touch his hand for very woman in the crowds that surrounded him continu- usly. Within the brief period of his stay in San Fran- isco Hobson was accorded an exuberance of hospitable en- rtainment which taxed the limit of his endurance. And very time he addressed the people, and everywhere he ap- eared, he left the impression that the first reports of him s a serious, manly gentleman were right ones. As I said ast week, the kissing business may be forgiven. Since ey appeared in a newspaper notoriously mendacious, I am repared to believe, if he will deny them, that the reports om Denver were lies which quoted him as making in- bordinate comments upon the conduct of the Navy De- artment.

***

A very brief paragraph in several of the daily papers nnounced the interesting fact that Mr. J. L. Flood had iven his usual Christmas gift to the orphan asylums of San rancisco—a thousand dollars each to six of them. That , a donation of $6,000 altogether—a very rich and welcome dition to the revenues of these institutions. The tone of ie announcement was so very matter-of-fact that the casual eader might imagine California millionaires so in the habit f contributing generously to charity, that the individual stances were unworthy of notice. Yet this is not the case. mong the Bonanza heirs, Mr. Flood is alone in his gener- sity. John Mackay does give when out here, but no deter- inate sum. Mrs. Oelrichs and Miss Fair are very seldom eard from in a charitable connection. The McDonoughs ve away. The truth is, the rich men of San Francisco are ie least generous on the face of the globe. In no other ty in the Union will you find such a close set as the resent custodians of the fortunes of the pioneers. They end not; even in their pleasures they economize, and hile they have fine houses, they neither entertain nor in- ulge in charity. I don't wish to suggest that they are abso- utely parsimonious, but in proportion to income, they are npardonably mean. This characteristic of young million- iredom in California requires explanation and has never et had adequate definition. In view of this consideration, ie cursory allusion to Mr. Flood's annual contribution is journalistic stupidity. He should be lauded to the skies encourage the others. Imagine what head-lines would e given an announcement that he had cut off this donation -and what denunciations would be hurled at him!

***

The principal witness at the Botkiu trial declared that an Francisco is "the most immoral city," etc. From Mr. unning's view-point, perhaps, because, according to the estimony, he thought, breathed, ate, walked and slept mong the purlieus of life; but, though this city has its icious side, that superlative "most" does not go down ith normal people who have seen other parts of the world. lieutenant of Kansas volunteers, promiuent in the Chris- an Endeavor movement, wrote to a rustic home paper iat the "beautiful Golden Gate swings at the portals of Hell." But of what weight are such opinions? Let the ian who thinks San Francisco is the wickedest city on arth go slumming in Chicago or New York, or St Louis, or any great European city, and when he comes back here e will think he is in a temperance town as he walks hrough our quiet "tenderloin." There was a time when San rancisco was rip-roaring, wide opeu, wild and wooly, but ow a solitary, cheerless, half-hearted dancing saloon is be found ou the Barbary Coast, where once a dozen glit- ered and whirled. The only place of any size that I know f where the kind of immorality under notice does not ourish openly is Salt Lake, the capital city of a common- ealth of polygamists. In New Orleans, on the contrary, exual morality is about as rigidly kept up as in Paris, here they say the birds on the roof are more constant than he lovers under it. It is rather the accepted thing in the rescent City for the young gentleman to keep up what- ver establishment he can afford until the time when his ngagement is about to be announced. And San Francisco s no better nor any worse than the Puritan city of Boston r the Quaker city of Philadelphia. The difference is this; n Baltimore a few weeks ago, the swells of the Brass Band ave a cake walk in a brewery and had a high old time. Nobody said a word. There is not enough gay blood in his town to do such a thing decently. but supposing it an ccomplished possibility; why, ten to one, the local papers ould get out extras, and every detail, from the leadership f the march to the amount of refreshments consumed, ould be telegraphed to the metropolitan Sunday press.

***

The Mechanics' Institute of San Francisco proposes to en- age in a Colonial Fair in the autumn of '99., by way of xploiting the commercial advantages of San Francisco. t is an excellent enterprise, but must he taken in hand by ome higher organization than the Mechanics' Institute. The idea seems to have been borrowed from the *Call's* cheme for a Semi-Centennial in 1900, for which Mayor Phelan appointed a committee of fifteen citizens. It must e said, in this connection, that the Mayor included in his et a number of persons whose participation would be with- ut value. The organization of a great exposition requires enius, time and money. Because of M. H. de Young, California's Midwinter Fair proved a success, but the form f capacity developed in that enterprise does not character- ize the directorate of the Mechanics' Institute, and is not available in Mayor Phelan's coterie.

***

More practicable thau either of these enterprises is the idea of a permanent exposition in Sau Francisco of both American and colonial products, in which all the Pacific States might be persuaded to participate. An outline of such an enterprise was set before Governor Budd by Colonel Jefferson Chandler some twelve months ago, and it has siuce been privately discussed by a number of influential men aud commercial leaders. It is feasible; it can antag- onize no one; its great possibilities are obvious; it will get cheerful assistance where this "colonial scheme" will get a cold shoulder. Such a continuous exposition would soon enough wear off the "fair" features, and would re- solve itself into an immense general sample-room, a sort of clearing-house for Pacific trade, wherein the commerce of this city, State, Coast and Nation would be immeasurably benefitted by first-hand contact with the Pacific nations of North and South America, Asia, Africa, and Australia, in trade with whom much of our future prosperity lies.

***

His Imperial Highness, the Grand Duke Cyril, of Russia, who passed through here this week, stands a chance of becoming Czar some day, only two lives intervening be- tween him and the crown. He is Nicholas' first cousin, being the eldest son of the powerful Grand Duke Vladimir, the "second Emperor" of Russia. The Grand Duke Cyril is a fine looking young gentleman, tall, and built on athletic lines. He has light brown hair, and wears a mous- tache that is the daintiest thing of its kind ever seen in San Francisco. Though only twenty-two years of age, the Duke has an interesting personality, and has been educated as a young man of his station and prospects should be. His command of the English language is excellent. He speaks it with an English accent. He knows German, too, and is equally facile in French, His brief visit to San Francisco was made while en route home to St. Petersburg after eighteen months' service on the *Kressia Rosias*, the flag- ship of the Russian squadron in Chinese waters. The young men of the Russiau imperial family are not exempt from service in the army and navy, but have to serve their time like any other citizen. The Duke enjoys the rank of sub-lieutenant, about what we call ensign, the lowest com- mission in the navy. It is a curious fact that Lieutenant Ponzanoff, one of his accompanying aides, outranks him.

***

Christmas was celebrated in such a curious fashion this year that the most casual looker-on must have been im- pressed by its contradictions. The merriment was various like the holiday trade: some had plenty of business and others had a struggle to break even. There is precious little of cheerfulness in San Francisco just now, and there is scanty little to be happy about. What good to go into details and analyze the stagnation of the present and the emptiness of the future? The fact that this was one of the "wettest" Christmasses we have had in many long years has caused most people to think that necessarily it was the merriest; but that which seemed so bright and mirthful, in many cases, was only a disguise. It was much of it, I fear, the gaiety of despair.

***

The sudden, quiet closing of the Yukon early in Novem- ber precipitated the winter stampede over the ice for "out- side." A sudden descent of the thermometer to 30 and 44 below brought the running ice together and locked it fast for the winter. My advices are that times are decidedly dull in the Klondike—commercially dull, at any rate. The dealers in food-stuffs are the only tradesmen making much more than their rent, and they are doing business under protest. The miners do not fancy the high prices charged, and have objected vigorously to certain provision "cor- ners." In fact, the men up the creeks have declared a boy- cott on certain of the merchants whose prices soared into the blue upon the closing of the river. Coffee at a dollar a pound is an example of the staple prices. But in mining the outlook is promising for a successful winter campaign. The preparations for extensive operations on a large scale are particularly noticable on Bonanza and El Dorado creeks. Dawson has been building up steadily and will soon have its articles of incorporation from the British au- thorities.

***

A more interesting revelation than the *Chronicle's* ex- posé of the voting machine job the public of California has not had in many a day. It seems that a dishonest manipu- lator named Walthew, noting that the last Legislature had appointed a committee to ex- amine voting machines and recommend one to the State, undertook to induce the com- mission to indorse an inferior and inefficient machine made by a Swedish bicycle repairer named Christiansen, in which he had acquired an interest. A combination was organized to exploit the scheme; the commission was persuaded to report in its favor; money was being subscribed to purchase the votes necessary for the per- petration of the job, and the State was on the verge of be- ing cheated out of a large sum of money. Premature exposure, with its incidental revela- tions, put an end to the pros- pects of this job, however. The "story" seems to have been managed with unusual cleverness; eminent manipu- lators have been tricked into talking about their achieve- ments at Sacramento, and the burden of their talk taken down by a hidden stenographer. According to these gentlemen Legislative manipulation is easy, and anyone with a little money may force through at Sacramento any old measure. The system of doing busi- ness is amusingly portrayed, and the public is given an insight into methods which intriguants prefer to keep to themselves. Doubtless, our polities are not more corrupt than those of other cities, but what a dose of villainy we have recently been treated to. The disgusting develop- ments in the School Department scandals are followed by these later expositions of official dishonesty, until one be- gins to despair at the prevailing turpitude and to wonder if office-holding is incompatible with rectitude.

***

The city is to be disfigured by a squat, cheap one-story building, which E. J. Baldwin is preparing to construct on the site of the Baldwin Hotel, largely out of the remains of the former building. Baldwin has had offers of abundant capital with which to rebuild and to pay off all his indebted- ness, but he has refused them. A certain New York trust company offered $2,000,000 for those purposes, but the owner of that pile of debris on Market street would have nothing to do with them. He has planned to repair what he can on the Ellis street end and rent that part for hotel purposes, the rest of the area to be occupied by one-story stores and by the Baldwin Grotto in the basement. The analogy between this man and the fabled dog in the manger is striking. It is a mild comparison.

***

The belief of the faithful that this people is under the direct patronage of God is confirmed now and then by our occasionally having to pinch ourselves to find whether or not the Ship of State has gone on her beam ends in some squall of misgovernment. The hit-or-miss way in which the Legislature and officials of this State do business is in evidence in the suits filed by the counties against the treas- ury for a million and a half of dollars in fees unpaid for the collection of State taxes. The statutes allowing such com- missions may be found in the Penal Code, made the law of the land in 1871-2. In the session of 1893, Senator Sey- mour introduced "An act to abolish commissions or fees paid by the State for the assessment, equalization, auditing and collection of ad valorem taxes." The Senate Journal has it that this was "Read third time and finally passed" by a vote of 20 to 3. The county officials and the people have gone serenely on ever since in the belief, the former that a robbery, and the latter that an economy, had been effected. But a combination of enterprising lawyers, after inducing the various counties to contract to give them from twenty-five to fifty per cent of all claims collected from the State, has announced that the Seymour bill was not legally passed. This means that the old law is still in force, and that the money due the counties has been accumulating since 1893. Little Marin County alone has a claim for $20,000. According to the Senate Journal the bill received only twenty favorable votes. The Constitution—article 4, section 15—provides "that no bill shall become a law with- out the concurrence of the majority of the members elected to each house." There were forty Senators, so the bill did not get a "majority of the members elected" to the Senate. Therefore it never became a law under the Constitution. The bill, though actually (if unknowingly) beaten in the Senate, was taken into the House, passed, and thereafter has been received as the law. It is said that the measure was drawn by Controller Colgan himself. The question as to why Controller Colgan, some Assemblyman, or at least Senator Seymour, did not at the time detect the constitu- tional defect in the legality of the act, is only to be an- swered by the bet of a cynical former lobbyist that not ten per cent of the Legislature had ever even read the Consti- tution. As the Irish-New Yorker at Albany put it: "Phat's the Constitution betwain friuds?"

BOSWELL JR.

Majestatsbeleidigung has done much to depopulate Ger- many, to send shiploads of good German stock to swell the American census returns. The pestilential thing will die of its own poison in time. We need not fear it in this republic of ours. It is not a contagion; only a formidable German mouthful for a crime nameless among a free people. *Lese majeste* is the nearest we can get to it: disrespect toward a Royal Highness. Men who know the Czar's country have told me that those are usually pretty tall yarns that come from Russia about obnoxious police surveillance; and even if the Muscovite autocrat does meddle to inquire what busi- ness a traveler has within his realm, it can hardly be more annoying than the reign of terror inspired in Germany by the king's evil of Majestatsbeleidigung. There, if a man whisper into a well that the Emperor has acted like an ass; if an editor adversely critizes an imperial policy; if a critic tells the truth about the Hohenzollern musical compositions —off he goes to jail for *Majestatsbeleidigung*.

SCENE OF THE RECENT DISASTER ON THE CHILCOOT PASS
Photo by Curtis, Seattle

SEMBRICH'S TRIUMPH

The Grand Opera Season Now at Its Zenith in New York City.

New York, December 20th—By this time the public has become warmed through in its interest in the Metropolitan Opera season. The stars have been shimmering and blazing in operas sufficiently well known from both Italian and Wagnerian repertoires to bring out the fact of a tendency towards a return of taste for those operas beloved of our forefathers. Not a single work of the latest output of European composers has been staged as yet, and there is no mention stirring in the flutters of comment exploited by the dailies. The forthcoming *Ring des Niebelung* performauces are evidenlly the great managerial cards, for they are announced with considerable aggression. In the cyclus all the artists of the Wagnerian school are to appear in double phalanx, but as they are not to be inaugurated for some weeks it is uncertain in just what order.

So far the season has in its interests narrowed down to the vexed question of Italian and German schools and the merits of the singers. The extraordinary performance of operas like "Barbiere" have awakened the public to a cognizance that there is a real living possibility in such works, and the contrast between its performance and the concert-like perambulating on and off of the singing actors in "Tannhauser" came as a sort of shock. Here where most things of public interest are a matter of modishness, the Wagner operas are "the correct thing," and society assumes an indulgent attitude towards the older Italian repertoire. To Sembrich belongs, in the main, the credit of having proved the enjoyment of Rossini, and her taking on of the character of Kosina was a perfect embodiment of spontaneous art, so well played up to by the other members of the cast that the antiquated modeling of all the dramatic figures was forgotten and a comedy as deliciously real as a Daly or an Irving company gives to audiences was seen.

MME. SEMBRICH

Madame Sembrich has sung iu New York before, but never with anything like the chorus of acclaim which goes up on all sides. Seeing that this little diva commenced her studies with the younger Lamparti in 1875, after having been a successful violin virtuosin well out of her teens and a married woman to boot, this makes her somewhere in the debatable ground beyond middle age. With her triumph has come a certain coolness for Madame Melba. On Melba nights there are not great society crushes, and the applause is only tepid. There is a general realization however that Melba has been endowed beyond compare by Dame Nature, but her art is entirely another matter. Sembrich has a limited tone and a limited register, but she has won a marvelous control over both by the most intense study. Melba sings much as she did in her girlhood as Nelly Mitchell in Melbourne, while Sembrich has conquered the secrets of the *bel canto* only after a long apprenticeship. Not that Sembrich remains forever the paragon of vocal art. Whole acts pass without more than suggestions of pure singing, but when the moment of excitement arrives she rises to it, and her tone condenses till it flows in an uninterrupted stream of limpid vibration palpitating with consonant harmonics. Her *coloratura* is remarkable, so plastic and full of elan, but only in the sustained singing of such simple numbers as Chopin's "Were I a birdling" can be heard the outward expression of *il bel canto*. Her trill is of the closer cackling kind, like Melba's, and is done mostly on one side of the throat. The tang of age and occasional flatness remind one that time has touched even this exuberant little prima donna, though the absolute solidity of her breathing and the elasticity of her Ellen Terry-like movements over the stage are positively youthful.

Madame Eames has appeared in German and Italian operas, and is possibly a coming great singer in contradistinction to a great artist. She has no surges of vocal or emotional passion to contend with, and she is evidently bent on compelling her tone to become a thing of absolute beauty She permits herself very little action, and is never without the dubious merit of taking pains. Her head voice has that detestable *pinca* quality common to all the French singers but the medium is rarely beautiful, being clear, light and high-placed—a real tone she has, and when she has developed the true head voice will easily be one of the greatest of singers, for though lacking in emotion she has sentiment enough and good taste in plenty. As Elizabeth she pleases the eye almost royally, the superb bust and flexible torso crowned with a fine aristocracy of feature, developing into the splendid dignity of expression of *la femme de trente ans* remain lasting gratification.

Of personality among the prime donne who have appeared Zelie de Lussan has the most. In "Carmen" and as Cherubino she has captured the opera-going world, and this without aid from the vocal side, for her voice has seen its best days, though she is still young. However, a prime donna nowadays can draw the public till she be three score as witness Patti in London. From being a light soprano, charming Zelie has come down to a sort of contralto, minus chest tones, with the remnants of a luscious quality coming as a welcome surprise. But the witchery of her charm and the witchery of her acting qualities are absolutely refreshing. She is herself a real nature, incapable of imitating and running over with drollery. Her Cherubino was as delicate and finely judged as the light comedy playing of Rehan herself, and was carried out with the assistance of inimitable elegance and quiet dignity.

In the limits of a letter it is impossible to speak individually of the men; they will come into the next, for until Jean de Reszky has sung in "Romeo," with Suzanne Adams as his Juliet, New Yorkers hardly consider that they have heard a male opera singer—and clever Jean, who is over fifty, they say, keeps them waiting.

LESLEY MARTIN.

Cop. 1898 by Dupont MME. NORDICA

MME. EAMES-STORY *Cop. 1898 by Dupont*

MISS FANCHON THOMPSON

MME. MELBA

Davy's Christmas.

You see, I was raised where they set a good deal by Christmas—the real part of it, I mean. All the children knew what it was kept for, and whose birthday 'twas, and why folks give presents that day. And we hung up our stockings at home, and had a tree for the Sunday-school, and carols and texts, and all that. Somehow, I never knew, or, anyway, stopped to think, about there being other places where nobody done this, nor took any notice of Christmas at all. So, when we moved way out West to Anderson that fall, and I began to look ahead and lay plans what I should do for Christmas, 'twas a big surprise to me to find none of the boys and girls knew what I was driving at.

'Twas a little place, anyway, you know, and there wa'nt many young folks. There wasn't a church or a Sunday-school, neither; but somehow that didn't seem to trouble me so much at first as the other thing—that they didn't have any Christmas. You see, I'd had it all my life, and I thought 'twas just beautiful. Why, 'twas almost everything, or, 't any rate, the beginning of everything. So I thought and thought about it, and when I'd got things a little straightened out in my head, I went to mother. You know mother, so I needn't tell you how good she was about it, nor how she entered right into it with me. That's her way, ain't it, ma'am? She always enters into things so when you want her to. She talked to father for me—that's one good thing about mothers, their talking to fathers for you—and he came into it too. We was going to have a Christmas, a real one, for the folks there in Anderson.

Now, we wa'nt rich, you know that; but we was pretty well to do, and we had a nice little home fitted up with all our things from the old place. I'd fetched along my books and cards and maps and pictur's, and the carols we used to sing; and I had some of the things we used to dress the Christmas tree with—bright little balls and shiny stuff and little bits of candles—so we could have a tree, and there hadn't anobody there ever seen one. Mother had her melodeon, and she said she'd play the carols, and we'd all sing 'em together. And father, he promised to talk a little to the folks about the day, and what it meant to everybody. We meant to give presents, too—just little cheap ones, o' course, but something, anyway, to every single boy and girl there.

'Twas all ready at last. I'd picked out a real pretty little tree up on the hill, and father 'd cut it down for me, and there 'twas now, standing up in the best room, all shiny with gilt and silver paper, and the little tin balls of different colors swinging on the branches. And there was red apples and pine cones, and the little candles from home all ready to light. 'Twas dreadful pretty. There was little presents for 'em all, mostly things that I'd had given to me Christmasses and birthdays, and so on: books and pictur'-cards, and one or two little games, things I was glad enough to give away to them that had so little. So you see what a splendid Christmas 'twas going to be—just the thing to show 'em what it meant, and make 'em always keep it afterwards, some way or 'nother.

Oh, dear me! It's three whole years ago now, but it 'most makes me cry to think of what happened, and how 'twas all, every sidgle bit of that beautiful plan, spoiled! It's too dreadful to say much about. The folks was to come Christmas Eve for the treat, and just the night before that, the twenty-third of December, our house catched fire and burnt up. Every single thing was burnt, except the clothes we put on in a hurry, and we just saved our own lives——that was about all. As it was, poor father got hurt real bad trying to save things. His hands and arms was all blistered and burnt, and his face scorched; and mother, she catched a dreadful cold, and 'most lost her voice. At first I could't think of anything but the house and our furniture and things, and of poor father, and how glad I was we were all alive—mother, and little Joshua, and all. But after a spell it came over me all of a sudden—Christmas, and the time we'd been going to have for the folks! The tree and everything on it was burnt up. The house and best room, where the company was to be, the melodeon, and even the singing-books that had the carols in 'em—everything, every single thing—was gone; even the barn, and Jack, our dear old horse, went, too. Only the cow-house, that stood by itself a little ways off, didn't burn, and our little Jersey cows, Whitefoot and Buttercup, was saved—that was better than nothing.

It had been a house once where folks lived, but it got old and schackly, and some of it tumbled down, and the rest of it made a good place for the cows. There was a fireplace and a chimney to it, so we had a place to go to, such as 'twas. The people round there was all pretty poor, and nobody lived very near by. They asked us to come, and was pleasant enough about it, but we thought we hadn't better do it as long as we could take care of ourselves. So we settled down that night as well 's we could in the cow-house, with a big fire to keep us warm, and some blankets and things the folks lent us.

Next morning, the very day before Christmas, you know. just as quick as I got a chance to talk with mother, I had to let it all out. I wasn't as big then as I be now, and I couldn't to save my life keep from crying like a baby when I spoke about the Christmas. I kept saying how could God have done such a thing, when we was just a-going to learn the Anderson folks about the birthday, and what it all meant. "Oh!" I says, "how could He do it?" Well, mother she entered into it—her way, you know! She let me see she allowed for my being dissapp'inted, but she said she knew I'd come round to seeing 'twas all right, somehow, if He'd done it; and she said he didn't need us or anybody else to learn the Anderson folks about Christmas; He could show 'em Himself if 'twas best for 'em to know. And she said I must be a good boy, and give it up, and mebbe next year I'd have another chance. I tried to be good, so's not to trouble her; I helped her with father and little Joshua, and tried to make things comfortable. But I was thinking and thinking all day about the folks, and how they'd got to wait a whole long year to see what Christmas was. Come along towards noon I says to mother, couldn't I see if some one wouldn't let me have one of their rooms, and maybe their melodeon, and some of the people help me a little, and have just some sort of a Christmas time, if we couldn't have the tree and the presents. And she said I could try if I was set on it. But 'twasn't any good. Folks was willing to come to a treat, but they wouldn't help to get it up. I even went to the little tavern at the Corners, but they said 'twas full that night, and they couldn't be bothered.

I went home—if you could call it home—and I sat down on the floor and laid my head down on mother's lap and told her all about it. "Mebbe," I says, "some of the folks will come anyway—them that hasn't heard about the fire." And she says, "Well, if they do, Davy, we'll be glad to see 'em, though this isn't much of a place to have company."

What do you think? Come evening, if the boys and girls, and the growed folks, too, didn't begin to come along! You see, I'd invited 'em some days afore, and hadn't took back the invitations. And I 'spose, even if they knew we didn't expect 'em, they was cur'us to see what we'd do, and to look at the burnt house and all. Why, most everybody round there come, seems to me! 'Twas a real nice night; there wasn't any moon, but I never see the stars shining brighter. I rec'lect that, 'cause father 'd been telling me about the stars that winter, and I'd took to noticing 'em. And as I come in that night I looked up, and see how bright they was, partic'lar one big one father called the evening star.

The folks didn't come in at first. They kind of stood round outside, and when I went out to speak to 'em, they said they didn't want to trouble us, but they was round that way, and they thought they'd just see if they could do anything for us. 'Twas pretty cold, and I couldn't bear to see 'em standing outdoors so long. So I run back inside and asked mother if I couldn't bring 'em in. There wasn't any seats, to be sure, but 'twas warm, and it seemed politer, anyway. Mother said o' course I could; let 'em come in; she didn't mind.

They was a little backward at first, 'peared to feel a mite bashful. But byme-by one after another stepped inside. I felt a little foolish myself, and didn't know just what to say first off. But Jim Bissell, a rough sort of boy from the Corners, he began to laugh, and says out loud, "Where's your Chris'mus, as you call it, Dave? What's it all about, anyway?"

And then—I don't know to this day how I picked up courage for it, but it come into my head I just must tell 'em something, if 'twas only the leastest bit, about the day that was coming to-morrow—I just shet up my eyes one second, and then I wet my lips, and begun. I told 'em what I'd meant to do, and how 'twas all spoiled, and how dreadful sorry I was. I said I'd tried to get some other place to hold the meeting in, but I couldn't, and I'd tried the tavern at the Corners, but there wasn't any room for it there. And then I put it 's well 's I could, about how father was laid up and couldn't talk to 'em, and that I wasn't big enough to explain things myself. "But," I says, "I can read you about it, only I ain't no great of a reader." And then comes over me, all of a sudden, that our Bibles was all burnt up. It just seemed as if 'twas meant them folks shouldn't learn about Christmas that year, and I'd better give up.

But mother says in a softly voice—she was just back of me—she says, "Don't you know some verses, Davy?" I knew I did, for I'd said 'em at a Christmas tree the year afore. So I begun: "Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea"—you know how it goes. At first Jim Bissell laughed, and some of the others j'ined in, and whispered and made fun. But the others stopped 'em, and in a minute I see 'twas dreadful still, and only just my voice, pretty shaky, you know, going on with that chapter. I didn't know only the first 'leven verses. When I come to the last one—"And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child and Mary his mother"—I heard a little gurglin' sound. I didn't dast to turn my head, but I knew 'twas little Joshua taking notice. And just then I heard another queer noise, kind of a choky noise that was, and I see 'twas Cap'n Frink, the man they called the wildest feller about Anderson, though he come from New England, and was raised, I heard. 'mongst real good people. There was something the matter with his throat, and he was coughing till the water came into his eyes, and that interrupted me a mite. Put in a minute I went over to Luke, and I says that part about the shepherds and the Baby laying in the manger, on accouut of there not being any room in the inn, you know. Then I stopped.

Just then mother says, softly again, "Can't you sing baby's hymn, Davy?" Now, I ain't got much ear for music, they say, and I was that scared my voice was croakier than common. I can't turn many tunes, but that one turns itself, I've heard it so many times from mother when she was holding little Joshua. I used to pick it out with one finger on the melodeon. I says to myself, "Here goes, 't any rate," and I let out:

"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber."

'Twas kind of dreadful to hear my own voice, aud nobody j'ining in to help me, and I got scarier and shakier, till I was just going to break down, when all of a sudden I found someone was helping. There was a real nice, loud, sweet voice singing the words with me, and carrying the tune all right, only shaking a mite, just as mine done. And, of all the folks there, who should it be but Lucy Ann Wells, the roughest woman in the whole place, that 'most everybody was afraid of! She had a cross, sharp voice when she talked, but 'twas real sweet and clear aud pleasant-sounding now. I don't see how she ever knew that hymn, but she did, and she and me sung it right along as far as I knew the words. When we got to where it says:

"When His birthplace was a stable,
And His softest bed was hay."

I see that all the people was looking right over my head, and kind of behind me, aud uot at me at all. So when we ended up, Lucy Ann and me, and I dast to turu round, I done it.

There wa'n't anything uncommon there—just mother and the baby. She'd been a holding him, and he'd heard us singing his fav'rite hymu, that he went to sleep by regular, and he'd thought 'twas bedtime, so he'd dropped off, and mother 'd laid him down.

O' course there wa'n't any place to lay him but the hay. But that was real soft and comfortable, aud he did look real cute laying there, with his pretty yellow hair all fuzzy round his little head, and mother, with her uice, dear motherly face, a-leaning over him.

Seems 's if there aiu't much more to tell. To this day I don't get it through my head why they began to have Christmases themselves, after that, there in Anderson. If I'd 'a' carried out my plan, aud had that tree and all, why, I could see how it came about. But when we didn't have any Christmas at all that year—no tree, no presents, no refreshments, no nothing—well, as I said afore, it beats me how they come to keep Christmas the very next year, and ever sence.

From *Dumb Fox-Glove and Other Stories*, by Annie Trumbull Slawson.

KANG-YU-WEI'S DOWNFALL

Together With a Chapter on the Personality of the Chinese Emperor.

Kwang-Su, Emperor of China, was called Tsai-Tien before his ascent to the throne. Upon that occasion he assumed a *kwoh hao*, or imperial name, in accordance with a Chinese custom handed down from time immemorial. The Emperor is known by his *kwoh hao* only, it being a criminal offense for his subjects to pronounce his former proper name. "Kwang-Su," it may be said in passing, is interpreted to mean "illustrious succession"—rather an ironical title just now in view of His Majesty's not very exalted position under the thumb of the Dowager Tsi-An.

The Emperor is a young man of twenty-seven years, but he has lived in such seclusion that surprisingly little is known of his life and personality. In appearance he is a small and delicate-looking man with nothing commanding or imperial in his bearing, with a pale face, which, though distinguished by refinement and quiet dignity, has none of the force of his martial ancestors. In fact, he has a frightened, melancholy look which is only partially redeemed by an air of exceeding intelligence and gentleness. His head is large beyond the average, its features showing clearly his Manchu origin. The face is oval in shape, with a long narrow chin, a sensitive mouth, thin, nervous lips, nose well-shaped, straight eyebrows, regular and very arched, eyes that are remarkably large and sorrowful in expression, under a forehead well-shaped and broad. Kwang-Su has not been in good health for a long time. He has a disagreeable cough. This cough had a good deal to do with the tearing up of things which has been going on in the Chinese Empire.

Kang-Yu-Wei went from Canton to Peking a few years ago, representing a large, patriotic constituency. Canton is the most enlightened and advanced of Chinese cities, and is the metropolis of the true Chinese, as distinguished from the Manchus. Kang's career in politics was meteoric. He had been educated in Hong-Kong and was thoroughly Europeanized. He passed the highest examinations and was appointed secretary to a sort of Board of Public Works which has charge of railroad concessions and similar matters under the imperial ministry. Thus he was right in the midst of the row between Russia and Britain over the extension of the Shan-Hai-Kwan railway to Kinchow and Niu-Chwang. He took the leadership of the reform movement a couple of years ago, and by this means succeeded in attracting the Emperor's attention. The Emperor gave frequent private audiences to Kang and his brother. The latter supplied His Majesty with a European medicine which relieved his cough, and at the same time gave him a greater interest in the foreign civilization. Kang became a sort of tutor to the Emperor in the study of the modern world and its methods.

His Majesty became so interested in two books—*The Life and Deeds of Peter the Great* and *The Reformation of Japan Since the Restoration of the Mikado*—that he had Kang read them to him twice in order to fasten their contents upon his memory. The Emperor desired to emulate Peter, and to outdistance the Mikado in the march of progress. The marked influence of Kang and the growing strength of the party of reform caused alarm and indignation among the conservatives led by the Dowager and men like Li-Hung-Chang. Under the influence of Kang, Kwang-Su issued two remarkable edicts granting the universal right of petition and freeing the press. Only those who know China can realize the sensation these edicts created. Heretofore there have been no newspapers in China outside the treaty ports; and any one who had the audacity to criticize an official had his head lopped off, while an attempt to communicate with the Emperor except through a viceroy or mandarin, was everywhere considered a heinous offence. The establishment of universities and of a public school system, and the edict requiring candidates for office to be examined on modern affairs instead of ancient classics, made an awful row.

The Russians, too, saw with alarm this march of enlightenment and the growing strength of British influence, and stirred the conservatives to opposition. But the great Weng-Teng-Ho, their leader, the Emperor's former tutor in fact, was banished from Peking at once. Li-Hung-Chang, also, was degraded through the influence of the British faction. A plot was laid to sequestrate the Empress Dowager, always the arch-enemy of reforms in China. It is said that Russian spies informed her of the plans of the reformers. (It is said, for that matter, that Russian influence has been behind all her actions.) At any rate, this fearless masculine woman with the Napoleonic nose went straight to the quaking young Emperor and put on his neck the yoke she had held there during his youth. The sickly boy lacked the courage or physical strength to exert his authority over her, he was overawed and fell an easy victim to her compelling will. The Dowager ordered her throne placed beside the Emperor's and on a level with his. She discarded the traditional screen and received openly the ministers and metropolitan officials when they came to kowtow in acknowledgement of her authority.

Kang-Yu-Wei escaped, by rare good luck, to Shanghai, aud got away from there to Hong-Kong on board a P. and O. steamer convoyed by H. M. S. *Bonaventure*, which latter vessel was cleared for action against the two Chinese cruisers sent in pursuit. The wildest contradictory rumors have come out of the Forbidden City concerning the fate of the Emperor, Kwang-Su, but there is no doubt that the liberal party scattered like hunted quail. The Dowager and old Li have undone the reforms inspired by the pro-British progressionists, and China has temporarily lapsed into that darkness under cover of which Russian intrigue is improving its opportunities. But there is to be some plain talk over there pretty soon, before the enormous and paramount British and American and German interests will be sacrificed to Russia's scheme of conquest. The Emperor, too, evidently anticipated further efforts when he sent that significant warning to Kang-Yu-Wei: "You must leave Pekin at once. I hope you will take good care of your health, for I am satisfied that you are a loyal and brave man."

ARCHEVRALE.

The Christmas Tree in the Palace Hotel Courtyard

CHRISTMAS DAY IN SAN FRANCISCO

SPANISH AS IT IS SPOKEN

With a Code of the Simple Rules of That Pretty Language.

"Se habla Español," and "Spanish Taught," are signs quite common now on San Francisco's shop windows, and here and there on the shingles of teachers of languages. Many Californians have been more or less familiar with the Spanish language since childhood, but it required the late war to arouse the wide-spread interest in the Castilian speech which prevails to-day. Spanish is a Latin tongue. Roman conquest, military and religious, impressed the Latin language upon the people of the Iberian peninsula. Needless to trace the intricacies of its evolution — it is to-day a simple language, easy of mastery, comparatively devoid of rules and arbitrary arrangements, pronounced, with few exceptions, exactly as it is written. All the letters are invariable in sound except c and g, which have each two sounds. Each and every letter is pronounced in all positions, except h, which is always silent, and u, which is not sounded in the syllables gue, gui, que and qui. Words that end in consonants, with few exceptions, are accented on the last syllable, as farra*lon*, sole*dad*. Words that end in a vowel, with certain exceptions, are accented on next to the last syllable, as a*do*be, ala*me*da. The Spanish vowels are a, e, i, o, u, invariably pronounced ah, a e, o, oo. Y is sometimes used as a vowel, as in Ysabel. There are some fine distinctions made in a few of the consonants, which can only be learned by hearing and practice with a person familiar with the language, preferably a Castilian. The consonants are pronounced as follows:

B is said as in English, but Castilians and Aragonese do not press the lips quite so close together as we do, which causes it to sound like v. Thus the Spanish Habana is called by us Havana. B is b in Mexico without any delicate aspiration.

C before a, o, u, or auy consonant, is said like our k, as in corral, Blanco; before e and i, like th in thanks, as in hacienda, Cervera.

Ch represents a single letter, although double in form. It is said like ch in chess, as in chico, Churubusco.

D is said as in English, except when at the end of a word or between two vowels, when it sounds softer than our d and like th in the, as in querida, pronounced kay-*ree*-tha, or Madrid. Yet a lisped d is held to be vulgar. Many educated Mexicans, including the President, prefer to use the d exactly as we do.

F is said as in English.

G is said as in English before a, o, u, or a consonant, as in gato, gracias; but before e or i it has no English equivalent, sounding like h in hot, but with stronger gutteral aspiration, as in gente, pronounced *hain*-tay.

H is never pronounced, though in some words there is a soft, almost imperceptible aspiration. It is only an etymological sign.

J has always an aspirated guttural sound like h in hot, as in Juan. Is often interchanged with x, as in Quijote, Mejico.

K is not used in the language.

L is said as in English.

Ll represents a single letter, although double in form, and has a liquid sound like ll in William, as in calle, Callao, caballero.

M, n and p are said as in English; ñ is always said like ni in pinion, as in niña, cañon.

Q sounds like k always.

R when single is soft like our r, as in querida; but when double, or at the beginning of a word, or when it comes after l, n or s, it is given a strong rolling sound, as in corral, real.

S is said like our s in say, as in Señor.

T and v are said as in English.

W is not used in the language.

X is said like our x in tax, as in extrangero. Usage replaces the x with s, as estrangero, but the Spanish Academy does not authorize that practice.

Y, when properly used as a consonant, is said like our y in yard; but it is often used for the vowel i; and when it stands alone it represents our copulative conjunction.

Z is always sounded like th in thin, bath, as in Garvanz, pozo, Zoctil. (The name of a beautiful Aztec princess from which was derived the word cocktail. She discovered pulque, and was wedded by a delighted Moctezuma. Our soldiery brought the word back from the Mexican War. It was—but that is too long a story to tell here.)

In the American Southwest there is little respect shown the rules of the Spanish Academy. Spanish and American pronunciations are blended, and many words were much altered in the process of welding them into our language; for instance, our expressive Westernism cinch, from cincha, a saddle-girth. Our Spanish and Mexican predecessors in California, as they pushed forward the Camino Real and planted their pastoral civilization around its links, the Missions, so impressed their language upon the country that it survives them and will live when they and their period are all but forgotten. Californians can not maintain a conversation long without the use of Spanish words. The names of our State and its principal cities and landmarks are all Spanish; in daily usage we have words of Castilian origin that have been bodily incorporated with our language. Occasionally a guide book or almanac publishes a "dictionary" of such words commonly used in California, but they must be taken *cum grano salis*. Most of these dictionaries are vain things, brought roughly into the world. A recent one avers, for instance: "Benicia. Meant for Benecia (or Venecia). Venice." The fact is that the town of Benicia was named after that excellent woman Francisca Benicia Carillo, wife of General Mariano Vallejo. The town was founded on the Straits of Carquinez by Vallejo, Leese and others to rival Yerba Buena, then growing up around the plaza since called Portsmouth Square. They named their paper city Francisca, after Señora Vallejo. Lieutenant Washington Bartlett, U. S. N., the first American alcalde here, foreseeing the greatness of this port, thought the future metropolis should have the prestige of the name of the world-known bay upon which it was situated, so he "pronounced" and arbitrarily changed the name of his pueblo from Yerba Buena to San Francisco. There was some local opposition; and the promoters of Francisca protested, but the change stood. So Francisco was dropped and Señora Vallejo's second Christian name Benicia was given to California's first boom town.

Strangers, and some to the manor born, often make grievous and startling use of our Spanish names and words. One need not be academic, but a little study of the preceding rules, and inquiry as to the meaning of words and expressions, will rapidly improve one's Spanish diction.

MONSON'S PARIS SPEECH

Machiavelli Supplanted by the American Diplomacy.

The Anglo-Saxon is but a poor and inartistic liar at the best, and, as a diplomat, has generally found himself at a disadvantage in dealing with adversaries more bountifully accomplished in this respect. English and American statesmanship has never produced any Metternichs or Talleyrands. Britain even got her Contineutal name of "perfidious Albion" because her diplomats were such wretched bunglers at lying that they were continually breaking the eleventh commandment — getting found out. Since the foundation of this Republic, American diplomacy has been distinguished by a disregard for the traditions, the precedents, the etiquette and the rules which governed international intercourse. Our methods have been straightforward, disdaining the old world cloak of mystery, dissimulation and lying, and as a result the smug Europeans were wont to laugh at our "shirt-sleeves diplomacy."

But the successes achieved by our untrained diplomats, armed only with the truth, caused it to be thought about abroad. Bismarck took it up and found that his most efficacious mode of throwing people off their guard was to speak the truth, and that, too, in the most plain and often brutal fashion. Some of his greatest diplomatic successes were achieved in this mauner, notably the victories over Count Benedetti, the French Ambassador to Berlin before 1871; and the signal defeat of the Russian Chancellor, Prince Gortchakoff, in the late saventies. Now the English, knowing a good thing at last, have taken the new idea with a success that has surprised them. They have even dared to cope with their Muscovite antagonists, who are admittedly the greatest masters of the old Machiavellian school — witness Sir Claude MacDonald at Peking, who would have had the British in absolute control of China, but for the moral and physical weakness of Kwang-Su.

The peace negotiations at Paris were an exposition of American mcthods of carrying on diplomacy by bringing to its performance the unfettered principles of frank business men. Our commissioners went to Paris for a certain purpose and they went about their task without any of the frills of mediaeval heraldry or any useless Continental quibbles and formality. During the war, and during the session of the Peace Commission, the diplomatic resources of Europe were brought to bear against this country and against our commissioners, but the American envoys have succeeded in bringing their errand to a successful conclusion without one of the blunders which, by diplomacy, would be held a crime.

The extent to which England has profited by American precept and example cannot be estimated, but an incident of the power of the new diplomacy may not come amiss. When Sir Edmuud Monson made his world-wonderful speech at Paris, it was expected that war would follow as a matter of course. But on the contrary the speech brought the real people of France face to face with the truth, and though the frothy press and denizens of Paris howled, the substantial elements in the provinces took Sir Edmund's words to heart. As a result, that carefully planned and deliberately delivered address cleared the stormy atmosphere and contributed to a restoration of frieudlier feelings between France and Britain.

"Good men have been killed for less," and a former British Ambassador, Lord Sackville, was given his passports for no worse offense than adversely criticising the Cleveland presidential policy. And that not publicly, but in a letter supposedly private, written to the editor of a California newspaper who had laid such a trap for him. Sir Edmund Monson remarked that he had taken a leaf out of the book of the new American diplomacy. His action was American in that it was unwarranted by precedent or diplomatic rule. It was a sensible and sure method of getting the attention of the entire French people to the existing crisis, and not let them be hurried into war by the noisy, irresponsible press of Paris, or by the carpet-bag politicians who constitute three-fifths of the French Legislature. The sober, thrifty brain and backbone of France is found outside of Paris. It was this element which Sir Edmund desired to reach; and he succeeded admirably. That Sir Edmund knew what he was doing is shown by the fact that he read his speech; and it is but fair to presume that he acted under explicit instructions from Lord Salisbury.

Besides, Sir Edmund Monson is not a man to indulge in any post-prandial indiscretions. He is a diplomatist of the Lord Lyons type—that Lyons who was Lincoln's favorite, and who was received in Paris as the beau ideal of an English ambassador. The histrionic French love that things should be "in character." They dearly prize "*la correction*," and Lord Lyons was the impersonification of correctness. The French look for a certain "phlegm" in Englishmen, and feel apprehensive when it is lacking. When an Englishman pays them a compliment they suspect him of sinister designs. Therefore, a most successful diplomat at Paris was Lord Lyons, who never went out of his way to win a smile, but did his duty with perfect courtesy to all. This is Sir Edmund Monson's style of man. The present British Ambassador is a tall, spare figure. He has an expressive face, which, however, does not contradict that supreme quietude and repose of manner which enables him to maintain a constant imperturbability and never to be at fault.

A dispensation has been granted by the Holy Inquisition permitting the wives of Italian soldiers reported missing after the battle of Adu, three years ago, to marry again, "in view of the special circumstances and of the valid presumption of death." There will be lively times when the Italian Enoch Ardens return.

The sum recently paid by Lord Hardwicke for a controlling interest in the *Saturday Review* of London was, it is said, $27,500. The new editor in succession to Mr. Frank Harris is Mr. Harold Hodge.

DON CARLOS' PRETENSIONS

Spain's Constant Expectation and Fear of Civil War.

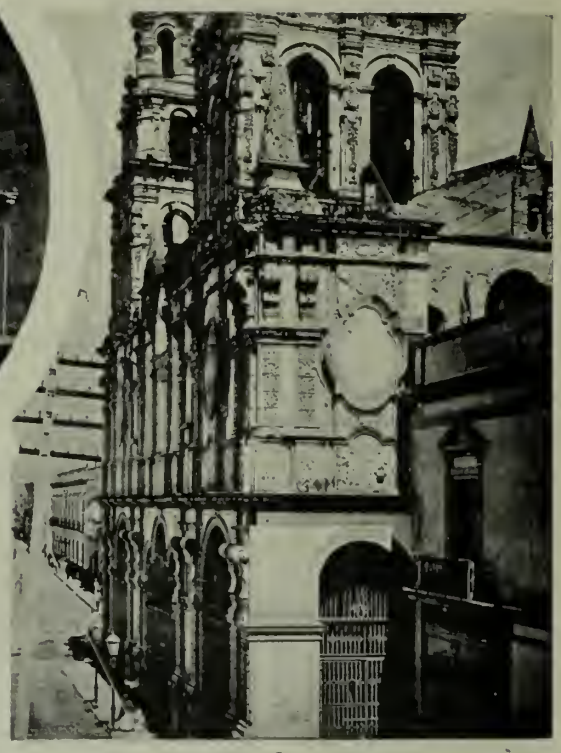
There has been bitter dissention in Spain siuce that day in 1830 when Ferdinand VII set asidc the ancient Salic law of male succession in favor of his only child, the present ex-Queen Isabella. On the death of Ferdinand, his younger brother, the first Don Carlos, contested the right of Isabella to the throne. There and then originated the Carlist party represented to-day by Don Carlos de Bourbon, Duque de Madrid; and in a small way by the pretender's own son, Don Jaime, supported by extreme legitimists, formerly the father's warmest adherents, on the ground that Don Carlos lost the succession when, at his second marriage, he took a non-royal princess to wed. True he married a Princess de Rohan of the Austrian branch of that house; but, however aristocratic the Rohan family may be, with their proud motto, *Roi ne puis, Monseigneur ne daigne, Monsieur suis*, Don Carlos is considered by what we would call strict constructionists to have made a mesalliance. Thus, should he be successful in his attempt to ascend the throne of his ancestors, his wife could not become queen, but would be known as his morganatic consort, the Duchess of Madrid. It is not probable, however, that Don Jaime will figure conspicuously in the coming mix-up in that distracted monarchy which we have just got through humiliating.

That a Carlist outbreak is imminent in Spain is undeniable. Don Carlos is even now in Brussells negotiating a loan on the strength of his expected restoration. Other exiled monarchs have gone to Brussells, by the way, some on the same errand. Witness the third Napoleon, the Duc D'Orleans, the Comte de Paris, Dom Pedro of Brazil and lesser royalties. This business of Don Carlos in Belgium's capital is significant of extreme preparations for an active campaign, because ordinarily the Carlist party has plenty of money. Their committees are hard at work in Brussells, in Rome, Paris and Vienna, and are spending liberally. The King himself is a multi-millionaire in virtue of the enormous fortune inherited through his wife from the late "Henri Cinq", Comte de Chambord, whose real and personal property was valued at $10,000,000. The French royalists hold the Don to represent the principle of legitimate monarchy in France as well as Spain, and they will back him with both men and money when he shakes out his standard in the northern proviuces. Thus the Carlist resources are not entirely confined to the loyalty of the hardy and combative Catalans, Navarrese, Galicians and Basques, who are ready to fight to the death for Don Carlos. From a mercenary point of view, the King will be easily able to financier his army.

The outbreak is expected momentarily, because of the widespread dissatisfaction of the people with the conclusion of the peace negotiations at Paris. Don Carlos and his men refrained from embracing the opportunity to overthrow Alfonso while Spain was at war with the United States for reasons that were purely chivalrous and patriotic; but now that the war has disastrously ended—in the opinion of his followers, disgracefully—the Carlists are outspoken in their opinion that now or never is their time for stepping into the arena of Spanish politics as the champions of the national honor and dignity. The strongest feature of the pretender's coming manifesto will be his appeal for the support of the discontented military and naval establishments.

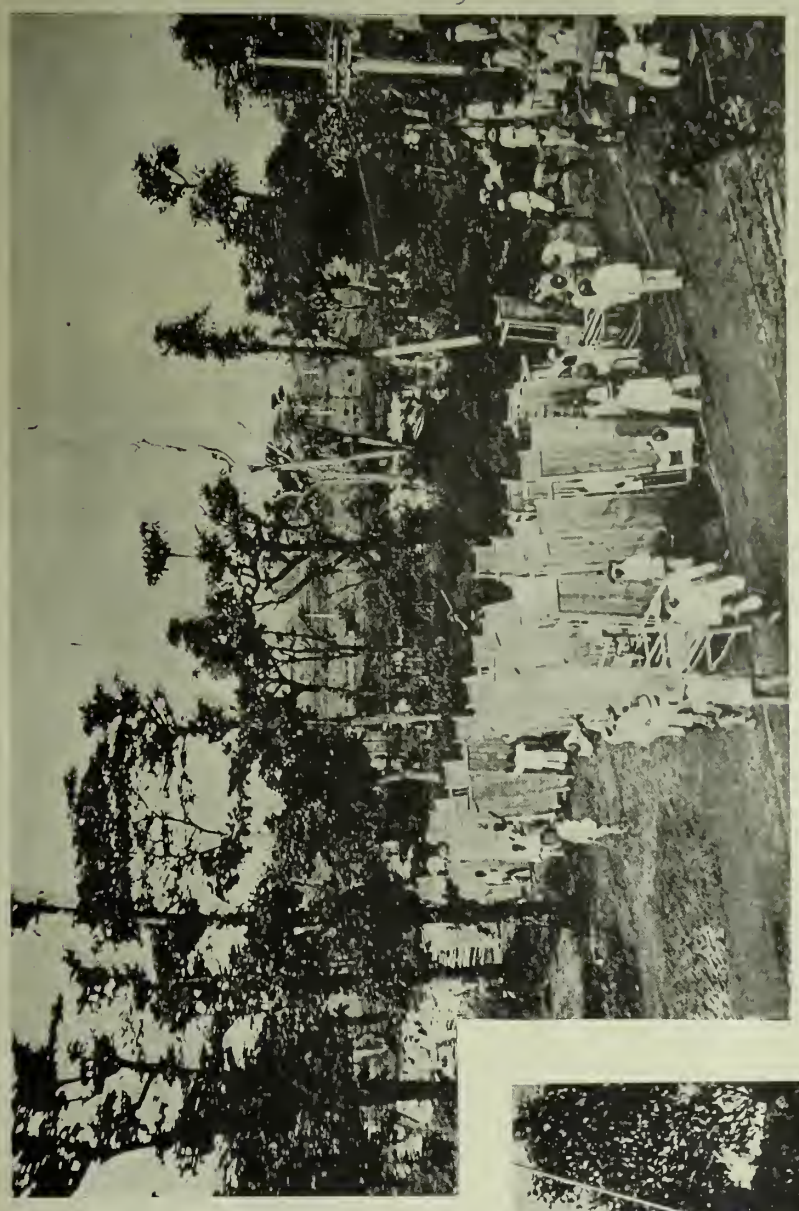
The personality of Don Carlos, like his turbulent career, is full of interest. One would think from his restless energy, his personal courage and tenacity of purpose in fostering his pretentions, that he ought to be the demi-god some of his millions of followers make him out to be. It is too bad that his past is marred by immoralities that cast their shadow upon his future—and Spain's, if he ever gets into power. Although he is fifty years of age, he looks uot a day over forty, being, indeed, still an erect, handsome man, six feet in height, with a powerful head and magnificent shoulders. There is this virtue about him, which is not held by many Spaniards, he knows exactly what he wants and means to have it. Although he is personally extremely popular in the northern provinces, among the southern population he has few followers. In certain high places the prince's immoral life has gained him powerful enemies. The Pope, for instance, is against him, openly favoring the present reigning house. He lost numberless friends in the dishonorable revelations which followed his sale, at the Monte de Piete of Milan, of the jeweled badge of the Order of the Golden Fleece, which had belonged to the illustrious Emperor Charles V. This transaction was made solely to obtain money for a nameless woman with whom he was consorting. After the death of his wife it was learned, through the bequests in her will, that he had shamefully neglected her and that she had lived apart from him for fifteen years. These disclosures alienated much of the powerful influence of the Chambord party. A year or so later he married the wealthy Princess Marie de Rohan, a woman twenty years his junior, who, it is said, has converted her husband to morality and devotion. She, by the way, is niece to the pretender to the throne of Portugal, Don Miguel de Braganza.

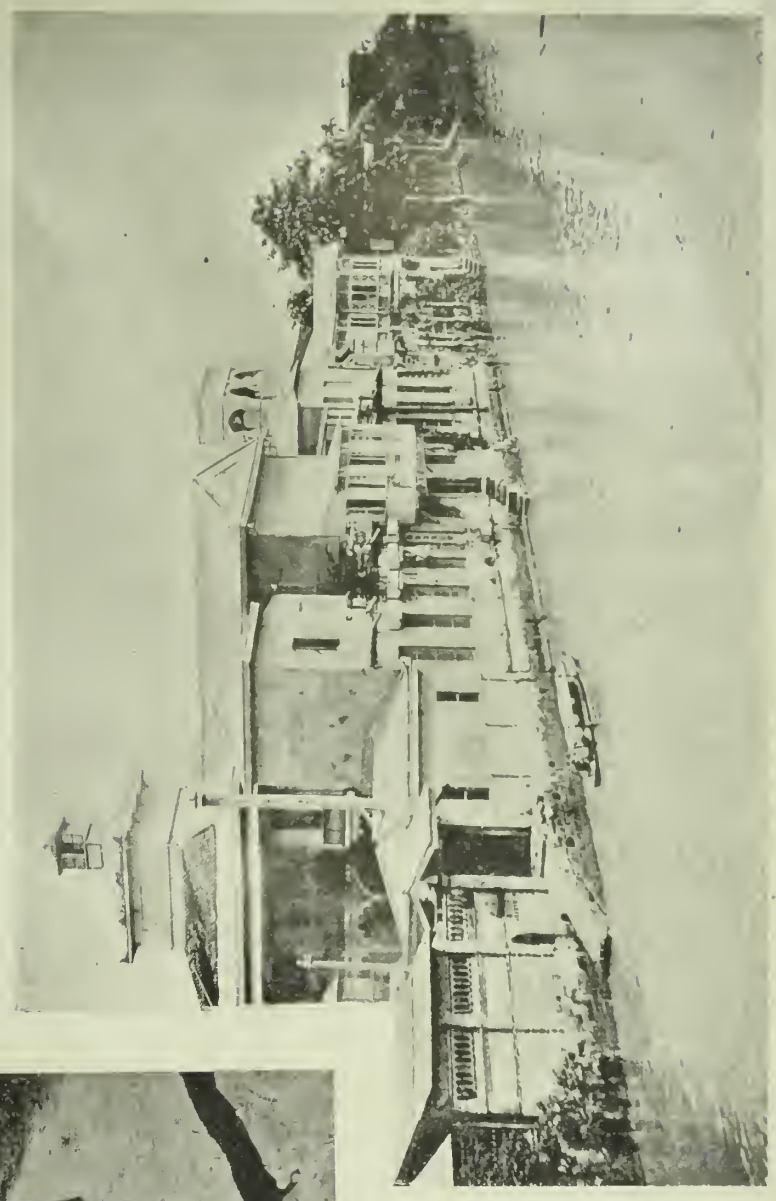
Don Carlos' energy is undeniable. Though in a certain way he is imbued with mediæval notions—like his assumption of the divine right of kings—he is, on the other hand, a modern, progressive, up-to-date prince, who, were he to gain his throne, would rule Spain in a liberal and constitutional manner. His beau ideal of a form of government is a monarchy founded on English lines, though with radical differences in operation better adapted to the Spanish character and needs. According to his ideas, a parliamentary government is not suitable to Spain. The people of that State, he says, while they desire local self-government, favor a strong central authority vested in royalty, and supported by a strong army and navy. This government they would have administered by an honest beaureaucracy, all responsible to the monarch. A people accustomed to republican goverment might reasonably ask to whom His Royal Highness would be responsible besides the alleged divine source of his authority; but as the Spanish people are still wrapped up in the dark cloak of mediævalism, this question would probably mean nothing to them. But, whatever luck the would be king may have, he cannot give Spain a worse government than the present one, and there is a possibility of his restoring something of her former glory and prestige.

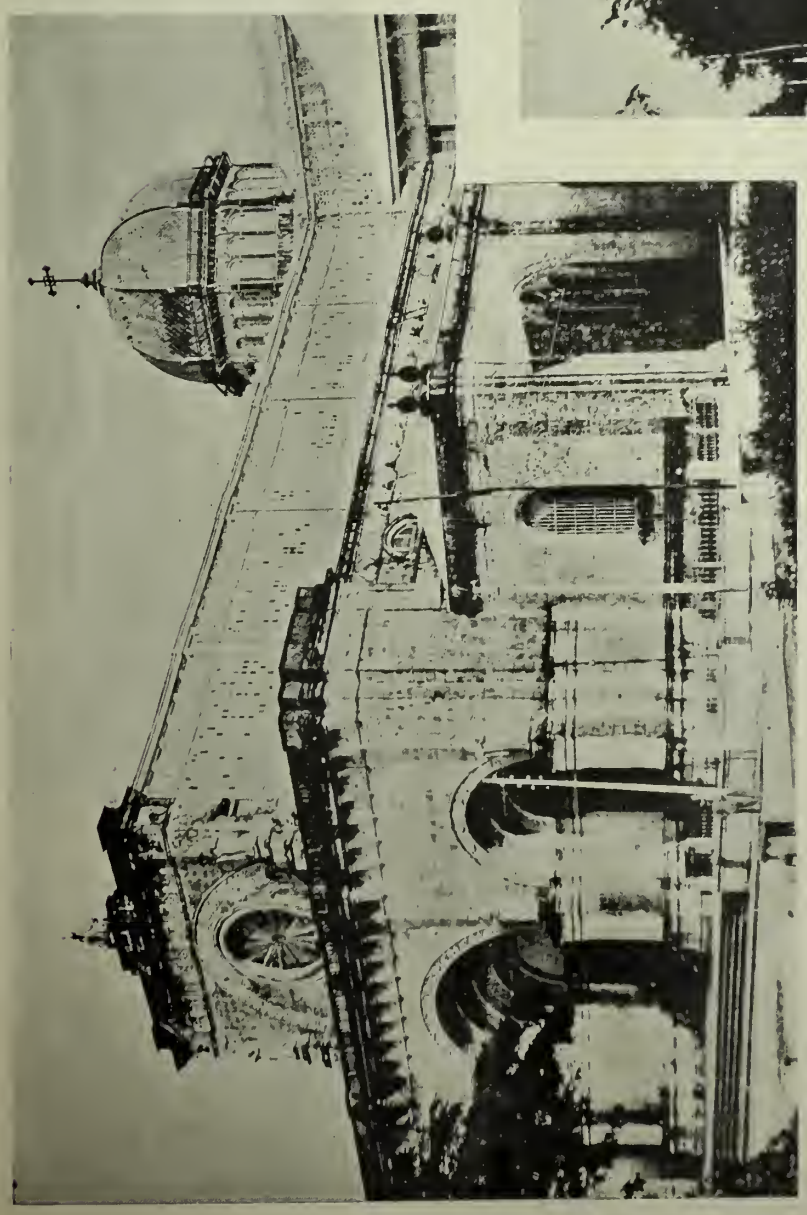


TYPES OF MEXICAN ARCHITECTURE

Photos by W. J. Belcher







1. Cathedral where Spanish Troops are Quartered. 2. Spanish Prisoners Moving Bamboo Beds. 3. Native Boy Using Blow Gun. 4. Water Buffalo Taking a Siesta in the Pasig River. 5. General McArthur's Headquarters

SOME NEW VIEWS OF MANILA

ROYAL
Baking Powder

Made from pure cream of tartar.

Safeguards the food against alum.

Alum baking powders are the greatest menacers to health of the present day.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

THE WAY OF SUCCESS

How Certain Millions Were Made—Engineering as a Profession.

To the average man there is a fascination in stories of success. The history of effort and victory in material things is often as interesting as a narrative of blood-shed and conquest. The readable value in the biography of the ordinary millionaire is the explanation of his success. The other man wants to find out how it happened, so that he may apply the rules to his own business. In *What Shall Our Boys Do for a Living* (Doubleday & McClure, publishers) there is a vast amount of information generally appertaining to the acquirement of wealth and to the new lines of effort which are constantly opening for young men. As the title suggests, the volume is intended for the fathers of boys who are about to enter the world of work, and no other book of this type is so instructive and helpful. It seems that the author, Charles F. Wingate, has spent many years preparing this volume, and has interviewed the great business men of the country to obtain expressions of opinion from them.

In the opinion of the author, mastery of a business is the prime faculty, and it is for this that the highest salaries are paid. That large incomes are often made by the buyers of big mercantile concerns is not generally known, but it is the fact. The buyer for a New York department store has a salary of $16,000, besides an interest in the profits and has a quarter of a million laid by. Other men in the same line receive salaries ranging from eight to twelve thousand a year. Indeed, it is the practice in the bigger and more successful houses to allow the buyer of each department to manage his section as though it were his own business. However, it is hardly the practical counsel contained here that is quotable, but rather the illustrations.

Andrew Carnegie, who has written extensively on how to succeed in the world, gives these directions: "Concentrate your energy, thought and capital exclusively on the business in which you are engaged. Having begun in one line, resolve to fight it out on that line, to lead in it. Adopt every improvement, have the best machinery, and know the most about it." He says further: "A man can thoroughly master only one business, and only if he be an able man can he do this. I have never yet met a man who fully understood two different kinds of business. Sub-division, specialization is the order of the day." Here, however, are some of the ways great men explain their fortunes:

"'There is no secret about it,' said Commodore Vanderbilt. 'All you have to do is to attend to your own business and go ahead, and never tell what you are going to do until you have done it.' Asa Packer told an acquaintance: 'If I could make money at eighteen, carrying vegetables to market on an old scow, I knew I could get rich in after life, if I only had my health.' George Law, remarked: 'There is nothing so easy as making money when you have money to make it with; the only thing is to see the crisis and take it at its flood.' Being further pressed to tell the secret of his own success, he quickly responded: 'Determination to work, and working.' Rothschild declared: 'Never have anything to do with an unlucky man. Be cautious and bold. Make a bargain at once.' Theodore Havemeyer studied, at first hand, every process in the refining of sugar. He made so many improvements that he could sell sixteen pounds of sugar at a profit of only one cent, and still make a fortune. A. T. Stewart early laid down certain rules, which have since become almost universal. First, he never let a clerk misrepresent his wares. 'Nothing can need a lie.' Second, he stuck to one price, no matter whether the goods were sold or not. Third, he required 'cash on delivery.' In after years he sometimes gave credit."

"Eugene Kelley, the banker, said: 'The young men of to-day should copy after good, moral men, and follow their line of integrity and unremitting attention to business. They should be honest even in thought.' 'All the advice in the world,' said Abraham Hewitt, 'won't make a young man rich. I tell my children to tell the truth and work. This, I believe, covers the situation.' Russell Sage considers: 'There is one prime requisite—brains. Then a young man must be saving, industrious, patient, respectful and cautious. Above all, he should not speculate. The passion for speculatiou ruins ten out of every hundred young men. He should have a legitimate business, and stick to it. I have been frequently asked if it were necessary to go West; I always say, No. Why? Because, if you waut to make money, stay where there is money. The frontier is not apt to give a man the opportunities that New York furnishes—I mean the sources of information necessary to get wealth. Always be close to people with information. Try and increase your information to keep pace with theirs, and you will profit by the experience. A good many think that a liquor store is the only place to get money, but I have never known a very rich liquor seller. There are just as mauy opportanities to gain wealth in New York as there ever were.'"

"When the Pennsylvania oil supply began to give out, the Standard Oil Company bought large oil tracts in Ohio. The product was found to contain certain impurities. This would have disheartened most men, but Mr. Rockefeller believed that Provideuce had not stored up a product fitted for human cousumption without intending that it should be utilized. He determined to adapt the product to the market. He spent a small fortune in constructing refineries. As a result, before the works were finished, his chemist was able to refine the oil in a satisfactory manner."

The author comments on that familiar feature of American life—the self-made man:

"At one of the Twilight Club dinners a number of representative men told how they obtained their first earnings. One man sawed wood, another practiced law, another strung tobacco, others raised potatoes, acted as treasurer of a mission fund, worked in a button factory, read to a blind man, built school fires, picked wintergreen, served aboard ship, ran errands, piled up cordwood. A *Sun* reporter questioned a number of prominent New Yorkers on the same subject. One man had polished shoes, another had peddled newspapers, a third had sold peanuts at a county fair. Joel Erhardt earned his first money by extra duty as a letter carrier on Valentine's Day. Attorney-General Russel, when sixteen, taught school. Elihu Root picked strawberries in Oneida County to get money to buy firecrackers. Henry Clews, at fourteen, earued $5 a week as a clerk."

Among the professions about which the average man hears little is that of engineering. The assumption is that it is one of the most profitable lines of endeavor, but the author thinks otherwise. Professional advice has only lately been rated at its true value, and young engineers receive smaller wages than mechanics. It is different, however, wheu vast moneyed interests are involved:

"In 1884 Captain Eads received $15,000 for a report on the Manchester Ship Canal, which occupied four months to prepare. Baldwin Latham was paid $15,000 and expenses for consultation relative to the Bombay sewerage system. As the work cost $16,000,000, the fee was small in comparison to the responsibility. James Mansergh, of England, received $15,000 for a report on the Toronto water supply. Rudolph Hering and J. H. Feurtes, of New York, for their joint services in examining the sanitary condition of Santos, Brazil, were paid $65,000, about four per cent on the cost of the work planned. The time consumed was about one year. Many of the great engineering feats, like the new Croton Aqueduct and East River Bridge, were performed by salaried men. The heads of many railways, however, have princely pay; for example, Presidents Roberts and Thompson of the Pennsylvania Railroad, while President Galloway, of the New York Central, who in 1863 earned $8.33 a month as a boy of twelve in Canada, now receives $50,000 a year as Chauncy Depew's successor. W. F. Goodhue states that he received $12,000 for six years' labor in rebuilding a Western railroad, while a lawyer who acted as receiver was paid ten times as much, though the property deteriorated under his management."

However, there is a growing demand for skilled talent in this direction. There are now ninety-four engineering schools in this country, and the gradnates of the big colleges rapidly find employment:

"This is illustrated by the following partial record of the graduates of three leading American engineeriug schools. Of 1,070 graduates from the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute (Troy), 33 are presidents of corporations, 121 vice-presidents, managers and superintendents, 69 practicing engineers, 56 professors in colleges. Of 551 graduates of Stevens Institute, 209 are managers and superintendents, 54 consulting engineers, 30 professors in colleges, and 16 heads of corporations. At Cornell, the 386 graduates of the course in engineering supplied 16 heads of companies, 165 engineers in full charge or assistants in public or private work, 66 practicing engineers, and 22 college professors. It thus appears that of 2,007 graduates, 189 have become practicing engineers, 108 college professors, while 560, or over one-fourth, are managing manufacturing enterprises. This is a very interesting demonstration of the fact that scientifically trained men can develop business capacity."

A question often asked by practical men is—whether it is better to enter a technical school or a shop first. The subject was fully discussed at a conference of American engineers. President Holley, of the Institute of Mining Engineers, said:

"'The art must precede the science. The man must feel the necessity, and know the directions of a larger knowledge, and then he will master it through and through. Many men have acquired a more useful knowledge of chemistry in the spare evenings of a year than the average graduate has compassed during his whole course.' Beginning with theoretical and abstract knowledge is no less an inverted process in the useful arts than in the fine arts. It is like taking a course of Ruskin within brick walls preparatory to opening a studio, and then climbing the mountains to square nature with the books. Professor Thurston insisted that the technical-school graduate who euters practical work labors under disadvautages compared with the youth who has had some experience. The former may possess learning, a well-trained mind and sound judgment, but he lacks knowledge of men and of things, which he can only obtain by personal contact. He cannot manage employees without making unreasonable demands upon them or without yielding more than is just."

These extracts touch but one side of a very readable work, which it may be said is full of encouragement for its readers. There are so many ways of making money nowadays that almost anyone who applies due industry and the proper intelligence may succeed. C.

NATURE'S TOILET SOAP

The lemon is a natural skin-healer, cleanser, builder and beautifier. It is a skin food—grateful, refreshing and healthful.

CALIFORNIA CREAM OF LEMON

is made from the soluble substance of the whole lemon. It contains neither chemicals, fatty matter nor potash. Its regular use in the bath gives the skin a remarkable clearness, a freedom from all roughness or blemish, and a velvety softness and suppleness. It both prevents and cures tan, sunburn, freckles, pimples, and all similar skiu blemishes, diseases and irritations, restores faded complexions and removes wrinkles.

It retails at 15 cents. Ask your druggist for it. If he will not supply you, send 20 cents and we will send a three-ounce collapsible tube of Creaui of Lemon prepaid to any address in the United States.

CALIFORNIA CREAM OF LEMON CO., Inc.
San Diego, Cal
Most druggists sell it—all druggists should.

Poodle Dog Restaurant, northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone 429. Blanco & Bruno, proprietors.

LITERARY NOTES

An Independent Daughter, by Amy Blanchard (J. B. Lippincott Co.), is a charming story of college life and the friendships formed there. Persis, the heroine, is an up-to-date, warm-hearted, impulsive girl, who gives up all the things she most desires for her sister and best friend. Ultimately the best friend, Annis, falls in love with the Independent Daughter's lover, and she is willing to give even him up. However, Fate kindly comes in and settles things to the comfort of all, and the Independent Daughter, who has developed into a splendid woman, marries her first love. The story is most delightfully told. Miss Blanchard has written many stories, but this one is the best example of the lucidity of her style.

Margaret Wynne, by Adeline Sargent (Rand, McNally & Co.), is a story with a moral. The hero, Bayard Lestrange, is supposed to be a forger, but only allows himself to be considered guilty to save the wife of his elder brother. His father, Sir Julius, makes his life unbearable, but Bayard endures it heroically, and eventually marries the beautiful and rich Margaret Wynne, whom he has met years before. All ends satisfactorily and finishes a pretty little story.

The feature of the December *Lippincott's* is "Mrs. Russell's Sister," by Annie E. Brand. There are some interesting short stories—one, "Lincoln of Coyote," has a suggestion of Hamlin Garland. The other articles are thoroughly readable.

Under the Mistletoe.

Your rosy lips were close to mine,
Your eyes into my eyes were gazing,
No one was near to spy—in fine,
I kissed you! Pray, is that amazing?

Your eyes into my eyes were gazing,
They seemed to whisper: "Now or never!"
I kissed you—pray, is that amazing?
I thought it really very clever.

They seemed to whisper: "Now or never!"
Your eyes—in them, Sweet, I confided.
I thought it really very clever—
And *who* would not have done as I did?

Your eyes—in them, Sweet, I confided;
Your eyes, that into mine were gazing;
And who would not have done as I did?
I kissed you! Pray, is that amazing?

—*Charles Love Benjamin in Life.*

For Sale.

Splendid pony mare; quiet in harness and saddle; perfect manners; carries a lady or child; 13½ hands. Will sell cheap to party giving her a good home. Beautiful Xmas present. Can be seen by appointment. Address E. Edward, 702½ Van Ness Avenue.

For health and strength: Damiana Bitters.

Dr. G. A. Danziger, Dentist, 22 Geary street

GOOD DIGESTION

waits on all who use

BLUE LABEL KETCHUP

This exquisite sauce also promotes a healthy appetite.

Pacific Coast Agents

SHERWOOD & SHERWOOD

San Francisco

Portland Los Angeles

JOHN D. SIEBE.

Now that his term is over, there are heard all over town expressions of regret at the retirement from office of John D. Siebe. There is no doubt he is one of the most competent assessors the city of San Francisco ever had. His management of the department was a fine exhibition of business and executive capacity, and shows how it has come that the mercantile house with which Mr. Siebe is connected has become one of the most successful on the Coast. The power of organization and direction are rare endowments even in these days of big enterprises, and these faculties the retiring assessor possesses in unusnal measure. It may be truly said that there has never been a more business-like administration than that of Assessor Siebe's. The changes and improvements made during his term cannot fail to facilitate the work of his successor. Mr. Seibe should be given the thanks of the community which he has served so honorably and well. On relinquishing office, the ex-Assessor will devote himself to the firm of Siebe Bros. & Plageman, of which he has so long been the head.

JOHN D. SIEBE.

December.

Roses and lilies pass away, and leave
For legacy, so that we may not grieve,
The Christmas roses white for Christmas Eve.

Deep in a Christmas rose's heart I found
A shining wish, bright as the world around—
The world in glimmering nets of heartfrost bound.

God send you happy and God hold you fast,
And give you white and shining robes at last
When Christmas mirth—not Christmas joy—is past.

—*Nora Hopper in Black and White.*

To Gem Collectors.

Large 21½ carat Queensland opal, beautiful colors, cut and polished. Nothing like it in America. Apply by letter: A. E., "Wave" Office.

GERMEA

The Ideal Breakfast Dish

MISS MARGUERITE JOLLIFFE
Who is engaged to Dr. Herbert Moffitt of San Francisco.

MISS VIRGINIA FAIR *Taber, photo*
Whose engagement to W. K. Vanderbilt Jr. has just been announced.

MRS. W. J. ENGLISH
Nee Clara Sutro. Miss Sutro and Mr English were married in Los Angeles on Monday last.

BABBLINGS OF A BELLE

Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

Christmas, Diary, my dear, has passed, and We, Us & Co. have had another of our annual family dinners. This one was quite a successful affair, and, as Arthur said afterward, "Well, Cricket, my dear, we have made a record this year. All the family to dinner and not one scrap." I rather missed the fun of the usual jar, for I must admit that although peace is a beautiful and fine thing, there is nothing like a little row for clearing the atmosphere. I ordered the dinner, and Arthur and I spent the whole of Saturday morning getting up a *menu* to suit the varied tastes of the relatives. We had to have a saddle of lamb for Uncle Horace, as his grandfather always insisted that that was the one essential to a Christmas feast. Aunt Sybil wanted roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, for ever since her family came over with Lord Baltimore that has been its *piece de resistance* on Christmas Day. Then we had the usual turkey and plum pudding, mince pie and the other various things, and our cook left next day! He was such a treasure, too, but I believe each relative gave him some advice as to the method of cooking his especial dish, and it was too much for the poor Frenchman's pride. We both wept when he said adieu, but he begged me to marry quickly and he would come at once and enter my service. As his extravagance even caused papa to grumble, I fear that unless little Miss Cricket marries a millioanire the parting between her and Monsieur Jule is forever.

Santa Claus was more generous, if possible, than ever, and I received the finest gifts. Even Uncle Horace came up with the grays, and now I have to drive them out to the Park every day for exercise. The relatives, however, disapproved of my receiving so many anonymous presents—as they thought—for all the offerings from my admirers had their cards carefully removed before they were exposed to the Argus eye of the clan. But, between you and me, Diary dear, I consider relatives a fatal error, especially when you invite them to spend a few days with you. The advice I received would enrich a law library, and the manner in which poor mamma was criticised would have excited the compassion of a Medusa. From her treatment of her servants to the manner in which she imposed on poor papa—Aunt Lucy, papa's favorite sister, has put the old gentleman up to no end of tricks and made him quite discontented with his wife. It will take mamma several months to get him into training again, and then even I doubt if she will succeed. When I marry—but I shall probably do as all the rest, only I am going to select the son of a delicate but exacting mother, in order that he may consider my worst caprices natural and feminine, and pet me when I show the slightest tendency to discontent. What a life he will lead.

Well, I guess I have commented enough upon my relatives, so I had better tell you about the ball on Friday evening. It was a fancy dress affair, and Mr. Greenway led it alone and in his best manner. The figures were unusually pretty and we had a great time. Native Sons' Hall was exquisitely decorated, and I think in many ways the cotillion was prettier than last year. The girls, for the most part, wore their minuet dresses, or gowns on that order. A few wore ordinary ball dress, but wore their hair powdered. The event of the eveuing was the arrival of Lieutenant Hobson, and the excitement as he came in was tremendous. He took in Sallie Maynard to supper, as he and the Maynard-Gwin family are very old friends. At the table were the Gwins, Sallie Maynard, Josie Loughborough, Frances Currey, Miss Cricket, Mr. Phelan, Mr. Clarence Follis, and my dear Airy Eyre. Only for Airy I dare say I should be able to tell you more about Mr. Hobson, or Dick, as we call him at home. But that wretched boy insisted on keeping up a steady stream of trifles light as air. And so poor Miss Cricket never learned how fascinating Richmond P. might have proven. I danced with him afterward, and he came up to see us for a few moments on Saturday morning, but as all the relatives were there I did not have an opportunity of discovering whether he was worth while or not. He seems a nice, unobtrusive sort of chap, and told me that this notoriety business was enough to make a coward of the bravest of heroes.

"It was really nothing to do, after all, you know, Cricket," said he. "I only took the risk that any man expects to take when he goes into battle." And that is true, too, is it not, for, after all, it is life every man risks, and it does not matter much how you do it, does it? Alice Moffitt, Charlotte Ellinwood, Mary Belle Gwin, Maud Mullins and Miss Borel were the favored few Lieutenant Hobson danced with. Who was the belle? Well, I don't know, but I fancy next to Miss Cricket, Mary Belle Gwin carried off the honors. I missed the Hoffmann girls tremendously, but Alice writes that, for having a really good time, San Francisco is not in it with Honolulu, and I am inclined to agree with her.

On Monday, Bernice Landers gave a very smart little dinner at the Occidental Hotel to some dozen of us—Kate and Margaret Salisbury, Therese Morgan, Idabelle Palmer and Miss Cricket. They had a dance in the hotel, which was no end of fun, and it looked so pretty. The halls were canvassed and decorated in Christmas berries and holly. Among the girls I saw were Marie Wells, Marie Oge and Certie Foreman, all looking as pretty and smart as possible.

The rest of the week has been woefully dull, but I am going to a New Year's Eve party at the Morgan's on Saturday and we are to have a number of surprises. Poor Mrs. Hopkins continues to be dreadfully ill, and I am so much worried about her. They have sent East for Georgie, who is at school, you know. Illness is always sad, but seems particularly so at Christmas time, when everyone expects to enjoy life. I wonder will Ethel Patten and her sister, Mrs. Wildes, have a double wedding. Mrs. Wildes and Leonard Chenery have been engaged for some time, you know, but I don't know when they will be married. The Spreckels ball is the only big affair that is certain. I know of another big ball, but it is only under consideration at present. And now, Diary dear, I must say adieu, wishing for you the brightest of New Years.

Your ever devoted MISS CRICKET.

* *

The railroad colony which has made the environment of San Mateo its summer home has a new acquisition in the R. P. Schwerins, who have purchased two acres of the Howard tract, adjoining the Schussler place and proposes erecting a fine house. Mr. Schwerin canvassed all the other suburbs, and has finally decided in favor of San Mateo.

* *

The Will Crockers have purchased a magnificent tract joining the Redington property recently taken in by Prince Poniatowski, and propose building a mansion there. A noble site has been found commanding a superb view of the bay and surrounding country, and it is said the mansion will be one of the most beautiful in the country. The architect is Mr. Willis Polk, who is responsible for two of the best houses in San Francisco, the Gibbs house and the Bourne house.

* *

A brilliant future seems now assured for the Burlingame Club. Funds for the erection of the new club house have been subscribed, an excellent location has been settled upon, the plan submitted by George Howard has finally been chosen, and ground is to be broken in the early future. It is of more than passing importance that the Burlingame Club should succeed. It is an important feature in the social activity of California and affords a form of outdoor enjoyment not otherwise available.

* *

A question of much interest at the moment is the future of the Pacific Union Club. Truly it has gained some members of late, but the popularity of the institution shows no development. However, an effort is being made to render the institution more attractive. It cannot be said that the election of George Whittel as president has especially advanced the interests of the club, for Mr. Whittel has spent most of his time in New York since his election. (There was a general reunion of the membership on Thursday night last, at a free dinner, at which various ideas were canvassed as to the future.) The University Club, on the contrary, is enjoying extraordinary prosperity, gaining new members and actually meeting its expenses. The club offered a dinner to Lieutenant Hobson on his arrival here, but the hero of the *Merrimac* had too many other engagements and was compelled to decline the honor.

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

A robust, manly son and a cooing baby-girl nestling in her bosom — what more can any womanly woman ask? It is a boon that Heaven intended should be granted to every woman.

Thousands fail of this because they have neglected to look after their health in a womanly way. The health of a woman's babies is dependent upon her own health during the period of prospective maternity. The prospective mother cannot be too particular about her physical condition. If she suffers from local weakness, nervousness or loss of vigor and virility, her children will be weak, puny and sickly. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the only unfailing cure for all weakness and disease of the delicate and important organs that bear the brunt of maternity. It makes these organs strong, healthy, vigorous, virile and elastic. It makes the prospective mother strong and cheerful. It robs maternity of its perils. It insures a baby constitutionally strong. It is the invention of an eminent and skillful specialist, who has had thirty years' training in this particular branch, during which time he and his staff of physicians have prescribed for many thousands of women. Medicines dealers sell it and an honest dealer will not urge upon you an inferior substitute merely for the little added profit he may make thereon.

"I am the mother of a nice baby four and a half months old," writes Mrs. J. B. Clough, (Box 203,) of Lisbon, Grafton Co., N. H. "I cannot give too much praise to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. One "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. Druggists sell them, and nothing is "just as good."

HOME COMFORT.....

Barler's Odorless Oil Heaters

Are *guaranteed* not to smoke or smell
No chimneys to break
Money refunded if not satisfactory
Made in five sizes

Call or send for descriptive booklet

CHAS. BROWN & SON

807 Market Street
Flood Building, San Francisco

LONDON

London, Dec. 15th.—Not even in the height of the season do you see London busier than during the two weeks preceding Christmas. The small boys and girls hanging to their mother's skirts gaze eagerly in the shop windows and make interesting comments upon all they see and what they would prefer Father Christmas to select for them. There is not the same amount of enthusiasm over Christmas trees in England as there is at home, for while with us even the street arabs have a small attempt at a tree, here one only sees them in the houses of the more luxurious of the middle classes. Although December is still in its earlier days, at Windsor Castle great preparations are being made for Christmas, and the cooks spend their time getting up delicacies for the Queen's table. Her Majesty is to spend Christmas week at Osbourne, but upon the corps of cooks at Windsor falls most of the onus of preparation. The Queen sends plum pudding and mince pies, as well as countless minor delicacies, to her relatives abroad, and on Christmas day at every royal table in Europe, from little Roumania to greater Russia and Germany, the English plum pudding prepared by Her Majesty's own servants is offered as a special delicacy. They are building an addition to Windsor Castle for the special accomodation of the children of Princess Beatrice. The architecture of the new wing is very cleverly arranged, and it will be impossible to tell, when the building is completed, where the new part commences and the old ends.

Speaking of Christmas and presents, the London jewelers have any number of specially arranged offerings that are not very expensive but are quite unique. One is a ring of plain gold arranged in the form of a single hoop rounded. From this, hanging on swivels, are suspended two or three perfect pearls. One especially handsome one had three of different colors, white, pink and black. Another had a large pear-shaped creamy-looking pearl of a rare degree of brilliancy. Of course these rings are very perishable, but you have no idea how becoming they are to the hand. Diamonds are also treated in the same way, but instead of being set like the pearls, they are pierced by a tiny gold pin and hung from the most minute gold chain. One diamond ring had five graduated gems arranged in this manner.

In dresses, scarlet and, indeed, all shades of red are immensely popular. At the theatre the other night, in the new farce, "Cupboard Love," I was quite taken with the dress worn by Miss Grace Dudley. It was of scarlet cloth with a white belt and stock. Speaking of "Cupboard Love," it was a dead failure and has received a perfect storm of abuse from the critics. I cannot imagine how the play happened to be produced, save that Mr. Esmond, the writer, played the principal role. It bears out the well-advanced theory which seems to be passing into an axiom, *i. e.*, that a good actor makes the poorest playwright.

The theatres are not extravagantly good just now. At the Drury Lane the usual pantomime is going on. "Forty Thieves" has been divided into two parts. The earlier, commencing in the afternoon for children, has the scene laid in Persia and is the old tale from the Arabian Nights. In the evening, the pantomime deals with the famous brigand's visit to London with Dan Leno in the leading part. At Gerry's there is rather an amusing farce called "The Brixton Burglar." It is full of piquant situations and the dialogue is howlingly funny. Miss Annie Hughes, whom we consider the best lady comedian in England, had a splendid part and really made the success of the piece. I cannot comment upon the costumes, as they were not particularly cleverly contrived.

You have not anything in California like the Soul's Club of London. This mysterious society played a prominent part in the London smart world some years ago, when Miss Margot Tennant (now Mrs. Asquith) and Arthur Balfour were the leading spirits. It is quite a curious society—philosophy joins hands with frivolity, and Kant and Hegel are associated with skirt-dancing and card-playing. This club gave a very smart dinner the other evening to Lord and Lady Curzon at the Hotel Cecil, and a friend of mine who was among the guests said the conversation was on the usual big dinner order—light, but neither *lissom* nor *limber*. But if we have not the brilliant "Souls" in our midst, a number of the very ultra smart crowd have come in for literature. Lady Warwick, who is better known in America as the beautiful Lady Booker, whilom friend of the Prince of Wales, is about to publish a book on——not Society, but her garden at Easton. Lady Arthur Hill has written several ballads which are characterized by a delicacy and charm of sentiment. Lady Greville, a daughter of the Duchess of Montrose, writes on sports under the pseudonymn of Mr. Manton, and is really a hard-working journalist. The "Lady Violet Greville" column which appears in one of the weeklies is genuine. Queen Nathalie of Servia is said to have written several novels, and the Countess Kalowine, whose marriage to the late Grand Duke of Hesse caused so much scandal at the time and was of so short duration, wrote a series of highly sensational stories.

The Sirdar, Lord Kitchener, has been engaged in seeing his brother pass through the ordeal of matrimony during the past week, and officiated as best man. Whether he enjoyed his position is exceedingly doubtful, for it is said he has an extreme aversion to the holy bonds. Lord Kitchener is rather gruff in manner, and I am inclined to believe that brusqueness must be characteristic of the higher officers in the British Army.

A rather amusing story is told of an incident that occurred in one of the Egyptian hospitals, when a general more famous for his record as a warrior than for his geniality of manner, was making his rounds with the surgeon in charge. Halting at one of the beds the general inquired:

"What's the matter with this man? Why is he here?"

The surgeon, a slow sort of Scotchman, replied: "This is a case of phthisis, sir—more familiarly called consumption?"

"Why on earth don't you say so at first, then?" snapped the general.

A few minutes later they stopped at another bed, occupied by a man suffering from alcoholism. "Now, doctor," said the general, "tell me what is the matter with this man, in plain English."

"Booze, sir," was the laconic but prompt reply.

And so the Christian Scientists may pursue their evil ways unchallenged. The Croydon magistrates absolutely refused to send the murderers of Harold Frederic, Miss Lyon and Mrs. Mills, to trial on a charge of having caused the famous novelist's death. At the inquest Mrs. Mills swore that she believed "drinking was a false claim," and "disease and death had no foundation in truth." Yet from her appearance I should judge that Mrs. Mills enjoys the pleasures of the table as well as the rest of us. The case has caused considerable discussion, and the writers in the newspapers believe that a special law for the punishment of Christian Scientists should be passed.

The Ladies' Theatrical Guild held its annual meeting in the Lyceum Theatre the other evening, and everybody who has ever appeared before the footlights was present. Mrs. Keudal was specially invited to present prizes and looked very motherly in a neat gown of heliotrope cloth, a sable coat and a chic little bonnet. Mrs. Beerbohm Tree was the best dressed of the women, in a soft shade of brown with long stole-like trimmings falling from the shoulders and edged with narrow bands of sable. Miss Lily Hanburg was among the tallest of the women and wore an effective gown of black. Mrs. Clement Scott, rather a pretty woman, wore black velvet and ermine. There was a good deal of speech-making, and I was much impressed with the improvement in the manner, as well as in the matter of the speeches. In the past few years women have progressed materially as public speakers, and now express themselves infinitely better than formerly. Mrs. Kendal is especially happy as a maker of speeches, never waits for a word, wanders from the subject or loses herself in her own eloquence. Mrs. Scott made a neat little speech and thanked the press for its kindness to the women of the Guild.

I wonder if you have heard of the latest novelty of feminine lingerie—pajamas. No one who wishes to be really up-to-date dons the old-fashioned *robe de nuit* with flowing skirts and turned-back collar. These pajamas are not the usual masculine garments, but very dainty affairs made of fine linen and much beruffled and betucked with insertions of lace and trimmings of ribbons. The more sensible are either of heavy cream-colored silk, heavily corded with lieustitching, or else of a particularly dainty Pompadour flannel finished with sailor collar or a deep frill of lace.

KATRIONA.

The Christmas-Tree Lights.

When holiday week's almost over,
And broken are some of the toys.
When Christmas-tree needles are dropping,
And drums will not give out a noise.

When some one has said, "It's a nuisance;
This tree must be carried away,"
And we stand around and look gloomy,
And beg for it "just one more day."

There's one thing that keeps up our spirits;
The best of the week's merry nights
Is just at the last when we children
May blow out the Christmas-tree lights.

The little tots, Doris and Douglas,
They blow out the ones lowest down;
Their faces get redder and redder;
Their foreheads are all in a frowu.

Then Alice, the next high by measure,
Puts out all the candles half low;
And then I, the oldest and tallest,
I blow, and I blow, and I blow!

But even I can't reach the top ones,
So father lifts up Baby Grace;
Her dear little mouth is a circle,
All wrinkled her sweet tittle face.

She blows out the tiptopmost candles;
We clap and hurrah when she's done;
And that is the end of the Christmas,
The very—last—bit—of—the—fun!

* * * * * * *

But all through the year it's a pleasure
To think of our holiday nights—
The best coming last, when we children
May blow out the Christmas-tree lights.

—*Annie Willis McCullough in St. Nicholas.*

How's This?

We offer one hundred dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last fifteen years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

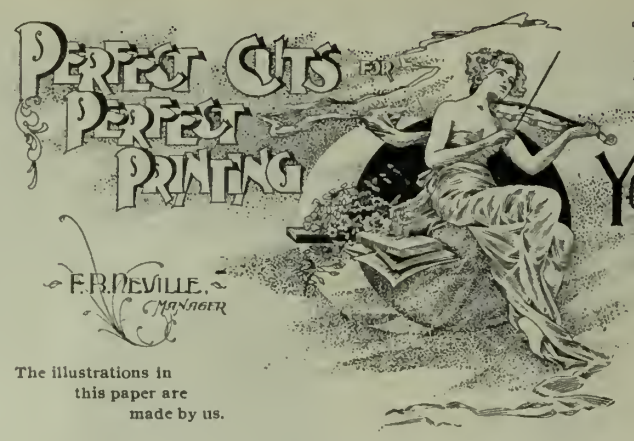
West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo.
Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Insist Upon Having Your Ticket to New York Boston, or Other Eastern Cities

Read over the Nickel Plate (N. Y. C. & St. L. R. R.), the popular low-rate short line. Quick time, unexcelled accommodations, and no extra fares charged. Jay W. Adams, Pacific Coast Passenger Agent, 37 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes, Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and Jamea H. Doolittle.



The illustrations in this paper are made by us.

A SPECIAL OFFER

1898

TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION

For twenty-five cents The Wave will be sent to any address in the United States, postage paid, for one month, as a trial subscription,

together with a handsome engraving in twelve colors, 18 by 24 inches, entitled "Looking Backward," by G. Costa. Cash and annexed coupon must accompany all orders.

TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION COUPON

The Wave, San Francisco:

Please send The Wave for one month and your engraving "Looking Backward."

Name.....

Address.....

.....

ELECTRIC..

Supplies
Construction
Repairs

CALIFORNIA ELECTRICAL WORKS

409 MARKET STREET

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON
Phone Main 5178

Sutter Street Hammam

TURKISH AND RUSSIAN BATHS

415 Sutter Street, between Stockton and Powell
Open Day and Night for Gentlemen
For Ladies, from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

THE GREAT LEADER ...OF CHAMPAGNES!

G. H. Mumm & Co's EXTRA DRY

While words tell, statistics prove. The importation of G. H. MUMM & CO'S EXTRA DRY in 1897, aggregating 72,775 cases, or 42,293 cases more than of any other brand, is certainly the most striking evidence of the great popularity of this famous brand of champagne, and particular attention is called to the fine quality, purity, and natural dryness of the wine now coming to this market.

Used at almost all notable banqueta, balls, weddings, etc.

MEXICAN LINEN DRAWN

Also Hand-made Mexican Silver and Leather Work
Australian Opals and Arizona Rubies
at Mexican Prices

114 Stockton Street, bet. Geary and O'Farrell

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT—ANDES SILVER MINING CO.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia City, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 19th day of December, 1898, an assessment (No. 47) of five (5) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, rooms 20 and 22, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 24th day of January, 1899, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on Thursday the 16th day of February, 1899, at the hour of 1 o'clock p.m., to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

JOHN W. TWIGGS, Secretary.

Office, rooms 20-22, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given to all creditors and persons having claims against the estate of Hattie A. Meeker, deceased, to present them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the publication of this notice, to John H Bullock, the Administrator of the said estate, at the offices of Cooper & Knight, rooms 33, 34 and 35 Mills Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in said City and County.

December 23, 1898.

JOHN. H. BULLOCK, Administrator.

Cooper & Knight, Attorneys for Administrator.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California street, corner Webb.—For the half year ending with the 31st of December, 1898, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of four (4) per cent on term deposits, and three and one-third (3⅓) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 3, 1899. LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California street.—For the half year ending December 31, 1898, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on term deposits and three and one-third (3⅓) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 3, 1899.

GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO, 33 Post street.—For the half year ending December 31, 1898, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and six-tenths (3.6) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of texes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 3, 1899.

GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO

Capital and Surplus . Six Million Dollars

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON.....Second Assistant Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

CORRESPONDENTS

New York..... { Messrs. Laidlaw & Co. / The Bank of New York, N. B. A.
Baltimore.....The National Exchange Bank
Boston.....The Tremont National Bank
Chicago..... { Illinois Trust and Savings Bank / Union National Bank
Philadelphia.....Philadelphia National Bank
St. Louis.....Boatmen's Bank
Virginia City, Nev...Agency of the Bank of California
London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
Paris.....Messrs. De Rothschild Freres
Berlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft
China, Japan and East Indies.....Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China
Australia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California St., S. F.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....$2,135,820 60
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash..... 1,000,000 00
Deposits June 30, 1898.....26,486,987 06

OFFICERS

President, B. A. BECKER
First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER
Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN
Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT
Assistant Cashier, WM. HERRMANN
Secretary, GEORGE TOURNY
Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann, Ign. Stein hart, N. Van Bergen, E. Rhote, H. B. Russ, D. N. Walter and N. Ohlandt.
Attorney - W. S. Goodfellow

San Francisco Savings Union

532 CALIFORNIA ST.

Deposits July 1, 1898.....$23,356,130
Paid Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Reserve Fund..... 182,009
Contingent Fund..... 435,515

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

DIRECTORS

George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, George Tasheira, E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate, and Farms and Farming Lands in the country.
Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.
No charge is made for pass book or entrance fee.
Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco

33 POST STREET

Below Kearny Mechanics' Institute Buildin

Guaranteed Capital, $1,000,000
Paid Up Capital, $300,000

JAMES D. PHELAN, President
S. G. MURPHY, Vice-President
JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-President
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier
C. B. HOBSON, Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS—James D. Phelan, S. G. Murphy, John A. Hooper, James Moffitt, C. G. Hooker, Frank J. Sullivan, L. P. Drexler, Robt. McElroy, Jos. D. Grant.
Interest paid on deposits.
Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks.
When opening accounts, send signature.

CONNECTICUT

FIRE INS. CO.

OF HARTFORD

Assets. $3,300,000. BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.
COLIN M. BOYD,
Agent for San Francisco
411 California Street

Thuringia Insurance Co.

OF ERFURT, GERMANY

Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248

PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT
204-208 Sansome Street, San Francisco
VOSS, CONRAD & CO,, General Managers

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL Building and Loan Ass'n of California

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and Gen. Manager.
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

FRANKLIN K. LANE G. WHITFIELD LANE

LANE & LANE

Attorneys and Counselors

Removed to
1409-1412-1413 Claus Spreckels Building

THE WORLD OF IDEAS

A Brief Review of the Newest Thoughts of Scientists.

Travelers in uncivilized countries have often wondered how some savage tribes were able to transmit news for hundreds of miles with no apparent facilities for doing so. An interesting light is thrown on the subject by Jose Bach, who tells of the means by which the Indians on the Amazon communicate with each other at a distance. The natives live in groups of one hundred to two hundred persons, in settlements half a mile or a mile apart. In each dwelling there is a wooden drum, which is buried for half its length in sand mixed with fragments of wood, bone and mica, and has a triple diaphragm of leather, wood and rubber. When this drum is struck with a wooden mallet, the sound travels far, and is distinctly heard in the other drums in the neighboring dwellings. It is beyond doubt that the transmission of the sound takes place through the earth, since the blows struck are scarcely audible outside of the house in which the instruments are placed. After a "malocca," or dwelling, has been called up by an initial blow, conversation is carried on between the two drums. Mr. Bach's explanation is that the communication is facilitated by the nature of the ground, the drums doubtless resting upon one and the same stratum of rock, since transmission through ordinary alluvial earth could not be depended upon. This method furnishes an ingenious modification of the process employed by Indians for perceiving distant noises, such as the gallop of a horse, which consists in applying the ear to the earth.

The scientific papers continue to descant upon the wonderful possibilities of liquefied air—that marvelous product, obtainable, as is well known, by the use of powerful compression pumps which pound the air down to nearly one thousand times smaller than its normal state, in this compression the heat being immense. This compact power, it is assumed, could be used to run a large factory, the exhaust being sufficient, in such case, to freeze two-hundred pound blocks of ice as fast as they could be taken away and stored for use, while the developed heat in the process of compression would generate vapor of water sufficient to furnish pure distilled water enough to make the blocks of ice of pure crystal. Plans and specifications, it is reported, are now being made by those interested in the construction of refrigerating apparatus and methods of cooling and preserving, for the building of machines to be placed on the Merrimac river, to run with water power, it being expected that the plant will turn out fifteen hundred gallons of the liquid air every ten hours, when ready for use. While this element could be used in old structures of the present method, it would not be economy to so apply it. It must be under control, and thus its power conserved.

Some manufacturers have begun to make ornamental bulbs for incandescent lamps, resorting for this purpose to various attractive patterns produced by means of a sand blast, or rendering the lower part of the bulb white by the same method, in this way reducing the glare of the light thrown downward. A foreign manufacturer is said to be making a bulb covering of a spiral of glass wire, the purpose of this being to reflect and refract the rays of light emitted by the filament within in such a manner as to make the whole bulb appear to glow instead of only the brilliant line of the filament itself being visible. Another improvement is a lamp containing two separate filaments, each fed by its own wire in the socket; each filament may be of eight-candle power, in a lamp for an ordinary sixteen-candle power socket, or of double that or more, as required—a turn of the button in one direction lighting up one filament, or a turn in the other direction lighting up both, doubling the power of the light. With only one filament glowing, only half the current is used that is taken when both are lighted.

Engineers have been particularly interested in the Boston plan of adding the Atlantic Ocean to its fire protection facilities in the congested portion of the city, the tests thus far made of the salt water system being a complete vindication of the correct judgment of its promoters. The scheme in its present shape comprises a fireboat, located at a central wharf, and pumping some four thousand gallons or more of salt water a minute through pipes to the crowded district, where it is used by the means of hydrants, and thus the boat is enabled to do the work of six or more additional engines. The installation of the pipes was at a cost of about twenty-five thousand dollars, or only one tenth the sum that would be required for the work in the ordinary manner. The plan has been so successful, and there has been so little waste, that it is likely the pipe system will be extended, and permanent plants put in to furnish the power.

An antropologist named Ammon, says the Medicinisch-chirurgisches Central Blatt, makes the statement that Bismarck's brain was probably the heaviest on record. He judges from measurements of Schafer's bust of the great chancellor that his brain must have weighed 1,867 gammes (over 58 ounces). Cuvier's brain weighed 1,830 gammes; Byron's, 1,870; Kant's, 1,650; Schiller's, 1,630; and Dante's, 1,420. The average for a well built European adult man is given as 1,380 gammes.

Boxing and Physical Culture.

Professor Walter Watson, instructor to the Olympic Club, will give lessons in boxing and physical culture. 417 Ellis street. Pupils attended at their own residence.

Clothing, curtains, blankets, etc., cleaned or dyed. Pacific Cleaning and Dyeing Works, 353-357 Tehama street. Telephohe South 40. J. Spaulding & Co.

"Whisht—the Eyetalyan is shmokin' Sale of Nort' Caralini—what a shnap fer me!!"

Knowledge of the real superiority of

Seal of North Carolina

is not confined to Americans. For twenty years it has been better known to all nationalities than any other smoking tobacco. It has millions of friends—old friends—loyal friends who will never change.

The Original Plug Cut—
Always the same—
Mild and Cool.

A Positive Relief for Chapped Hands, Chafing, and all afflictions of the skin. *"A little higher in price, perhaps than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it."* Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). *Sample free.*
GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

Hawaiian Trust and Investment Co., Ltd.

Paid Up Capital, $30,000

Makes a Specialty of Hawaiian Securities and Real Estate. Correspondence solicited.

G. R. CARTER, Manager
GEO. R. CARTER, Treasurer

References—Welch & Co., San Francisco; Bank of Hawaii, Honolulu

W. C. ACHI & CO.

Real Estate Brokers

We will buy or sell real estate in any part of the group. We will also buy or sell Stocks in any corporation in the Hawaiian Islands.

Office, 10 West King Street, Honolulu, H. I.

R. C. A. PETERSON

BROKER

FINANCIAL Opp. Bishop & Co. Bank
STOCKS AND BONDS Honolulu, H. I.

Real Estate, Custom House, Notary Public

Centennial Stable

Boarding and Livery

Carriages, Broughams, Victorias, etc. First-Class in every respect

1521-1523-1525 California Street
Bet. Polk and
Telephone East 378 M. CONLON, Proprietor

THE LATEST STYLES IN

CHOICE WOOLENS

H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors

622 Market St. (up stairs) opp. Palace Hote

Bicycle and Golf Suits

For those who appreciate Comfort and Attention

A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL

SAN FRANCISCO

WM. B. HOOPER, MANAGER

Golden Eagle Hotel

Seventh and K Sts., Sacramento

First-class in every respect. All modern conveniences. Bus at every train. GRAY & TITUS, Props.

Hotel Bella Vista

1101 Pine Street

THE SELECT FAMILY HOTEL OF SAN FRANCISCO

MRS. M. W. DENVER

AMUSEMENTS

California Jockey Club

OAKLAND TRACK

Opening of Winter Meeting 1898-1899

Beginning Tuesday, December 27th, to Saturday, January 7th, inclusive

Racing Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Rain or Shine.
Races start at 2:15 sharp

Purchase tickets at Ferry Depot for Shell Mound. Special Boats leave at 12 oc, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30 and 3.00 p.m., connecting with trains running direct to the track gate. Returniug Spccial Trains leave track at 4.15, 4.45, and immediately after last race.

R. B. MILROY, Secretary. T. H. WILLIAMS JR., President.

Orpheum

Week commencing Monday, January 2d

The Great Papinta, Myriad Dancer, iutroducing her new volcano dance, in which she appears as a living, leaping human flame
Anna Teresa Berger, Cornet Virtuose
Jane Whitbeck, the "Pas-Ma-Las" Girl
The Deltorelli Brothers, Musical Grotesques
Pilar Moriu, Rose Eytiuge and Clemeut Bainbridge in "That Overcoat"
Mons and Mme. Rofix The Rappo Sisters
Horace Goldin Riley & Hughes
Special New Years Matinee Mouday, Jau. 2d

Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs aud Box Seats 50c.

Tivoli Opera House

MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING, Proprietor and Manager

A Happy New Year to All!
This Evening—Our Successful Holiday Spectacle

THE YELLOW DWARF

Special Matinee New Year's Day
A Delight for Young aud Old!
Look out for the Second Edition!
Matinee Saturdays at 2 p.m.

Popular Prices : : 25 and 50 cts.
Matinee Reserved Seats 25c. Tele. Bush 9

Alcazar Theatre

FRED BELASCO, Lessee : MARK THALL, Manager
Telephone Main 254

Beginning with New Year's Matinee
Monday Jan. 2d—Last week of Hoyt's

A MIDNIGHT BELL

L. R. Stockwell as the Deacon
Uncommonly effective and well acted—*Chronicle.*

Alcazar Prices—:5c., 25c., 35c., 50c.

Next—"A Temperance Town."

Columbia Theatre

Beginning Next Monday Night

FIRST OF THE NEW POLICY!
OF THE BALDWIN SERIES!
OF GREAT ATTRACTIONS!

The Quaint Comedian, WILLIE COLLIER, in the Famous Farce, THE MAN FROM MEXICO

Coming—Frank Daniels

California Theatre

They Are Here — Beginning Next Monday Matinee

William H. West's Big Minstrel Jubilee!

At present crowding the Columbia Theatre nightly!

METROPOLITAN TEMPLE — SPECIAL

The World's Greatest Pianist

ROSENTHAL

Will appear here in Three Grand Performances
Under the direction of HENRY WOLFSOHN

Tuesday Evening, January 3d
Thursday Evening, January 5th
Saturday Matinee, January 7th

Seats now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co's.
Prices—$1, $2 and $3.

Moët & Chandon

Largest and Oldest Champagne House in the World

White Seal (Grande Cuvee) is unsurpassed in quality, dryness and flavor.—New York Times.

CHOLLAR MINING COMPANY.—Location of principal place of busiuess, San Francisco, California; location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the tweuty-fourth day of December, 1898, an assessment (No. 48) of ten (10) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the secretary, at the office of the compauy, room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 26th day of Jauuary, 1899, will be delinqent and advertised for sale at public auctiou, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday the sixteeuth day of February, 1899, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
CHAS. E. ELLIOT, Secretary.
Office room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

ROSENTHAL

THE THEATRES

Passing Comment on Contemporary Performances.

The Orpheum has just completed another of those weeks which were just right. It used to be that such bills were intermittent, like the big breakers in the surf, but now the management contrives to make them regular things, and one may go, and be sure of being pleased, without taking the trouble to study the programme. The acrobats, the dancing darkies, the wizard and illusionist, the pretty and agile little Russian dancing girls, Pilar Morin in "That Overcoat"—in fact, the whole bill was unexceptionable. Many of these will probably be held over. The Rappo Sisters, in their Russian dances, in picturesque costumes, were to many the brightest and most novel feature of the performance. Horace Goldin, too, came in for a large and merited share of the applause; as also did Riley and Hughes, the "coons"; George Francis Golden, the monologuist, and Julius P. Witmark, the music-hall favorite.

* *

The theatrical event of the week was the performance of Nance O'Neil in "Magda." There is no denying the ability of this young actress, however one may regret her faults. She is almost as sensational in her work as a yellow journal, but there is real power and capacity shown. Just how far this brilliant young actress will rise seems to depend on her escaping the conditions which now surround her. Under the tutorship of Daly, or of one or two of the London managers, she would emerge the greatest of our stars, but will she ever subjet herself to the disciplinary process?

* *

The new acts at the Orpheum are headed by Papinta, who returns with a Volcano dance, in which she appears as a species of human flame. Other new features are Anna Teresa Berger, cornet virtuose; Jane Whitebeck in coon songs and comedy, and the Deltorelli Brothers, musical grotesques. The acts retained from the present bill are Pilar Morin, Rose Eytinge and Clement in "That Overcoat"; Mons. and Mme. Rofix; Horace Goldin; the Rappo Sisters, and Riley & Hughes.

"The Yellow Dwarf" has assuredly made a decided hit at the Tivoli, and the popular opera house is packed nightly. Edwin Stevens indulges in some new work this week, and his feats of legerdemain are convincing that he is not only a comedian and singer, but also a wizard. "The Yellow Dwarf" will run successfully as long as the Tivoli management care to bill it.

The West Minstrels at the Columbia are pronounced the best organization of the kind we have had here in many years. In consequence of their success they are to remain another week, having beeu transferred to the California Theatre, opening on the afternoon of Monday, the 2nd.

The "Man From Mexico," which has the boards at the Columbia next week, seems to have a lease of popularity. This is the second visit of Mr. Collier to San Francisco, and the first time he had no reason to complain of a lack of patronage. The performance is really amusing.

The Alcazar's holiday production, "A Midnight Bell," is playing to standing room nightly. Those of the company who take part in "A Midnight Bell" are all good, and there is no occasion for individual mention. The piece will run another week, with a special New Year's matinee on Monday.

"A Temperance Town" will follow the holiday bill at the Alcazar.

MUSIC

The musical event of the year is the coming to San Francisco of Rosenthal, the great pianist. It is said that he is a greater executant than Paderewski, and as powerful in his grasp of great compositions as D'Albert. However he may resemble or differ from these eminent predecessors, there is no doubt his coming will prove a sensation. Following are the programmes of his three recitals:

Tuesday Evening—Sonata Op. 109, Beethoven; carnival, Schumann; (a) Berceuse, (b) barcarole, (c) deux nouvelles etudes, (d) valse, D flat major, Chopin — a study by Rosenthal; (e) "Linden Tree," Schubert-Liszt; (f) "At the Fountain," Davidoff; fantasie, "Don Juan," Liszt.

Thursday Evening—Sonata A major, Mozart; (a) sonata Op. 35 B flat minor, (b) preludes, (c) etude, (d) valse Op. 42, Chopin. iations (on a theme by Paganini) C Brahms; (a) romanze, (b) papilons, (c) euna Carnival," Moritz Roseuthal (on themes by Johann Strauss).

Saturday Afternoon—Sonata Op. 39 A flat major, Weber; etudes symphoniques, Schumann; (a) nocturne, (b) valse Op. 32, (c) scherzo, Chopin; (d) miniatures, (e) "Toreador et Andalouse," Rubinstein; rhapsodies hongroises, Liszt.

* *

Mrs. Mary Fairweather's five lectures on Wagner's Music Dramas will be given on Tuesday afternoons instead of on Monday evenings. This change has been made to accomodate a large number of the season's subscribers.

Nowhere in the world can one live as well for so little money as in San Francisco. For years past the triumphs of our cooks have been heralded abroad, but the truth has never been half told. Here is the menu presented to the patrons of the Lick Cafe on Christmas night. The charge for this superb meal was 75 cents:

Oyster Cocktail
Celery
Bisque of Lobster Cream of Artichokes
Consomme aux Petits Pois
Olives Salted Almonds
Boiled Spring Salmon, Sauce Allemande
Potatoes, Maitre d'Hotel
Broiled Euglish Soles, Sauce Ethel
Potatoes Parisienne Radishes Sliced Tomatoes
Cucumbers
Boiled Beef Tongue, Piquante Sauce
Boiled Fowl, Parsley Sauce
Fillet of Beef, aux Champignons
Salmi of Canvasback Duck with Celery
Cheasapeake Terrapin, a la Maryland
Chicken Liver Patties a la Reine
Lobster a la Louise Spaghetti a l'Italienne
Bauanas, Benedictine
Roast Christmas Beef, au Jus
Suckling Pig, Apple Sauce
Roast Ham, Champagne Sauce
Roast Turkey, Cranberry Sauce
Roman Punch
Saddle of Bear, Currant Jelly Broiled English Snipe
Chip Potatoes Dressed Lettuce
Shrimp Mayonnaise Chicken Salad
Anchovy Toast
Boiled Potatoes Mashed Potatoes String Beans
Baked Sweet Potatoes Stewed Tomatoes
Sprouts Baked Cauliflower
Green Peas Asparagus
English Plum Pudding, Hard and Brandy Sauce
Green Apple Pie Mince Pie Squash Pie
Claret Jelly
Fruit Cake Sponge Cake Lady Fingers
Chocolate Cake Marble Cake Cocoanut Cake
Citron Cake Macaroons
Vanila Ice Cream Chocolate Ice Cream
Bananas Japanese Oranges Oranges
Apples Grapes Pineapples
Water Crackers Cheese Bonbons
Black Coffee
Nuts and Raisins Figs

Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist. 806 Market Street

DIVIDEND NOTICE — SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101 Montgomery street, corner Sutter. — The Board of Directors declared a dividend for the half year ending December 31, 1898, at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on term deposits and three and one-third (3⅓) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, and payable on and after Tuesday, January 3, 1899. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal from and after January 1, 1899.

CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

OFFICE OF THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, corner Market, McAllister and Jones streets, San Francisco, December 28, 1898.—At a regular meeting of the Board of Directors of this Society, held this day, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-half (3½) per cent per annum on all deposits for six months ending December 31, 1898, free from all taxes, and payable on and after Jnnuary 1, 1899.

ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.

THE CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION, 222 Sansome street.—For the year ending December 31, 1898, a dividend has been declared at the rate of 6 per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, 7 per cent per annum on term deposits. 10 per cent per annum to Class "F" stock, and 12 per cent per annum to Class "A" stock, all free of taxes.

WM. CORBIN, Secretary.

ROYAL TRADE-MARK IAIN BATAVIA

The FINEST GIN Imported!

Especially Adapted for Family Use and Medicinal Purposes.

In Large Square White Bottles

Annexed Trade Mark Appears on Cap and is Blown in on Shoulder

Sold by Grocers and Dealers
Beware of Filled-up Bottles

CHARLES MEINECKE & CO.
Sole Agents, 314 Sacramento Street, San Francisco

SPANISH PRISONERS ENJOYING A MANILA BREAKFAST

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, the famous orator, statesman, railroad president and millionaire, in an interview said of his recent visit to Del Monte: "I visted Monterey, and I call it the most beautiful place in the world. Monte Carlo cannot compare with it. Its seventeen mile-drive is unparalleled for fineness."

Specially reduced rates for the winter months of November, December, January and February, are offered, as follows:
Single room, with board for one person, by the month, $65. Double room, with board for one person, by the month, $70; two persons, $135.
Best room, with board for one person, by the month, $75; two persons, $145. Best room, with bath and board for one person, by the month, $80; two persons, $155
Small parlor suites, with board for one person, by the month, $80; two persons, $155. Daily and weekly rates remain as heretofore—from $3 to $5 per day

For further information, address **GEORGE SCHONEWALD, Manager**
Hotel Del Monte, Monterey, California.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway wharf San Francisco.
For Alaskan ports, 10 a.m. Dec. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, Jan. 1; change at Seattle.
For B.C. and Puget Sound ports 10 a.m. Dec. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, Jan. 1, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, 2 p.m. Dec. 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, Jan. 4, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a. m. Dec. 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 31, Jan. 4 and every fourth day thereafter.
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 a.m. Dec. 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, Jan. 2 and every fourth day thereafter.
For Mexican ports, 10 a. m. Dec. 15, Jan. 12, Feb. 9, March 9, April 6.
For further information, obtain folder.
The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing.

Ticket Office: 4 New Montgomery St (Palace Hotel)
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen. Agts.
No. 10 Market Street, - San Francisco, Cal.

California Limited
Santa Fe Route

Connecting Train Leaves San Francisco at 5 p. m.

Every Sunday, Tuesday, Friday

Arrives in Chicago at 9:52 a. m. the following Thursday, Saturday and Tuesday — Arriving in New York at 1:30 p. m. Friday, Sunday and Wednesday . . . . .

Dining Car, Buffet Car, Observation Car and Electric-Lighted Sleeping Cars.

TICKET OFFICES
628 MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO
1118 BROADWAY, OAKLAND

JNO. L. TRUSLOW, Gen. Agt. Passenger Dept., San Francisco, Cal.
JNO. J. BYRNE, Gen. Passenger Agt., Los Angeles, Cal.

"ALWAYS RIGHT ON TIME!"

UNION PACIFIC — THE OVERLAND ROUTE — WORLD'S PICTORIAL LINE.

The Finest and Fastest Train from California to the East
IS THE
Overland Limited
VIA
UNION PACIFIC

Leaves San Francisco DAILY at 6 00 p.m., running through to Chicago without change of cars.

EQUIPMENT—Pullman Double Drawing-Room Sleepers
Dining Cars
Composite Buffet Smoking and Library Cars
Reclining Chair Cars

Entire train vestibuled and lighted throughout by Pintsch Gas. Time, 3½ days, San Francisco to Chicago—*twelve hours quicker than all other lines*

Upholstered Pullman Tourist Sleepers are also carried on the "Overland Limited," daily San Francisco to Chicago, without cange, thereby enahling passengers holding second class tickets to reach Chicago and all points at the same time as first class passengers. Steamship tickets to all poiuts iu Europe.

Tickets and sleeping car reservations at General Office, No. 1 Montgomery Street. Telephone Main 1930.
D. W. HITCHCOCK, General Agent.

OCEANIC Steamship Company

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S. S. "Australia," for Honolulu only, Wednesday, January 11th, at 2. p.m.
S.S. Mariposa, for Australia, Weduesday, Jan. 25th at 10 p.m. Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.
Freight Office 327 Market St.
J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO General Agents

GREENBAUM'S
White and Dark Violet
The Most Fashionable Perfume
Possesses the Odor of Fresh Violets
200 POST STREET

A. K. DAGGETT
Drawing of Deeds and all Legal Papers a specialty
NOTARY PUBLIC
14 Montgomery St., S. F
Telephone 305

TO CHICAGO IN 3 1-2 DAYS
TO NEW YORK IN 4 1-2 DAYS
VIA
Chicago Union Pacific
AND
Northwestern Line

Through Pullman and Tourist Sleeping Cars Daily. All meals served a la carte in Dining Car. For full information, address
R. R. RITCHIE,
General Agent Pacific Coast
No. 2 New Montgomery Street (Palace Hotel)
San Francisco, Cal.

Brushes
For barbers, bakers, bootblacks bathhouses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candymakers, canners, dyers flour mills, foundries, laundries, paperhangers, printers painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners tailors, etc.
BUCHANAN BROS.
TEL. 8610 609 SACRAMENTO ST
BRUSH MANUFACTURERS

JOE POHEIM, THE TAILOR

Makes the best fitting clothes at 25 per cent less than any other house on the Paoific Coast. See Prices:

PANTS TO ORDER	SUITS TO ORDER
$3.50	$10.00
4.50	13.50
5.00	15.50
6.00	17.50
7.00	20.00
8.00	25.00
9.00	30.00

The firm of JOE POHEIM is the largest in the United States. Rules for self-measurement and samples of cloth sent free.
201 and 203 Montgomery St., cor. Bush.
844 & 846 Market St. 1110 & 1112 Market St.
SAN FRANCISCO.
485 Fourteenth St., Oakland. 603 & 605 K St., Sacramento.
143 South Spring St., Los Angeles.

BAJA CALIFORNIA
DAMIANA BITTERS

"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. (Send for Circular.)
NABER, ALES & BRUNE, Agents
323-325 Market St., S. F

BONESTELL & CO.
Dealers in PAPER
Fine Coated Papers a Specialty
401-403 SANSOME ST.,
San Francisco, Cal.

Blake, Moffitt & Towne
DEALERS IN
PAPER
55, 57, 59 and 61 First Street, San Francisco
Telephone Main 199

Catalogue Season

is now upon us, and our facilities for this class of work were never better than at present. Let us quote you prices. The Wave is a sample of our product . . . .

BROWN, MEESE & CRADDOCK
INCORPORATED
419 Sacramento Street
Telephone Main 530 SAN FRANCISCO

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

400 GRADUATES SECURED POSITIONS IN PAST TWO YEARS

LOW RATES!

San Francisco Business College

Only Experienced Bookkeepers and Reporters Employed as Teachers. Send for Catalogue.

1236 MARKET STREET, S. F.

Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson's Academy
1427 Franklin St., near Post

Reopens August 1, 1898. English, French German and Spanish Boarding and Day School. Begins with kindergarten and prepares for universities, business and society. Drawing and painting. Cultured home training. Excellent table. $30.00 per month. Music in all its branches, if desired, extra.

Lyceum Preparatory School

For the University, Law and Medical Colleges. Accredited with Stanford University and Cooper College. References—President Jordan or any Stanford Professor.

PHELAN BUILDING.

Mr. Francis Stuart Teacher of Singing

San Francisco from September 15th to May 1st
London, England, May 15th to September 1st

1615 Jackson St., near Polk

MISS SELMA WIETZ
Former pupil of Mme. Rosewald

Beginners in Vocalization
Mondays and Wednesdays

2004 Broadway, San Francisco

Ball-Room and Fancy Dancing
PROF. FARRELL'S DANCING SCHOOL
Cotillion Hall, 1310 Polk St
Classes Monday and Wednesday Evenings.
Juvenile Class Saturdays at 2 p.m.
HALL TO RENT FOR BALLS, PARTIES, ETC.

The Solly Walter School of Illustration
Evening Classes
Tuesdays and Thursdays
26 O'Farrell Street, San Francisco

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

Two or three intelligent but plain natives were speaking of the loss that Scotland and the world had sustained by the death of Principal Caird and Prince Bismarck, when out came this remark: "Ay, they wur baith big men, nae doot, but I wunner, d'ye ken, if ayther o' them could bae keepit a bit shop and made it pey, as I hae dune?"

The old lady was on her deathbed. On being asked by the vicar if she felt quite happy, she said, with great unction: "Oh, yes. Ah s'all seean be in Jacob's hosom." "Abraham's bosom," corrected the vicar. "Aye well, mebbe it is, but if you'd been unmarried for sixty-falve year, leyke what Ah 'ev, ya wudn't be particular wheeas bosom it war, seea lang ez ya got inti sumbody's."

Two women, one of whom carried a baby, entered a furnishing establishment and asked to look at some carpets. It was a wet day. The salesman showed roll after roll, until he was bathed in perspiration. At last one of the ladies asked the other if she did not think it was time to go. "Not quite," was the answer of her companion; and then, in an undertone, she added, "Baby likes to see him roll them out, and then it is not time to catch the train yet."

The most extraordinary use of the word "lady" that we are likely to find any record of is related from England. The house-surgeon of a London hospital, we are told, was attending to the injuries of a woman who had been badly bitten on the arm. As he was dressing the wound he said: "I cannot make out what sort of a creature bit you. It is too small for a horse's bite and too large for a dog's." "Oh, sir," said the patient, "it wasn't a hanimal—it was another lydy!"

The word "lady" comes in for some peculiar usage in these loosely democratic days. A Senator's daugbter drove one day from her father's summer cottage to a store in a Massachusetts town and ordered some articles to be sent to the house. When the goods were sent a mistake was made, and the Senator himself went to correct it. The proprietor called the saleswoman, and, after consulting with her, apologized for the mistake. "You see, sir," he explained, "the lady who took the order didn't quite understand what the girl said."

The prosy chairman of a Devonshire board of guardians was formally condoling with an old farmer who had lost his wife. The farmer did not understand. Presently a friend whispered in his ear, "'Tes all about the oud missus you've lost." "Oh!" and the light of intelligence illumined his face; "that's it, is it? Well, my lord and gen'lemen, I thank y' kindly all the same, but my ou'd woman—her wor a terr'ble teasy ou'd toad. It hev plased the Lord to take 'er, and plase the Lord He'll keep 'er."

The wife of a dynamo tender went to a haberdasher's to buy a necktie for her husband. She selected a brilliant red one, ready-made, whereupon the young man, an inexperienced salesman, with compassion for the future owner was moved to remark: "Excuse me, missus; is this the tie for your husband?" "It is," said the woman. "Don't you think he'd rather have some other color? I'm afraid he won't wear this red tie." "Oh, yes he will," said the woman, firmly, "be'll have to—he's dead. He will be buried in it."

The sorrows of premiers were illustrated at a recent meeting at the Hungarian Reichstag between Baron Banffy and a former Prime Minister, Count Julius Szapary. As the present much maligned premier shook the hand of his predecessor he alluded to the accusations of the Opposition, and remarked: "Ah, Count, you were merely a bad Prime Minister, but I am worse than that. I am a thief and a traitor and Heaven knows what else." "Never mind," replied the Count, comfortingly, "when you are no longer a Prime Minister you will once more be a respectable member of society like me."

In an Edinburgh school an inspector, wishing to test the knowledge of a class in fractions, asked a boy whether he would rather take one-sixth or one-seventh of an orange if he got his choice. The boy promptly replied that he would take one-seventh. At this the inspector explained at length to the class that he who would choose the smaller part, as this boy has done, because it looked the biggest fraction, was very foolish; but the laugh was on the other side when the chirping voice of another little urchin broke in, "Please, sir, but that chap disna like oranges."

At an election being held in Scotland, the candidate on the Liberal side was Mr. Ritchie, a well-known confectioner and restauranteur, whose pies and rock were equally famous in Auld Reekie. After the poll, the following conversation was heard between two workingmen who had just emerged from the voting-station: "Weel, Tam, did ye vote for Ritchie?" "No," said the other, "I didna'." "And what for no?" asked his astonished friend; "you're a Leeberal, arena' ye, and Ritchie's the Leeberal candidate?" "I ken that fine," retorted his companion imperturbably, "but I niver could hear Kitchie's pies!"

Several Northumberland pitmen who were waiting to hear the result of a pigeon homing contest, began to discuss the merits of various well known breeds of pigeons. One of the miners said he knew an instance of a young pigeon that had never been flown, having been taken to Carlisle, a distance of about sixty-five miles: yet the first time it was liberated it came straight home. "That's nowt!" exclaimed a well-known authority. "Aa yence bowt twe eggs fra a chep in Edinburg, and Aa put 'em under ma best hen. As syun as ivvor they wor batched an' flown, they went straigbt as an arrow back tiv Aad Reekie!"

PALACE AND GRAND HOTELS

Now Under One Management

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1400 rooms — 900 with bath

Rooms, $1.00 and upward Room and Meals, $3.00 and upward

A beautifully illustrated book, containing floor plans and rate card can be had for the asking. JOHN C. KIRKPATRICK, Manager.

HOTEL WESTMINSTER

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLANS — LOS ANGELES, CAL.

The Finest and Most Complete Hotel in the City. Everything New.
The Highest Standard of Perfection Maintained in all Departments.

F. O. JOHNSON, Proprietor.

Louis Roederer Champagne

LOUIS ROEDERER Champagne

Three kinds, all of equal excellence:
BRUT — GOLD SEAL — A Perfectly Dry Wine
GRAND VIN SEC — BROWN SEAL — The Perfection of a Dry Wine
CARTE BLANCHE — WHITE SEAL — A Rich Wine

HIGHEST GRADE IN THE WORLD
E. LA MONTAGNE & SONS
Sole Agents
45 Beaver St., New York

MACONDRAY & CO.
Sole Agents Pacific Coast
116 California Street

California State Exposition 1898

REPSOLD SELECT VINTAGE — REGISTERED BRAND

First Prize and Premium Award, Repsold *Cognac*
First Prize and Premium Award, Repsold Select Vintage *Montecito*
First Prize and Premium Award, Repsold Select Vintage *Burgundy*
First Prize and Premium Award, Repsold Select Vintage *Guledel*
Special Mention of Honor, Repsold Select Vintage *Sauternes*

THIS BRAND OF WINE IS SOLD AT ALL FIRST CLASS HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS

Office, 416 Pine Street

Money to Loan

LARGE SUMS AVAILABLE for investment on mortgage of real estate (city and country) at exceptionally low rates of interest for a fixed term or redeemable by installments.

EXISTING MORTGAGES PAID OFF. Special terms quoted for loans on life policies, interests under wills, and second mortgages.

ALL PERSONS DESIRING ASSISTANCE TO PURCHASE farms, orchards, hotel businesses, etc., should apply to us. Promissory notes discounted, and all financial business discounted. If your bank refuses you an overdraft, or creditors are pressing, call on or write us.

R. GOULD & CO.
131 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Beware of Imitations
This is a fac simile of the package
Genuine Diamond "L" Tea
Pure and Uncolored
GEO. A. MOORE & CO.
208 California St., S. F.
For sale by all grocers

ONE POUND FINEST JAPAN YOUNG HYSON — PACKED FOR CAMPBELL LUNA & CO. SAN FRANCISCO BY WILLOUGHBY & CO. VICTORIA

COTTON SAIL DUCKS
22-inch, in all numbers. Medium, Soft and Hard
ALSO
Heavy Waggon Wagon and Draper Ducks
72 inches wide
Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks
Manufactured by Mount Vernon Company Baltimore
Murphy, Grant & Co. Pacific Coast Sole Agents

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU
Main Office, 510 Montgomery St.
SAN FRANCISCO
Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper Information
Advance Reports on all Contract Work
Telephone Main 1042

PATRICK & CO.
RUBBER STAMPS
STENCILS, SEALS, BRANDS, ETC.
318 CALIFORNIA ST. SAN FRANCISCO.

The Graphophone

When you get a talking machine, get one on which you can record as well as reproduce sound. The Graphophone is the greatest and best talking machine. Other so-called talking machines reproduce only records of cut-and-dried subjects made in laboratories. The Graphophone, besides affording marvelous entertainment by reproducing brilliantly and clearly the music of bands, orchestras, popular singers, and all the great variety of records made for entertainment purposes, affords infinite personal delight through its power of instantly recording and reproducing at once, and as often as desired, songs sung to it, words spoken to it, or any sound.

Graphophones are sold for $10 and up
Write for Catalogue No. 75

Columbia Phonograph Co.
(DEPARTMENT 75)
723 Market Street, San Francisco
NEW YORK, PARIS, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, WASHINGTON, PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE, BUFFALO.

MRS. M. E. PERLEY MRS. E. V. CULP

DECORATIVE KERAMIC ART STUDIO
215 Post Street
All Branches of China Painting Taught
Morning Class: Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, from 9 a. m. to 12 m. Afternoon Class: Daily, from 1:30 to 4:30. Lessons $1 each. Private Lessons $1.50 each. TRY OUR ROMAN GOLD.
Telephone Grant 43

SOHMER PIANOS ARE THE BEST
BYRON MAUZY
308-314 Post Street